and sufferings of her parent, and with what submissive patience, what gentle forbearance she bore the occasional expressions of impatience or dissatisfaction wrung from him by his agony, he could not help contrasting the spectacle with his own fireside where no ministering angel ever soothed his pains, and he determined at once to send for his relative that very day. When, however, he got home, he felt so fatigued, that, upon the whole, he concluded to put it off till to-morrow.

Shortly afterwards he met his friend Solomon, who seemed in great dudgeon, having just had his head combed by his wife. He was in that state of fermentation when the feelings require a vent, and when if the bung-hole is not freed, the barrel must explode. He accordingly opened his heart to the squire, lamented the perverse ill nature of his help-mate, and concluded by exclaiming—

'Ah! squire, I wish I had followed your maxim of putting off things till to-morrow, and not married in such a hurry.'

The squire who to tell the truth was so taken up with the thought of the kind hearted daughter ministering to the infirmities of her parent, and his own forlorn state, that he had paid little attention to the complaint of his friend, answered him accordingly—

'Aye—yes—you are quite right, my friend; I wish I had taken time by the forelock, and not considered so very long about choosing a wife.'

Solomon was so tickled with this unexpected acknowledgement, that he forgot his own private grief and exclaimed with great glee—

'Well—I'm glad you have come round to my maxim at last.'

'Not I!' said the squire—'you have come round to mine.'

'No such thing, sir, you have come round to mine. Did'nt you just now acknowledge your regret that you had not taken time by the forelock, and not considered so long about getting married? Answer me that, sir.'

'And did'nt you just now express your sorrow that you had not followed my example, and not married in such a hurry? Answer me that, sir.'

Neither could deny the assertions of the other nor was either inclined to give up a long cherished opinion on a subject they had been discussing for the last thirty years. The consequence was this first coincidence produced an argument which ended in each one retracting his concession, and they parted worse friends than they ever had been before, one grumbling out—

'What an obstinate old blockhead!'

The other—

'What a conceited superannuated old fool!'

In good time the damsel the squire had sent for, to minister to his growing infirmities arrived.

Her name was Fanny Holliday. She was about seventeen with hazel eyes, a pretty figure, and a mild agreeable countenance. In short, though not beautiful, she was altogether a pleasing subject for contemplation for a young man who had nothing else to think about. The squire received her graciously, but was rather affronted at seeing that for first few days she seemed rather melancholy, and her eyes sometimes red with weeping. This he thought very ungrateful in one whom he intended for his heiress; and upon the whole, he wished he had considered a little longer before he took such a decisive step, which he considered equal to marrying outright. In the course of a month, however, Fanny got over her fit of home-sickness. She grew accustomed to look up to the squire as her protector and parent, and by degrees became easy and familiar in his company. She had been used to take turns with her sisters in housekeeping according to a good custom which has been somewhat impaired by the progress of age, and the development of the human mind and squire soon began to feel that mysterious influence which the eye of a prudent, careful mistress exercise over her own proper dominion, the domestic circle. Fanny had never attended lectures on anatomy physiology, nor any of the other numerous family of ologies; nor had her head turned topsy-turvy by those pestiferous declamations on the rights of women, which in these our days, draw down such numerous and approving audiences. The town she resided in had been indeed visited by one of these three disciples of insubordination, and Fanny was sorely tempted by a Blue Stocking to attend one of them; but she gently laughed, and said in a voice as soft as an echo,

'Good gracious! what do we women want? Don't we rule the hearts of men, and don't the best rule say the thing she will? For my part I am satisfied with the dominion any go if you please and learn to govern King Jems.

(Concluded next week.)

Communications.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Losses by, and fallacy of, trading with either the British Silver or Gold, at an advanced value over other precious metals, as fixed by the British Government.

"What is every body's business is nobody's business." The converse, "What is nobody's business is every body's business," and by the same rule, "What is every body's business is any body's business."

