# THE Weekly Chronicle.

*Terms—15 shillings per annum :]* *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. IV. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1839. No. 7.


## The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. DURANT & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M'Millan's building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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### Weekly Almanack.

| OCTOBER. | | R. SUN. | S. | MOON. | R. | W. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 Saturday, | - - | 6 19 | 5 9 | 2 22 | 9 | 21 |
| 20 Sunday, | - | 6 20 | 5 8 | 3 38 | 10 | 7 |
| 21 Monday, | - | 6 22 | 5 6 | 4 56 | 10 | 46 |
| 22 Tuesday, | - | 6 23 | 5 4 | RISES | 11 | 30 |
| 23 Wednesday, | - - | 6 25 | 5 2 | 5 21 | MORN. | |
| 24 Thursday, | - | 6 26 | 5 1 | 6 5 | 0 | 16 |
| 25 Friday, | - - | 6 27 | 5 0 | 6 57 | 1 | 5 |

Full Moon, 22d. 11h. 53m. morn.

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### Miscellany.

## MARY AMBREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILLIS LEYTON," &C.

### CHAPTER II.

"When captains courageous, whom death cold not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt;
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.
A helmet of proofe she strait did provide;
A strong arminge sword she girt by her side;
On her hand a godly faire gauntlett put shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree!"

*Old Ballad of Mary Ambree.*

The streets of Bruges, at that time the most crowded and lively city in Europe—for she was the staple of the Hanse Towns, and therefore the emporium of the world—were thronged, as wont, by busy thousands hurrying to and fro; but they were not in the peaceful garb of traffic. One of the fiercest sieges in history had exhausted its fury upon her walls for many weeks before the day on which this chapter opens, and the allies had just entered her gates after the capitulation of the Spanish garrison. The churches, and other public edifices, begrimed with smoke, and shattered in all parts by the shot which had fallen thickly upon them, some with their pinnacles and coigns carried away, others with their towers half thrown down, and their roofs gaping open, and exposing the most sacred shrines and altars—those too crushed by the fall of the ruins, and singed by the fire—to the fury of the elements. The dilapidated houses you met everywhere as you passed along the streets: some were heaps of ruins, others tottering over your head, and ever and anon answering one another with the sound of thunder as they fell—all told what destruction the Flemings had brought upon their own beautiful city before they could regain her. Then, to add more lively horror to this scene of destruction, the paths were choked with the remains of those citizens who had been struck down accidentally in the course of the siege, some apparently but yesterday, others festering in the gore which curdled from them, and crept in many lazy streams down the steep descent which shelves to the canal, where, one after another, they gradually became mingled with the mass, borne slowly down the water—ruins, arms, merchandise, food, utensils, everything rich and costly mean and squalid, with here and there a corpse, which appeared for a moment above the heap, and then sank with a sullen plunge beneath it. The pale inhabitants—some still stupified with horror, and others wringing their hands, and crying lamentably as they sought in vain amidst the confusion for all they held dear, or possessed upon earth—wandered like madmen up and down the city, and ever and anon uttered shrill cries of joy as they clasped to their bosoms some child long sought for, or some friend they had never hoped to meet again.

But not a Spaniard was now to be seen, and every space and corner of the city was thronged with motley groups, picturesque from the contrast of features and habits they presented, of the soldiers of the allies, adventurers from all parts of Europe. Here stood the tall Switzer, clad in his plain hose and stained jerkin, in earnest conversation with the gaudy and bearded Huguenot cavalier of France; there a party of brawny archers from England, with tall bows of yew tree in their hands, surveying the ruin brought upon the town, and pointing out where the shot had hit, and how it had told. In one part a company of Dutch burghers were draining flagons, and roaring damnation to the Spaniards; and in another might be seen fierce parties of sun-burnt Walloons, gambling on a heap of ruins for their prey, and quarrelling loudly when the game went against them; while, the most quiet in the scene, the Flemish yeomanry, stood drawn up, with tall pikes in their hands, before the west front of the cathedral, the interior of which was heaped up to the vaulting with valuables of all kinds, and patiently beat back the multifarious crowd which kept pressing upon them, and begged for admittance.

