

[By JOHN BULL—as some pretend—suffers great distress from the operation of the Continental System, it seems by the following song, that the old fellow bears affliction with a Frenchman like resignation.]—Can. Cour.

Bonaparte and Commerce.

BONAPARTE.

WHO art thou with front so bold,  
My Imperial will opposing?  
Caitiff, halt thou not been told,  
I'm all ports against thee closing?  
Miserant, think not to evade  
My decrees and sov'reign pleasure;  
War is now my only trade,  
Terror my compulsive measure.

COMMERCE.

Tyrant! I've been often told  
Of thy malice, fury, madness;  
But to bear thee rage and scold,  
Ne'er shall sink me into sadness;  
Thunder, then, thy fierce Decrees,  
Be thy barbarous triumphs vaunted;  
While BRITANNIA rules the seas,  
VANDAL! I remain undaunted.

BONAPARTE.

Death and hell! what do I hear!  
Varlet! scoundrel! robber! ruffian!  
Off!—or from this fist thy ear  
Shall receive Imperial cuffing.  
Bring me faggots, bring me fire;  
Coffee—sugar—broadcloth—sulfian,  
Piled in one commingled pyre,  
I devote now to—combustion!

COMMERCE.

Burn away!—my Bullyrock!  
Burn away!—the goods are paid for;  
Quick consumption of the stock,  
Merchants know is good their trade for.  
Yet I pity the poor slaves,  
Who must always pay the piper,  
When the fiery passions rave,  
O thou most malicious viper!

HOME REFLECTIONS.

IF e'er impell'd by adverse fate, we roam  
To distant climes, and wander far from home;  
Whether, by fortune led, we bend our way  
To distant lands, through unknown regions  
flay;  
Or if, seduc'd by gold, we rove abroad,  
Mistaking affluence for enjoyment's road,  
If lurd by pleasures false, yet flattering  
charms,  
We leave the wife's embrace, the parent's  
arms,  
Whatever be the cause, the unwilling mind  
Reluctant leaves the native soil behind:  
The scenes of youth attract the eager sight,  
Which once afforded exquisite delight;  
And still fond recollection loves to trace  
Some darling feature of the well known  
place.  
Almighty power! whose home no space can  
bound,  
Nor heaven's vast height, nor hell's most deep  
profund,  
Direct our wand'ring steps, whether we stray  
Through flowers, or tread affliction's thorny  
way;  
Whether our bark, on life's deceitful seas  
Are tempest tost, or careless drive at ease;  
In every danger keep us safe from harm,  
Guide us becalmed, guard us in the storm;  
Be thou our safeguard where'er we roam,  
And bring us safe, at last, to our eternal  
home.

DIVERSITY.

THE UNFEELING FATHER.

"DOES nature refuse to plead for me," said his daughter, kneeling before him, "or does she plead in vain?" "You broke the sacred bonds of nature," said the old man, "when you left a father's fond protection, and a mother's tender care, to pursue the fortune of the only man on earth whom they detested."—"A Heavenly Father," exclaimed the daughter, "forgives the sins of his children; and shall an earthly parent deny the charitable boon a repenting child demands of him?" "To that Heavenly Father, then," replied he, "I recommend you; my doors are no longer open to receive you; I have made a vow which shall never be broken. Let the friends of your husband protect his darling; you are mine no more." "But these children, sir, alas! what have they done? Leave me to the cruel fate which awaits me; but suf-

fer not them to perish." "They are none of mine," said the stern parent; "I will never press them in my arms; they shall never sit upon my knees. I will foster no more ingratitude. Let him who begot them, take the spade and the mattock, and get them bread. No office is beneath the affection of a parent, when children have not been ungrateful; I am yours no more."

This was the fatal dialogue between the father and the daughter in the porch of his house; for she was not admitted no further. He shut the door against her, and retired to his chamber. The wind blew, and the rain beat hard, and she dared not encounter the tempest: she remained in the porch, pressed her shivering babes to her bosom, and hoped that the morning's dawn would bring mercy along with it. But when the morning dawned, she was no more!—The servants found her a clay-cold corpse, and the two children weeping beside it!

When the father was called to see the spectacle, he sunk down on the floor; life, indeed, returned; but peace abandoned him for ever. He loves the children; but says, Heaven in all its stores of mercy, has not one for him.

