

GEORGE BIGGS, Editor.

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POETRY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SEPULCHRE.

There Manhood lies! Lift up the earth, How like the tree struck down to earth, In its green pride the mighty fall.

What staid beauty slumbers here! But mark those flowers pale as the brow Which they have wreathed: if death could spare, A victim he had pitied none.

Look on that little cherub's face, Whose budding smile is fixed by death; How soon, indeed, has been his race!

Behold that picture of decay, Where nature wears sad to rest! Full four score years have passed away, Yet still he, like a lingering guest,

But there, now mourning serene, 'Tis childless widow's mother's look! To her the world a waste has been,

Others when severely said to be, "I wish I were the things of time; With life worn out some graves to die, To end their griefs here others die."

From the Monthly Magazine. DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA. Lander's discovery of the mouth of the Niger has turned public interest more to Africa, and there may be at least a rational hope of establishing some useful communication with its people, discovering some portion of the natural riches of a land fertile beyond all conception.

It is a lamentable fact, that notwithstanding the various societies instituted to enlighten the public mind, and to diffuse moral and religious principles, crime has made frightful progress within a few years. We can scarce open a paper without seeing a well-supplied criminal ladder.

Those who scoff at every thing, may scoff at the idea that Providence takes any care about these matters. But there may be no superposition in thinking that there is a striking coincidence between this great discovery of a path in the heart of Africa, and the present perfection of the steam-boat; and that the honour of the discovery, and perhaps its first and most direct advantages, are given to the nation which first declared against the sale of the unhappy African, and which to this hour, holds an unremitted and most righteous struggle against the incorrigible and hideous avarice of the European slave-traders.

The benefits of the Western and what is called Central Africa, are unquestionably laid open by the discovery of the mouth of the Niger; and by the access this given to the numerous rivers which branch off from its course, and which intersect nearly the whole of the table land of Africa, there is still a vast country, the table land of Africa, to be explored, and of which we even conjecture little, but by judging from other table lands, that its climate is temperate, its population naturally numerous, and that it will probably make the finest and most useful discoveries of natural produce and mineral opulence.

The extent of Africa overwhelms the mind. It is nearly five thousand miles long, by four thousand broad, and lies directly under the sun's path; the equator almost bisecting it, and the tropics covering the central regions to the north and south. The sun is always vertical, somewhere in Africa. In Major Head's ingenious Life of Bruce, he observes, that "what is marked by nature, on our European scale of climate, as excess of heat, is all

that the African knows of the luxury of cold, except what is produced by elevation or evaporation." It is two thousand five hundred miles from the equator to its northern boundary, the Mediterranean, and about the same distance to its southern, the Cape of Good Hope.

The great question with men of humanity and common sense is, how this mighty continent can be civilized, made happy, and made a contributor to the general happiness and wealth of the world. In this view, we entirely agree with the author of the Life of Bruce. Nothing has been made in vain. The Creator had made no country, for the express purpose of defying the activity or benevolence of man. All is capable of being turned to good, if we but use the means. The earth was undoubtedly made to submit to the mastery of man, and the vast and curious inventions of late years seem to have been put into our hands, for the purpose of expediting that mastery. It is not improbable that the discovery of America was delayed, until the peaceful state of Europe, the commercial activity of its people, and the adoption of settled governments, rendered it capable of taking advantage of that magnificent discovery. It is obvious that the discovery originated in a striking improvement of either ships or seamanship at the time. The European ships and sailors had been for centuries as good as those which first touched at America. But if the discovery had been made under the Roman empire, it would have been probably neglected by a people who were engrossed with war, and who despised commerce and hated the sea. In the dark ages, it would have probably been equally neglected among the furious feuds of the little European powers, too little to bear the expense of the remote expeditions, living from day to day on the plunder of friend and enemy, distracted by perpetual change, and generally perishing as soon as they rose. The only use which they would have made of America, would be as a place of refuge to some defeated chieftain and his half savage followers. But a time came, when the Crusades had relieved the European cities of the weight of baronial tyranny, when the sudden splendour of Venice, arising from its eastern intercourse, awoke mankind to the value of commerce, and when the leading sovereign of Europe, Ferdinand, the ruler of the most chivalric and daring nation of the 15th century, had just flung off the tremendous pressure of the Moorish wars. And then, and at that moment, was divided before the Spanish keel the mighty barrier, which had shut out America from the eye of mankind since the creation.