A disorderly mass of soldiers of all nations was scattered about the fair gardens which sweep down to the canal, committing a thousand wanton acts of mischief, unchecked by their officers, who were lolling listlessly from the windows of the mansions to which these gardens appertained. In happier times the elegant domes and lively weather vanes of these stately buildings had been elaborately gilded, and the paths and alleys of the gardens into which they opened carefully kept in order by many a rich burgomaster, who little foresaw what an end would be put to his careful magnificence. But they had all been slaughtered, or driven from their homes; and the soldiers, alike reckless when friends or foes suffered, while they made their will their law, had taken unchallenged possession, and all was riot, debauch, and uproar.

But the bearing of the soldiery, who marched with measured step from rampart to rampart on the walls, or stood posted round the city gates, was far more regular and disciplined. Especially before the picturesque gate which opens on the high road leading to Ghent, all was labour and activity.—Some were digging trenches, others raising mounds or facing-batteries, under the protection of small parties of harquebusiers; for the sharp sound of firing that at intervals rang from the open country, told that some stragglers of the enemy were hovering about them. One of those labouring in a trench, up to his knees in water, leaned awhile upon his spade, and addressed one of his comrades, who was looking on apparently at his leisure, in the English tongue.

"Cold work this, Master Walter; and I bear in mine you have a much easier time of it where you are. Well, some get all the hard fighting, and hard labour too, and others are favourites, and have very little of either."

The youth—it was a mere boy he addressed—made no reply; for he leaned against the rugged wall with his arms folded round his partisan, buried in thought, and quite unconscious of what was passing before him. Only when the sharp sound of firing caught his ear, he raised his dark eyes from the ground, and then cast them down again. Poor boy! his delicate features and slender form were cast in a far different mould from that of the rude men around him, and this even the mean garb of a common yeoman could not disguise. There was a nobility in his look, and a loftiness in his carriage, which told the son of gentle parents, and one who had been bred in a station far above his present lowly walk, whatever misfortune might have reduced him to it.

While the youth was thus buried in meditation, musing perhaps of the happy home he had left behind him, an officer, who had passed through the gate from the city, and had been giving orders to the pioneers, accosted him familiarly. The officer was also a young man, but had evidently seen much service; and there was a wild fire in his eye, and a desperate recklessness stamped on his handsome features, marred as they were by the scars of several flesh wounds, some not yet perfectly healed, that marked him one of those men, often at battle with the world, at least setting little price upon themselves, who have ventured all upon the one cast, and are resolved to win it or perish.

"Walter," said the officer in a low voice, as he pointed to the tall spires of a city dimly seen in the extreme distance, "yonder is Ghent, where Farnese has fortified himself for a last struggle, and has called up so many troops from Liege and Brussels, that when he once has them in his walls he may laugh at us for ever. They will come up to him to-morrow; but ere then the night assault of a handful of desperate men, led on by one, alas! more desperate, who recks little how soon he may throw away a life of less than no value to him, will make the proud Duke of Parma a captive in his own strong city. You wonder I talk to thee of these things, Walter."

"Sir," answered the youth, turning ashy pale, "this attack is not your service also. Then——"

"I shall take thee along with me, Walter—not so. Those who are desperate and disgusted with the world may well rush into perils; for if they fall, there are none to bewail them, and all their miseries are at end. You have left a cherished home and loving parents, no doubt, behind you in merry England; your mother looks daily for her fair son, and will go down in sorrow to the grave if he is not restored to her. Well, stanch your tears; I am not come to force your secrets from you, but to confide one of mine. Good youth, the slaughter this night will on both parties be awful, and I may be one of the slain."

"Sir John, you will not go. Oh! for the sake of heaven do not rush into this desperate service. I love you—that is, as far as a young soldier must love the captain to whom he owes everything: and I have once saved your life—I crave a boon—oh! for my sake, for the sake of the fair lady of your love, do not go."

