

French Press.—A Paris paper, called "The Caricature," has been stopped by the Police. The following is the article which led to this act of rigour on the part of government. A Buffon is supposed to be exhibiting some slight of hand tricks, and says "Here, gentlemen and ladies, here are three balls, the first I call revolution; the second, July; and the third, liberty. I take revolution which was on the right, and put it on the left; take the ball on the left and put it on the right, I make such a hodge-podge of the whole, that the deuce can't find out which is one, and which the other, nor you either. Then, with a little powder of non-interference, I say, Hey, presto, pass and begone! All's gone, gentlemen and ladies, gone, there is no liberty left, nor more than there is on my hand."—Paris Paper.

An unfortunate man, confined in the prison of Toulouse on a charge of having assassinated his wife, continues to refuse any kind of nourishment. For the last twenty-three days nothing has supported him but the strength of his constitution. He seems determined to die of hunger.—Paris paper.

A painful and singular event has lately taken place in a commune near Pithiviers. A lad about 15 years old, of the name of Lesourd, born at Meung, near Orleans, was bitten a year ago, by a mad dog, and immediately afterwards symptoms of hydrophobia were perceptible.—He was taken to the hospital at Orleans, where he was attended by Doctor Leveque, and in a short time, sent away, as was supposed, perfectly cured. Last Sunday Lesourd came to Marsainvilliers, where he commenced begging with his brother. Either want, or the fatigue of a long journey had all on a sudden the unfortunate boy was seized with a violent paroxysm of madness, and attacked his brother, who, frightened as he was, managed to beat him off with a stick. He then threw himself on a cow and calf which were passing, and lacerated both in an extraordinary manner. The cries of his brother and the roar of the animals, compelled him to get to his feet, and he crept along the road till he came to a quick-set hedge, and next getting up, he ran into a neighbouring wood.

The National Guard being called out in consequence of information given by his brother, went in search of him and he was soon found near a tree, his eyes inflamed, his mouth covered with foam and with blood, his features changed and haggard, biting deliriously at the branches within his reach. Every one was afraid to go near him, and some new accident was apprehended; but whilst those in pursuit of him, were consulting as to the best method of securing him, the expression of his countenance changed he went bitterly and went up to his brother, asking him for bread. To avoid further danger, he was tied down in a wagon, which took him to Pithiviers.

Here he was placed in an airy room, and every attention shown to him that his situation required. He related to Doctor Auger, all that he had suffered during this paroxysm of madness, and was extremely distressed in mind. He asked to be taken back to the hospital at Orleans, where he said M. Leveque would cure him again. Notwithstanding he now appears so much better, there is reason to fear that he will eventually sink under a disorder of which the seeds are evidently in his blood. The prefect of Pithiviers has ordered that the cow and calf bitten by Lesourd, should be kept separate from other animals, and taken care of.—Paris paper.

A Marvel and a Mystery.—Mont St. Michael, the scene of Prince Polignac and the ex-Ministers' imprisonment, was formerly a place of pilgrimage, and it is on record that the Dauphin, father to Louis XVI., and Charles X., visited the shrine incognito on a fanatical mission. If they travelled incognito, how comes it that the Royal fanatics were known? What a pity it is that Charles X. was not prevailed upon to make a public pilgrimage to the shrine, to do penance with his ex-ministers.

Sealing Wax and Wafers.—Francis Rousseau, a native of Aixiers, who travelled along time in Persia, Pegu, and other parts of the East Indies, and who, in 1692, resided at St. Domingo, was the inventor of sealing-wax. A lady of the name of Languette, made this wax known at court, and caused Louis XIII. to use it; after which it was purchased and used throughout Paris. By this article Rousseau, before the expiration of a year, gained 50,000 livres. The oldest seal with a red wafer ever yet found is on a letter written by Dr. Krapf, at Spire, in the year 1624, to the government at Barceuth.

Neapolitan Superstition.—The Neapolitan sailors never go to sea without a box of small images or puppets, some of which are patron saints, inherited from their progenitors, while others are more modern, but of tried efficacy in the hour of peril. When a storm overtakes the vessel, the sailors leave her to her fate, and bring upon deck the box of saints, one of which is held up, and loudly prayed for assistance. The storm, however, increases, and the obstinate or powerless saint is vehemently abused, and thrown upon the deck. Others are held up, prayed to, abused, and thrown down in succession, until the heavens become more propitious. The storm abates, all danger disappears, the saint last prayed to acquires the reputation of miraculous efficacy, and, after their return to Naples, is honoured with prayers.

Collins was never a lover, and never married. His odas, with all their exquisite fancy and splendid imagery, have not much interest in their subjects, and no pathos derived from feeling or passion. He is reported to have been once in love; and as the lady was a day older than himself, he used to say jestingly, that he came into the world a day after the fair.

Female Courage.—Mrs. M.—, the widow of a sea-captain formerly in the service of the British government, during her husband's life-time accompanied him on all his voyages. On one occasion, he fell sick and was confined to his berth, when a furious storm arose, and continued for some days, with such unceasing violence, that the sailors became discouraged, and as it too often the case under such circumstances, insisted upon obtaining entrance to the spirit room.

The mate descended to the cabin, and calling Mrs. M.— aside, he said: "If your husband can possibly come on deck, let him make the effort. The sailors threaten to mutiny, I have lost all command over them, and they begin to talk of forcing the spirit room door. If they do, not a soul on board can be saved."

She bade the mate go on deck, and do what he could to keep the sailors quiet for a few minutes; and then she retreated to her husband's bedside. He lay in a dangerous state, and she knew that any sudden exertion would risk his life. No one would have thought, to look at Mrs. M.'s beautiful and feminine features, and small, delicate figure, that she was fitted to act the heroine. But great dangers sometimes call forth unexpected powers. She took her husband's pistols, which hung, loaded, over his berth, descended to the spirit room, and stationed herself with her feet to the door. She had remained in that position but a few minutes, when a noise was heard on deck, and the sailors rushed down the stairs in a body.—The foremost stopped, when he saw his captain's lady, and all looked at her with astonishment. She cocked one of the pistols, and addressed them. "The first man that takes another step down these stairs, it shall cost him his life." So much resolution fairly awed the rough tars. "Come, my lads, (she added in a mild tone,) go on deck—when the blow is over, I promise you, you shall have a good dram each."

Never did military harangue produce a happier effect. The sailors gave her three cheers, returned cheerfully to their work, and the ship was saved.

