

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspire,  
My soul the tuneful strain admires, and scorns.



FROM A LONDON ANTI-GEORGE PAPER.

**A PARODY.**

The following stanzas, (a parody on part of the Beggar's Petition,) were picked up yesterday week on the shore near Cowes. The lines that are left out were illegible, apparently from the manuscript, which was torn, having been used in keeping a refractory pair of whiskers in good order.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose gilded yacht has borne him to your shore:  
Let not his wife chastise him with her fan;  
Oh! give three cheers, if you can give no more.

These well-made clothes my wish to please to speak,  
These curling locks disguise my lengthen'd years,  
And the bluff whiskers on each ample cheek,  
Might strike an Indian warrior with fears.

The house which once I fondly thought my own—  
Scene of my triumphs—has now ceas'd to shine;  
For Justice there shall fix her golden throne,  
And truth, and law, and liberty, combine.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and weak!  
Here, as I craved them to disgrace my wife,  
They said another bride I must not seek,  
And saucy Denman bade me mend my life.

Had fate reduced me, I should not repine;  
My friends have brought me to the state you see,  
And your condition will be soon like mine—  
They'll bring you too to want and misery.

A huge Green Bag delighted they display—  
Gay as a lark I viewed the valued prize;  
But O! its treasures melt in dirt away,  
Beneath the flash of Brougham's inquiring eyes.

My sprightly Canning, soother of my cares,  
Keen as a Rat the coming storm to see,  
Departed, when I tamper'd with the pray'rs,  
And left the Bag to Gifford and to me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose gilded yacht has borne him to your shore:  
Let not his wife chastise him with her fan;  
Oh! give three cheers, if you can give no more.

**Original.**

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

**The Athenian Club....No. V.**

BY OBADIAH LONGSTAFF, ESQ.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told".....BIBLE.

The four seasons of the year have been correctly compared to the gradations of human life. The vernal spring represents childhood and early youth; the summer, mature age; the fall, declining years; and dreary winter the frigidity of old age. Thus every season of the year reminds us of the continual change to which human nature is subject.

The autumnal period has now arrived, and the vegetable kingdom has, in a great degree, been divested of its foliage and odoriferous flowers. The present aspect of the forest is calculated to awaken moral reflections in those who believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. The natural world exhibits, in glowing colors, the impress of a Deity. The great luminary of heaven diffuses, by its radiant beams, light and heat to every object disseminated upon this sublunary world.—But the contracted mind of man is unable to explore with certainty the many suns and worlds which may be situated in the immensity of space. By the use of the Telescope, the science of astronomy has been enriched by the discovery of many planets, which, previous to that period, were unknown to mortal man; and had it not been for that noble invention, he would have remained in ignorance of these immense globes, which are situated at too great a distance to be viewed by the naked eye. The names of Newton and Ferguson have acquired immortality.—Their luxuriant imaginations, and prolific powers of invention, have shed a lustre upon the heavenly science of astronomy, unknown to their predecessors. Mankind are, therefore, much indebted to those illustrious men for their almost super-human discoveries.

But this is a digression from the original design of this essay. But the mind inadvertently took a flight from terrestrial to celestial objects, which the nature of the present subject is eminently calculated to inspire.

The present season of the year should remind every individual of the instability of human life, and the vanity of all human pur-

suits. It should place in every mind an idea of the image of himself. There is nothing within the reach of our senses so indicative of the various changes of animated nature, as the vegetable kingdom exhibits to our view. Every season of the year is depicted upon the countenances of the inhabitants of this lower world. Knowing that we are thus gliding with an almost imperceptible velocity upon the current of time, we should lose no opportunity in making preparation for the great and last change which awaits us. Were we possessed of the immense treasures of "Golconda," they would avail us nought in this all-important hour. All earthly treasures and titles vanish from our view. Nothing but a consciousness of a virtuous and well-spent life affords consolation in a dying hour.

Impressed with such feelings, we here close the present number of the "Athenian Club," but not without the hope that it may remind our readers of the shortness and uncertainty of human life.

**N. B.** After the publication of this number of the "Athenian Club," we will make our exit, in order to make room for the proceedings of our State and National Legislatures.