MR. DURANT,—The long prevailing unaccountable supineness, apathy, and neglect, on the part of many persons, in not attending to the proper customs and observing and following the true rules generally govern the beneficial and legitimate objects of trading,—together with the loose, heedless manner, and I may safely add, unpardonable ignorance so manifestly observable in transacting much of the European import business of this Province, whether intended for an exclusive wholesale, or for the importers own retail business within this city in particular; has induced me to excite a spirit of enquiry by promulgating some of my thoughts, observations and calculations on this momentous subject; which has already been too long suffered to exist, for want of an exposure of such a deceitful and ruin-working system, as has been hitherto so long and so pertinaciously persevered in; through keeping up an artificial value of 12½ per cent. upon the British silver and gold now in circulation; combined with the high premium on bills and difference of exchange, making up a total within a trifle, of 25 per cent.

When the extensive business which has been done in New-Brunswick, or of St. John alone, is considered, and coupled with the knowledge that if the immense quantity of goods that have been imported within the last ten or fifteen years had had fair play, all may be fully persuaded that every St. John merchant might now have been enjoying themselves in princely affluence upon the fair and honorable profits that they would have afforded.—The losses by fire were severe enough, but the latent cause of our misfortunes has yet to be explained.

To shew, by a recent example, one which transpired within a week past, the iniquitous working of the over-valued British silver, as it is now circulated, (and if fixed at 1s 2d 'twill be little better,) not only upon the shop keepers, but upon the ship owners, I shall briefly state that one as a simple and familiar case:—Two days after I had commenced writing an essay on the subject, that may be gleaned from the two paragraphs above, which are copied from it; and was actually engaged in the act of penning a part of the essay at my desk, I was called upon by one of our most upright, conscientious, and wealthy merchants, for payment of a freight bill, for a case brought out for me in one of his ships from Liverpool. It was of small amount, it is true, but that does not alter the infamous principle of the system which has worked the ruin of a good portion of the St. John trade, and is fully confirmatory of my opinion; and shews what losses a person may experience, not only in the aggregate of such trifling transactions, but by those of a larger amount:

The freight was 5s. sterling; primage 3d.	5	3
To which he had added 11 1-9 for difference of exchange,	0	7
	5	10

Of course, knowing the whole farce of dealing in British silver, as well as I do, at a glance, I felt no hesitation in paying the bill, and handed him over 4 sterling shillings, a sterling sixpence, and 2½d. in copper; in all 4s 8d sterling, addressing him ironically with "here is the amount of your 5s freight bill!" He took the money very contentedly, and signed a receipt, only remarking that he ought to have added the premium on bills, 9 per cent. Now if he had added the premium on bills, he could not have received, in the rate of money we transact our business in, what he really *ought* and *might* have had paid to him at Liverpool; besides the advantage of having his funds there to draw for. If he had originally charged me the premium on bills, it would have stood thus: Freight & primage, 5/ 3

9 per cent. for bills,		5½
sterling claim,	5	8½
1 9 difference of exchange, if dolr. were 5s. instead of 4s 7½, which is all it is worth.		7½
	6	4

His claim then would have been, in dollars at 5s each, 6s 4d; instead of which I gave him only 4s 8d sterling; so that in either case he would not have got the value of his freight bill, through the jugglery of the British silver! If he had claimed the bill for 6s 4d, I should have given him but 5s 7d sterling, (which is fallaciously called 6s 4d here) after he had made all the charges he could against me; whereas if his freight had been left in Liverpool and drawn for, it would have been worth 5s 8½d sterling, besides half to one and a half per cent. he might have gained in interest. The commission for doing the business here, is or ought to be, worth as much as it is in England. Now, the only consolation this gentleman could have, would be the certainty that he could get 9½ or 10lbs of good butter for his money, which is rather more than he could obtain for his 5s 3d sterling spent for butter in Liverpool.—So far so good; but it is not likely that he would wish to spend all his freights in house expences.