English and Foreign Newspapers.—Every one acquainted with the public press of Europe, must have observed the contrast which a London Newspaper forms with the journals of every other capital in Europe. The foreign journals never break in upon the privacy of domestic life. There the fam. of parties and dinners is confined to the rooms which constitute their scene, and the names of the individuals who partake of them never travel out of their own circle. How widely different is the practice of the London Journals! A lady of fashion who is the practice of so secret where she can hide herself from their search. They follow her from town to country, from the country to the town. They trace her from the breakfast-table to the Park, from the Park to the dinner-table, from thence to the Opera or the ball, and from her boudoir to her bed. They trace her every where. She may make as many doubles as a hare, but they are all in vain; it is impossible to escape pursuit; and yet the introduction of female names into the daily newspapers, now so common, is only of modern date.

The late Sir Henry Dudley Bate, editor of The Morning Herald, was the first person who introduced females into the columns of a newspaper. He was at the time editor of The Morning Post.—New Monthly Magazine.

Nepkins.—When Diego de Torres, the Spanish ambassador, in 1577, first dined with the Emperor of Morocco at his court, he was amused by the customs of the table; neither knives, forks, nor spoons, were provided; but each person helped himself with his fingers, and cleaned his hands with his tongue, excepting the Emperor, who wiped the hand he took his meat up with on the head of a black boy, ten years old, who stood by his side. The ambassador smiled, and the emperor observed, "What a clean way that Christian Kings wiped their hands with the napkins, and what such things were worth!" "Fine napkins," replied the ambassador, "a clean one at every meal, worth a crown a piece or more." "Don't you think this napkin much better," said the emperor, wiping his hand again on the black boy's head, "which is worth seventy or eighty crowns."

The late Duchess of Wellington, and Viscountess Nelson.—It is a coincidence worthy of remark, that the wives of the two most distinguished warriors of our age and country have died within the last fortnight. The decease of the Duchess of Wellington we have already recorded to have taken place on the 24th of April, and on the 4th of May, Viscountess Nelson, Duchess of Bronte, relict of the immortal hero, expired. So near in death, so near alike in life!

Sheridan.—Bob Mitchell, one of Sheridan's intimate friends, and once in great prosperity, became like a great many other people, Sheridan's creditor—in fact Sheridan owed Bob nearly three thousand pounds—this circumstance amongst others contributed so very much to reduce Bob's finances, that he was driven to great straits, and in the course of his uncomfortable wanderings he called upon Sheridan; the conversation turned upon his financial difficulties, but not upon the principal cause of them, which was Sheridan's debt; but which of course as an abject creature, he contrived to keep out of the discussion; at last, Bob, in a sort of agony, exclaimed—"I have not a guinea left, and by heaven I don't know where to get one." Sheridan jumped up, and thrusting a piece of gold into his hand, exclaimed with tears in his eyes—"It never shall be said that Bob Mitchell wanted a guinea while his friend Sheridan had one to give him."—Sharp's Magazine.

Napoleon Buonaparte and Lord Noel Byron.—It is a singular coincidence, not unworthy of remark, that the initials of two of the most singular men of their own, and perhaps of any age, the Emperor Napoleon of France, and Lord Noel Byron of England, used the same letters as an abbreviation of their name, N. B. which likewise denotes Nota Bene. It was not the habit of either to affix his name to letters, but merely N. B.

English and French Murders.—When will the French nation be able to afford a Thurtell—a man who could turn his pistol round in his friends' brains; not in any insane paroxysm of jealousy, or hatred, or revenge, but merely to ascertain satisfactorily that he had completely effected his business—who could then walk in to his supper of pork chops, with the same composure as if he had come from giving a feed of oats to his horse—a clever and acute man, too, without any stupid insensibility of mind—a man who, when seized and put on his trial, gets off by heart a long and eloquent speech, full of the most solemn and false assertions of his innocence; not that he clung with desperate eagerness to the hope of escaping; but that, as there was a chance, it was prudent not to throw it away—who, when condemned displayed neither terror nor indifference, neither exquisite sensibility nor sullen brutality, and at the last swung out of life from the gallows with the settled air of a man who feels he has lost the game at which he played, and that he may as well pay the stake calmly? There was a true British composure about the unutterable atrocity of this villain—murderer he was, and a most detestable murderer too—but his character belongs to our country as fully as that of our heroes.—Hunt and Probert were pitiful wretches, fit for the Biretre. Doubtless the agony of Hunt's feelings until his reprieve came, would, if properly divided into chapters, make a good romance.—Blackwood's Mag.

Population of Rome.—The Diario di Roma has published the following statement of the population of Rome during the twelve months which elapsed between Easter, 1829 and Easter, 1830.—Parish Churches 54; Families 34,805; Bishops 30; Priests 1,455; Monks and Friars 1,986; Nuns 1,385; Seminarians and Collegians 560; Heretics, Turks, and Infidels, exclusively of Jews, 306; Prepared for the Sacrament 107,433; Not prepared for the Sacrament 39,852; Marriages 1,068; Male baptisms 2,339; Female baptisms 2,351—total baptisms 4,690; Male deaths 2,882; Female deaths 2,113—total deaths 4,995; Males of all ages 77,475; Females of all ages 69,810. Total population 147,385.

Anecdote of Goldsmith.—Goldsmith was a man of the most felicitous endowments. His prose flows with such ease, copiousness, and grace, that it resembles the song of the siren. His verses are among the most spirited, natural, and unaffected, in the English language. Yet he was not contented. If he saw a consummate dancer, he knew no reason why he should not do as well; and immediately felt disposed to essay his powers. If he heard an accomplished musician, he undertook to enter the lists with him. His conduct was of a piece with that of the countryman, who, cheapening spectacles, and making experiment of them for ever in vain upon the look before him, was at length asked, "Could you ever read without spectacles?" to which he was obliged to answer, "I do not know; I never tried."—Goldwin's Thoughts on Man.

Friendship.—Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

The Comedy of Life.—The world is the stage; men are the actors; the events of life form the piece; fortune distributes the parts; religion governs the performance; philosophers are the spectators; the opulent occupy the boxes; the powerful the amphitheatres; and the pit is for the unfortunate; the disappointed snuff the candles; fully composes the music; and time draws the curtain.

When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a labouring bricklayer was called as a witness; when he came up to be sworn his lordship said to him—"Really, witness, when you leave to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."

"Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship."

"How do you mean, sir," said his lordship, angrily. "Why, faith," said the labourer, "you come here in your working clothes and I'm come in mine."—Sharp's Mag.

