

POETRY.

SONNET.

FAR-stretching thoughts are thine, Egyptian land
Of Desert and Oasis and Old Nile,
Fountain of myriad dreams, and monster pile,
Casting each giant shadow o'er the strand
Of long-gone ages, peopled by a hand
Of thine embalmed shapes, that erst the
while,
Did human hearts and human cares beguile
With emblematic fe t and pageant grand!
Thy spectral sepulchres, whose pictured life
Mocks the dark curtain of the fearful tomb,
With mimic shows of living coil and strife,
Say! can thy priestly wisdom pierce the
gloom
Of thick oblivion, from the floods that lave
The fiery spirit in the cold deep grave?

From the Colonial Magazine.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH-RANGERS.

In the year 1824, fourteen convicts made
themselves master of a whale-boat, with which
they succeeded in compassing their escape
from Macquarie harbor. Having safely coasted
the south-west shores, living upon muscles
and other shell-fish, they ultimately reached
the banks of the Derwent. No sooner had they
landed than they were supplied by their adherents
with arms and other necessities, and their
numbers were further swelled by various runa-
ways. It was not long ere they filled the colony
with terror and dismay. The rapidity of
their movements seemed little less than magical.
Scarcely were the details of an attack at Launce-
ston published, ere the community was as-
saulted by a like assault in an opposite ex-
treme. The name of their leader, Mathew
Brady, operated like a spell, giving confidence
to his friends, and striking his foes with con-
sternation. It he did much injury, he also ex-
ercised much forbearance. He never wantonly
sacrificed human life, and upon no occasion was
female delicacy outraged or insulted. This was
much from a proscribed outlaw, the possessor of
unlimited temporary power, who well knew
that no aggravation of crime would enhance his
amount of punishment whenever he fell into
the hands of justice.
Brady was, indeed, a remarkable man, and
under better auspices might have been a great
one. The conduct he showed in fight or flight,
the length of time (nearly two years) he set
every effort for his capture at defiance; his traits
of generosity, his reckless daring—all imbued
this Tasmanian brigand with a notoriety not in-
ferior, but much less blood-stained, than any
similar hero of Italian renown.
The superior knowledge of the bush which
he and his confederates possessed rendered them
an overmatch for their opponents, from whom
they not only got away in the most surprising
manner, but whom they completely outgeneraled
upon every occasion, achieving victory or re-
treat in a manner that greatly dispirited their
antagonists, whilst it threw a prestige around
the name of Brady, who became as much dreaded
for his ubiquity as his talent.
When the military were detached in pursuit
of bush-rangers, they were rarely, if ever, in
uniform; their dress consisting of a gray jacket
and trousers, trimmed with fur, kangaroo-skin
knapsack, opossum-skin cap, and kangaroo car-
tridge-box. This garb the bush-rangers closely
copied; hence mistakes constantly arose. Upon
one occasion a corporal and party of the 40th
regiment, under the guidance of Drummond, a
constable, the man who decapitated the famous
Michael Howe, encountered Brady and his as-
sociates in the vicinity of the Shannon Tier.
An extensive and thick-wooded chain of moun-
tains. Drummond described his adversaries at
a glance, but the corporal positively denied their
identity, declaring them to be soldiers. Drum-
mond insisted that he knew several of them per-
sonally, and urged the corporal not to approach
rashly. The fated man, however, was so con-
vinced of their being members of his own reg-
iment, that he advanced singly to meet them.—
Murphy (perhaps the most blood-thirsty of Brady's
associates) stepped forward, presenting his
piece, which he was in the habit of boasting never
failed him. In this instance its aim was but too
true, for the victim reeled and fell mortally
wounded. After a short conflict the soldiers
were bleeding and breathing upon the ground.—
Under pretence of putting the sufferer out of
pain, this miscreant placed his musket to his
ear, blowing out his brains—an atrocity that excited
the indignation of all his comrades, Brady
in especial. The scene of this tragedy was
near the Lagoon of Islands, and still retains the
name of the Soldier's Marsh.