If Africa, so long known, and so close to the most civilized and inquiring regions of the world, should have remained to this day scarcely less shut out than America, we may well ask, how could we expect to have the treasures of this land given to us, while Europe was guilty of the slave-trade, while, if we did have penetrated the hidden glories of this fourth of the creation, it would have been only to spread more misery, to shed more blood, to fill it with moral contagion of the most corrupting of all traffic, to inflame more savages to fury and massacre by our temptations, and finally to drag more human beings from their country, to perish thousands of miles from their homes. The time has certainly arrived when this trade which it is no violence of language to call Satanic, has received its death blow, at least in England, and the time may not be remote when we shall be expected to apply the national vigour to open up the treasures of Africa. It is not unreasonable to hope that the whole southern continent may be given over to our tutelage, and that England, the great depository of freedom, knowledge and religion, may be the elected guardian of the infancy of Africa. Our extraordinary advances in machinery, and the general command over the powers of nature, a command which seems to have been almost exclusively confined to this nation, have not been given for nothing, and important as they are to the increase of our wealth and comforts at home, we shall yet see them operating through the world on the colossal scale, suited to the wants of nations. The very fact that our powers of steam and machinery are so rapidly increasing, that we literally can hardly imagine to what known obstacles we shall have to apply them, tends to show that there must remain something very important in this world for man to do. In short, the enormous tools which nature is placing in our hands, clearly foretell that she has some wonderful work for us to perform; and therefore, instead of calculating, as many people do, for instance, how long our coals are to last us, and in how many years hence we are unavoidably to be left in cold and darkness, is it not just to believe, that with our new powers, we shall obtain new resources, and that the wisdom of nature will continue to bestow when the file fears and theories of the day have faded away and perished.

The hope of civilising Africa, must depend on its being made fit to sustain civilized communities, which from its present natural constitution it is unfit to do; one immense portion of it being overspread with barren sands, and another being alternately turned into a bog by rains and rivers, and into a nest of contagion by the action of the sun upon this mighty morass.

Between the tropics it is constantly raining somewhere, and the rain falls in quantities that absolutely overwhelm the country. The hot winds constantly follow the sun from tropic to tropic, and the vapours which they raise, on reaching the higher regions of the atmosphere, and being chilled, are constantly poured down in rain. A country of a thousand miles on the north and south of the line, is thus kept constantly in a state of the most powerful irriga-

tion, and the direct result is, a most superabundant fertility for the month or two while the earth is drying, and excessive heat and excessive moisture first come in full combination. Yet for the remainder of the dry period, the land is a sink of pestilence; so deadly from its miasma, and so torturing from the swarms of insects generated by the heat, that man and the inferior animals perish in great numbers, or fly even to the desert, where they had rather encounter the tremendous fierceness of the sun, than the agony of the innumerable stings that haunt them in the fertile soil. The country is covered with immense marshes, and thick jungles, where the over-luxuriance of the vegetation checks the air, and all is fever and death.

We see that the whole question turns on the distribution of the rains. Too much water, or too little, makes the misfortunes of Africa; and the only remedy for the evils which convert one of the richest soils of the world into a grave or nest of reptiles, is to be found in equalizing this gift of nature. It is impossible to doubt that a vast portion of the wilderness of Africa would produce the fruits of the earth, if they had water. We find in the heart of the desert, vegetation wherever there is a well, and a little colony surrounded by woods and rich fields, wherever there is any thing like a supply of water. The grand problem would be to lead the superfluity of the tropical rains from the innumerable rivers, and immense lakes of Central Africa, into regions now condemned to perpetual dryness. The result would be to dry the watery morass into productive soil, and to water the burning sand alike into fertility; in fact, to drain the centre of the country, and to irrigate all the rest; and for this purpose the peculiar construction of the continent seems to offer no trivial advantages. The whole central belt of Africa runs directly under the Equator, and from the known figure, and the actual formation of the land, the central belt is so lofty, that it pours its rivers, the collection of its rains, down on both sides, through the continent in great abundance and force. Denham computes the Tchad, one of the reservoirs of those rivers, at twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the ground beyond it towards the south, was still rising. Bruce computed the southern elevation to which he had reached at two miles above the level of the sea, and this is probably but a small part of the whole elevation. "Touse Major Head's words, "It being true that there are a series of vast tanks and reservoirs placed by nature above the thirsting deserts of Africa, the stagnation, as well as the rapid evaporation of which, now pollutes the climate; and also that a number of immense rivers flow out of Africa into the ocean; would it not be a problem worthy of the inquiry of travellers, by a scientific reconnoissance, to determine (only in theory, for theory must in this case long precede practice, and with the practice, after all we can have little or nothing to do) what would be the difficulties attending the tapping of those enormous vessels. As also of applying tourniquets upon those veins and arteries, which, eternally bloated, have left a great portion of Africa destitute of vegetable life."