Duke of Grafton.—The late duke, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch, at the same time, a young curate called out, "It still, my lord," leaped over him, and continued the chase. Such apparent want of feeling, might be presumed, was properly resented. But on being helped out by his attendants, his grace said, "that man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal, had he stopped to have taken care of me I would never have given him any thing;" his grace being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stop to flatter.

Some men make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strongest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a fault; they have lost abundance of advantage by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it.

Conversation.—Nature hath left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

March of Intellect.—A friar who resides within a short distance of Aldgate pump, has a board with the following inscription:—"Hair cut fashionably, philosophically, and anatomically."

Be ignorant—try choice when knowledge leads to woe.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE GENIUS OF THE WEST INDIES.

Awake, great Genius! Lift thy awful head, From the green bosom of thy ocean-bed; List to our plaints, for we on thee rely, To thee we lift a supplicating eye, To thee for succour, we in danger cry. O, thou! Great Genius of the Western main, Rouse from thy sleep, or thou wilt cease to reign: Unnumber'd foes within thy parent land; Join, bent to work thy ruin, hand-in-hand; To rule thy children, their minions send, Who think but how to gain their masters' end. Not the fierce tempest's fall, redoubled roar, Though havoc spreading on full many a shore; Not the fell vipers, which insidious creep On man forgetful, looked in balmy sleep; Not fierce diseases, which so often spread, And send so deadly to the quiet bed;— Aye near so dreadful as these cauld hands, Destruction spreading over peaceful lands. O, Genius wake! Thy children need thee now, Let wisdom be the crown upon thy brow; Drive out these traitors, let them not remain To make our happiest projects all in vain: In vain we strive fierce discord to restrain, When others' interest 'tis that it should reign, And care they not whose name or fortune bleeds, So they but gain a pension for their deeds. They would be thought our friends,—but not remain A friend, if false, is worse than open foe. These are thy foes, O Genius! mark them well, Be thine the spirit of a William Tell— So shall these isles from tyrant's sway be free, And jarring parties all at length agree.

Sir Comiel Redpoll and Jolly old Nick. Went once on a time as two pickpockets think, But soon with their old did Redpoll fall out, And what do you think all the row was about.

Sir Comiel swore his old friend was a thief, And accused him of conduct surpassing belief; Old Nick vow'd that Redpoll was a—nablied, And then to Jamaica he went to be tried.

There went trotters and walkers, a glorious crew, Some dressed in scarlet, and some dressed in blue; Away they all sailed, and they swore they would kick To the regions of Tartarus, jolly old Nick.

But Jamaica is not an inferior court, To no lick-nivel Judge could old Redpoll resort; So Nick got clear off, and old Comical's tools, With their wisacere Chief, look'd like comical fools.

SONG.—By T. H. BAILY. Seek not with gold or glittering gems, My simple heart to move; To share a kindly dialum, Would never gain my love. The heart that's formed in virtue's mould, For heart should be exchanged; The love that once is hough with gold, May be by gold estranged. Can wealth relieve the labring mind? Or calm the soul to rest? What healing balm can riches find To soothe the bleeding breast? 'Tis love, and love alone, has power To bless without alloy; To cheer affliction's darkest hour, And lighten every joy.

TIME AND TRUTH—AN APOLOGUE.

J. K. PAULDING.

Among the daughters of Time, the youngest and best beloved, was a beautiful maiden called Truth. It was foredoomed at her birth that she should be incapable of fraud or deception; that wherever she came she should forever the evils of falsehood and calumny, put to flight forever the errors of mankind, and banish doubt, darkness, and uncertainty from the face of the earth. In short, she was to be omnipotent and eternal.

Time, who was forever in motion, and never staid a moment in one place, could not endure to be without the society of his favorite child, and as soon as she grew up, insisted on her accompanying him every where. Being about to make the circuit of the universe, he accordingly took her by the hand, and they journeyed together.

Time had wings, but Truth had none; and it was soon his head was almost bald and his beard white as the driven snow, could travel day and night, over hill and dale, sea and land, through air and fire, without ever resting or being fatigued. Impatient of delay, and incapable of restraining the impetuosity of his motions, he soon grew tired of the slow and feeble steps of his daughter, who was timid as a

young fawn, and looked about, before, behind, on every side ere she ventured forward; and telling her he could not wait for her tardy motions, bade her join him without fail at the end of the world.

Time soon finished his tour round the globe, but Truth was far behind; and as he had sworn never to wait for any one, the old man turned round to make another tour, and met his daughter about half way on her journey. As long parted friends love to tell each other all that has passed in their absence, they related their adventures.

"One day," said Time, "I met a wife whose rash husband had turned her from his door and divided her from her children, on account of some unbridled jealousy.—I would have staid to make up the quarrel and convince him of his error, but I knew you would soon come and set all right. I hope thou didst make my words good. Didst thou interfere in behalf of one of thy sex?"

"Alas! father, the poor abandoned wife was dead before I came. Grief and shame had driven her to despair, and she perished by her own hands."

"What a pity! but let us go on. Next I met a young man who had been crossed in love in consequence of calumny that had poisoned the mind of his mistress. A little onward and I encountered the young woman herself, who was pining away almost broken-hearted at the supposed infamy of her lover. I could not stay to remedy their sorrows, but told them that my daughter Truth was just behind, and would soon bring about a good understanding."

"Alas! alas!" cried the maiden, with tears in her eyes, "I came too late. The youth had become a sot and a gambster, and the poor girl had died of a broken heart."

"Thou art destined, it seems, to be always too late. I wish thou wouldst go forward instead of looking all around, and feeling thy way like a blind man."

"Ah! father," replied she, "how should I be assured of being always right if I did not first see which way I was going?"

"Next," continued old Time, "I came into a city where a man had been condemned to death for a crime of which my moments were too precious, and I knew you were close at hand.—Didst thou save him from the gallows?"

"No,—I did not arrive in season. I saw his body hanging in chains; but I did Justice to his memory. Better late than never, father."

"Humph!" said the old man. "After this I arrived in a country where the people were preparing to murder their governor and all his family on account of a false report of his having attempted to betray them to their enemies. I looked behind, and thought I saw thee advancing, and being, as usual in a great hurry, left it to thee to dissipate the delusion."

"I grieve to tell thee, O father! that I was a little too late. The virtuous governor, with all his family, had just perished, and the wicked calumniator was in his place. I told them the true state of the case. But the lie had done its work, and the consequences were irreparable."