The Shannon, with the immense uninhabited
territory of Patrick's Plains, Arthur's Lakes,
Lake Echo, and the Great Lake, to fall back
upon, has always been a select and favorite re-
sort of bush-rangers. Upon the Shannon, at
the spot the scene of Michael Howe's death,—
the most advanced guard of settlement and civil-
ization—dwelt the family of the late Mr. Myles

Patterson, which comprised at that period, the
father, mother, four sons, and two daughters.—
The situation is one of great natural beauty, the
dwelling-house being erected upon the margin
of the ample chrysal river; a magnificent lawn,
of truly park-like appearance, with clustets
of large and ornamental trees, spreading out right
and left, whilst the mountains girdle it in all
around—forming as it were a stupendous, but
charming basin.
From its peculiar position, Hunterston (as
Mr. Patterson's estate is named) became the
frequent head-quarters of military parties. Upon
a particular morning, one of these had mar-
ched in quest of the brigands, leaving the fam-
ily to pursue their usual avocation. Many hours
had not elapsed when one of the young ladies
was alarmed at the sight of armed men passing
the windows; she ran into the kitchen to men-
tion the circumstance to her elder brother, who
chanced to be there. To spring to the door and
bolt it was the natural and instinctive act.—
Scarcely had this been done, ere a gentle tapping
ensued.
"Who's there?" was the query from within.
"O, don't be alarmed," replied a soft voice
from without; "it is only the soldiers returned
for a little more tea and sugar."
"O, is that all?" responded the querist,
and instantly undid the door, when four or five
men, with muskets levelled, rushed into the
house, exclaiming—
" We are bush-rangers!"
It would be difficult to depict the surpris-
—the terror of the astonished group. The young-
est child, a boy of ten or eleven, absolutely
flew to his chamber, ensconcing himself under-
neath his bed. Observing the terror of the
females, Brady civilly addressed them, desir-
ing them to dismiss their fears, as they had no-
thing whatever to apprehend. The young man
who had given them entrance was then pinion-
ed, an operation he did not submit to tamely,—
re-marking with more spirit than prudence,
" That he speedily hoped to have the pleasure
of beholding them undergoing a like process."
Brady simply observed, " Wo to you this
night for that speech!"
To account for the abrupt appearance of the
bush-rangers, it is necessary to state that they
had been camped upon a neighboring height,
whence the house with the motions of its in-
mates and the soldiery were clearly observable.
Allowing sufficient time for the total departure
of the troops, of whose routes they were per-
fectly conversant, they pounced upon their
quarry, as has been shown—making prisoners
of such of the family and their servants as were
engaged in the fields.
Having obtained the absolute control of the
house and its inmates, Brady and Macabe sal-
lied forth to intercept Mr. Patterson on his
return from the village of Bothwell. As that
gentleman was riding leisurely up the pictu-
resque natural avenue that led to his abode, his
meditations were abruptly and disagreeably in-
terrupted by the appearance of two armed men,
who, advancing from behind the trees, narrowed
his path with fixed bayonets, and an imperative
order to stop.
" Your name," demanded the leader, " is
Patterson?"
" It is,"
" MINE IS BRADY!" was the electrical, and
somewhat melo-dramatical, response.
" Indeed," said the prisoner; " I regret to
hear it; but let me entreat that you behave
with respect to the females."
" Best perfectly easy on that score, sir,"
was Brady's reply; " if any man dared to offer
an unbecoming liberty to a lady in my presence,
I would instantly shoot him through the head."
So saying, they began moving towards the
house, when Mr. Patterson, who had dismount-
ed, observed—
" I wish you would walk slower, or permit
me to get on my horse again, for I am sadly
troubled with my breath," replied the outlaw.—
" Here, Macabe, hold the stirrup, while Mr.
Patterson remounts."
In this manner they approached the dwelling,
Macabe leading the steed, whilst his chief con-
versed with their prisoner.
The inmates being assembled, were placed
under guard in the kitchen, the banditti ran-
sacking the house of linen, plate, tea, sugar,
flour, powder, shot, &c. During this search,
the female servant was busied in cooking chops,
of which they abundantly partook, regaling
themselves moderately with wine and spirits;
at no time offering insult or violence to the
family, to whose edible wants they were very at-
tentive. At one period a quarrel, which threat-
ened to be violent, arose between Brady and
Macabe, but a remark on the want of judgment
it showed restored quiet.