We fully agree in this conception, gigantic as it is and difficult as its execution may seem. It would be truly a noble object of inquiry; and would be worth all the idle ramblings of our dilettanti in Egypt--that fashionable lounge--to the last days of the earth. But we greatly doubt the *exto*, that we can have but little to do with the practical part of the change, if it shall take place. If it never does, it will be done by England. It is our boast, and deservedly so, that we work of palpable good ever wanted protection in our country, nor the ability to carry it into execution, when once fairly undertaken; and there are some curious instances which may take off our alarm at the difficulty. The water of the tropics is actually conveyed through the whole length of the sands of Nubia in the memorable course of the Nile; and a little sandy region in the shore of the Mediterranean is turned into the most extraordinary example of fertility in the world by this simple water-course. There are in Egypt itself, the very region of sand and sunbeams, dykes and embankments for irrigation, on a vast scale, to which the permanent fertility of the land is owing. In the Abyssinian history a threat is recorded of one of the kings who had quarrelled with the Divan of Cairo, to turn away the Nile, and thus "stop the cock," out of which Egypt drank. There is a remarkable instance too, of a threat of this kind having been partially put in force, when Lahabala the king, in the year 1200, turned the course of two rivers from the Nile into the Indian ocean.

The true points in which these conceptions should be viewed, are their use to Africa, their use to mankind in general, and their especial honour to England. It is a matter of great importance to have a direct object of acknowledged utility in our researches in a foreign country. Hitherto in Africa we have had scarcely any, or the mouth of the Niger alone. Our travellers have all set out on a hunt for Timbuctoo, of which nobody knew what possible good could be derived from the discovery. But Timbuctoo had been said by some fabled Moor to be a second Paris or London, with only the addition that gold was the paving of the streets. A crowd of able and active minds have been lost to their country in this wild goose chase after an Eldorado, which after all turns out to be nothing more than a collection of filthy huts in the heart of a desert. Bruce a man, of admirable powers, of great acquirement, intelligence, and mental and personal activity, wasted his health, his wealth, and his years, in achieving the trifling discovery, that one of the sources of the Nile was a spring in a hillock, in an Abyssinian valley. But the expedition to discover the means of pouring

From the John Bull, of December 25. LAST ACT OF THE MINISTERS.

The attention of the public, is requested to the following case:—His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, a few days since, wrote to the Marquess of Queensbury, who was waiting at the Pavilion, to know if he could have an audience of the King. The Duke was then in London, but informed the Marquess, that if the audience would be granted, he would immediately proceed to Brighton; the audience was granted, and his Grace went to Brighton.

The Duke of Buccleugh was the bearer of the constitutional anti-reform petition from the great Edinburgh meeting—the petition was most graciously received—a conversation upon the subject of it occurred between the Duke and His Majesty in which we are informed, that the King was pleased to speak highly of the ability of some of the speeches delivered at the meeting, especially that of Professor Wilson.

The Duke having fulfilled the object of his visit, and presented this anti-reform petition, dined with the King, as the Court Circular tells us, and next day took his departure. In the next London Gazette, "published by authority," namely, the Gazette of Tuesday last, December 20, 1831, page 2619, appeared the following official announcement, under the date of "Whitehall, Dec. 20, 1831."

"Address to the King from 'The inhabitants of Edinburgh and its vicinity, in FAVOUR OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM—GRACIOUSLY RECEIVED.'"