"For her sake am I here, my boy, and for her if I fall to-night, have I perished; and when she sees this ring, and hears from thy lips the story of my death, perchance she may shed a few tears for him who so devotedly adores her. I will give you gold for your passage; and in case I fall, you will seek England, carrying this ring—here I now give it you—and a letter, for which you will come to me at my tent ere sunset. There seek a fair lady—nay, do not hang down thy head—she is gentle as she is fair, and give her both these in my name. Tell her how gallantly Sir John Major fought, and how honourably he fell, adding these words—that but for one fault he showed himself a man worthy to be her husband, and to atone for that fault he gave all he could—his life. Good youth, these tears are kind. Thank heaven, I am not so lost but there is one—perhaps two in the world—who can still feel pity for me. But stanch this weeping; come, red eyes set but strangely on a soldier. Here take the ring, and at sunset come to my tent for the letter. You shall then have the lady's name, and where she bides, and any other message I may bethink me to send to her."

He turned away, and waving his hand with the air of a superior, hastily withdrew into the city; and the young volunteer returned in a sad and disconsolate mood to the brink of the fosse, and sat himself down on a mass of the shattered wall which had fallen beside it, looking on a small turquoise ring, with tears in his eyes.

"I will fulfil his commands, for I have sworn to myself that I will never disobey them. She has the ring, she shall read the letter; and at nightfall I will follow John Major to the assault of Ghent, and if he falls, there fall too," said Mary Ambree, as she turned after him, and entered the sullen walls of Bruges.

### CHAPTER III.

"The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree."

*Ballad of Mary Ambree.*

Two noblemen, the elder of whom, from the richness of his dress, was evidently of the highest rank, stood conversing together in a remote chamber of the Stadthus of Ghent. It was a mere closet, opening into a range of apartments, and was fitted up somewhat in the style of an oratory; but evidently served many other usages, perhaps more frequently than for prayer. It is true, a pigmy altar, much in the style of the ormula cabinets of the present day, and enclosed by a rich fretted screen, contained an ivory crucifix whereto to kneel down; that a breviary bound in crimson, and gorgeously illuminated, was laid carelessly open upon the cushion at the foot of the shrine, and that the single window of delicate lancet gothic was glazed with the most solemn colours, representing in its storied panes a portion of the legend of Saint Ann. But the costly trifles scattered about—the few capricious articles of furniture, all discordant with one another, and most of them pleasingly grotesque—the volumes of light literature in every corner—and the general disorder of the apartment, heaped as it was with curiosities, bespoke rather the lounging room of a person of some taste and greater wealth. And this was no meaner a man than the Duke of Parma, general of the Spanish armies in the Low Countries, and at this time all powerful on account of his great talents and wonderful success. With forces inferior to their own, and with the country in arms against him, he had at one time driven the allies from every great city in Flanders; and although they were now, with the aid of the volunteers, and backed by the subsidies secretly given by most of the Protestant princes of Europe, winning their towns into their own hands again, one by one, merely by dint of superior numbers, he on his part held out one after another with undaunted courage, and always evacuated on the most honourable terms.

Alexander Farnese was indeed one of the most skilful captains and deep politicians in Europe; but his reputation, like that of all the princes and prelates of his name, and, in fact, of most of the great Italians of that day, stood rather high than fair. His courage was tarnished by deliberate cruelty; and in politics he sacrificed everything, first to his own interest, whence we find him now a mercenary of the Spaniards; after that to the advancement of the members of his house; and, lastly, to the aggrandisement of Italy. But this selfishness in his character was fortunate for mankind, since it continually held in check a temper most daringly and unscrupulously ambitious, and caused every petty advantage to call him aside to the neglect of loftier but less substantial good. In private character he was sensual and luxurious; and while he was a prince learned in all the knowledge of his age, ridiculously foppish and affected in his manners, and when the darker passions of his soul were called into play, even in the pursuit of pleasure, his debauches were stained with bloodshed, and the tale of his innumerable amours was a crimsoned tissue of poison and assassination.

