

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### PARODY:

BY A COUNTRY NEWS PRINTER.

To dun—or not to dun? That is the question:  
Whether 'tis better that the purse should suffer  
(For lack of cash) by baneful emptiness;  
Or by a GENTLE DUN to fill it up?  
To dun! to get the money—and be enabled  
To live and pay our debts—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To dun—to be denied—  
Denied—with 'CALLAGAIN'—Aye there's the rub;  
For in that 'call again' what evils come—  
What disappointment fore—chagrin and woe—  
What time is wasted—and what shoes are worn,  
In consequence—must give us pain.

—It is this—

That makes so many debts not worth collecting:  
'Tis this which sickens business to despair,  
And keeps from HONEST LABOUR it's reward.  
While thus in language of complaint we speak,  
We don't forget our many, many FRIENDS;  
To THEM a debt of gratitude we owe;  
To them our gratitude we freely pay.  
Buoy'd by their kindness, still our bark shall sail,  
Enjoy the pleasing calm, nor dread the boisterous gale.

### The FAVOURITE SONG of the BLACK-BIRD.

SUNG BY MASTER WELCH, AT VAUXHALL.

'Twas on a bank of Daisies sweet,  
A lovely maiden sigh'd;  
The little Lambs play'd at her feet,  
While she in sorrow cried—  
"Where is my Love; where can he stray?"  
When thus a Blackbird sung—  
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay,"  
The air with music rung.

"Ah, mock me not, bold bird," she said,  
"And why, pray, tarry here?"  
Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled;  
Or hast thou lost thy Dear?  
Dost thou lament his absence?—Say!"  
Again the Blackbird sung—  
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet! he will not stay,"  
The air with music rung.

"Sing on," she cried: "thou charming bird,  
Those dulcet strains repeat!  
No music e'er like thine was heard  
So truly sweet, sweet, sweet:  
O, that my love was here to-day!"  
Once more the Blackbird sung—  
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet! he comes this way,"  
The air with music rung.

### VIRTUE REWARDED:

A PASTORAL TALE:

(From the German of Gesner.)

GLICERA was beautiful and poor. Scarce had she numbered sixteen springs, when she lost the mother who had brought her up. Reduced to servitude, she kept the flocks of Lamon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene.

One day, her eyes flowing with tears, she went to visit her mother's solitary tomb. She poured upon her grave a cup of pure water, and suspended crowns of flowers to the branches of the bushes she had planted round it.—Seated beneath the mournful shade, and drying up her tears, she said, 'O thou most tender of mothers, how dear to my heart is the remembrance of thy virtues! If ever I forget the instructions thou gavest me, with such a tranquil smile, in that fatal moment, when inclining thy head upon my bosom, I saw thee expire; if ever I forget them! may the propitious God forsake me, and may thy sacred shade forever fly me! It is thou that hast just preserved my innocence. I come to tell thy manes all. Wretch that I am! Is there any one on earth to whom I dare open my heart?'—

'Nicias, the Lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleasures of the autumn. He saw me: he regarded me with a soft and gracious air. He praised my flocks, and the care I took of them: he often told me that I was genteel, and made me presents. Gods! how

was I deceived! but in the country who mistrusts? I said to myself, how kind our master is! may the Gods reward him! all my vows shall be for him; 'tis all that I can do; but I will forever do it. The rich are happy, and favoured by the immortals. When bountiful, like Nicias, they deserve to be happy. This to myself I said, and let him take my hand, and press it in his.—The other day I blushed and dared not look up, when he put a gold ring upon my finger. See, he said, what is engraved on this stone? A winged child, who smiles like thee; and 'tis he that must make thee happy. As he spoke these words, he stroked my cheeks, that were redder than the fire. He loves me; he has the tenderness of a father for me; how have I deserved so much kindness from a Lord, and so rich and powerful? O, my mother, that was all thy poor child thought. Heavens! how was I deceived! this morning he found me in the orchard; he chuck'd me familiarly under the chin. Come, he said, bring me some new-blown flowers to the myrtle bower, that I may there enjoy their sweet perfumes. With haste I chose the finest flowers; and, full of joy, I ran to the bower. Thou art, he said, more nimble than the Zephyrs, and more beautiful than the Goddesses of flowers. Then, immortal Gods! I yet tremble at the thought; then he catch'd me in his arms, and pressed me to his bosom, and all that love can promise, all that is soft and seducing, flow'd from his lips. I wept; I trembled. Unable to resist such arts, I had been forever lost. No, thou wou'dst no longer have had a child, if thy remembrance had not watch'd over my heart. Ah! if thy worthy mother had even seen thee suffer such disgraceful caresses! that thought alone gave me power to force myself from the arms of the seducer and fly.