"Presented at Brighton, on Friday, the 16th of December, by His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, K. T. &c." "Concluding that this falsehood could not have been deliberated, and that the official promulgation of a lie, must have been accidental, we waited till the appearance of Friday's Gazette for a correction of the clerical error—not a bit of it—there appears no correction, and not only is the King represented as having graciously received a petition in favour of reform, which was never presented, because never transmitted, but the Duke of Buccleugh is "libelled by authority," as having been the medium through which such a petition was transmitted to the Sovereign.

When the Ministers of a country use the official Gazette, which is held to be "authority" as to all acts of the civil, military, and legal functionaries of the country, and for the gracious dispensation of His Majesty's honours and favours, as the channel for political misrepresentations and groundless calumnies upon the characters of the nobility, we think they must find the game they are playing desperate indeed.—John Bull, December 25.

From the London Atlas.

Exaggeration.—Wonder is a premium for lying. Nothing is so near to the very root of our moral doing and the spring of all our impulses as the love of admiration; to this, man sacrifices time, money, honesty, truth, like itself. The world cares for nothing that is not wonderful. It abhors commonplace of every description. It is next to a miracle that it is not tired of the sun and moon because they are such ordinary everyday articles. They cannot be exaggerated or attenuated by human ingenuity; there they stand far away from human reach. But we try what we can to find something wonderful in the sun and moon by means of telescopes and theories. Blessed be the man who found out or conjectured that the sun was a globe of fire; and if any one should prove that it is a steam engine or a gas manufactory, he would have a nine days' immortality for his pains. Nothing that is not wonderful is thought worth relating or worth hearing; therefore, as something must be said, everything is exaggerated, drawn out, dressed up, bloated into a miracle, pulled, and distended, till it is big enough to be stared at. Every thing must be intensified to render it stimulative to the mental appetite. If a farmer finds a large turnip in his field, he must bless the wonder-loving public with an account of its circumference and weight, till all the readers of the best possible instructors, from the Land's End to Johny Groat's, are in possession of the interesting fact, that in Mr. Somebody's field, somewhere in England, there was once a very large turnip. If a hail-storm breaks some pickins or glass bottles, we forthwith find for the next night or ten days the monotonous narrative of such a tremendous storm as never occurred in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, who generally makes it a point to lose his memory before every new storm; the hailstones are accurately measured, with, of course, a liberal allowance of what they may lose by melting during the process of admeasurement. Twice happy the old maid whose cat has nine kittens at a birth, especially if one or two should happen to make their entrance into this troublesome world with more or fewer than the average number of heads, legs, tails, or eyes. The newspapers which used to be used to see what was going on in the world, are now most valued in proportion to the stimulus they present to a gaining curiosity, and their greatest merit is to make what is, look as like as possible to what it is not. Even as it is the merit of a skillful artist to paint a dowdy into a Venus, so it is the glory of a diurnal miracle-monger to raise the ordinary occurrences of life into the dignity of something exceedingly marvellous.—There are some people who cannot tell the truth if they would; their eyes are made of magnifying glasses, and their ears intensify every sound into thunder; they are ever seeing what nobody ever saw before them, all mortals to their view are gods or devils, miracles as the citizen directed his son to seek after wonders as the citizen directed his son to seek after money—they find them honestly if they can, but at all events they find them. These people, as they see every thing through the medium of a tremendous imagination, relate every thing through the medium of a tremendous exaggeration. All their adjectives are superlatives, and all their verbs are intensives. They make charming correspondents for country newspapers, and when they get possession of a good thunder-storm they make it resound through the circulation of a paper till the readers are most delighted with the reading of it. The people are also capital travellers; they need not go far to make discoveries, for they manufacture them as they go along. They can find greater wonders between Canterbury and Dover than Bruce could discern in Abyssinia, and

