THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

August.		R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.	
24	Saturday,	5 2	6 51	Rises.	11 41
25	Sunday,	5 3	6 50	7 14	morn.
26	Monday,	5 4	6 48	7 37	0 21
27	Tuesday,	5 5	6 46	7 59	0 55
28	Wednesday,	5 6	6 45	8 25	1 35
29	Thursday,	5 8	6 43	8 54	2 18
30	Friday,	5 0	6 41	9 30	3 4

Last Quarter, 31st. 10h. 9m. morn.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: John Walker, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Henry Gilbert, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. M. Jarvis, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: William Walker, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock. (Sundays excepted.)

Marine Assurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(Continued.)

Notwithstanding the importance of these events and the pain of my wound, my thoughts soon returned to the unhappy Ermance, to whom the clamour of the battle could not but have caused the most cruel agonies. Seeing the boy about to enter the cabin, I advanced and stopped him; but before I could put a single question to him, I saw glaring between him and me the hateful and sardonic countenance of Lorenzo. "*Parbleu!*" said he, jocosely, "you seem to take a vast deal of interest in our signoras here! But, game-cock though you be, you would do well to take care that you do not get your comb cut, if you become too troublesome!"

For this time at all events, it was quite clear that I could not hope for any tidings of poor Ermance, whose broken sobs I plainly heard from the cabin; and with a heavy heart, and without a word of reply to Lorenzo, I went forward, and was greeted by Peters with a new piece of intelligence. "'I am appointed to succeed Cardic, as master," said he; so you have no more blows or insults to fear, provided that my wound does not end badly."

I endeavoured to banish the gloomy notion from his mind, and the assurances which I gave him, merely at hap-hazard, proved prophetic, for in four-and-twenty hours he was visibly and considerably better, and pronounced by our facetious doctor to be quite sure of a cure.

By the close of this day we let go our anchors in the road of St. Thomas, and on the following day saw our example followed by the English brig of war, still black with the fire which had menaced her existence, and from which she had only with great difficulty escaped.

St. Thomas being a well-known neutral port, the flags of all nations, whether allied or at war with each other, met together in its road. Of old, this was a favourite sheltering-place of the buccaneers, and it is still the rendezvous of the boldest free-traders and pirates.

During the brief sojourn here that was rendered absolutely necessary by our damages, Lorenzo took very effectual means to prevent me from giving him and his worthy compeers the slip; for, on the day of our arrival I was put in irons, and never liberated for a single moment until the day of our departure. Well, it was only one more added to the many debts I owed him.

Peters, who was now almost recovered, did all he possibly could to soften the pains and annoyances of my situation.—Of Ermance he continually gave me all the intelligence he could procure. Alas! he at length had to inform me that she had been conveyed to a lonely habitation in-shore, and that there the vile, the hateful, the worse than brutal Stamar——I *cannot* write it! O wretch, wretch! How I prayed for the day of vengeance! with what savage fervour of righteous horror did I not pray to Heaven that to me it might be given to be the avenger!

However much the slave of his passion—and he was so as far as such a man could be—Stamar did not allow his unholy amour to make him neglectful of his hatred of the English, which he seized every opportunity to gratify. Frequently his men, led on by himself, maintained the most furious and obstinate combats with the sailors of the English ships of war. Scarcely a cabaret but was the scene of one or more of these fierce affrays, in which many men on both sides lost their lives, or were desperately wounded; the wily schemes of Stamar, however, generally gave the advantage to the pirates.

An English frigate that was at anchor in the road, resolved to employ every possible means to capture Stamar, and take a signal vengeance for his various acts of brigandage and murder. But Stamar had many spies, and he was faithfully served. He learned that the refitting of his vessel was carefully watched; and that the English commodore, constantly in readiness to sail at a minute's notice, expressed the utmost impatience to see him betake himself to the open sea.