" Pray, Mrs. Patterson," inquired one of
them, showing that lady a small portion of a
watch, " is this your watch?"
" No," said she, putting her hand instinc-
tively to her side, " I don't think it is."
" You have a watch, then, it seems; may I
trouble you for it?"
Refusal would have been in vain. The
watch accordingly became the robber's prize.
" Those are a nice pair of shoes," observed
Mackenzie, addressing the youth who wished
to see them pinioned; " I wonder if they would
fit me. Take them off."
" I'll see you d-d first," was the plump re-
sponse.
" O, I'm not above my business," continued
the bush-ranger, " so I'll even do it myself;"
and he pulled off the shoes accordingly.
" I wish you would return me my fowling-
piece," said the second son to Cody; " it was
the gift of a cousin in England, and we havn't
a gun to destroy the parrots or cockatoos."
" Why," replied Cody, " you should have it
willingly, were I master; but I'm only a fol-
lower. I'll speak for you, though"—And he
did.
" Is it your gun, master John?" inquired
Brady, who upon being informed that it was,
replied, " O, very well, you shall have it—
we don't want it—a musket for us!"
The gun was accordingly restored, but upon
examining the lock, which had previously been
removed, no side-nail could be found, and
Master John declaring that a gun without a
side-nail was useless, these extraordinary char-
acters spent some time in search of the missing
article.—Master John having affirmed that the
said gun had the said side-nail when it fell into
their hands. At length, Brady discovered the
side-nail in the stock, which being deposited in one
quarter, the lock in another, and the barrel in a
third, the banditti withdrew, first cautioning
the family not to attempt raising an alarm before
morning.
Some time after this the military obtained cer-
tain information of the bush-ranger's bivouac,
which was still in this vicinity. In conse-
quence, a party set out one evening from Hun-
terston, where they crossed the Shannon.—
Their guide was either ignorant or treacherous,
for whilst the soldiers imagined they had been
marching miles in advance, they had unfortu-
nately merely been describing a circle. Sud-
denly in the dark, they came upon a light; ap-
prehensive lest their prey should escape they
waited impatiently for the morning's dawn to en-
able them to attack their foes with certainty;
but when the morning did break, judge their
surprise at beholding Hunterston, whence they
had departed the previous evening, and whose
lights had filled them with so much anxious
hope and expectation. They instantly, how-
ever, renewed their march, but Brady's star was
still in the ascendant. The brigand chief had

strayed some short distance from his comrades,
whose destruction seemed almost inevitable.—
Couched securely in the underwood, the out-
law's ears were suddenly greeted with the un-
welcome tread of a considerable body of men.—
A lightning glance assured him of their charac-
ter and destination. Like the hunted deer, he
threaded the forest, passing by a shorter cut,
and withdrew his hand with promptitude and sil-
ence. So effectual was his retreat, that the
spolia optima of the pursuers consisted of the
fragments of that feast wherewith the bush-ran-
gers had been regaling themselves.
Many of Brady's adventures were of so ludic-
rous character that they bore more appear-
ance to scenes in an acted drama than the stern
achievements of an actual brigand. His feat at
Pitt Water, for instance, partakes much more
largely of the ludicrous than the terrible. The
gang had become possessed of the premises of
Mr. Robert Bethune, on a day that he expect-
ed his brother Walter, Mr. Bunster, and one or
two more visitors, from Hobart Town. In due
time the guests arrived, during a heavy shower
of rain, being received by Brady and his party,
who took their horses, ushered them into the
salon d' manger—where they did the honors
with the most imperturbable gravity, some time
elapsing ere the gentlemen became aware of
the position in which they were placed.
In the plunder which ensued, Mr. Walter
Bethune was deprived of a brooch containing
some hair. This having fallen into Brady's
hands, he inquired out its owner, to whom he
restored it, remarking, " Some boys taken, per-
haps, which I should be sorry to deprive any
gentleman of." Dinner over, the guests and
other captives, to the number of eighteen,
were tied together, two and two, and then
marched to the jail at Sorrel, which they reach-
ed just as Mr. Gunn's party of soldiers, who
had been out the whole day in quest of the out-
laws, were in the act of cleaning their firelocks.
