

The Fredericton Telegraph.

[Number 22.]

"WE STRIVE TO PAINT THE MANNERS AND THE MIND."

[Saturday, Jan. 10.]

Seat of the Muses.

HOW COLD IT IS!

NOW the blustering Boreas blow;
See all the waters round are froze;
The trees that deck the hill or plain,
All day a murr'ring cry maintain;
The trembling thicket hear their moan,
And sadly mingle groan with groan.
How dismal all from east to west!
Heaven defend the poor distress!
Such is the tale
On hill and vale,
Each gazer may behold it is
While low and high
Are heard to cry,
Bless my heart, *How cold it is!*

Now slumbering Sloth that cannot beez
The question of the searching air,
Lifts up her kerchief'd head and tries;
But cannot from her bondage rise:
The whilst the Housewife, neat and clean,
In every room, by turns is seen;
And shews a cheek of cheerly health—
Which is not to be bought with wealth.
To her long life,
Devoid of strife,
And justly too unfolded is,
The while Miss Sloth
To stir is loth
And trembling cries, *How cold it is!*

Now lifts Sir Fopling, tender weed!
All shiv'ring like a shaken reed!
"How keen the air attacks my back!
"John, piace a lift upon that crack;
"Go sand-bag all the fashes round,
"And see there's not an air-hole found—
"Ah! bless me, now I feel a breath,
"Good lack! 'tis like the chill of death!"
Indulgence pale
Tells this sad tale;
While flannel'd he infolded is—
Still, still complains,
For all their pains,
Bless my heart, *How cold it is!*

Humanity, delightful tale!
While we feel the winter gale,
May the cit in furr'd-up coat,
Incline the ear to sorrow's note:
And where with misery's weight oppress'd
A suffer'r fits a shiv'ring guest,
Full ample let his bounty flow,
To warm the bosom chill'd by woe;
In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of real grief unfolded is;
O may he give
The means to live
To those who feel, *How cold it is!*

Perhaps some sailor old and lam'd,
Some soldier for our country maim'd!
Consider these.—For thee they bore
The loss of limb, and suffer'd more.
O pass them not! or if you do,
I'll fight to think they fought for you.
Go pity these; but 'bove the rest—
The widow, orphan, sick, distress'd!
Thro' Winter's reign,
Relieve their pain,
For pain you may behold it is;
Their wants supply,
Where'er they cry
Bless my heart, *How cold it is!*

Notice.

WHEREAS, We the subscribers have been appointed by the Hon. EDWARD WINSLOW, Esq. Surrogate General of New-Brunswick, to be Administrators on the estate of JOHN DAY, late of the parish of King's Clear, in the County of York, yeoman, deceased, (with the will annexed.)

ALL PERSONS who have demands on the said Estate, are hereby required to exhibit the same to us—and those who are indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make payment to us forthwith. Dated at King's Clear, the 20th day of November, A. D. 1846.

TINA DAY,
JOHN DAY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

[Continued from our Paper of the 20th Dec.]

"IT was in vain that I endeavoured to cheer the disheartened old man, he decayed beneath the pressure of his grief, as the flowers of Autumn wither before the stormy harbingers of winter, and after languishing ten days, I saw him deposited by the side of the tomb over which he had so often wept.

"Upon opening the will, I perceived that he had bequeathed me the whole of his estate, and not having occasion for many servants, I dismissed those slaves that he had brought with him, giving them papers of manumission; one, however, preferred my service to liberty, he is the same whom you saw this evening. I likewise retained the Indian girl and the child's nurse, and with this little family I endeavoured to render myself as comfortable as my situation would permit.

"As my daughter grew, I found the pleasing task of cultivating her mind, to wear away my depression by insensible degrees. I thought I perceived all her mother in her again, her features, form, disposition and even manners bore so strong a resemblance to my Louisa, that I loved the parent in the child and half forgot my loss.

"Wishing now only to live to make her happy, I made large improvements in the garden and the house, and being quite a proficient in music, I had that little temple erected in the grove of fir, for a place to teach my daughter in, and she decorated it with shrubs and flowers as her fancy led her. The happiness of each other was our mutual study; when I was melancholy I would repeat to her the mournful occurrences of my life, and she would weep with me over the evils incident to humanity, and when in my gayer moments sought to make her cheerful, she would draw me to her harpichord, and there regale my feelings with the most enlivening sounds: let it suffice for me to say that in the possession of such a child I considered myself as the happiest of widowed fathers.