On this, as on so many other occasions, fortune, admirably seconded by his skill and audacity, defeated the projects of his enemies. In the middle of a dark and rainy night, the Shark slipped her cables, and sailed with such silence and promptitude that she was far out at sea before the English had the slightest suspicion of her movements. In truth, even had the English commodore been ever so well acquainted with all that was going on, he would have been little better than a madman had he ventured to follow the Shark in such a night, when it required all the hardihood, confidence, skill, and knowledge of the coast that even Stamar possessed, to pass with impunity among the perilous rocks of that archipelago.

We directed our course to the westward, and I did not long remain in suspense as to our new destination, for, two days after, we cast anchor in a bay of the Isles of Abaco.

Stamar ran no trivial risk in again venturing into these latitudes, for there were two American vessels constantly on cruise there, which had a fashion of making extremely short work with gentlemen skimmers of the sea; the day of whose capture was also invariably the day of their execution.

The crew of the Shark well knew the fate that was in store for them, in the event of their being unlucky enough to be captured. Their knowledge upon this particular subject made them all the more hearty in boarding and dealing broadsides when it was really necessary; but it, at the same time, made them proportionally unwilling to come to blows without occasion. Stamar well knew this, and it was rather this consideration than his own personal prudence that had caused him to make it his maxim always to retreat before a superior force, if retreat was by any means practicable.

Without fear, as without pity, our worthy pirate chief had adopted a system of command perfectly conformable to his own character. In the divisions of spoil his caprice alone guided his awards, which once uttered, were irrevocable. It was a rule known to all. A single word of insubordination to him was punished with instant Death; if the offender could hide himself until the day of his offence had passed over, the offence was cancelled, unmentioned, as though absolutely forgotten or never known.

Offences against any of his subordinate officers were punished merely by *cobbing*; but such were the number and the severity of the blows, that to be sentenced to this punishment was almost equivalent to being sentenced to death.

Finally, Stamar was prodigal of his purse to his followers, demanded nothing from theirs, and permitted them to commit whatever excesses and outrages they tho't fit on board their prizes. When to this we add an intrepidity which seemed to be absolutely ignorant of the very existence of danger, imperturbable coolness, and, in their highest perfection, all the qualities and attainments of a thorough seaman, it will be at once conceded that he well deserved his bad pre-eminence among the most noted pirates. Twenty times, at least, Stamar had escaped from cruisers of superior force by perfect miracles of audacity or cunning. Moreover, in the latitudes which he usually scourged with his presence, he could pick and chose among the boldest and ablest of a host of adventurers who crowded around him to offer their services. Stamar, however, though well aware of his power, and of the fearful influence of his name, was too well acquainted with the nature of the ferocious beasts of whom he was the leader, not to take the most minute precaution against treachery or surprise; and it was no secret to his crew at this time, that a concealed panel gave admission from his state apartment to the powder room, and that the least attempt upon his life or liberty would be the signal for blowing up himself, the ship, and all hands on board.

On the day following our arrival at the Isles of Abaco, Stamar adopted the most careful means to prevent our ship from being discovered. In addition to her very superior qualities as a sailer, the Shark possessed the almost inestimable advantage of drawing very little water. Her captain, consequently, could chose a narrow creek, entirely hidden by lofty rocks, where it was impossible to discern us from the offing, and where the passes wound in such a way that we could go in our out, blow the wind in what quarter it might. Thus situated, the Shark could dart out upon any merchantman that might heave in sight, or return to perfect shelter and security if chased by a war ship of superior force. And finally, if boats and launches were armed and sent in to surprise us, a passage opened to the west, by means of which we could in less than twenty minutes put the whole group of islets between us and our enemies. Stamar had made choice of this anchorage with a perfect knowledge of all its manifold advantages; but after having traversed the arid rock, blackened by the fierce sun of the Antilles, chance gave him still another advantage; his people accidentally discovered a hidden cave, where, if even compelled to abandon their vessel, they would find a sure refuge. To this cave, immediately on our arrival, a great portion of our provisions and water was conveyed.