**HENRY FRANCISCO THE LONG-LIVED.**

The New-York papers announce to us the recent death of HENRY FRANCISCO, at the astonishing age of one hundred and thirty-four years. At this moment the following extract from Professor Silliman's Tour between Hartford and Quebec, will not be uninteresting:—*Nat. Intel.*

**The old man of the age of Louis XIV.**

Two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road to Albany, lives Henry Francisco, a native of France, and of a place which he pronounced *Essex*, but doubtless this is not the orthography, and the place was probably some obscure village, which may not be noticed in maps and Gazetteers.

Having a few hours to spare before the departure of the steam boat for St. John's in Canada, we rode out to see (probably) the oldest man in America. He believes himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old, and the country around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence, (a plain farmer's house, not painted, rather out of repair, and much open to the wind,) he was up stairs, at his daily work of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver—and, although more than eighty years old, she weaves six yards a day, and the old man can supply her with more yarn than she can weave. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up stairs to him, but he soon came down, walking somewhat stooping, and supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience than most persons exhibit at eighty-five or ninety. His stature is of the middle size, and, although his person is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little, even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent. His features are handsome, and, considering that they have endured through one third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time. His eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian, and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly white, except where it is thick in his neck—when parted there, it shews some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century.

He still retains the front teeth of his upper jaw; his mouth is not fallen in, like that of old people generally, and his lips, particularly, are like those of middle life; his voice is strong and sweet toned, although a little tremulous; his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of usual strength, with distinct articulation, enables him to understand; his eye-sight is sufficient for his work, and he distinguishes large print, such as the title page of the Bible, without glasses; his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and expectoration.

He informed us that his father, driven out of France by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam; by his account it must have been on account of the persecutions of the French protestants, or Hugonots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam, his father married his mother, a Dutch woman, five years before he was born, and, before that event, returned with her into France. When he was five years old, his father again fled on account of "de religion," as he expressed it, (for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities.) He says, he well remembers

From these dates we are enabled to fix the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact; for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then sixteen years old, the 31st day of May, old stile. His father, (as he asserts,) after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France, by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and afterwards in England, where he resided, with his family, at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686; to have been expelled from France in 1691, and therefore to have completed his hundred and thirty-third year on the 11th of last June; of course he is now more than three months advanced in his hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is notorious, that about this time multitudes of French protestants fled, on account of the persecutions of Louis XIV, resulting from the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which occurred October 12, 1685; and, notwithstanding the guards upon the frontiers, and other measures of precaution or rigor, to prevent emigration, it is well known that, for years, multitudes continued to make their escape, and that thus Louis lost six hundred thousand of his best and most useful subjects. I asked Francisco if he saw Queen Anne crowned? He replied, with great animation, and with an elevated voice, "Ah! dat I did, and a fine looking woman she was too, as any dat you will see now a days."

He said he fought in all Queen Anne's wars, and was at many battles, and under many commanders, but his memory fails, and he cannot remember their names, except the Duke of Marlborough, who was one of them. He has been much cut up by wounds, which he shewed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare.

He came out, with his father, from England, to New-York, probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date.

Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a stout framed man. He was formerly fond of spirits, and did, for a certain period, drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

In other respects he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly abstaining almost entirely from animal food, his favorite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said that, after such a breakfast, he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it, and then take the same at night, and particularly that he always drank tea, whenever he could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a day.

The eldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco, as being always, from their earliest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller, who recently died here, between 80 and 90 years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

On the whole, although the evidence rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe that he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man; there is nothing, either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

Little could I have expected to converse, and shake hands with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years—who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in the wars of Queen Anne, and who, (already grown up to manhood,) saw her crowned one hundred and seventeen years since; who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and in the century before the last, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV, and who has lived a forty-fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!

What an interview! It is like seeing one come back from the dead, to relate the events of centuries, now swallowed up in the abyss of time!

**Religious.**

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

**BEWARE OF INTEMPERANCE.**

"He is a glutton and a drunkard; and all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die."

[DEUT. XXI. 20, 21.]