"I wish to the immortal Jove," cried Time, "I wish my youngest daughter Truth, would keep pace with my eldest daughter Falsehood."

"How should I, my father, when she never stops to see whether she is going, and I am always seeking the true path?"

"Proceeding onward," resumed old Time, "I came to where the people were fighting, and cutting throats, and burning each other on account of a dispute about a word, which each party interpreted differently. I thought it a great pity they could not find out which was the right meaning. But, said I, my daughter is just behind and will clear up the matter, I have not a moment to lose. I hope thou didst not come too late here, as elsewhere."

"Not altogether too late, father," replied the virgin, "but ere I came, one party had exterminated the other, and when I offered to tell the conquerors the true meaning of the word, they said they knew it already as well as I did. I asked them how they came by it; they answered by virtue of the right of the strongest, and then left me shouting 'Truth is great and will prevail!'"

"Poor, ignorant creatures!" exclaimed Time, and shrugged his brawny shoulders. "As I travelled onward from thence, I came to a nation which sacrificed human beings to a great snake, and left particular directions with the priests to stop you when you came, and become convinced of their deplorable errors."

"I stopped; but I grieve to say it was only to lament over their misfortunes.—The day before I arrived they had all been exterminated by a people who came to convert them."

"Sluggard!" exclaimed the old man, for he began to wax wroth. But he again resumed his narrative. "A little while after I came among a people who worshipped graven images, and was exceedingly angry at their foolish idolatry. But I could not stay to argue the matter with them, and proclaimed aloud, as I passed, that these ignorant people!"

"I did—but alas! father, the very day but one before I came they had all been swallowed up by an inundation of his impudence that the dilatory pace of his daughter. 'Out upon thee!' of what use is it that thou art gifted with the power to correct error and remedy the mischiefs of calumny—of what consequence is it that thou shalt ever prevail where thou comest if thou art thus always lagging behind the events which I bring about! Better not come at all than too late."

"Father," replied the weeping daughter, "it is not that I

am too slow, but that thou art too swift. Remember that heaven hath given thee wings, and vigour to pursue an eternal flight, while the feet of thy poor girl are tender and her limbs slow of pace. If thou wouldst only slacken thy speed a little, I might always keep up with thee, and—'Pshaw!' exclaimed the old man, testily, 'I have not a moment to waste in hearing you talk.'

So saying, he spread his wings, shook his hour-glass at her in anger, and vaulted forth on another journey round the world. His daughter ran after him as fast as she ever since been trying, she has never been able to overtake the flight of Time. Those who know best, however, affirm that she will undoubtedly catch him at last, for "Truth is great and must prevail."

Egyptian Newspaper.—The N. Y. Daily Advertiser alludes to this phenomenon thus:—An official newspaper, of a folio size, consisting of four pages, is now published at Cairo, by order of Mahomed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. It is printed both in Turkish and Arabic; it contains the political regulations of the government, the most remarkable events that take place in Egypt, a list of the vessels that arrive at and sail from the Egyptian ports, and generally such intelligence respecting the agriculture and commerce of the country, as is useful to know.—The astronomical and barometrical observations made at Cairo, are regularly recorded in this Gazette. As specimens of what it contains, we may give the following samples:

[Translated from the Cairo Gazette.] "The Council of State has abolished the punishment of death in Egypt, except for political offences. For other offences, compulsory labour is the punishment, varying in length according to the nature of the crime."

Some numbers of the Gazette contain the prices of all commodities imported into Alexandria. We are glad to see, in this Gazette, a channel by which light can enter and spread through Egypt.

From the London Atlas.

Websterism.—A Correspondent, whose ear has caught up the musical terminology of America, favours us with the following characteristic epistle. Dr. Webster's dictionary is the printed parent of all Americanisms. To him and to his work we are indebted for the first learned attempt to engraft upon our language those innumerable synonyms that may be made by the liberal use of the adjunct *ism*. Indeed catching the sound of our last words, we do not see why the art of this sort of coinage might not be called adjectivism. We have called it Websterism out of pure respect to its founder.

Sm.—Horror-stricken with fresh accounts of incendiarism, I cannot help telling you that, though in solitarium, my pecuniarism allows me to keep a farm. Several men in a state of stipendiarism under me, protest that my fears are but an imaginarism; but the country is in such a state of extraordinarism, that men in their otetarism do not recollect its parallel. I therefore consider it the plenarism of wisdom to provide matters of artillerism against the worst; it is mere contrarism to say that such vagarism ought to be overlooked. I am therefore in a state of precautionarism to provide for the tutelarism of my property. I wish to continue in stationarism, and to avoid revolutionarism. As my men enjoy a good state of salarism, I hope you will warn others against any teacherism towards, Sir, your servant, A DETESTER OF BARBARISM.

AN INDIAN SULTANA IN PARIS.

It is known to very few even in France that an Indian Sultana, a descendant of Tamerlane, named Aline of Eldir, has been living in Paris, poor and forgotten for above forty years. This heiress to a great kingdom was stolen almost out of her cradle, and deserted by the robbers on the coast of France. She was presented to the princesses of the old court, and conceived a particular attachment for the Princess de Lamballe; but when, at the age of only nine or ten years, her beauty had attracted too much notice, and nothing but a lettre de cachet could secure her from the persecutions of an exalted personage, she exchanged a convent for a prison. The revolution set Aline at liberty. At the time of the Egyptian campaign, the man who was destined to rule France, and almost all Europe, and who had probably thus early turned his attention to India, is said to have thought of the heiress of Tamerlane, and to have formed the plan of restoring the illustrious stranger to her native land. Josephine interested herself on this occasion for the Sultana; but this had no influence upon her condition. Unhappy, surrounded only by a few pious nuns, and urged by her confessor, she renounced the religion of Mahomet, and became a Christian. At length, in December, 1818, an Indian Sheikh, named Goolam, arrived in Paris, with instructions to claim the Princess Aline from the Court of France. The Envoy sought out the Sultana: he informed her, that her relations were desirous of her return; that she should be reinstated in the rank which was her right, and again behold the bright sun and the beautiful face of her own Asia, upon the sole condition that she would forsake Christ for Mahomet. No persuasions, however, could prevail upon her to convert to comply with this requisition; Goolam went back to India without accomplishing the object of his mission, which produced no improvement in her straitened circumstances. Two years afterwards, she learned that an Indian Prince had landed in England with a splendid retinue, including three females, but that he had been obliged



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ORIGINAL POETRY.

In deep, brown study, and in vengeful mood, The mighty James in Conch-lad's palace stood, Revolving in his mighty mind the cause Why sovereigns should be subject to the laws.