"Sebastian," said the duke, addressing his familiar in Italian, "'tis a marvellous story—The fair heretic deserves to be enshrined in these rare verses," taking up a volume of Ariosto, more than "many of the loose damsels immortalised in them; but I cannot believe that she dared fight like a soldier, though she wore harness as one. Such courage is not in woman's nature."

"With my sovereign's pardon," answered the other, "I trouble myself very little about that, and only tell what I heard others telling. Those that fought that night declared she followed the captain, Sir John Major of Britain, pace by pace, into the thickest fight, and when he was struck down, fought over him like an Amazon."

"We shall see," laughed the duke, "for I have sent for her hither. I love curiosities; witness my vases yonder, and the bows and arrows from Guiana; and although I cannot lock this male woman in a glass cabinet, or hang her up dried against the arras, there is no reason why I may not keep her tame about my palace; and if she be as beautiful as every one tells me she is, have the gratification of showing her off now and then as my mistress. And see, my child, even as I speak, here is the rarity we covet. My ring, Sebastian. She is beautiful! and stands like an antique in the Vatican. This mirror deceives me, or I have tinged myself a shade too red. Mark that drooping attitude; 'tis a study for a Madonna. Retire, Sebastian; this room is narrow, and cannot with convenience hold more than two persons—especially if those two be the Duke of Parma and a lovely woman."

Mary Ambree, clad in the dark and sweeping robes which well became her figure, of the novice of the order of Saint Clare, for her male disguise had been taken from her, was led into the chamber, supported by two attendants. She walked with the greatest difficulty, and drooped every step she went: her face is deadly pale, and settled in a fixed expression of hopeless despair, yet a look of high enduring courage had not passed from her features, but lingered upon them, though faintly and subdued. And when she cast her dark eyes, as she approached him, upon the duke, it was with an earnest gaze more than a fearful one. These melancholy beauties, which would have touched the heart of a more feeling man, only excited the desires of Farnese.

"Maiden," he addressed her as he took her hand in his jewelled one with a superior but fantastic air, and handing her to a seat beside him, motioned the attendants, who well understood his meaning, away—"maiden, be of good cheer! For though you have hitherto, I doubt not, looked upon the Duke of Parma as an enemy merely, perchance you may find him your devoted friend. We war not with women, although our royal sister of England, whom we name with all respect, nay affection, for we have been of her suitors, is not content, methinks, to let loose the men of her kingdom upon us, her peaceful allies, but sends us her women too, clad in armour, and fighting like Amazons. Yet why should Farnese complain? the ocean wrecks our stately ammirals, and commits a thousand ravages on our shores, but she sometimes casts up a rich treasure on the strand, more than repaying all we have lost by her, which we eagerly seize upon and devotedly keep as the greatest prize Heaven could send us. Beautiful Amazon, I speak in images; but my looks may reveal to you what my tongue can never—the admiration, nay, the love, that I feel."

As he said thus he squeezed her hand, and, sighing carefully according to rule, looked complacently at his withered features in the mirror. He had addressed her in the English tongue, which he spoke like his own language; and Mary, as her gaze met his gloating eye, and as she felt the warmth of his pressure, trembled from head to foot, and averting her head, for she could not endure to look at him, answered in a hurried and fearful tone—

"I thank my lord for his compassion to one, alas! utterly miserable; but would fain understand him otherwise than I do. My lord, I am weak and suffering, quite friendless here, and therewithal broken-hearted. I scarce know what I say—nay, I am not always certain what I am doing. I left my native country and my kindred there, to wander after the man to whom I was to have been wedded. I put on male attire and donned harness, because I feared, my lord—what I fear even now—that there is no protection for a woman who is found alone in the world, while many fear to injure a man. Step for step I followed after him in the whole career of these desperate wars; it was, indeed, a hard trial for me, but my love sustained me through it all; and I tended him day and night, he little thinking the while that his careful young soldier was his own Mary Ambree. My lord, he fell by my side in the assault of this city; I would not leave him till I fell too, and now I know not whether he is living or dead. If he be gone, there is no longer anything for me to live for on the face of the earth, and I will lay down my head and follow him to the grave. The great Duke of Parma will never deign to take an advantage of so helpless and unhappy a creature."

