

PARODY,

On Cowper's Selkirk in the Island of Juan Fernandez, applied to Bonaparte in the Island of St. Helena.

I am a monarch of nought I survey,
My right I have none to defend,
In the centre of earth and of sea
Not a fowl or a brute I command;
O baseness! these are thy chains,
What hero could dote on thy face,
Better die in the field of alarms
Than live in this horrible place.
I am shut from proud conquest afar,
My course I must finish alone,
Never hear the sweet music of war
Or exult at the sound of a groan;
The men that inhabit these hills
My fame with indifference see,
My blood at their impudence boils,
They are so unacquainted with me.
Authorities, powers by chance,
Bestowed upon privileged men,
O! had I the legions of France
How soon would I see you again.
My feelings I then might unfold
In the bustle of battle and rage,
Might tread on the necks of the bold
And laugh at the wisdom of age.
A battle, what pleasure untold
Appears in the proud raging strife,
More grateful than mountains of gold
Or all the enjoyments of life.
But the bellowing horn and the drum
These mountains and rocks never knew,
Never echoed the sound of a gun
Or grined when a war trumpet blew.
Ye fortunes that wantonly smile,
Who have ruined my prospects at last,
O! banish this desolate life
The remembrance of all that is past.
My foes shall they ever then boast
Of the fall of ambition and me,
O! tell them what treasure it cost
And mingle reproach with their glee.
What emotion can fancy bestow
On the arch of the rainbow it rides,
Or leaving all objects below
In the region of whirlwinds resides.
When I think of the days of my pride,
From a throne I am dictating law,
But scarcely securely astride,
When my sceptre is turned to a straw;
But the Marshal* has gone to his rest,
Lafayette has retired to his home,
And here is an urn for my dust
Even here is the place of a tomb;
There's a grave ground in every land,
And the grave, O! encouraging thought,
Shall reb my proud foes of command,
And reconcile me to my lot.

* Ney.

For the Kingston Gazette.

To the Memory of Miss C—a F—d.

In vain our tears, lamented maid, are shed,
In vain with sighs we mourn thine early doom;
The pangs of weep can never reach the dead,
Or pierce the silent mansions of the tomb.
Yet sacred shade, the tributary sigh
Which Friendship pays, as due to thee, receive;
While 'tis the lot of worth like yours to die,
It must be nature's privilege to grieve.
Thy tender heart is now no longer warm,
Thy cheeks o'erspread with blushes, now no more;
For death, alas! has triumphed o'er a form,
Design'd to bless the lot of man before.
Hence mortals learn, this truth by Heaven design'd,
How frail is life, how short the present state
And know, that all the virtues of the mind,
Can ne'er exempt us from the stroke of fate.
Thy bright example let me strive to be,
That I may meet with joy the stroke of death,
And share, dearest C—a I eternal bliss with thee.

[From the Gleamer.]

The Cogitations of Uncle John.

Affection is said to descend. The love of children to their parents, it is contended, bears no proportion to the love of parents to their children. The former, it is maintained, is a sentiment; the latter a passion. Children are said to conform to the will of their parents from duty, while the devotion of parents to their children springs from love. Hence, in every state of society, civilized or savage, parents protect and cherish their offspring with the tenderest care: But the attention of children to their parents is generally proportioned to the degree refinement existing in society. By refinement it should not be understood that state where every man can speak French, play whist, cut a pigeon-wing, waltz, kill his friend the first shot, or smile when the heart is rankling with anger; but where the moral sense is refined; where virtue is cherished, and the will of the High and Holy One is esteemed supreme and lauded.

It is stated by Lewis and Clark, in their

of Indians, when about to change their place of residence, set before their old men provisions for a few days, and then abandon them to perish. Every refined generous bosom is struck with horror at such barbarity.