Shall I be fettered by their odious trammels, With all the Saints to bear me up, like camels; No coronation oath by me was taken, I never swore at all, or I'm mistaken.

These rebel dogs I might destroy at once, If Nature had not made me such a dunce, If I could only make those cursed Judges Do as I please, I'd pay off all my grudges.

One sneaking fool among the legal trio, I'm sure of, and if one would die! Oh, What a scourging I would give these wretches, Who's rights and privileges I'd treat as fetters.

I'd soon deprive them of their rights as masters; They might blame who they pleased for their disasters; I'd make their rights to slaves as good as nought, The Saints would cheer me, they'd be fairly bought.

To England straight my righteous steps I'd bend, Demand reward, and well I know they'd send, So good a serrant to the Ganges' shores, Where I should gain rupees by lacks and crores.

O'er Pagan freemen I'd the tyrants play, Secure from rebel raunts, and such foul pay, As these bold beggars at my head now throw, Treating me as if I cast away my foe.

In Nassau lived a certain wight, Who went to sleep one moonlight night, And as he slept, he little thought Of the mishap that night had brought; For when next morn he awoke, he found, Into the room his vallet flies, And says—"Good sir, 'tis very hard, You wish your horses are debarred; They only wish'd to walk around, But, send by sharks, they're in the pound."

"What! Found my horses?" said the lout, "The villains must have let them out; The smugglers—O! I'll surely catch 'em, And for their tricks, will soundly sweat 'em."

Off to a magistrate he walks, And much of honesty he talks; And hints the guards are rogues indeed, Who from his stable took his steed: "Had you a guard of black," said he, "These backward tricks would never be."

The cause was tried, a fine decreed, The saintly purse was doomed to bleed, Into his pouch, his hand he thrust, Much griev'd to yield the golden dust, And thus addressed—"You wicked sinners, This fine would pay for eighty dinners, What! Two pound four?—the sum's immense; The legislators had no sense, If I must pay, here—take the cash; Good morning, Conchs—I'm off, slap-dash."

From Bell's Weekly Messenger of May 29. POLITICS OF EUROPE.

NATIONAL EXPENDITURE, AND COLONIAL REPRESENTATION.

Under the head of Civil Expenses for the Colonies, one remark will strike our readers; that these Colonies must be most wretchedly managed if they cannot afford to pay their own judges and law officers. It seems most absurd to cry them up as the great stay and refuge of England, (and we have never wished to decry them) whilst they are in this condition.

But our present purpose is to consider a much more important question,—a question which has frequently been brought before the public on many occasions, but never satisfactorily explained or discussed. It is simply this,—whether or not these Colonies ought not to have representatives in Parliament, and whether the present crisis does not afford a fit opportunity of giving them such representatives.

It has been strongly argued that, as the population of the British dependencies, including India, exceeds that of the mother country,—and as the wealth and rising importance of many of the Colonies mark them out as the cradle of future empires, it would be the manifest policy and duty of Great Britain to attach them by a closer connexion, and to give them, by representation, a share in the general political power of the country. By the extinction of the boroughs, which afforded the readiest access to Parliament for those whose property was invested in our settlements, the Colonies will be precluded from that virtual representation which they have hitherto enjoyed. It is not to be

disabled but that the new Reform Bill strikes a hard blow upon this description of members of Parliament representing colonial interests. They will, by the natural consequences of this political exclusion, be more alienated from us than they are now inclined to be, and every day become more indisposed to bear the yoke of the parent state. An opportunity now offers of giving them a direct representation. It may be carried into effect simply by receding from that part of the reform plan which was never popular,—we mean that part which proposes to reduce the number of our representatives in Parliament. It is known that Lord Grey does not obstinately persist in the reduction of the members of Parliament. It never was a favourite measure with the people. Why not, then, keep up the number of our representatives in the House of Commons to their ancient amount,—distributing a certain portion, say fifteen or twenty, amongst our Colonies and foreign dependencies? The mode, and the terms of their election, might easily be arranged. If the principle were once conceded, the policy of it would be obvious.

Our Colonists, or those British owners and merchants whose property is largely engaged abroad (for we are not speaking of the native born colonists only), must desire, like other men, to have some share in the management of public affairs, chiefly on account of the importance which it would give them. Upon the power which the greater part of the leading men, the natural aristocracy of every country, have of preserving or defeating their respective importance, depend the stability and duration of every system of free government. In the attacks which these leading men are continually making upon one another, and in the defence of their own power and station, consists the whole play of domestic faction and ambition.

It is not natural that the leading men possessed of colonial property and influence should be actuated by similar motives of ambition. They feel, or imagine, that they shall be excluded from Parliament by the extinction of the boroughs, and the operation of the new Reform Bill. These boroughs opened to them the road to political importance. They feel, or imagine, that if their Colonial Assemblies, which they are fond of calling Parliaments, should be so far degraded as to become the humble ministers of the Parliament of Great Britain, the greater part of their own importance would be broken down. Now, it must be acknowledged that the control of a parent state over her Colonies was, and is, greatly softened and qualified to the taste of the colonists, by having their leading men of property members of the British Senate, and acting, as many did, a splendid part in the national councils. But if they can no longer expect to see them seated in a reformed Parliament, their pride will be hurt, and their affections weakened; and, like other ambitious and high spirited men, they will rather choose to throw off the yoke, and draw the sword in defence of their own importance, than live in a connexion with the mother country, which is injurious, unequal, and disparaging.

Great Britain is, perhaps, since the world began, the only state which, as it extended its empire, has only increased its expenses without augmenting its resources. Towards the declension of the Roman Republic, the allies of Rome, who had borne the principal burden of defending the state, and extending the boundaries of the empire, demanded to be admitted to all the privileges of Roman citizens. Upon being refused, the Social war broke out; and during the course of that war, Rome granted those privileges to the greater part of them, one by one, and in proportion as they detached themselves from the general confederacy. Why should not England do by choice what Rome was compelled to do by force? It is a fundamental maxim of our policy, since the American war, that there can be no taxation without representation. Our Colonies therefore must always be an incumbrance to us whilst they remain unrepresented. We shall always be taxed with the enormous expenses of their civil and military establishments, until we put them in an equal condition, and give them equal political privileges with the rest of our empire. Let them be admitted to the same privileges, and they could no more object to a tax for paying their judges and governors, than the inhabitants of a county could object to a county rate for the building of their bridges and the maintaining of their prisons. Why should not Great Britain allow to each Colony such a number of representatives as suited the proportion of what it contributed to the public revenue of the empire,—in consideration of its being subjected to a fair rate of taxes, and, in compensation, admitted to the same freedom of trade with its fellow-subjects at home?—Why, for instance, should not the TWO CANADAS return four members to Parliament—Jamaica return two. The number of representatives might be augmented as the proportion of contribution might afterwards increase. A new method of acquiring importance,—a new and more dazzling object of ambition,—would thus be presented to the leading men of each Colony, and to the in our own country; instead of contending for the little prizes which are to be found in the paltry traffic of colonial factions, they might then hope, from the presumption which men naturally have in their own ability and good fortune, to draw some of the prizes which invariably issue from the wheel of the great state lottery of British politics.