From the description I have already given of our situation, it will easily be perceived that we had it in our power to inflict much evil upon others, without running the risk of experiencing much ourselves. The Isle of Abaco, which is commonly known by the name of *La Roche Piercee*, was visited by nearly all vessels arriving from the east; thus offering the most tempting prospects to our pirates. Three sentinels, furnished with excellent telescopes, were placed on the most elevated points of the isle, and a set of signals concerted, by which they could communicate with Stamar and the main body of the pirates. All these precautions having been taken, the band impatiently longed for some new windfall, in the shape of a rich merchantman; and to console themselves under the necessity of waiting for such a piece of luck, gave themselves up in the mean time to their orgies, even more frantically than ever. For my part, I was left pretty much at my own disposal, for Lorenzo deemed my escape so impossible, that he neither confined nor even watched me, and the rest of the crew were far too busy enjoying themselves to bestow any thought upon me.

Ermance very rarely left her chamber, and even when she did occasionally go forth to breathe the fresh air, she was invariably accompanied by the monster Stamar, who treated her in the most brutal manner. Her countenance was thin and pinched, her eyes were glassy and sunken, and she was to all appearance fast hastening to her end. Frequently we exchanged glances; glances which, on either side, spoke only of grief and despair.

Fortunate, indeed, might we consider ourselves that even this dumb league, even this brief and pantomimic sympathy, was not discovered by our watchful and ruthless tyrants. The discovery would probably have cost me my life, Peters, whose friendship for me became more firm and lively every day, did all in his power to throw a veil over the imprudences of which, unconsciously, I was daily and hourly guilty: and even Brissac saw with affright the perils to which I exposed myself.

'Do you know,' said Brissac one day, 'do you know, Daumont, that it is the common talk in the forecastle that you are, overhead and ears with the captain's mistress? It is so; and but for Peters protecting you, the same tale would have been told to the captain himself long before now. Pray take care of yourself, for the captain, as you know, is no trifler, and, *par Dieu!* I don't think that he is particularly partial to you.'

I thanked the Gascon for his advice, and, as is usual in such cases, paid no sort of attention to it. Filled with my love of Ermance, a love to which the very horror of her situation every day added new strength, I verily believe that I could cheerfully have sacrificed my own life, if, even without substantially serving her, my so doing could convince her of my passionate devotion to her, and of my indignation against her merciless tyrants and torturers.

The 'luck' for which the pirates so impatiently waited, and, after their peculiar fashion, so loudly prayed, at length made its appearance. One of the lookouts gave the welcome signal, 'Ship in the offing!' and Stamar, on glancing in the direction indicated, at once perceived by her build, rig, and trim, that she was a merchantman.

Even amidst their most frantic orgies the pirates were always so far disciplined as to be ready for business at a moment's notice; and such was the expedition used on the present occasion, that in ten minutes after the sail in sight was signalled, the Shark was sweeping swiftly, yet stealthily, along the rocky passage, as the marine monster, whose name she very appropriately bore, watches the imprudent bather, and darts upon him while yet unseen and unexpected.

The breeze at this time was very soft and very gentle, the tranquil waves broke peacefully, and with a murmur, upon the shores of the surrounding isles; and seaward a deeply azure sky mingled with the blue line of the far horizon.

The Shark, lightly balanced, drifted swiftly on the current, which in a few minutes carried us in full view of the unfortunate stranger. The manœuvre of the poor merchantman was sufficient proof that our character was discerned; for, taking a wide offing, he let go all sail, and took to flight.

"Ah! you would make a run of it, would you?" said Stamar. "Well friend, we shall make you pay for it—that's all." And in an instant the Shark crowded all sail, and stood out in pursuit.

We were scarcely in motion when the unfortunate merchantman, lost to all hope of escaping, lay to in obedience to the shots with which we intimated our worshipful pleasure, and then hoisted American colours.

"All in good time!" said Stamar, as he looked upon the stars and stripes; "this is just what I wanted, and when I have settled accounts with this fellow, perhaps fortune will take it into her head to oblige me with another *God-dam* English."

(To be continued.)