From the Miscellaneous Companion.

MAXIMS AND THOUGHTS.

HUMAN nature is ever prone to error, and to look with a dangerous desire on the path of unhappiness.

The needful warfare of the passions, which is so proper to early life, though it may change the scene often in the course of many years, is rarely, if ever, to be discontinued with safety: That safety seems to stand in the continuance of the warfare.

And no sooner do we relax in the discipline of ourselves, and discontinue the advanced guard of our hearts, than we must expect to feel the pressing advances of the enemy of our security!

But early habits of watchfulness in the cause of virtue, are ever favorable to a happy and lasting continuance of them.

And those who have the happiness of knowing that they have surmounted many difficulties and have been delivered from many temptations, into a love of seriousness and truth, may often take comfort in a hope that they shall not easily depart from the guide of their youth, and the captain of their salvation!

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favorable opinion of him, and was still in hopes he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company with her two sisters, the conversation happened to turn on love. Each of the young ladies, by way of railery, was recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him secretly, he told them with more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he tho't himself obliged in honor to conceal; but that he could shew her

picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that presented of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surpris'd to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking glass, in which after she had view'd her own face with more pleasure than ever she had done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire his choice.

From a Philadelphia paper.

A new way of paying Bills.

A young lad, who is generally esteemed an idiot, and who without either friends or relatives, by means unknown, obtains subsistence, lodged at a public house in Wilmington, and in the morning having breakfasted, called for his bill, which (no doubt to his surprise) exceeded in amount all the money that he was in possession of.—Finding he could not defray it, he asked his host if he did not want a bar-keeper, and was replied to in the affirmative; he then offered himself for that station, declaring at the same time, that no person could possibly suit better, as he had the power of drawing two kinds of liquor out of one keg. The landlord, anxious to be acquainted with so apparently profitable an art, invited him to walk down in his cellar, where he had a cask of wine; and making good his assertion, which if he succeeded in, he should "receive constant employ"—the youth complied, & boring a hole in one head of the cask, requested the expectant host to hold his finger thereon; he then bored the other end, which the landlord by stretching his arms to their greatest extremity, was enabled to cover in like manner; the idiot leaving him in this disagreeable situation, said he would "go and get a couple of spoils," but to the astonishment of his longing friend, did not return, who was compelled to bellow lustily, ere any one arrived to relieve him from his uncomfortable posture.

—our own—

A Lapland Wedding.

The following account of the method of deciding on a marriage between young persons in Lapland, is extracted from Fuller's Worthies of England.

"Here let me insert a passage of a custom in this barbarous country, from the mouths of credible merchants, whose eyes have beheld it. It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents or friends consent; wherefore if one bear affection for a young maid, upon the breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for their friends to meet to behold the two young parties to run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting, the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should ever be overtaken. If the maid over-run her suitor, the matter is ended, he must never have her, it being penal for the man again to

renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin had an affection for him, though at the first running hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark, or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment, than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness."

A person went to consult a lawyer, how he might safely carry off an heiress. 'You cannot do it at all with safety,' said the lawyer, 'but I can tell you what you may do; let her mount a horse, and hold the bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you.' The lawyer was however sufficiently punished for his advice, when next day he found it was his daughter that run away with his client.

Some time ago, a sailor happened to be in a tavern in London, when the bells were ringing for church, & asked what it was for? For church; answered the landlord. 'I believe I'll go,' replied the sailor; 'but how must I behave?'—You must set down in the first vacant seat you see, and not speak until it is out, or they will turn you out. He walked up the aisle, leading to the pulpit, and seats himself along side of the clerk—who, as usual, when the first part of the service was over, cried out *amen*. 'Hush! hush! shipmate,' whispered Jack, 'or they'll turn us both out.'

Dr. Johnson was in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take little notice. She, in pique, said to him, 'Why Doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of the Ladies.'—You are mistaken, madam, (replied he) I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence.'

A gentleman speaking of those who marry pretty wives, said, that in six months a beautiful woman became ugly to their husband; and, what was worse, she continued beautiful to others.

Don Francisco Destuniga, said of a lady, who was just married, and who, though very ugly, had a great fortune, that her husband had taken her by the weight, and paid nothing for the workman-ship.

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