'Now I come; Oh with what comfort is it that I still dare! I come to weep over thy grave. Alas! poor and unfortunate as I am, why did I loose thee when so young. I droop like a flower, deprived of the support that sustained its feeble stalk. This cup of pure water I pour to the honour of thy manes. Accept this garland! receive my tears! may they penetrate even to thy ashes! Hear, O my mother, hear; 'tis to thy dear remains, that repose beneath those flowers, which my eyes have so often bedewed: 'tis to thy sacred shade I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the Gods, shall make the happiness of my days. Therefore poverty shall never disturb the serenity of my mind. May I do nothing that thou wou'dst not have approv'd with a smile of tenderness, and I shall surely be, as thou wast, belov'd of Gods and men: For I shall be gentle, modest, and industrious, O my mother, by living thus, I hope to die like thee, with smiles and tears of joy.'

Glicera, on quitting the place, felt all the powerful charms of virtue. The gentle warmth that was diffused over her mind, sparkled in her eyes, still wet with tears. She was beautiful as those days of spring, when the sun shines through a transient shower.

With a mind quite tranquil, she was hastening back to her labour, when Nicias ran to meet her 'O Glicera! he said, and tears flowed down his cheeks, 'I have heard thee at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing, virtuous maid! I thank the immortal Gods! I thank that virtue, which hath preserved me from the crime of seducing thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste Glicera! forgive, nor dread in me a fresh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wise, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow surrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepest, are thine.'

'May a man of equal virtue complete the happiness of thy days! weep no, virtuous maid! but accept the present I offer thee with a sincere heart, and suffer me from henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou refusest me, a remorse for offending thy virtue will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchsafe to forget my crime, and I will revere thee as a propitious power that hath defended me against myself.'

A young woman, Mary Beauty, daughter to a respectable Brewer in Wells, Somerset, quitted her father's house about nine years ago, in consequence of a disagreement with her step-mother, and had not been heard of until a few days since, when she was discovered on board the ship Mercury, of Hull, dressed in a jacket and trowsers. On leaving home, she procured boy's cloaths, and bound herself apprentice as a sailor. At the expiration of her time, she was pressed on board the St. George, of 98 guns, and served on board several other ships of war;

but preferring the merchant service, escaped from the Navy, and since failed in traders belonging to Yarmouth, Lynn, Sunderland, Shields, and other Ports, without her sex being discovered.

### Singular and authentic Anecdote

OF THE

PRESENT KING OF NAPLES.

A widow went to law for the almost hopeless purpose of preserving a very small farm, which contributed to the humble subsistence of herself and eight children. The attorney protracted the suit, and, of course, the neglected family languished in a state of indigence. Her friends advised her to present a petition to the King. She accordingly found her way into the garden of the Palace, where she was told that his Majesty, (*whom she had never seen*), was accustomed frequently to take his morning exercise. Having observed a person in a military dress, she asked him whether the King would soon appear, and desired to know what habit he wore, in order that she might not accost another by mistake? It was to her Sovereign that she spoke; and Ferdinand, delighted at not being known, said, "I cannot possibly tell you at what moment His Majesty will pass; but if you have any memorial to offer him, I will take care to see it delivered." "Oh!" (answered the widow) "I shall consider this honour as the highest obligation. I have only three turkies; but, they are tolerably fat, and if you please, you shall accept them as marks of my gratitude." "I will, thankfully," (replied the King).—"Come here, to-morrow with your three turkies, and I will bring you the petition signed by his Majesty." The Reader will naturally conceive that the widow kept her appointment: and so as punctually did Ferdinand. He gave her the paper with his signature; and, then snatching from her the three turkies, exclaimed, with joy, "Indeed, they are very fat." Not waiting a moment, he now ran to find the Queen, to whom he said, "Look! and acknowledge that I am able to earn my livelihood. These turkies are the rewards of my labour. We will have them dressed for our dinner, to-morrow." They were actually served up at the Royal table; and, here, is the sequel of this little narrative, which can only prove interesting, as it respects the great personage by whom the most capital part was performed. The order, notwithstanding, made no deep impression upon the hard-hearted Attorney, although it bore the royal sign-manual. The widow went again to complain to the *man* whom she saw before, of the tedious progress of her law-suit. The King then revealed himself, paid generously for the three turkies, and forced the Attorney to have the business instantly completed: nor did he fail bitterly to reproach, and severely to punish, this rotten limb of the law for his shameful neglect of the duties of humanity and justice.

A man in the Drogheda Journal advertises to make genuine noses, as good as *real ones* of Indian rubbers.—These he describes as being an admirable invention—"and so susceptible of feeling, that they are capable of receiving the pleasant titillation enjoyed by the lovers of pulverized tobacco."

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM LORRAIN, late of Portland, in the County of St. John, deceased, are requested to exhibit their Accounts for Settlement within Six months from the date hereof to either of the Subscribers; and those persons who are indebted to said Estate, are desired to make payment without delay.

JOHN McLEOD, }  
JOHN WIGGINS, } Executors.

ST. JOHN, 28th January, 1804.

6 m.

ALL Persons (in this Province) indebted to the Estate of the late General SPRY, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber—And those who have any claims upon the said Estate, will please present them without delay to

THOMAS WETMORE, Administrator.

ST. JOHN:

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