Their surprise, consequently, was complete;
their arms became the spoils of the enemy,
whilst they themselves were most unceremon-
iously thrust into durance. The jailer having
escaped, fled to the abode of Mr. Garret, the
district surgeon, whither Lieutenant Gunn had
retired after his days march. Mr. Gunn im-
mediately resumed his arms, and had scarcely
gone out of the house ere he encountered several
of the gang, at whom he was taking aim
when the contents of one of their muskets
(Murphy's, it is said) tore his right arm to
pieces above the elbow, rendering amputation
imperative. Several shots were fired, and Cap-
tain Glover, a retired officer, approaching the
scene of action to learn the state of affairs, was
seized, disarmed, and incarcerated.
Their various prisoners securely disposed of,
the main body of the bush-rangers withdrew,
leaving a sentry posted, to whom they loudly
(and audibly to their prisoners) gave the most
sanguinary orders in case of any attempt at
escape, at the same time commanding him to ob-
serve the utmost respect should their captivity
be borne patiently.
The sentry remained rooted to his post—the
captives continued quiescent in theirs. At
length, the morning dawned without producing
any apparent change in the previous position
of their guardian, suspicion of his having fallen
asleep began to be entertained. An attempt
was therefore resolved upon to seize and disarm
him. The attempt was crowned with complete
success; for when the redoubted brigand be-
came a prisoner, he was found to be no other
than a bundle of sticks, invested with a military
great coat, cross-belts, his arms ordered, and
bayonet fixed. Whether Brady had copied the
ingenious device of a celebrated French robber,
or whether the Frenchman merely forestalled
the bush-ranger chief, matters not—the ruse
was effectual—having given them several hours
of unmolested retreat.
The local government, having at length a-
wakened from its lethargic indifference, and having
effected that more empty proclamation would not
effect their capture, now went to work in ear-
nest, offering 100 guineas, for each of the banditti
taken by a convict—money and land if effected
by free men. Upon the promulgation of this de-
cree, their career may be said to have closed.—
all parties pressed forward to ensure their des-
truction. They could trust no one, and in a
few weeks the musket and the halberd had done
their work on those whose primary object in ab-
sconding was the hope of being able to seize
some ship and quit the colony for ever. Bush-
ranging has now long been regarded as so far-
from a hazard, that when convicts hear of any of
their fellows attempting it, they declare they
have then mounted the first round of the fatal
ladder.
But this is anticipating. Within a week from
the dismemberment of the band, private intelli-
gence was conveyed to Lieutenant Williams, of
the 40th regiment, who immediately marched
against Brady with a very superior force. Hav-
ing succeeded in coming upon the brigands,
the soldiers gave a rapid fire, which caused
their instantaneous flight, not however, with-
out detaching two from the main body, one of
whom was eventually secured. Brady himself,
although severely wounded, escaped with the
remainder, but being hotly pursued, and num-
erous parties of soldiers, field police, and volun-
teers from the penitentiary and chain-gangs—
the latter animated with the hopes of liberty—
pressing upon their steps, their fires were de-
scribed in the vicinity of the Watery Plains three
days thereafter. Being again assailed they
again fled, but Brady's previous wound retarded
his flight so much, that he fell into the hands of
his pursuers—in fact, it is surprising how he
escaped Lieutenant Williams, as a ball had
struck him below the calf of the leg, which he
himself extracted with a clasp-knife above the
knee. His department was firm and composed,
and the whole population turning out to see
this celebrated chief. He wore no hat, but had
a handkerchief knotted round his head, and,
notwithstanding the severity of his wound, he
rode with firmness and even grace. Having
been lodged in the jail, he and his comrades
were shortly afterwards conveyed to Hobart
Town.
At his trial, he as well as the others, behaved
with the most respectful firmness. Being asked
his plea upon the first indictment, (he was
arraigned on many) he replied with the utmost
composure, " Guilty, your honor; I shall plead
guilty to all, and much more than you can
bring against me. It would therefore be only
wasting your honor's time, and that of the gen-
tlemen of the jury, to proceed." His name be-
ing included with others, the trial did proceed,
and upon the same question having been put,
on every fresh count, he always smilingly an-
swered, " Guilty."