Unless this or some other method be fallen upon, the Reform Bill cannot be rendered very palatable to those leading colonists, and that great mass of British capitalists whose fortunes are invested in our foreign settlements. There seems to be no method more obvious than the one we propose,—of conciliating those mercantile and colonial

proprietors who are so loud in their clamour against the abolition of boroughs; and it strikes us that it will not only tend to preserve the importance, and to gratify the ambition of some of the most leading capitalist amongst us, but that it will tend mainly to consolidate the interests of the parent state and her Colonies, and to unite them by closer ties than have hitherto subsisted between them.

Though the Roman constitution was necessarily ruined by the union of Rome with the allied states of Italy, there is not the least probability that the British constitution would be hurt by the union of Great Britain with her Colonies. That constitution, on the contrary, would be completed by it, and seems to be imperfect without it. The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of every part of the empire, in order to be perfectly informed, ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it.

That this union, however, could be easily effected, or that difficulties, and great difficulties, might not occur in the execution, is undoubted. We have heard of none, however, which appear insurmountable. The principal, perhaps, arise not from the nature of things, but from the prejudices and opinions of the people both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic.

But if Lord Grey and the Ministers shall yield to the reasonable desires of Parliament, and to the natural wishes of the people, in keeping up the present number of the members of the House of Commons, an opportunity would be immediately afforded (and the boon will, we are sure, be most acceptable) of admitting colonial property to its just share of representation, and to its due and salutary weight in a reformed Parliament.

Supposing that the sixty-two members, intended to be struck off, should be retained upon a revision of the Reform Bill, would it not be an admirable measure of policy to allot a certain portion of them to our Colonies? It would greatly tend to conciliate the mercantile and shipping interests of the country, and would strengthen the popularity of the Bill amongst all those persons whose fortunes are bound up with the trade and commerce of the Empire.

From the London Atlas.

We have just received the important intelligence—brought to England by the Briton and Childers ships of war—that the French squadron of the Tagus has commenced operations by capturing five Portuguese vessels. The long-expected rupture, then, has now fairly broken out, and the submission of Don Miguel, or the overthrow of his dynasty, is near at hand. We were about to say, that this event would bring him to his senses—but we corrected ourselves, under the doubt whether he has any or not.

The convocation of the electoral colleges, and the summons for the new Parliament to meet on the anniversary of Louis Philippe's accession, are the only news of political importance from France. There is great probability that the hereditary peerage, and the Upper Chamber as a legislative body, will be abolished in the approaching session. The King takes another popular progress, and the ministry evidently grows stronger. Lord Ponsonby's definitive letter to the Belgian Congress has caused an angry feeling in France. Sebastiani is the object of hatred and suspicion both there and in Belgium. It appears clear that Belgium must submit to the dictation of the five great powers in which case Leopold will, in all likelihood, accept the crown. From Poland, rumours only reach us; they are favourable to the cause of liberty, and the struggle of patriotic valour against tyranny and injustice is yet hopeful. "The standard of the Prophet," says the Sultan Mahmoud, "has shaken on the Infidels the curse of practice, which is spreading over Europe to average on the worshippers of the cross the daring outrage committed on the sacred soil of the Islam. The invaders suffer first under the plague-blast. Those who stood off, and encouraged the aggression, will wither in its progress."

From the London Observer of May 29.

The contents in Parliament on the subject of the Reform Bill, and the measures so successfully taken since to secure to us the advantages of a free representation, have hitherto so completely absorbed the public attention, that even the most stirring and important events on the Continent were treated with neglect or indifference. The conviction that the Bill is now beyond the reach of hostility begins, however, to produce that calm which allows us to direct our attention to the affairs of our neighbours; and we are glad to learn that the Government is disposed to second the unanimous wishes of the people, with respect to the course to be pursued towards Poland. Urgent remonstrances have, we understand, been forwarded to St. Petersburg on this subject, and strong efforts are made, in conjunction with France, to put an end to that afflictive and desolating warfare which the Emperor seems still disposed to wage, even to the extermination of his rebellious but much injured subjects. It is said, we know not on what authority, that the fitting out of the Experimental Squadron has close connexion with the state of Poland, and the Baltic is to be the destination of those one hundred and twenty-gun ships, which, from their size, and the great expense of keeping them in service, could not, it is well known, be intended for any purposes short of urgent and important national service. We trust that their appearance will produce a salutary effect on the mind of the Autocrat which is confidently anticipated, and that he will yield to the demands of civilized Europe for the termination of his crusade against Warsaw. It has been said, with truth, that independent Poland will in future be a barrier against Russia, and save the south from the incursions of the barbarians. But there is one great service it has rendered us already, which seems to have escaped attention—it has saved us from the scourge of an infectious disease, which would, ere now, have carried its ravages to the remotest corner of the Empire. If Poland had

From Bell's Weekly Messenger, of June 5.

The new Parliament will meet on the 14th; and as we stated in our last, business will commence on the 21st inst. It is now understood that there will be no opposition to the replacing of Mr. Manners Sutton in the Chair. We presume, also, that there will be as little difficulty in electing Lord Shaftesbury to be Chairman of the Committees in the House of Lords.

A good deal of anxiety has lately been felt as to the probable proceedings of the House of Lords on the meeting of the Parliament. They have been lectured in the newspapers in a tone which, as impartial persons, we scarcely think becoming to the dignity of the Peers. They have had strong intimations given to them in pamphlets, and are told, that unless they pursue a certain fixed course, and concur in all particulars with the public voice on the subject of the Reform Bill, their ancient order will be in danger, their patents of nobility insecure, and their authority in the state, as one of the co-ordinate branches of the legislature, brought into serious question and dispute. Now, all this doctrine has been preached to them from no vulgar or impotent pens, but from persons used to persuade and command the general opinion of mankind—at least so we are told; and it has not been denied. But what has been the occasion of this unusual, and, as it seems to us, this unbecoming conduct towards the House of Lords? Simply, because it is understood that their Lordships intend to move an amendment to the Address. It is assumed that the Royal Speech, on the opening of the new Parliament, will distinctly allude to the Reform Bill—the Address must naturally take the same tone. What mighty harm then will there be, should the Lords move an amendment to read part of the Address, and even carry such amendment? It is perfectly absurd to suppose that this will stop the progress of Reform.