Gigantic Electrical Machines.—The Palais de l'Industrie of Brussels exhibits an electrical machine made by Theunar et fils, in 1832, on Van Marum's construction, with a circular plate of Glass, five feet (French) in diameter, which is now never worked, the conservateur assuring visitors that it would kill a horse. In fact, *entre nous*, it did kill a man *par hazard*; but as that species of suicide has not yet come fully into fashion at Brussels, they content themselves with putting a three feet plate through its evolutions, and merely setting up the dangerous giant for a show. The spirited *savans* of the Colosseum (our Colosseum in the Regent's Park) have resolved to outdo all Continental doings in the art and mystery of electricity, by getting up a plate machine of extra gigantic dimensions; and Clarke, of the Lowther Arcade, is hard at work for them. A separate room is provided for the operator to turn the handle in, that he also may not be struck dead by one of his own sparks. This monster machine is still in progress of formation in Clarke's little "laboratory of science," reminding one of Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," or the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, which, after its composition in the kitchen, required the front wall to be taken down for its safe delivery. The circular glass plate is seven feet in diameter, and was founded by the British Plate Glass Company. Its cost was £75 in the rough, and, including its side supports (three pair of smaller plates, decreasing in size), is now valued at £95. The axle (of gun metal) weighs three quarters of a cwt., and the mahogany frame half a ton. The metal conductor is a sphere of zinc (the first that ever was made), five feet in diameter, supported on three glass pillars, which weigh 720lbs., and stand five feet eight inches high. Its battery, of Leyden phials, consist of eighteen ten-gallon carboys of green glass. The old question of the rate at which electricity travels will shortly be set at rest, for Clarke is laying down five miles of copper-wire round the Colosseum, to enable the spirited proprietors of the electrical exhibitions to conduct their experiments on a satisfactory scale.

Extraordinary Circumstance.—On the 13th April last, a girl of respectable connections, in the parish of Norton, discovered part of a needle embedded under the skin of the fore-finger of her left hand. It was immediately taken out by her friends, who supposed that it had been forced there by accident, when sewing. However, on the following morning, another broken needle was observed in the same place; and since then, at different times, nearly fifty pieces have been extracted, all out of the same finger, excepting two out of the adjoining finger, on Tuesday last, and one out of the forefinger of the right hand, last week. The pieces vary in length, and most of them are perfectly bright, and a little bent at one end. What renders the circumstance more extraordinary is, that the girl, whose age is 17, has never suffered the least pain from their presence, and is totally unable to account for their appearance; but her friends conclude that she must have swallowed them when an infant. About twelve months ago she experienced a slight pain at her left shoulder; but it was of a short duration, and she has always enjoyed good health. The writer of this paragraph extracted two pieces of the needles himself, with a pair of small tweezers. Four pieces were taken out successively on Tuesday last, three on Thursday, and another yesterday morning. How many more will appear, of course the writer is unable to judge.—*Sheffield Independent.*