"Advantage, peerless paragon!" cried Farnese, with the tone and gesticulation of a conceited actor, as he fell on one knee before her—"Alexander of Parma is in thy power, and it is you who have taken advantage of his weakness. A heart so devoted as thine I have sought in many women, but have found it in none. All I possess—my dukedom, would it were an empire for thy sake—my palace, would it were a city—my person, would it were what it is not," (and here he surveyed himself and smiled,)—"all are in thy hand from this hour. Deign but to bestow on me those favours I have rejected from the loftiest ladies, and those too esteemed the most virtuous in Italy—I will not boast how often."

*(To be continued.)*

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

King James VI., on removing to London, was waited upon by a Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a *crotchet* in his head that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day, before the king, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a *queerish* sort of man, says to him, "Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, namely, at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps six hundred miles." "Were it ten thousand leagues off, I shall see him," says the ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw he had committed himself, and writes, or causes to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professor to put himself of some way, or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity, but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be professor of signs; and being told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would not return nobody could say when, says the ambassador, "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months." Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He is got, told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs, but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador is now told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is *gowned, winged*, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the whole professors waited the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket, and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley-cake from his pocket, and holds that up. After which the ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously inquire his opinion of their brother. "He is a perfect miracle," says the ambassador; "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!" "Well," says the professors, "to descend to particulars." "Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that there are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Holy Trinity; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury." The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. "Well, Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of you man?" "The rascal!" says Geordy, "what did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us; and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I *steeked my nieve*, and was to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha' done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here, but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that! I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I didna care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as long's I hae this! But by a' that's guid," concluded Geordy, "I'm angry yet that I didna thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!"—So much for signs, or two ways of telling a story.—*M'Diarmid's Scrap Book.*

*The Use of Spectacles.*—The last number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal has the following remarks in reference to the use of spectacles. They are "important, if true," and we see no reason to doubt their accuracy:

It is one of the gross mistakes of approaching age, that people at such times imagines a necessity for spectacles, when, in fact, in eighty cases out of a hundred, the eyesight is positively injured by them. If we tamper with our eyes, and interpose glasses between the corner and the object, a remodification and readjustment of the parts within necessarily follows; and when this arrangement has once been established, it is no easy matter to restore primitive condition. Age brings with it a relaxation of the tension of all the tissues, and the eye suffers temporarily with the entire system, but soon reacts, having within its own constitution a principle of adaptation, according to the circumstances habits and condition of the individual, from forty-five to fifty, a period when glasses are erroneously supposed to be indispensable, were they not resorted to at all, although there is a defective vision at the former focal distance—in reading, for example—the sight would soon begin to improve, and finally, to all intents and purposes, in a majority of instances, would be re-established. It is a law, and strange it is that its indications are not more observed, that the eye at every period of life, will accommodate itself to the wants and necessities of the individual, provided it is not artificially deranged. Imperfect vision, the evils of near-sightedness, and the misfortune of not seeing distinctly in old age, were never heard of as being universal till opticians had become numerous. We do not deny the utility of spectacles after they have been once resorted to; but we perfectly agree with Dr. Wallace in saying that they are rarely necessary. Near-sighted children are often kept in that state through life by being early furnished with concave spectacles. Withhold them altogether, and the eye would, in exact obedience to the laws of its organization, adapt itself to the labor required. But when the glasses are once put on, they must ever after be retained.