He received his sentence with the same un-
shaken fortitude, and, bowing easily and respec-
tfully to the judge and jury, he and his con-
federates were re-conducted to their cell.
The writer of this paper naturally felt a great
desire to behold a man who had created such a
prodigious sensation, not only by the number
and daring character of his deeds, but who had
evinced so considerable a degree of generosity
even in his worst offences. Accordingly he
was admitted to the jail in company of the late
colonial surgeon.
Near the foot of the fatal scaffold they were
so speedily to ascend, heavily ironed, were
seated Brady with Bryant and Mackenney.—
They seemed to be in earnest conversation, but
inclined their heads respectfully at our approach.
Brady possessed a fine open, manly, but not

handsome countenance—a strong well knit frame
bespeaking a great capability of endurance.—
His physiognomy was prepossessing, a gift fur-
ther enhanced by an easy address—his wounded
face was still unhealed, and his comrade, Mack-
enney, was upon crutches. Pity and regret
were the predominant emotions, as the surgeon
thus broke silence:—" Well Brady how are you
to-day? Is your leg any better?"
The bush-ranger gazed upon us for a moment;
then, with an " O, yes," and a jerk of his head in
the direction of the then standing gallows, seem-
ed by that significant gesture to reply—that in a
few days all on earth would be well enough
with him.
On the 11th May, 1826, (six of his confederates
having paid the penalty of their crimes the
day previous) he ascended the scaffold, main-
taining his constancy unshaken to the last—his
demeanor, whilst it was perfectly firm, was de-
void of all unseemly levity or bravado. Fully
impressed with his dreadful position, he evinced
a resolution to surmount it. Bryant and Mack-
enney, as well as Perry and Jefferies, were his
partners in doom; the latter being a perfect im-
personation of an ogre. The drop fell, and af-
ter a few convulsive struggles, the dreaded
freebooter, who had struck Tasmania with ter-
ror and dismay, hung an inanimate and impo-
tent mass of clay.
THE GOVERNOR'S SALARY.
From the Halifax Times of Sept. 1 1840.
Rumours are current about town, that His
Excellency Sir Colin Campbell has been offer-
ed the situation of Governor and Com-
mander in Chief at Ceylon, and that he has
accepted the same, and may shortly be ex-
pected to quit this Province. It is also said
that Lord Falkland is to be our next Lieut
Governor, with a salary of £5000 per annum
how to be made up we dare not conjecture.
From the Halifax Journal, Sept. 21, 1840.
His Excellency Lord Falkland, we are in-
formed, will not assume the Government
until the first of the next month. His Excel-
lency's salary, we understand, is fixed at
£5000 sterling, to be paid out of the Casual and
Territorial Revenues of the Province.
From the Halifax Times, Sept. 22.
Lord Falkland's salary as Governor of Nova
Scotia, we learn, is fixed at £5000 stg. per
annum, to be paid out of the Casual and Ter-
ritorial Revenues of the Province.
From the Nova Scotian, October 1.
The papers from which the above para-
graphs are taken, are acknowledged organs
of the Tory party in this Province. It was
fair to presume, therefore, that in a matter of
salary they could not be mistaken—and when
a statement, thus unblushingly put forward
in print, was openly made by several public
officers, some of them connected with De-
partments, through which it might be presu-
med that correct information had filtered, the
statement obtained currency, and was generally
believed. In reasoning upon it last week, we
neither affirmed nor denied the truth of the
statement; but, supposing it were true, showed
that, as regarded the Casual and Territorial
revenues, we should be no worse off than
we were. We are happy now to have it in
our power to contradict the story, upon the
best authority, and to denounce it as a shame-
less and gratuitous fabrication. Lord Falk-
land is to have the same salary as Sir Colin
Campbell, viz. £3,500, his Civil Secretary,
who is not a Frenchman, but a nephew of
General Ross, killed in the last war, and
whose bones rest in our Churchyard) being
paid by his Lordship, without any separate
charge upon the revenues of this Province.
THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.
His Excellency the Right Hon. Lucius Ben-
dine, Viscount Falkland, was sworn in at
12 o'clock to-day, with the usual formalities,
and is now Lieutenant Governor of Nova
Scotia.