Turkish Ladies.—Returning to our caique, we rowed up the Bosphorus to the valley of the "Celestial waters." Here all the Turkish ladies congregate on the Fridays., The valley itself can boast of no particular beauty, but the scene I witnessed was the prettiest imaginable. From 400 to 500 Turkish ladies were ranged on the ground, under the shade of some lofty trees skirting the shores of the noble Bosphorus. They arrived in carriages drawn by a pair of bullocks, fantastically caparisoned, and tricked out in ribbons and tassels: some with looking-glasses covering the whole of the forehead. Nothing could be more droll than to see the lazy ox, sullenly chewing his cud, altogether unconscious of the fair forms reflected from his brow. Each carriage had an awning supported by hoops, under which were squatted from six to eight females, dressed either altogether in white, or with green robes over a white underdress. They scrambled out of the vehicle by means of a ladder, and spreading a little carpet, arranged their cushions on the ground, and seated themselves for repose. Scarcely a word was spoken. There they sat, silent as mutes, sprinkling rosewater, eating lollypop, smoking long amber-mouthed pipes, and sipping coffee. The male creation held far aloof, neither looking at, nor thinking of, the fair sex. It was with some trepidation that we ventured to approach. One old dame reprimanded me sternly for daring to advance and look at her; but the young had no objection to meet the eye of the Frank. I saw some soft and beautiful, but no sparkling eyes, and not unfrequently the whole face was visible when they were eating. The mouth is the worst feature in the Turkish countenance. One young woman, whom we all declared to be a goddess before she began to eat, descended to a mere common mortal when we saw her mouth. But the women of Turkey are surely pretty; at all events, they have a very thoroughbred air. I saw some beautiful hands to-day, but the nose, from being alone exposed, has generally too prominent an aspect. It is not to meet their friends and converse, that they assemble; during the two hours I remained, I observed no symptoms of friendly greeting. They come solely to sit, and smoke, and look; enjoy their "Kaef," in short, the earthly Elysium of all true believers! Strange the difference of manners and customs of this world! What a clatter of tongues would have proceeded from an equally numerous conclave of European women; and how insipid would have been their deliberations, without a plentiful sprinkling of beaux! Yet here, the approach of a man would be a high breach of decorum. About five o'clock they began to depart, gathering up their effects, and slowly and noiselessly regaining their carriages. The state of the parties might be known by the style of the equipages. Of these, some were elaborately and richly carved; others handsomely gilded, and those of the highest class had a eunuch riding alongside. I left the valley exceedingly gratified by by the sight; it was a pretty, an interesting, and a thoroughly national one, and which no stranger could witness without being struck with the extreme propriety and even lady-like deportment of the Turkish fair sex.—*Dr. Cumming's Notes of a Wanderer.*

Mistakes Respecting the Hottentots.—No people have been more oppressed or calumniated than the unfortunate Hottentot—he has been belied in every point of his body and turn of his mind. I was prepared, upon my arrival to behold this wonderful race, of which every village fair has one of them to be seen—"A real Hottentot from the Cape of Good Hope to be seen alive!" I never was more astonished; I walked up one street and down another, in the hope of beholding one of these wonderful animals, and marvelled at my want of success. Guess my surprise, when I had passed hundreds of them and did not know it! Instead of finding the enormous protuberances of which I had heard, I saw many very good-looking Hottentots—clean-limbed, tall, fine-looking fellows; their hands and feet well proportioned, and remarkably small. In some the nose was African, in others European. Their eyes are of a deep chesnut-colour, long and narrow, and, in the Chinese, wide apart: their cheek bones are very high, their teeth small, white, and well set; hair tuffy and black; complexion blackish brown; expression plaintive; disposition tractable, patient, indolent, faithful. I do not wish it to be understood that I ever saw a beautiful Hottentot, nor that I never saw an ugly one; but I was not struck by any want of comeliness nor disgusted by deformity. The only remarkable thing I saw, was, that many of them, as is the case with all ill-fed savages, have pot-bellies. The name of Hottentot is a fabrication; it is a word that has no meaning or place in their language, and they take it to themselves under the impression of its being a Dutch word. When the Hottentots were spread over the Southern angle of Africa, each horde had its particular name, but that by which the whole nation was distinguished, and which, at this moment, they bear among themselves, is Quisquas. Indolence is not an invariable characteristic, as is proved by the activity of many, in their new settlement of Kat River. They are generally employed as shepherds, a calling for which they are admirably adapted. They are by no means deficient in talent, but have little incentive for exerting it. It is a great pity that they should have met with such persecutions; they are, without doubt, a valuable race, and it is to be hoped that under the present enlightened policy, they may receive protection and encouragement.—*Leigh's Southern Australia.*