Notwithstanding this fact, and the general opinion expressed to the contrary. I think there is good ground to conclude that a strong natural affection exists in the hearts of children to their parents. If not, whence arises the horror and detestation that springs in every bosom at the recital of the conduct of the daughters of Lear? And whence the unusual delight that is felt in contemplating the conduct of Æneas, in bearing on his shoulders, his father, the good Anchises, from the flames of Troy?

Whatever opinions may exist on this point one thing will be agreed to by every good man; that there is no duty more imperative or that should be performed with more cheerfulness and delicacy, than that of rendering the declining years of our parents happy. Many little, delicate attentions to their wishes and opinions are due, a thousand times due, for their care of us in our infancy. As you hope, young man, for the respect of your children, or for the blessings of heaven, I charge you to consult the desires, and to promote the happiness, of your parents. Remember that, Honor thy Father and thy Mother, is among the solemn behests of the decalogue.

Disgraceful as the fact is, yet we must admit, that even in this enlightened age and country, instances have occurred, of children being disrespectful to their parents: sometimes rude, and occasionally cruel. An instance recently mentioned in the public prints, as having lately taken place, in a neighboring state, is, considering the state of society, more disgraceful and barbarous than the conduct of the Missouri savages. Two sons, having obtained the estate of their father, suffered him to be sued, and actually imprisoned, for a small debt, refusing to relieve him!

If I see a man treat his father with disrespect, I set him down as lacking understanding. If he is cruel, in my memorandum-book he is noted as a savage. But a child who could work on a parent's affections and confidence to obtain his property, and then abandon him to want, must be a wretch so vile, that no name expressive of his baseness has yet been discovered. Prudence is an estimable virtue. It is an act of superlative folly, for any man to give all his property to his children. Keep enough for your own wants and trust no man too far. Prudence never injured any man: confidence has ruined thousands. Listen a moment, and I will tell you a story:—

An old man had a large estate, and at the solicitation of his children, upon promises of the kindest treatment, he made it all over to them. Immediately their conduct towards him changed. Instead of "HONORED FATHER," it was "The old Man." In the place of "WHAT WILL YOU CHOOSE FOR DINNER, SIR?" it was—"There's your Porridge."

Although the old gentleman had lost his property, he retained his wit; and hunger, you know, is a wonderful sharpener of the faculties. He took his measures; and pretty soon a neighbor, who was about to remove, brought home an old iron-bound chest, very heavy, observing—"That he had long felt uneasy at having the property of other people in his care, and was glad of an excuse to return it into the hands of its owner."—"Very well, said the old gentleman, a few thousands, more or less, is no great matter to one who has enough; but it may be of service to my dear children, when I am gone." The chest was placed in his room, and a lock put on the door, and now and then he was overheard counting and throwing something into it that chinked like gold. No one doubted his wealth; and to the enquiries of his children, he answered that his will would be found enclosed. The scene was instantly changed again. No children could be more dutiful and attentive. No father was ever served more to his heart's content. At his death his children waited half an hour, for decency's sake, and then ran to open the chest, where, to their great surprise, they found some old pieces of iron, and a mallet, with this homely, but wise dithich labelled on the handle:—

"He that gives away his estate before he is dead, Take this mallet and knock him on the head."

On the other hand, besides the case cited of Æneas, history furnishes us with numerous instances of filial affection worthy to be recorded.

A noble Roman was condemned to be starved to death. His daughter was admitted to visit him, but was carefully examined, to see that she took no provisions to her father. But he did not die, as was expected, and on looking secretly into his prison, the father was seen drawing his sustenance from the breasts of his daughter. A sight so lovely, melted the hearts of his tyrants, and he was pardoned. The fact is often alluded to.

* The unnatural circumstance here alluded to occurred in Green county, in the State of N.

Burke, in one of his speeches, says, "The scarcity which the old world has felt, would have been a desolating famine, if this child of their old age [America,] with true filial piety, with a Roman Charity, had not put the full break of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent."