An hereditary Nobility, invested with a share of legislation, has a right, if so disposed, to condemn as prejudices those feelings which actuate the minds of the bulk of the people. It has a right to stem what it pleases to call, the progress of popular fury. The Peers may disdain to receive laws and opinions from those whom they are accustomed to consider as their inferiors in rank,—and may oppose resolutions which they may please to stigmatise as founded in the folly and violence of the lower parts of the community. The House of Lords has a clear right to struggle for the rotten and the nomination boroughs. Let them do so; but they will do so in vain.

We are perfectly convinced that the Reform Bill will be carried, both in the House of Lords and in the Commons. We are also convinced that it will receive many useful amendments in both Houses; and to the Lords we especially look for the correction of some parts which, considering the state of the public mind, cannot be so beneficially made in the Commons. The House of Peers, therefore, instead of being an antagonist to be dreaded, will become, after a few ebullitions of feeling, a most useful auxiliary on this occasion. But that it will venture to arrest the Reform Bill altogether, we never for a moment apprehended.

The interference of a superior order to improve, qualify, and to amend a public measure, we most earnestly desire; but the interference of a superior order to crush the hopes of the nation, to ravish the spoil won in battle from the boroughmongers, would be superfluous, dangerous, and wrong; for surely, when every thing is conceded to the superior wisdom,—and, if people will, to the superior independence of the House of Lords; when every thing is allowed to the defence of rank and education, which the actual state of these advantages deserves,—that, after all, is most likely to be right and expedient,—most conducive to the public good, most politic, and most befitting,—which appears to be so to the separate judgment and decision of the great MAJORITY OF THE NATION,—at least, that is generally resort for them, which is agreeable to their fixed opinions and desires.

We may undoubtedly conceive occasions to arise in which the commonwealth may be saved by the reluctance of the House of Lords to adopt the caprice, or to yield to the vehemence of the people. In expecting these advantages from an order of nobility, we do not suppose the nobility to be more unprejudiced than others; we only suppose their prejudices may be different from, and may occasionally counteract the more dangerous prejudices of the Commons. But is the question of Reform one of those questions upon which the House of Lords can authoritatively pronounce against the people? That the Lords have prejudices on this head there can be no doubt. But, in condemning Reform, would they act indifferently and impartially? Would they not be judges in their own cases? And would not their condemnation be suspected to flow rather from prejudices in favour of corrupt influence and power, than from feelings favourable to constitutional liberty and popular improvement?

But the subject of discussion is an unpleasant one, and we shall therefore close it.—The Lords have always acted worthy of their high order in all seasons of the constitution, and we doubt not but that, in the present crisis, the people will find a firm friend in them, and not an antagonist, or jealous opponent.—There are many parts, as we have said, in which, by their wisdom and moderation, they may materially improve the Reform Bill. We shall gladly attend to them in these particulars; but we implore them, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of the people, to do nothing that is hostile to the fundamental principles of the Bill.

From the London Times of May 28.

It is difficult for any man in his sober senses to conjecture whence came the folly of imagining that the House of Lords would be capable of opposing the Reform Bill when all the world must be so well aware how impossible that august body would find it, to make their opposition effectual.

We do not now speak of the state of feeling into which

respectable noblemen would be thrown, when, from enjoying the esteem and confidence of their several neighbourhoods, and the nation generally, they had rendered themselves, by a single vote in Parliament, the objects of universal suspicion or dislike. That is not the argument we now seek to address to them; because it is just conceivable that a man whose mind has been wrought up to an extraordinary pitch of vehemence and passion may condescend (for the moment) under any visitation of public censure, by the belief that he suffers for conscience sake. No; but we ask those of their lordships who may have been indulging some beautiful dream as to the practicability of heating the King's Ministers on the second reading of the bill, what do they mean to do afterwards? Do they fancy that Lord Grey and his friends would continue Ministers after the Reform bill had been thrown out? They might as well talk of a human body performing all the vital functions after the breath was out of it. No; Lord Grey retires instantly on the bill being rejected. And who comes in?—not the Duke of Wellington, nor Sir Robert Peel. They know too well what they are doing; they know that there is a majority of much more than 100 members of the House of Commons in favour of the bill, even taking into account the nomination boroughs. They are also cognizant by this time of the fact, that with the dismal exception of six individuals, all the county members of England, and all the members for open towns and boroughs, without one exception, are resolute in their adherence to the whole measure.

Then how could an anti-reform or a mock reform ministry—a Newcastle, Wetherell, or Lowther Cabinet—go against such a House of Commons? How could they reform spirit, to a nation which returned it for the sake of that very spirit, and for the purpose of carrying the bill? A dissolution would give a more thoroughly reforming House of Commons, in which there would neither be a chance of Lord Chandos, nor of any one other anti-reformist, sitting as a county member. Would such a parliament put supplies for the public service into the hands of a Tory cabinet so constituted as above? What, in that case, would be the duration of such a cabinet? and what the power of resisting reform for another month?

The principles of the measure have been so abundantly discussed, and its merits settled in the judgment of the English nation, that really nothing more remains but earnest and amicable entreaty to all who are yet suspected of being behind their countrymen in the race of political reasoning, to bethink them well what must be the consequence to themselves and to society, should any serious obstacle be at this the eleventh hour opposed to the progress of reform. A public functionary, and, above all, a legislator, at an important and very imminent crisis, cannot safely be as slow of apprehension as those who have no office to discharge, but that of meditating what opinions they ought finally to form.

From the Court Journal of May 28.

The Marquis of Anglesea, on whom it is said the dignity of Duke of Monmouth is about to be conferred, will, we understand, be appointed Commander-in-chief in the room of Lord Hill, who has expressed a wish to retire. Few men are more popular in the army than Lord Anglesea, whose military and private virtues have endeared him to the whole army. Lord Hill, it is rumoured, will be elevated in the peerage to the rank of an earl.