Long Sermons.—It is a general fault among public speakers to draw too much on the attention of their hearers. In ordinary cases there is a remedy for this. The cough of the House of Commons is well known as an effectual *sedative* to a member who has been too long on his legs, and in less polished assemblies the reproof is still more direct and irresistible. But the preacher can have no such intimation to warn him when he is transgressing the limits of prudence in this respect. He must trust to his own good sense, and therefore it is the more necessary that he should submit himself to that jurisdiction. We could of the task were not an invidious one, point out an instance in the established church, and we fear that such instances are not few in the metropolis, where the clergyman is in the habit of dragging through a long, drawling discourse of an hour or an hour and a half, to the great fatigue and discomfort of his congregations. Surely this is not the way to convince the reason, much less to engage the feelings and awaken the sentiment of piety in the heart. Preachers of this class seem to forget that the power of attention is as much an act and effort of the mind as that of speaking itself, and, like every human power, has its limits, beyond which it cannot be forced without injury. For our own parts, we should like to see every church dismiss its congregation at one o'clock, or perhaps ten minutes sooner, if it were only for the purpose of enabling them to digest more perfectly the lessons which they have heard by authority.

Important to British Artisans.—The manufacturers and master mechanics of our Continental neighbours very frequently succeed, by holding out the prospect of high wages and cheap living, in inducing expert operatives to leave this country and come under engagements to serve them for terms of years. This engagement the masters will keep just if it suit his convenience, but the operatives must. Ignorant of the laws of a strange place he goes to, he finds himself completely at the mercy of his employer; and such is the vigilance of the police under the passport system, that he cannot hope to escape the clutches of his oppressor by a clandestine march from his quarters, while the punishment for such an attempt in many places is inordinately severe and degrading. We have been induced to make these remarks from having had brought under our notice a letter received from France a fortnight ago by an operative needle-maker in Redditch. The letter is written by an old shopmate as a warning to him and others to be upon their guard against the cajolery of foreigners such as we have been speaking of, and after stating that in place of keeping to an agreement to pay the writer 17s. 6d a week, the French master on pay day, obliged him to put up with 12s. 6d., and when he and others of his illused countrymen applied to the Magistrates, they could get no redress. We extract the following sentences from the letter on other points:—"They say provisions are cheap—but this is not the case—taking one thing with another they are quite as dear here as in England, and clothing much dearer. We have got here, and find we cannot do ourselves no good, and unfortunately cannot get back, there is none of us but would be glad to come back again to our native place, but cannot till our five years (the time for which we are hired) are up." While we insert the above as a warning to operatives, that it may put them on their guard, they will please to observe that we most fully and freely support the great principle of their perfect right to carry their labour and skill to the best market—our only object has been to show a certain of their number, by the unquestionable testimony of one of themselves, that taking these to a foreign country is to the British artisan too frequently, and in its worse sense, "going from home."—*Worcester Herald.*

Long Captivity.—A *voltiguer* of the old 23rd (French) Regiment of the line, named Meyer, who was taken prisoner at the passage of the Beresina, 1812, and has been twenty-seven years a captive in Siberia, having at length been sufficiently fortunate to effect his escape, arrived, a short time since, at his native place, Reichshoffen, in the Bas Rhin.—He states that, soon after his capture, he and his comrades were delivered over to a Russian nobleman, who sent them to the small town of Pascwa, between Samorovo and Surgut in Siberia, where they were put to the hardest labour, being sometimes harnessed and made to drag the plough, like draught horses. Meyer asserts that he left at Pascwa twenty-six French prisoners, still enduring all the hardships he describes.

Longevity.—One of the most remarkable local instances of longevity that it has fallen to our lot to record, has just come under our observation.—Eleanor Hughes of Cae-either, about three miles from this town, in the parish of Llanfaglan, died on Tuesday last at the advanced age of 102 years and upwards—her 102d birthday having taken place last Christmas. She had been, time out of memory, in excellent health and spirits; and was very active and industry nearly to the last, having only been confined to her house through illness for the last few months. She had been a widow for some time, and had several children, one of whom, the youngest, John Hughes, late slate loader to Mr. Garnons, was born when the deceased was in her 50th year. She lived and died with this son, who succeeds her in the farm, and his kindness and attention to his aged parent was proverbial in the neighborhood. She could see to thread her needle, without glasses, in her 101st year.—*Welsh Paper.*

Sydney v. Hobart Town.