"Louisa had attained her fifteenth year, when one summer's evening as we were strolling along the road to our next neighbour's, we were alarmed by the voice of one calling for assistance; she ran to the cottage while I hastened toward the thicket from whence the sound came, and there beheld a Phæon overfet, and a young man lying near it senseless, while the driver who was calling out, sat upon a log; on seeing me he attempted to rise, but immediately sunk down again into a swoon; some of the farmer's family just then coming up, we placed the two insensibles in the carriage and gently drove them to my habitation.

"After placing them upon beds, and applying such things as were necessary to relieve them, we had the happiness to see them revive; they told us they were come from the metropolis with some surveyors, and were going to purchase some land near us; that they had been separated from them by the darkness of the preceding night, and not having been able to regain the broad road, they had pursued another, where they were unfortunately overturned; upon examination we found that the young man was exceedingly bruised, and the knee and shoulder of the driver were dislocated.

"We had but just replaced the bones and anointed the bruises of our guests, when my daughter came in; as soon as the young man saw her, painful as the effort was, he raised himself upon his elbow and bowed; and my timid girl who had never seen so charming a youth before, returned the salute with a gentle inclination of the head, while her

blushes half suffocated her.

"Julius Cuthbert was about twenty-two, rather above the common size and elegantly formed, his lively eyes were of a beautiful blue, and his hair light; his mouth,—but why need I descend to particulars, he was not a regular beauty, but he had that fine expression of countenance that defied the heart to be insensible of its attractions. Louisa, as I said before, was just fifteen, her eyes large, full and black, her complexion such as a brass might wish to pattern from, she was not tall, but most enchantingly proportioned, and a redundancy of long dark brown hair, more soft and glossy than the finest product of the labouring worm, completed the outline of her figure.

[To be Continued.]

REFLECTIONS ON SCANDAL.

"Base Envy neither at another's joy,
"And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

THOMSON.

THERE is not a greater enemy to the peace of individuals, and society at large, than Scandal; although it is much to be regretted, that there is no frailty to which most people are so subject. Scandal is the offspring of Envy; and the only weapon of little minds against superior abilities. But notwithstanding Scandal affects, more or less, every member of the community, it reigns with more distinguished power over some parts of society than others. On inquiry, it will appear that the female character sustains the most injury from this baneful human happiness. In the country, too, this species of Scandal is more prevalent than in the metropolis.—The reason is obvious; in a country place, the number of inhabitants are so small, that each is frequently more acquainted with the character of his neighbour than his own. Every action is examined with the most critical severity; and often the best of characters lose the esteem of their acquaintance from the malignant aspersions of Ignorance and Envy. It is impossible for a lady to be seen walking with a gentleman, in such a place, without the immediate conclusion that they are lovers: it is even not uncommonly added, if their acquaintance should have lasted any length of time, that Miss Such a one appears to be in a fair way. After a report of this nature has once spread, I have seen a company of females thrown into the greatest consternation, by the entrance of a lady who was the unfortunate object of Slander.—How busy is the silent whisper, on these occasions! It runs with amazing rapidity, from ear to ear, accompanied by nods and winks, with a—"You know who"—"to they say"—"Well, I could never have thought it!" and a variety of such phrases, which every one must at some time have heard.

Scandal is of a quality peculiarly distressing. Against the open shafts of violence, every one may defend himself; but from Slander, and secret Calumny, the most deserving must suffer.

The only method to prevent this pest to society, is for every one to shut their ears against the officious tales of Scandal and Envy; since experience proves, that if people in general were not too much inclined to listen, when any account is brought of the faults and failings of others, the tongue of Scandal would no longer find the mean satisfaction it now enjoys.

The mischiefs that accrue to mankind from Calumny and Slander, are innumerable. How many families have their peace destroyed by evil reports! By such means, the seeds of enmity are too often engendered between the dearest connections in life. It has already been observed that Scandal is the