This was a part of that awful law, promulgated in thunders from Mount Sinai, for the government of the Israelites. If there was a stubborn and rebellious son, who was a glutton and a drunkard, and would not obey the voice of his father or his mother, he was to be brought to the elders at the gate of the city, where he was to be stoned to death, that

all Israel should hear and fear. The austerity of the Mosaic dispensation has, it is true, been meliorated by the milder reign of the Gospel of Peace, but still the whole artillery of Jehovah's wrath is arrayed against intemperance.

It is not expected that any additional terrors can be thrown across the path of those who are indulging in this detestable vice, especially when they disregard the denunciations of their Creator—yet, while we daily witness its deleterious effects on society, it seems to be the duty of all to contribute their mite towards arresting its progress. The brightest laurels of the veteran soldier are often tarnished by it; the well earned reputation of the patriot statesman is frequently obscured from a want of firmness to resist this evil; and sometimes, even the elevated character of the reverend divine is prostrated by a too ready acquiescence in it. In private circles, we see it constantly destroying the peace of hundreds—and those who were the most happy become the most miserable.

Will my readers accompany me to that wretched hovel, and view the emaciated beings that inhabit it? See the agonized mother bending with sorrow over her unfortunate offspring; tears have robbed her eyes of their lustre—and her piteous aspect bespeaks inimitable woe;—her prospects were once cheering, and her animated countenance disclosed the calm serenity of her bosom. Little did she think, when she gave her plighted hand at the altar, and when pure and unsullied affection lit up the flame of her incense, that the object of her adoration would leave her to penury and want,—but, alas! in the flower of her days, she has to pass through the furnace of affliction. He, who was bound by all the sacred ties of love and honor, to nourish and support the tender plant consigned to his care, leaves it to perish for want of his fostering attention. She pines away her days in secret anguish, and bathes her nightly couch in tears—while he is wasting his days and nights in dissipation and debauchery. The time was when he would zealously have reprobated such ingratitude in others—but the syren voice of pleasure enticed him from his wife and his home, to court his own destruction. Conscience, at first, was reproachful, and caused some slight repugnance; he has now been so long a votary to his wine, that this silent but faithful monitor is totally disregarded;—and the tears of a weeping wife have long since been unavailing. At his death, (which, from his trembling limbs and bloated countenance, appears nigh at hand,) he can bequeath nothing to his children but beggary and distress—they cannot even boast of that poor inheritance—a father's good name. His helpless and innocent partner too, with broken heart, is fast verging towards the tomb;—her painful conflicts will soon be over. Peace to her bosom as she heaves her last swelling sighs. May she enjoy that happiness in another and a better world, which her virtues entitled her to in this.

Behold that widowed mother, reclining with maternal sorrow over the last earthly remains of her only son. Had he fallen by the casual diseases incident to our nature, or been cut down by the cruel hand of pestilence, her anguish might admit of some alleviation, and her tears be sweetened by the recollection of his many virtues—but this soothing palliative is taken from her. In the morning of his life, disregarding her advice and entreaties, he became a companion of the devotees of intemperance—and rushed into the vortex of dissipation, which soon erased all the tender admonitions of her who was wrapped up in his welfare. He was hurried on by the seductive voice of the sons of wickedness, until he became too deeply involved in turpitude, and enfeebled by disease, to regain his former purity—and fell a victim to his own imprudence and folly. There was a time when a mother's soothing voice could calm the agitated sensibilities of youth, and when it was his highest happiness to gratify her and relieve her of her cares—when he proudly and generously anticipated the period that he could repay her for all her maternal solicitude. That time has passed away. He is now insensible to her warning voice—and his cold clay can make no retribution for the errors of his life. The grave admits of no atonement.

Would that such examples, which are continually before our eyes, might have the tendency to arrest the progress of some amiable youth, as he stands on the threshold of this pernicious practice. Let him pause and reflect, ere reflection be too late, that, by pursuing his course, he may bring the grey hairs of his venerable parents in sorrow to the grave—and involve himself in irretrievable ruin and disgrace. Betrace thy steps—and the Angel of Mercy may, in kindness, drop a tear over thy transgression, and blot it out of the book of remembrance. Flee from the alluring arts of the seducer—and sedulously cultivate those virtues which will make thee respected here and happy hereafter.