His Excellency, with very proper feelings
of delicacy towards his predecessor, passed
the previous ten days as a private individual,
seeing no persons but Sir Colin's guests, and
talking to nobody about public business.—
On Tuesday, we believe, the Hon. Messrs
Jeffery, Colins, Cogswell, and Tobin, were
sent for, and received notice that they must
retire from the Executive Council. Mr. Jas.
McNab, who was not in the body when the
Assembly passed its censure upon it, was also
sent for, and informed that the Government
wished to secure his services, provided he
obtained a seat in the House of Assembly;
but that, as the general rule was to be en-
forced, that the Executive Council should be
composed of members of the Legislative
Branches, possessing political influence, he
would be required to appeal to the people.—
Mr. M. would have no difficulty in obtaining
a seat. It is not yet known what will be his
determination. A Council was held at two
o'clock on Tuesday, and a Levee will be held
at two to-day.
A Fool and a Hypocrite.—The Lincoln Eng-
Gazette contains the following documents,
and refrains "from any comment on the ex-
traordinary language contained therein." We
learn from that journal, however, that the
reverend gentleman who writes the " pardon
granted," had previously gained some notori-
ety by a correspondence with the Bishop of
Lincoln, and certain amiable denunciations
of the Wesleyan Methodists. We, too, re-
frain from any other comment than to pro-
nounce Mr. Henry Flower a miserable fool,
and the reverend vicar of Gedney a blasphem-
ous hypocrite.
Gedney, August 17, 1840.
Pardon Asked.—I, Henry Flower, the sexton
of the parish of Gedney, in the County of
Lincoln, do hereby ask pardon of the Vicar
of Gedney, the Reverend T. S. Escott, in
that I have, without a cause, most grossly
slandered and abused the sacred office which
the vicar holds as an apostle of Jesus Christ,
and have falsely accused his reverence, thro'
a desire of revenge, or being led away by the
malice and instigation of the devil, having
said that he had been in a state of intoxication,
which I know to be entirely untrue; also
having asserted that he evil entreated the
wife of his bosom, which I likewise confess
to be a most imaginary falsehood; and I here,
as before mentioned, humbly ask pardon of
the vicar of Gedney, the Rev. T. S. Escott,
and the mercy of his prayers, to improve the
forgiveness of my heavenly Father through
him, and for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Re-
deemer; and I promise that for the remain-
ing of my days I will no more offend against
my God; by such injurious conduct, nor cal-
umniate the reputation of God's servant.—
Amen.
(Signed) HENRY FLOWER.
Pardon Granted.—In compliance with the
foregoing request, and listening to the dic-
tates of mercy, long-suffering, and compas-

sion, which qualities I have received from
the most high God, albeit, I scarcely dare to
pardon an enemy of the Lord, and one who
has abused God in me, yet, as far as con-
cerns myself, and considering his contrition,
I condoned, in the plenitude of forgive-
ness, to stay proceedings in the Ecclesiasti-
cal Court, against one who is far advanced
in years, and who, if I were inexorable,
must end his days in a prison; and not being
willing that any should perish as it would
appear on my account, but wishing and la-
boring that all should come to the knowledge
of the truth and the practice of the truth be-
fore they come to the presence of their God,
I hereby accept of the above petition, and as
far as this matter of defamation is concerned
I pardon the sexton of Gedney.
T. S. ESCOTT,
Vicar of Gedney, near Wisbech
August 17, 1840.
A new way to cheat the Devil.—The Paris
Sketch Book—recently published—presents
a variety of anecdotes, sketches, &c. to suit
almost every taste. Among the lighter arti-
cles, is one entitled the Painter's Bargain,
which states that one Mr. Gambouge, a poor
painter, with a scolding, drunken wife, and
not a sou in his pocket, sells the " remain-
der" of himself, at the end of seven years,
to the devil, on condition that in the interim
the latter is to do his bidding in every thing.
When the last year of the seven of feasting and
wealth is half expired Mr. Gambouge, feeling
exquisite qualms as to the fate which awaits
him, even to having tried every manner
of means, even to the Pope's absolution, to
get rid of the contract, but in vain—hits upon
the following ingenious expedient. He gives
a great feast to all his friends; calls up the
devil at dessert time; and, handing over to
him his red-faced spouse, Griskinissa, com-
mands him to live with her for the next six
months! This is too much, even for the de-
vil; and gnashing his teeth bitterly, he
tears up and annuls the hateful contract, and
leaves Gambouge to " go to the — his own
way."