I am very credibly informed that one of our most extensive retail merchants will sell naked goods off the shelves at what is fallaciously termed 50 per ct. advance, and exhibit his invoice; and if the money is paid down, will allow the purchaser a discount of 1½ per cent. besides. If this is really the case, all I can say is, that he is giving the buyer 1½ per cent. for taking the goods away. But this is not the worst of it; I have made a calculation that will convince him or any other person, that he can only get, through the jugglery of the British silver, at the above rate of selling, 5s 4d on £50 worth of goods called off the shelves, to pay his rents, clerk hire, and all other expences contingent on the sales: so that if he allows the purchaser 1½ per cent. discount on £50, he gives him, besides that bonus, a bonus of 5s or 6s more to take the goods away.—When this matter is properly investigated and exposed, there will be no difficulty in shewing what has become of the capital of many of our merchants. Trifling as it may appear, the salesman who takes the liberty of making a discount of 1d. off 1s 3d worth of goods, while selling them, loses, if they are honestly marked, over 8 per cent. for his employer.

As there are none so blind as those who will not see; by way of illustrating the fate of those persons who require to draw Bills upon their funds in England, I will shew how frands unintentionally may arise by the working of "Tom Cox's Traverse," that is, "up one hatchway and down the other," with the sterling money, by such persons as know nothing of the rules for working exchanges. We will suppose a case. A half pay Officer, or the Paymaster of one of the Regiments stationed in this Province, has drawn a Bill of Exchange for £100 sterling, at 9½ per cent. premium, and the payment for the same is to be made with British silver, in Halifax or New-Brunswick (fudge) currency; for let the dollar pass at the sterling value of either 4s 2d, 4s 4d, or at 4s 6d, as it did when the Halifax currency was established in 1748, hard upon a century ago, upon this incongruity and farce there must be no innovation here! the addition of 1 9th must still be the Par.—the difference of Exchange with England now and for ever! Let us now see how the Paymaster is to get his 9½ per cent premium, or even his own capital back, any better than the Shipowner, by selling the Bill of Exchange, for payment in British silver, in New-Brunswick (fudge) currency,—and no cheating, mind ye: it shall be all fair play, and according to custom; to those who know no better:—

The Bill is £100 sterling,	100	0 0
The premium 9½ per cent,	9	10 0
To which, according to custom,	109	10 0
add 1 9 for difference of Exchange,	1	12 2 4
Produce of the Bill,	£121	13 4

This sum is now in that delectable situation called Halifax and New Brunswick currency of 25s to the £1 sterling,—the Paymaster, perhaps, contentedly pockets it without a thought, and walks off to pay it away among the shopkeepers and others. Subsequently, when he comes to pay it all away or nearly, he finds that he is far short of the money he had calculated upon at home; and the sequel will not shew a glimpse of what has become of the money lost.

As 16 sterling shillings are considered (but why?) equal to £1 Halifax or New Brunswick Currency, we will multiply the above sum by the number 16, and afterwards see how many English ones of 20s. to the £1 sterling, we can get out of the first product, *according to my rule*:

121 13 4		
118 12 1		
3 1 3	Loss in either way it is	
3 1 3	calculated!	
121 13 4		
16		
739		
121		
Div. by 20, the stg. shillings in a £1	1949 / 180	gives 97 9 3 sterling. 1-9th, 10 17 2
sterling,	149	108 6 5
	140	Prm. 10 5 8
	9	118 12 1

Now here it is evident that £2 11 of the Capital is gone, and a portion of the premium has disappeared!!! The paymaster finds out and knows that he has not got it! the buyer of the Bill has not cheated him, that's certain, for the purchaser has paid for the Bill according to custom, in the same value-enhanced money, that he gets for his goods; therefore he has not got it. No. It has been imperceptibly juggled and frittered away in the same manner that there is good reason to believe that the Tellers of the Banks may have suffered loss, for it is plain to me, from these instances alone, independent of any other mistakes, and ought to be so to others, that very serious losses, in the aggregate may have arisen.