Incalculable injury has been the result of the fashionable folly of wearing quizzing glasses (for one eye.) Both gentlemen and ladies in the springtide of youth, whose eyes are without a single defect, peep through these useless appendages of supposed gentility till a permanent and incurable difficulty ensues, which time has no power to correct, which consists in a want of agreement in the focus of the two organs. Unless the surface on which the image impinges on the retina perfectly agree in both eyes, there will be distorted and indistinct vision, such as this kind of object or prospect glasses produces.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH STEAMERS.—On the 13th December last, the Secretary of the Treasury transmitted to Congress a report which must have cost much labour, exhibiting a statement of the number of Steamboats in the United States, their tonnage and power, and also the number which have met with disasters. By this report it appears that, at the time of its compilation, there were about 800 Steamboats in the United States, with an aggregate tonnage of 160,000, and 57,010 horse power. The number which had been subjected to disasters of one kind or another, was 228; viz. about 90 by explosions, collapses, &c.; 25 by shipwreck or collision; 28 by fire; 52 by snags and sawyers, and 24 by causes unknown. Whole number of lives lost, about 2000. Mr. Woodbury ascertained the loss of 1676, besides which 443 persons were wounded. The greatest loss of life on any one occasion, was in consequence of the collision and sinking of the Monmouth, in 1837, on the Mississippi—causing the death of about 300 persons, chiefly Indians. By the explosion of the Oronoco, in 1837, on the same river, 130 or more lives were lost; and by that of the Moselle, at Cincinnati 110 to 120. By the shipwreck of the Home, on the coast of North Carolina, in 1837, about one hundred persons perished, and 130 by the burning of the Ben Sherrod, on the Mississippi, in the same year. The aggregate loss of property by these disasters is computed at five or six millions of dollars. By reference to our files, we find that since the date of the Secretary's report, the number of accidents has increased 19; 15 by snags and collisions, 4 by explosions, and 2 by burning, attended with the loss of 37 lives.

We are led to refer to this report, at this time, by finding in the Journal of Commerce, a summary of a similar report recently made to the British House of Commons, by which it appears that great Britain and its dependencies possessed but 10 more then did this country in December; her number being but 760, in the kingdom, and 50 in her dependencies, with an aggregate tonnage of 157,840, and 63,250 horse power. Within the last ten years, or thereabouts, no less than 92 British steamers have met with disasters, attended with the loss of 624 lives. Of these 92 vessels, 40 were wrecked, foundred, or in imminent peril; 23 suffered by explosions of boilers; 17 by fire; and 12 by collisions.—The greatest ascertained number of lives lost at any one time was 119, by the wreck of the Rothsay Castle; greatest number at one time by collision, 62; do. by explosion, 24; do. by fire, 2.

INTERESTING MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

"News has come from Calcutta which astounds me; it is almost like what happened at the pentecost (Acts ii.); three thousand persons, belonging to a sect long separated from the idolatrous Hindoos, have come forward, and requested Christian baptism at the hands of our Church missionary, the Rev. W. Deer, of Kishnagur. Already they have been strictly examined as to motives and qualifications. Five hundred and sixty have been baptized, and the remainder continue under instruction as probationary candidates. Mr. Deer is almost single handed in his work. Our prayers should indeed ascend to the great Lord of the harvest, to send labourers forth, and to send down His Spirit, that the seed may be both sown, and watered and bring forth fruit."

[Extracted from a letter from the Rev. J. H. Gray dated Church Missionary Institution, Madras, April 8th, 1839.]

The Grand Duke of Russia has given instructions to forward checks as follows:—To the Charing-cross Hospital, 50*l.*; Marylebone Charity School, 50*l.*; Marylebone Almshouses, erected as an asylum for 56 aged and decayed pensioners, suggested by the original bequest of 500*l.* to the poor of that parish by the late Count Simon Woronzow, many years Russian Ambassador here, 50*l.*; the Lock Hospital, 50*l.*; Queen Charlotte's Lying-in-Hospital, 20*l.*; Belgrave Lying-in Institution, 10 guineas; and in addition to the above donations his Imperial Highness ordered 10*l.* to the Jews' Orphan Asylum. To the *Dreadnought* Hospital-ship his Highness sent 50*l.*—*London paper.*