can meet more maritime wonders between Dover and Calais than Captain Cooke could find in the Southern Ocean, or Captain Parry at the North Pole. But the world encourages them and applauds them, and believes them.—The public appetite must be stimulated. It is found that the case in every department. Humanity could not tear passions to tatters so as to fill the soul that longs after the marvellous and the intense, so forthright tigers and lions must succeed the human animals, who could not succeed in gratifying the public appetite; and the tigers will be soon too tame. From the public papers and the public talk it seems really of all wonders the most wonderful, that the world should hold together, or that society should cohere for a fortnight. Burking, and the cholera, and impending revolution, have been for some time past pressed upon the public attention with such a persevering pertinacity of exaggeration, that, if we are to believe what is said, one half of the population will be anatomized, the other half carried off by the cholera morbus, and all the rest guillotined by the revolutionists. But the public likes that sort of thing. It does not care a straw about a murder, unless the said murder is most horrible and atrocious. Outrages, to recommend themselves to the public, must be most abominable, most shameful, and most scandalous. Even Mr. Irving was going out of fashion till he got up the scene of the living known tongues, and peradventure when that trick grows stale, he may hire one or two of Martin's tigers and other animals to make an exhibition with. A lion shaking his mane over the pulpit cushion, would be an imposing sight, and a boa constrictor would make a most excellent door-keeper. What gives Cobbett his popularity but exaggerating all the touches? What gives Preston Hunt his popularity but exaggerating the absurdities of universal suffrage and annual Parliaments? Exaggeration is the order of the day, and so it has been the order of days. The contemporaries of Sacherwalder lived in eventful times, and so do we, and so will our grand-children; and if time affords nothing wonderful to wonder at, we must wonder at that for we never can get on without wondering.

From a late London paper. WILTSHIRE DINNER TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

On Wednesday, the 16th, this dinner was given, at the Bear Inn, Devizes, by the Reformers of Wiltshire, to the Marquis, as a mark of the estimation in which they hold his Lordship's character and services, and especially as a testimony of the public gratitude for the course the Noble Marquis pursued with respect to the great measure of Reform. The Sheriff of the county, (Paul Cobb Melhuem, Esq.) presided on the occasion, assisted by Mr. Locke and Mr. Phillips.—Though the assembly was very numerous, the arrangements were so good as to obviate the slightest confusion. The party included most of the leading persons of the county. Among these present were Lord Anlover, Sir T. Follows, the county members, (Sir J. Astley and Mr. Benett) Sir A. Hall, Col. Houlton, Major Oliver, Captains Taylor and Fielding, R. N., Mr. Long and Mr. W. Long, Mr. T. Moore, the distinguished poet, Mr. Talbot, of Laycock Abbey, Mr. P. Scrope, &c.

(On the occasion of Mr. Moore's health being proposed by the Chairman, that gentleman rose and made the following speech.) "Mr. Moore felt peculiarly gratified by the kind manner in which his friend, the Chairman, had associated his name with Ireland. Nothing, indeed, could impart to him livelier emotions of pleasure than connecting his name with the country of his birth. He had intended to honour they had conferred upon him, and should perhaps have done so, had not that been the first time it had fallen to his lot to meet an assembly of his friends and neighbours since the great question of Reform had come to be agitated—a question which was not only arising on the one side or the other, for or against, all the thinking spirits of our proud empire, but whose progress Europe itself was at that moment watching with equally divided sympathies. All those who wished to keep the human mind, if not in such a state as dimly from the distant wisdom of our ancestors—all those who were now looking on with trembling solicitude lest the dreaded illumination should spread—lest the Tory propagators of their dark heresy in this country should be defeated, and the important truth evinced, free. (Cheers.) While the sticklers for antiquated abuses—the worshippers of the rust of time—were holding their distempered watch, with no less anxiety was every lover of rational freedom throughout Europe, looking to the Commons of England for a lesson in the art of moderate and constitutional self-enfranchisement, for an example of a great country righting its political position without any risk of losing its balance in the effort, and giving warning to his masters of the people, without converting the people into worse masters themselves. (Cheers.) To both that of the ultimate success of the present struggle for freedom there was not the slightest doubt; that there yet might be interruptions and delays, rendering their progress to its goal less smooth, but none that could render their arrival at it less certain. (Applause.) It only remained then, for the people—and when he said the people, he meant the great mass of intelligent persons of all ranks and stations who constituted the mental power of this country, and who would be trusted, ever guide and modulate the physical power. He referred to the noble Lord opposite, no less than his humble self, both in their distinct spheres respectively forming a part of that social system in whose light of freedom was about to be diffused, of which they would all participate. It only remained, he repeated, for the people to show themselves, by their moderation and self-command, worthy of the inestimable boon which was