The rumoured return of the Marquis of Anglesea from Ireland has given rise, in the political circles, to various conjectures as to his probable successor. The Duke of Sussex is confidently spoken of as the future Lord Lieutenant, an appointment which, considering the great popularity of the Royal Duke in the Sister Kingdom, would be hailed with enthusiasm by the Irish nation. Another candidate, assigns the Lord Lieutenant to the present noble Postmaster-General, the Duke of Richmond.

We have reason to believe that in future the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance and the Commandership-in-Chief of the Forces, are not to be separate appointments, but will be united in one and the same person.

The Duke of Northumberland's departure for Alnwick Castle was sudden and unexpected. All the grand parties which were intended to be given by his Grace at Northumberland-house, are, to the disappointment of the fashionable world, deferred until the noble Duke returns. The Duchess remains in town, and is constant in her attendance upon her royal charge, the Princess Victoria. The unsettled and turbulent state of the colliers in the North is the occasion of the Duke's visit.

Prince Talleyrand, Lord Palmerston, and M. Von Pratz, the Secretary of the Belgium Deputation, have lately had interviews with Prince Leopold, on the subject of Belgium. His Royal Highness has not yet given a decisive answer on the subject of the proffered crown; but there is reason to believe that his decision will be made known on Monday or Tuesday. Despatches were received from Brussels on Thursday, relating to this offer, and their contents were immediately communicated to his Royal Highness.

It is at length decided that the New Palace is to form a national gallery; a disposal of this interesting edifice, which will at once satisfy the murmurs of the public, and fulfill a purpose for which it is well adapted. Our readers will recollect that in a late number of our journal we announced (exclusively) the improbability of the final destination of this building as a royal residence.

The Biter Bit.—Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny, and acknowledged but one God. His servant availed himself of this doctrine one day while he was beating for a theft, by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

EXERCISE, AIR AND SLEEP.

Extracted from Mr. Richards' Treatise on Nervous Disorders.

Exercise.—Rise early and use active exercise in the open air, till a slight degree of fatigue be felt; then rest one hour, and breakfast. After this, rest three hours, in order that the energies of the constitution may be renewed again for two hours, rest one, and then dine. After dinner rest for three hours; and afterwards, in summer, take a gentle stroll of exercise for the day. In wet or inclement weather, the exercise may be taken in the house, the windows being opened, by walking actively backwards and forwards, as sailors do on a ship-board.

Air.—Pure air is as necessary to existence as good and wholesome food, perhaps more so; for our food has to undergo a very elaborate change before it is introduced into the mass of circulating blood, while the air is received at once into the lungs, and comes into immediate contact with the blood in that important organ. The effect of the air upon the blood is this: by thrusting its way through the body, it endues it with the peculiar property of vitality, that is, it enables it to build up, repair, and excrete the different functions and organs of the body. If the whole mass of blood in the system is not pure, the frame, in some part or other, speedily experiences the bad effects. This will explain to us the almost miraculous benefits which are obtained by change of air, as well as the decided advantages of a free and copious ventilation. The prejudices against a free circulation of air, especially in the sick chamber, against a simple and great evil. The rule as regards this is plain and simple: admit as much fresh air as you can; provided it does not blow in upon you in a storm, and provided you are not in a state of profuse perspiration at the time; for in according with the Spanish proverb—

"If the wind blows on you through a hole, Make your will, and take care of your soul."

but if the whole of the body be exposed at once to a cold atmosphere, no bad consequences need be anticipated.

Sleep.—A great deal has been said on the necessary quantity of sleep; that is, how long one ought to indulge in sleeping. This question, like many others, cannot be reduced to mathematical precision; for much must depend upon habit, constitution, and the nature and duration of our occupations. A person in good health, whose mental and physical exertions are not particularly laborious, will find seven or eight hours' sleep quite sufficient to refresh his frame. Those whose constitutions are debilitated, or whose occupations are studious or laborious, require rather more; but the best rule in all cases is to sleep till you are refreshed, and then get up. If you feel inclined for a snug nap after dinner, indulge in it; but do not exceed half an hour; if you do, you will be dull and uncomfortable afterwards, instead of brisk and lively.

In sleeping, as in eating and drinking, we must consult our habits and feelings, which are excellent monitors. What says the poet?—

"French not to me your musty rules, Ye drosses, that mislead in idle cell, The heart is wiser than the schools, The senses always reason well."

One particular recommendation I would propose in conducting this subject,—is to sleep in a room as large and as airy as possible, and in a bed but little encumbered with curtains. The lungs must respire during sleep, as well as at any other time; and it is of great consequence that the air should be as pure as possible.

The dead alive!—On Sunday night Mr. Gallaher, the celebrated ventriloquist, observed two simple country looking fellows carrying a coffin out to Roundtown. When they got near the bridge at Harold's-cross, they stopped to rest themselves. Mr. Gallaher pretended to be walking quietly by them, when he threw his voice into the coffin, and immediately a loud shriek of agony was heard to issue followed by "Oh! murder! murder! it is into the canal you're goin' to throw me? Is't it had enough to Burke me, world is that?" said a person who was passing. "Is that the question you're askin'?" said the voice from the coffin; "let me out of the coffin you scoundrels, and though I am half-choked, I'll box the two of you—one down and the other come on." "Oh! good Christians," cried a poor woman who was now attracted by the noise, "here's a dead man in the coffin that wants to fight his two murderers."—A crowd was immediately collected—the two poor countrymen were arrested as resurrectionists, and it was not until the coffin was opened and examined that they were permitted to proceed with their burials. Just as the crowd were dispersing, a voice from the coffin was heard to exclaim, "Now, boys, after all the trouble I gave you, I hope you won't forget to bury me decently."—Dublin Morning Register.

There is a sect of Christians in Philadelphia who do not allow themselves to eat animal food, and believe that the soul is transferred through the body, and the continuation of any member is the annihilation of such a portion of the soul.

The annual revenue collected at the port of New York for the last five years has averaged about thirteen millions and a half of dollars—being more than one half of the duties collected in the whole union.

A gentleman being in a candle factory in London on business slipped into a vat of melted, but not very hot fat. As he was a workman tried to pull him out, but he slipped through his fingers. A second pull brought the sufferer out in the shape of a huge candle, ten to the ton!

It has been snarredly observed, that if it be true that the Earl of Harrington has "led to the hyemal altar" the fascinating actress to whom report has married him, he has given his hand to a very handsome Poet. A fair exchange.

There was to be a magnificent fete at Drury Lane theatre on the 15th ultimo, under the patronage of her Majesty, in behalf of the distressed Irish.