I won't be a Nun; or, the Nautical Adventures
of a Young Lady.—A singular romantic
affair has just been brought to our notice, viz.
that of a female sailor having arrived here
some days ago in the ship Bucephalus. We
understand that she is a very comely, inter-
esting girl of eighteen, the daughter of a Brit-
ish officer, and related to an English noble-
man, who, having the misfortune to lose her
mother at an early age, was placed in an En-
glish convent, with the view ultimately of tak-
ing the veil. Whilst a boarder in this place,
she, for the sake of her health, visited occa-
sionally some friends in the neighborhood,
where, in the house of one, she first met the
object of her attachment, now an officer in
one of the native regiments. Subsequently
she was consigned to a convent in Dublin, to
the end that she would take the veil. Here
she remained some months; but resisting ev-
ery argument to induce her to do so, priva-
tion, suffering, and cruel treatment, at the
hands of the lady superior, were her lot; she
fell sick, and was conveyed to a hospital,
whence, through the connivance of a young
English lady, an inmate of the convent, who
supplied her with the means, she made her
escape in the disguise of a boy, and formed
the romantic resolution of coming out to
Bombay, in search of the young officer above
mentioned. We are told it would occupy a
volume were we to recount all her wander-
ings, and the sufferings, and privations of the
poor young creature in her endeavours to get
on board a ship bound to Bombay. This at
last she accomplished. A few days after the
ship sailed, " the strange boy," on being
questioned by the captain whence he came,
proved to be a young lady; a cabin was im-
mediately allotted to her at once, and she was
treated exactly as a lady passenger.
" Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."
And here is romance in real life that decid-
edly elucidates the saying of the poet. We
understand that that this young lady's history
has excited considerable interest and admira-
tion among the society of Bombay. Probably
the whole ample page of fiction could not
present an instance of greater determination
and constancy than is exemplified by this
case.—Bombay Times.
Nasal Polypus cured with Sanguinaria Can-
adensis. [Blood Root].—Being lately in
Newark, Ohio, Dr. Brice, for more than
thirty years a respectable practitioner of that
place, narrated to us three cases of polypus
of the nostril, which he had permanently cured
by the application of the root of the sangui-
naria canadensis. One of the patients
was a youth, in whom the polypus projected
out of the nostril. A physician in a neigh-
boring town tore away a part of the whole of it,
and the operation was followed by a profuse
hemorrhage. Some time afterwards the
doctor saw him, and the polypus again ex-
tended beyond the alax nasi. The applica-
tion of the powdered root and the decoction
of the sanguinaria soon caused it to assume a
paler colour, and shrink up. Under the con-
tinued use of the medicine he entirely recovered.
Another patient was a little girl, in whom
the polypus was distinctly seen, but did not
present itself entirely. The same applica-
tion effected a radical cure.
A third was a man rather advanced in life,
whose nose was much obstructed by the size
of the polypus, but it did not descend to the
lip. It was permanently removed by the
same treatment.
We do not recollect to what extent the
sanguinaria has been employed in the treat-
ment of polypus, and are writing these mem-
oranda remote from all books of reference.
Should the reader be already familiar with
the use of this remedy, he cannot charge us
with prolixity in this testimony of its efficacy.
—Western Journal of Medicine & Surgery.
Naval Architecture.—It is worthy of remark,
that the proportions of the " British Queen"
steam-ship, the last great effort of marine ar-
chitecture that has interested the world, are
exactly those of Noah's Ark, the first that was
set afloat, proving that 4,000 years of practi-
cal science has done nothing to improve the
dimensions of floating boats, first given by
the great Builder of the Universe; and if the
critical character of these proportions be duly
considered, it may afford an evidence of
the truth of the Scripture narrative. The
breadth of the Ark was one-sixth of the
length; the depth thereof one-tenth of the
length. The " British Queen" is 40ft. 6in.
wide; stem to sternpost 24ft. 6in. high, whole
depth 29, making the square depth 24ft. 6in.
The Ark was twice as long as the " Queen."