The following will show the difference in the present prices of the undermentioned articles in the two Colonies:—

	Sydney	Hobartton.
Wheat per bushel ...	£0 5 0	0 8 0
Indian corn ...	0 3 6	0 5 6
Flour per 100 lbs ...	1 3 0	1 8 0
Bread, per 2lb loaf ...	0 0 4	0 0 5
Beef per carcass ...	0 0 3	0 0 4½
Mutton ditto ...	0 0 3	0 0 4½
Fresh butter, per lb ...	0 3 6	0 1 9
Salt ditto ...	0 2 9	0 1 9
Bacon ...	0 1 0	0 1 0
Cheese ...	0 0 10	0 1 6
Eggs per dozen ...	0 1 6	0 1 3
Cabbages each ...	0 0 6	0 0 1
Cauliflowers ...	0 1 0	0 0 4
Green Peas per peck ...	0 2 6	0 1 6
Lettuces, each ...	0 1 2	0 0 1
Gooseberries per quart ...	0 0 6	0 0 1
Sucking pigs ...	0 5 0	0 6 0

Poultry, owing to the very great demand for it by the immense number of shipping generally lying at Sydney, scarcely ever less than fifty vessels of large burden, from 100 to 700 and 800 tons each, is always dearer in Sydney market, than at Hobart Town, where there is yet no market established, to the great disgrace of the colony.

Horne Tooke and Wilkes.—On one occasion Horne Tooke wrote a challenge to John Wilkes, who was then one of the sheriffs for the county of Middlesex. Wilkes had signalized himself in a most determined affair with Martin on account of the No. 45, in the "North Briton; and he wrote to Horne the following laconic reply to the challenge;—"Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of any desperado that may be tired of his life, but as I am at present High Sheriff for the city of London, it may happen that I may shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my *official capacity*, in which case I will answer for it, that you shall have no ground to complain of my endeavours to serve you." N. B. Horne was on the eve of trial for high treason with several others.

Trinity Church, in Broadway, at the head of Wall street, is being pulled down, preparatory to the erection of a "grand Cathedral." The present structure, although erected no longer ago than 1788, is found to be rickety and unsafe. It is 104 feet long, by 72 wide. The steeple is 198 feet in height. The first church edifice erected on this spot, was in 1696. It was enlarged in 1735 and in 1737. In 1776 it was destroyed in the great conflagration which laid in ashes 492 buildings, or an eighth part of the city. In 1788 the present building was erected as stated above. The Corporation of Trinity Church are immensely rich; and the erection of a new edifice will be to them, in a financial point of view, rather a relief than a burden. Their property amounts in value to several million dollars.—It has some times been estimated as high as 20, and even 30 millions.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Hydrangea.—It may not be known to many of our readers that this flower, which is usually of a pink colour, may be made to come out a beautiful rich blue, by the simple means of filling the pot with swamp or bog earth. Common garden loam produces the pink.—The discovery of producing the blue was accidentally made by a friend of ours, by whom it was sometime since communicated to us. We have repeated the experiment this season with good success, and now name the fact, that the lovers of variety may take advantage of it. The plant should be shifted very early in the spring.

A fashionable lady in this city is going to have a house built soon, on one of the best sites in town.—Every thing about it is to be "Sublimated" and "Splendiferous." There is to be a "Porto Rico" in front, a "Pizarro" in the rear, and a "Lemonade all round it." The water is to come in at the side of the house in an "Anecdote," the lawn in front is to be "degraded" and some large fresh trees are to be "supplanted" into the "Erie" in the rear. This is the same lady who told Governor Clinton how remarkably stormy it is apt to be when the sun is passing the "Penobscot."—*Buffaloonian.*

"O dear! blubbered out an urchin who had been suffering from the application of the birch. 'O my! they tell me that forty rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let um get such a plagey lickin as I've had, and they'll find out that *one rod makes an acher.*'

The notable Sea Serpent has again made his appearance near the coast of the State of N England.