ASCOT GOLD CUP.—The piece of plate given in lieu of "the cup" is an exquisite piece of workmanship, executed in silver by Messrs. Garrard, from one of Cotterill's beautiful and unequalled models. It represents Queen Elizabeth at the close of a chase on Windsor Forest. The royal huntress has reined up her graceful and well-breathed palfrey, and is pointing with the slender riding wand of that day to the fallen body of the deer, over which a lusty forester, with a "hunter's horn," is blowing the fatal "*mort.*"—A couple of noble hounds complete the group, which, as a whole, may rank amongst Cotterill's master-pieces. The features and figure of Elizabeth are well and pleasingly expressed. The horse, with its rich housings and furniture, is such a horse as Cotterill only can model; the hounds and deer are faultless. Altogether it is a most appropriate prize to be contested for at Ascot.

*Increase of Sheep in New South Wales.*—We have seen, and probably printed, various calculations touching the increase of sheep. We take, however, the facts which we have this day the pleasure of communicating to our readers, as a much more important and substantial proof of what can be done in our splendid country with care and attention. Early in April last, Mr. Robert R. Leak, a young gentleman well instructed in pastoral affairs, and formerly employed by the South Australian Company (whose service he states he left in disgust), landed in the province 330 ewes and 10 rams. The drooping of lambs unfortunately commenced immediately after landing, and while the ewes were suffering from the effects of the voyage, so that a considerable number were lost. The produce, however, of the flock on the 1st of June amounted to 351 lambs. On the 1st of January last the same ewes lambed the second time, and the produce were 306 lambs: making the increase of Mr. Leake's flocks as under:—May 1, original flock, ewes and rams, 40; June 1, increase, lambs, 351; Jan. 2, 1839, increase, within seven months, 657; total flock on the 13th Jan. last, 1,057. The lambs of the first drooping in the colony will produce in August next, along with imported ewes, and Mr. Leake calculates that his increase of lambs upon the whole flock during that month will amount to 510, which, added to the present flock of 1,057, shows an increase upon the original importation of 400, of one thousand one hundred and ninety-seven within a little more than sixteen months! Truly, it is not surpising that sheep farming should be eagerly pursued.—*Sydney*

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

The world has now existed nearly 9,000 years; and we who live in the present period are favored with the experience of all former ages. During those ages every kind of goverment has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages. To guard against the inconvenience peculiar to each, the wisdom of Tacitus conceived, that a mixed form of goverment, consisting of king, lords, and commons if it were practicable, would be the most perfect; but yet he could not conceive such a goverment to be possible. The British goverment, however, has long reduced this idea, by him deemed impossible, to practice; and it should really seem, not only from our own experience in this country, but from the conduct of the Americans in forming theirs, that three estates, to act as checks one upon another, forms the most perfect system of goverment human wisdom can contrive for the happiness of man. The Americans have two houses and a president, who is the same as our king, only called by another name; and the French, during their sanguinary revolution, had two estates and five directors, who occupied the place of our king and privy council. So that after all their experience, convulsion and blood, the British goverment was at last the model they are constrained to follow. This consideration ought to induce us Englishmen, not only to be contented with, but to glory in our constitution, as a finished model of human wisdom; but it is impossible we can change for the better.

PAGANINI.—The *Perpignan Journal* gives the following report of the condition of Paganini, who is now at the baths of Vernet, in the Bourbonnais: Having lost all his teeth, the celebrated *maestro* eats with the greatest difficulty. At table his meat is minced for him, either by one of his neighbours or his servant. His days are passed entirely either in playing at billiards or walking with a friend. He is much amused when reading the *Charivari*, but his gaiety soon passes off; and he then sinks into a state of depression, the result no doubt of his illness, and seeks for solitude. With his cap on his head, and his cane in his hand, he retires to the environs of the baths, and remains plunged in deep meditation interrupted some times by sudden movements as if he wished to shake off reflection. He then strikes the ground repeatedly with his feet, like a man who on rising from his seat is afraid that his legs will give away under the weight of his body. The paralysis with wich he is affected, and particularly the organs of speech, makes him talk with great difficulty, when he wishes to speak he pinches his nose, and puts his mouth to the ear of his auditor, in order that he may be heard without making too great an exertion of his feeble voice. Sometimes his voice is extinct, and then he uses signs with his fingers.