now all but within their grasp, and of which nothing would impede or delay their attainment save their grasping much. (Applause.) "The principle of democracy is said Monteguesque, and by no one was the principle of democracy ever placed higher, seeing that the aristocracy is its basis—"the principle of democracy is the corrupted, not only when the spirit of equality is in sight of, but when a spirit of extreme equality prevails. So thought the sagacious Monteguesque; but there would another authority still more to the point, and to which would doubtless listen with fonder reverence—that of a Fragment," after edifying it as his opinion that the diffusion of knowledge through all the grades of British society must lead an observer to anticipate momentous revolutions, and that the House of Commons would be conceived, be the instrument by which those revolutions would be accomplished, he proceeded in the following remarkable words:—"How will the House of Commons conduct itself?—Will it content itself with a happy, perhaps rashly, pretend to a power commensurate with the natural rights of the representatives of the people? If it should do so, will it not be obliged to support its claims by military force; and how long will it be able to do so? How long will it be able to support the usual course of all armies, and ranges itself into a single master? Will this master?—but it is necessary to follow the illustrious writer into those further and more gradations which all have anticipated, and by which indeed, history showed, that the extreme of liberty had led to that of servitude and the stormy way of the world would cherish the hope,—for he was as little disposed to flatter the people as he had ever been to flatter their rulers, regal or lordly,—then, that under the present England came into possession of their full rights, and that they would exhibit a readier disposition than any other people to share that matchless blessing with others. (Applause.) It was but too true as the enemies of the popular voice asserted, though it came with an ill grace, that those whose discreditable influence was at the root of the wrong, it was, indeed, true, that when the infant Republic of America and of France were to be strangled in their cradles, the people of England showed themselves too ready to put their hands to the unholy work. No one could forget that, when the people of England—himself—one of the millions as described, he would say to be free as they were—would have before them in the same chains he wore when he was their first met—chains of which he feared he was now too recent, and he too old to be expected to suffer their recollection. He would notwithstanding, assure the countrymen, that they would exist in the farthest degree of the hope of being gainers by it themselves.—(Cheers.) But they would be gainers; it was impossible that it should prove otherwise. England—regenerated England—no longer, as hitherto, shine forth imperfectly, shrouded in a sort of half-moon of freedom, with a segment of her orb shrouded in gloom; nor could he be feeling confident that they were that day met to honor a noble friend whom they were that day met to honor—whose manly, expansive, and benevolent spirit had a dearer ambition than that of seeing his fellow-men as intelligent and happy—he could not doubt that, under his auspices, full justice might yet be done to his country, and it might be even his lot to be able to say, before he died, "I, too, belong to a nation of freemen." (Cheers.)

BALTIMORE, JANUARY 20, 1832.

Burking.—The crime which bears this title is practiced to some extent in England, and appears to be a dirty business. The title is derived from a monster named Burke, who first commenced the horrible practice of dissecting persons to supply surgeons with subjects for dissection, since which time, others have adopted this method of procuring subsistence, and London has become the depot of active business in this way. As many of the bodies of Europe are transferred to this country, we may expect to have this among the number—but we doubt whether it would be found profitable. It is a lamentable fact, that notwithstanding the various societies instituted to enlighten the public mind, and to diffuse moral and religious principles, crime has made frightful progress within a few years. We can scarce open a paper without seeing a well-supplied criminal ladder. This degeneracy and addition to crime, proceeding to some radical defect in the method of training the living that sufficed heretofore. It is said, that "an ignorant man is a temptation to the devil," and it is certain that there is not a more certain method of restraining the propensities than to be diligently employed in some noble and honest occupation. There is a false and ridiculous pride existing with many, which prevents them from educating their children at some mechanical trade; and the consequence are not unfrequently ruinous to the future welfare of their offspring. Those who are thus raised to idleness, and come to the age of manhood without any trade, or profession, are tempted to resort to Burking, or some other crime, to sustain themselves in their indigence. It should, therefore, be the special care of parents, to still into their offspring, from their earliest infancy, the principles and industrious habits. The law which has created a child, who had not been taught a trade, from imparting his father, had a salutary effect, and that in the present time, would probably diminish the number of inmates in our jails and penitentiaries.

A fellow, during the past week, has managed to pick up good living at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard. "Cholera Morbus bull's eye" "Cholera Morbus eye," are in great request at the west end of the town.—John Bull.