With one more beautiful instance of filial affection, I shall close this paper. When Elijah cast his mantle on Elisha, with the command to follow him, and devote himself to the Most High, what did Elisha ask? To bury his treasure, or to place his gold at usury?—Oh, no!—"Let me, I pray thee," said he "KISS MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER, and then I will follow thee." Excellent man! Thou wert indeed worthy to be a prophet in Israel!

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From an American Paper.

GUESS WORK.

When I see a young man possess no more honor than to be *du'd*, I Guess he will never make a man of respectability.

When I see a man quit work because he has three or four hired men to oversee, I Guess he will have to go to jail to pay them.

When I see a man suffer a *Simple Wife* to run in debt at the Store, for whatever she fancies, I Guess he will soon wish he had never been married.

When I see a young Lady possess a large portion of *Pride* and *affectation*, I Guess she lacks delicacy and sense.

When I pass by a house and see the yard covered with stumps, old hoops and broken earthen, I Guess the man is a *Horse Jockey*, and the woman a spinner of *street yarn*.

When I see a woman standing in the door *step foot* with a half a dozen ragged children and as many more heads peeping through the broken windows, I Guess her husband married for love, and do not think he *mispaced his affections* or begrudge him his happiness.

When I see a woman usurp the whole conversation, I Guess she has more loquacity than sense.

When I pass a house and see the windows broken, a bundle of rags in one and a *bat* in the other, I Guess the mistress is a slut, and the matter loses *run*.

When I see a girl visit often, I Guess she spins more *street yarn* than *rotion*.

When I hear a woman using profane language, I think it time for swearing to be out of fashion.

When I see a country merchant hire two clerks to tend his store, while he sits by the stove drinking wine I Guess he will too soon have to take the benefit of the *Injunctive Act*; or take a *pleasant tour* to New-Orleans.

PROJECTED JOURNEY TO THE NORTH POLE.

"Mr. Scoresby, of Whitby, (says a late English paper) has announced a determination to visit the North Pole. The Greenland ships advance to 81 1/2 degrees; so that it may not be impracticable to travel over the ice a degree per day, and to go and return in eighteen or twenty days." Then ourselves no person can more heartily wish for the success of such an enterprise; because it would settle forever the long contested question whether the earth is flattened or rounded at the poles; but from several considerations we entirely despair of its consummation. Each man composing the expedition (for certainly no individual would be so mad as to attempt it unaccompanied,) must, on the smallest computation, be provided with twenty pounds of provisions, an equal quantity of fur or thick woollens, fire arms and ammunition, an edged weapon, and a spike staff to assist him in ascending and descending the ice hills, making in all about 60 weight avertedpois. Under such a load, 69 miles per day would be an astonishing effort in the mildest climate and on the best of roads but in a region of entire ice and snow which has been increasing since the globe sprung into existence; when one false or unsteady step, will precipitate the daring adventurer over tremendous precipices, upon fragments of broken ice, and dash him to pieces; where the air in the warmest summer, is cold enough to chill the most robust of mankind; in such a climate, we say twenty instead of sixty miles a day, would be as much, if not more, than human nature is calculated to perform. From 181, 30 north latitude, to the pole, (which lies in 90) is a distance of eight and a half degrees, or 510 nautical miles; which makes the projected journey to consist of one thousand and twenty miles; so that allowing 20 miles per day, and one day for making astronomical observations, the journey could not be performed in less than 52 days; which is a much longer period than any inhabitant of the civilized parts of Europe could preserve animation in, with snow for his bed and ice for his pillow.

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Extraordinary Snake.—A letter to the editor of the Baltimore Register notices as a curiosity, the killing of a *Rattlesnake* in the Allegany Mountains, "that had twenty-nine rattles, and must therefore, have been thirty-two years old." It was four feet long

London, April 27.