### NOTICE TO MARINERS.

The Commissioners of Light Houses hereby give notice, that the Light House lately erected on the Island of Scatarie, will be put in operation on the 1st day of December next. The building is painted white, and is elevated about 90 feet above the level of the sea, and will be distinguished by a revolving light of a superior description, visible one minute and invisible half a minute. A good boat will always be kept at the establishment to render assistance to vessels in distress, and a gun is placed thereto answer signals.

Two Light Houses having been erected on the North and South extremes of the Island of Saint Paul's, notice is given that the one on the North end will be put in operation on the 1st day of December next. This light will show a very brilliant fixed light, and is elevated about 120 feet above the level of the sea. The one on the South end is expected to go into operation in a short time, of which due notice will be given; a boat and gun is placed there likewise. For any further information respecting those lights, the public are referred to the following letter from Captain Nott, of Her Majesty's ship *Medea*:—

H. M. steam-vessel *Medea*, Halifax,
Sept. 19, 1839.

SIR,—With reference to your orders of the 30th ultimo, desiring me to ascertain, in conjunction with the officers under my command, the bearings and distances of the light house now erecting upon the Islands of Scatarie and Saint Paul, in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence.

I have to state, for your information, that the light house upon Scatarie is placed near the North Eastern extreme of the Island, and can be seen from a southward or seaward position, and without interruption from any high land, until the compass bearing becomes to the Eastward of N. E. by N. when it will be speedily obscured, and any vessel so placed on that side of the Island, is in danger either of the rocks of Scatarie or the southern shores of Cape Breton Island.

From any position to the Northward or in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, the light can be seen while the distance admits, but when it bears to the Eastward of S. E. a ship is in danger on the N. E. shores of Cape Breton, therefore as a present rule, whereby due warning may be obtained, the light house should never be brought to bear Eastward of N. N. E. or S. E. by S. by compass, nor yet approach nearer than one and a half or two miles.

There are two light houses upon the Island of Saint Paul, one on the extreme Northern, the other on the extreme Southern points of the Island, and one of which will be always open until a ship is on the rocks near the centre.

The Northern light can be seen to the Southward, on any bearing except between N. by E. and E. by N. when it is obscured by the hills to the Southward of it.

The southern light can be seen from the Northward on any bearing except between S. S. E. and W. when that is obscured by the hills to the Northward of it, and when clear either light can be seen for six leagues.

The chosen positions of these two light houses appear to be admirably calculated for the purpose of facilitating the navigation of the Saint Lawrence, as one light will be always open, and either can be passed within a mile.

In submitting this report, I beg to state, that the light houses on these Islands not being completed, the bearings are only such on approximation as could be obtained without the aid of the lights, but they are quite sufficient, if attended to, to guide a ship clear of danger; and I also return herewith the letters and reports you were pleased to send for my information.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your humble and obd't servant,
(Signed) JOHN NEALE NOTT,
Commander.

To Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey,
K. C. B. Commander-in-Chief, &c.

Notice is also given that the light house on the S. E. end of Cross Island, at the entrance of Lunenburgh Harbour, in lat. 44 22, N. long. 64 6, W. will be put in operation on the 1st day of December next, and will be distinguished from Sambro and Liverpool Lights, by exhibiting two lights, one 30 feet above the other, the lower one will be a fixed light, the upper one will flash or be darkened at intervals of one minute, and can be distinguished from the gradual motion of a revolving light, by the quickness of its motion or change from light to dark. The building is painted red, to distinguish it in the day time from Sambro and Liverpool Lights which are painted white; and as a further mark of distinction, Cross Island is a low Island near a mile in extent and thickly covered with trees whereas Sambro is a high bluff rock, without trees of any description.

Halifax, Sept. 28, 1839.