

We are happy to observe that there are still honourable sentiments and *true nobility* in France, notwithstanding the ravages of the revolution. Bonaparte finds that no government can subsist without an aristocracy: the difficulty is in forming one; but the Grand Consul is fertile in expedients; and to get rid of two difficulties at once, he has conceived a project, perfectly worthy of him, to unite the male heirs of noble emigrant families, who have lost all their property in the Revolution, with the rich Heiresses of those who plundered that property:

On a late occasion Bonaparte proposed one of these matches for the son of M. *De Perigord*, brother to the famous Talleyrand. The old nobleman replied, that he would mention it to his son, in order to learn if he were in *all respects* worthy of it: he made the proposal to young Perigord, and received the following answer:

"Father, I thought all I had suffered in defence of my principles would have proved to you, that Interest had not power to awake an unbecoming sentiment in my bosom; but I am sorry you do not know me better; of one thing, however, be well persuaded, namely, that I am as incapable of acting, a base part as my *dis-devant* uncle is to be a noble Talleyrand!

The enraptured Father took him to his bosom and wept with joy for finding him what he wished."

In the Play of "*The Winter's Tale*," lately performed at Dury Lane, the following lines are introduced and attributed to Mr. Sheridan.

"As shepherds, through the vapour grey
Behold the morning light,
Yet doubt if 'tis the rising day
Or meteor of the night,
"So varying passions in my breast
His former calm destroy,
With hope and fear at once oppress.
I tremble at my joy."

Soon after the Sedition Bill, which was chiefly directed against Debating Clubs, passed in England, the fol-

lowing witty advertisement appeared in one of the Manchester papers:

"THINKING CLUB."

"The Members of the truly Constitutional Thinking Club, are commanded by their President, to meet on Monday evening next, at the Coopers arms, in Cateaton street: The chair to be taken at half past seven, and to begin to think, precise at eight:

By order of the President.

✂ Every thinker is requested to bring pen, ink and paper with him.

N. B. The thinkers who may not have the good fortune to have been born deaf and dumb, and who consequently may have the treasonable infirmity of exercising the talent of speech, in order to obviate every possibility of danger, may be accommodated with constitutional muzzles at the door.

* * * The first question to be thought of is: "how long shall we be permitted to think." Dumb waiters are provided."

MR. CURRAN, the Irish advocate, upon a circuit dined at an Inn, with the bar, where the bar-maid was by reputation a woman of wit: she came into the room after dinner, and Curran calling to her by her christian name which was Honour, said: "I'll give you a toast will you pledge me." "Certainly," she replied. "Honour and honesty then," said Curran significantly. Honour immediately drank her wine with these words, "I'll drink your toast with pleasure." "Counsellor Curran's, absent friends."

At a trial lately upon the circuit in England, a witness of notorious bad character was examined on the side of the plaintiff: To Mr. Erskine, who was of council for the defendant, his