FRANCE.—Private accounts from Paris state that the letter of the Duke of Wellington to his Majesty, and the subsequent visit of Mr. Jules de Polignac, who was deputed to his Grace, have given a totally new aspect to public affairs. I have been able, says the correspondent of the London Courier, to procure from a most unquestionable authority, the following extract of that memorable document which promises such salutary results:—

"Your Majesty has permitted me to address you in circumstances which I might conceive worthy of fixing your attention, never were there more momentous ones than those in which we are now placed.—*Il n'y en a pas de plus momentueuses que celles dans lesquelles nous nous trouvons.* Europe abides in peace by my word, and on my responsibility, yet but one word would be requisite to rouse it from its inaction.—*L'Europe vit en pais sur ma parole et sur ma responsabilité &c.* That word will be uttered, if more stability and prudence are not introduced into the government.—The tranquility of this country depends entirely on the presence of the allied troops, their removal would be the signal of a new and inevitable convulsion. The Ultra-Royalists majority of the Chamber contents diffusions and distrust. The left phrase of the letter is literally as follows—'*Et votre Majeste peut regarder comme dans votre propre palais.*'—And your majesty may rest assured that the greatest evil has its source in your own palace."

It is remarked, that the language of ministers towards the Chamber of Deputies has assumed a firmer tone; and they have declared that the King will consider any further resistance to the law passed in September, 1814, disposing of the Royal forests, as a direct attack on the Royal authority. The dissolution of either the Chamber or the Ministry is said to be inevitable.

Private letters to the 22d inst. contain the following intimations:

The complicated business of the Budget is, it is said, likely to terminate in a manner more consonant to the wishes of the Government than was at first expected. The recent firmness of tone taken by Ministers is said to have produced this effect. Yet still some of the private letters talk of a crisis. The following is the P. S. to a letter we have just received, dated Friday:—

Paris, March 27.—P. S. A crisis, depend on it, is approaching. The Duc de Richelieu, perhaps, is the only Minister sincerely desirous of retiring from the helm of the agitated vessel of state. The confirmation is such, that it is supposed unpleasant intelligence has been received from Lyons and the neighbouring department. The authenticity of the Duke of Wellington's letter is unquestionable.

REDUCTIONS IN THE STAFF OF THE ARMY ON FOREIGN STATIONS.

CANADA—1 Major General, 1 Aide de Camp, 1 Major of Brigade, 1 Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General, 2 Hospital Assistants, 1 Deputy Purveyor.

NOVA SCOTIA—1 Major of Brigade, 1 Surgeon, 2 Hospital Assistants.

BAHAMAS—1 Hospital Mate.

BERMUDA—1 Major General, 1 Aide de Camp, 1 Hospital Assistant, 1 Dispenser of Medicines, 1 Purveyor's Clerk.

JAMAICA—1 Commander of Forces, 4 Aides de Camp, 1 Surgeon.

GIBRALTAR—1 General, 9 Aides de Camp, 1 Assistant Barrack Master general, 1 Surgeon, 9 Hospital Assistants.

MALTA and IONIAN ISLANDS—1 Lieut. General, 2 Aides de Camp, 1 Major General, 1 Aide de Camp, 2 Chaplains of the Forces, 1 Major of Brigade.

CAPES OF GOOD HOPE—1 Commander of Forces, 4 Aide de Camp, 1 Depy. Aist. General, 1 Brigade Major, 1 Physician, 1 Deputy Purveyor.

MAURITIUS—1 Commander of the Forces, 4 Aides de Camp, to be replaced by a Major General with one Aide de Camp, 2 Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General, 1 Surgeon.

CEYLON—1 Commander of the Forces, 4 Aides de Camp.

ST. HELENA—One Inspector of Militia, included in the estimate through a clerical error.

Total on Foreign Stations:—Annual saving, 29,031l. 8s. 6d; this year 10,787l. 8s. 8d.

The whole of these reductions make a total annual saving of 81,597l. 6s. 5d. and for the present year a saving of 41,822l. 2s. 3d.

PARIS, March 27.—Lyons is not in a state of insurrection; but the minds of the people are in ferment. This city is described in the French papers as enjoying profound tranquillity, it must be admitted that the precautions are employed to maintain that tranquillity. Several pieces of cannon are placed before the door of the governor's