I have no doubt, whatever, that from the *occasional* wrong working of Exchanges through and with the sterling money both the gold and the silver, by persons not versed in the Rule, extending over the whole continent of America, having dealings with England, has been the "latent cause" of their commercial affairs being so paralized and convulsed.—I never was so uncharitable as to believe that the delinquency, from and to the end of this Continent, originated in a preconcerted or a simultaneous system of intentional fraud.

Every time the sterling money went in (and out) of any of the Banks, in whole or in part payment for Bills of Exchange, one party or other, as in the above instance, was continually and innocently cheating themselves. I think of recommending the scheme to the Ministry, to pay off the National debt. I have been a sufferer to the tune of £1000 within the last 7 years by it and by my goods not yielding a fair profit from its influence: and finding that I could not convince my customers of the fact of the prejudicial working of the British silver I have been further induced, as an act of benevolence to thousands, to shew it up in your columns. I have about 40 pages of manuscript written which the public shall have the benefit of at my earliest convenience. W.R.

St. John, N. B., July 11th, 1843.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Mr. Editor.—The mine has sprung—the magazine exploded, that was to annihilate the whole corps of Mes-merites. The expose of Snider, in the New-Brunswicker this morning, is that magazine: but alas! "how are the mighty fallen." Let us pick up the pieces and examine, and see who the explosion has injured. The first thing Snider denies, is, that the statement of Dr. Collyer "that he" Snider "had been a Baptist Preacher, was unauthorised and untrue." Now, I beg to remark that Dr. Collyer made no such statement—he did not say what denomination he belonged to. The remark of Doctor Collyer was "This gentleman has been a Clergyman." Now if Snider "recollected every thing that occurred on the stage that night," and has sworn that he did, how this mistake? If his evidence is worth anything at all, he acknowledges he has been thrown into "what is termed the magnetic sleep," but does not believe in Clairvoyance, simply because it has "never succeeded with him, *he being incapable of vision*," proving that at least with all his evident attempt even in this instance to *gull*, the truth must out, which is, that he has been "*magnetized*," which is enough. No advocate of Mesmerism ever contended that all were equally susceptible; on the contrary, that some could not arrive at that high state of congestion to produce the finer results of clairvoyance. I pass by these remarks that must be evident to any person of candour are intended to traduce the characters of Collyer, Colby, and Hewitt, by charging them with dishonesty in not fulfilling their engagements: such charges coming from the quarter they do, "a self-acknowledged humbug and cheat," are perhaps sufficient to satisfy the *clique*; they are not sufficient however to satisfy the disinterested. Snider says "he went with him (Collyer) as far as he could conscientiously." O, my country! hear the hypocrite!—as far as he could conscientiously, and how far was that? listen ye knights of opposition—even to the mockery of Jehovah. Yes, this conscientious man could not submit to be willed to perform a little jugglery to amuse an audience, such as lifting his hand, &c., O no, his conscience was too tender; but the same man could stand up, and in the presence of his fellow-man, but more especially in presence of his Maker, and by placing himself in an attitude of devotion, attempt the solemnity of Prayer. Horrible blasphemy! and yet we have men in this community who could sit by—hear that fool fiend in human shape utter that blasphemy—swear to it, and as if to cap the climax, add that "he was a strict adherent to the principles of christianity." Monstrous! surely such a tissue of nonsense and abomination needed neither "note or comment," and I do not wonder the good sense of the majority of the meeting wished it so published. I shall comment no further.

11th July, 1843. LEO.

CLAIRVOYANT ACCOUNT

of the Great Anti-Mesmeric Meeting, held at Aaron Bubble's, Esq., on the night of the 7th July, 1843.

St. John, N. B., 8th July, 1843.

DR. COLLYER,—Sir—I have to inform you that at a meeting of learned and scientific gentlemen convened at the house of Aaron Bubble Esq., late Steward of Inglewood Manor and King of the Mellcites, the fact of your impostures and juggleries were fully and clearly detected, and to induce you *to slope and make yourself scarce*, the following particulars of what occurred at the Meeting are forwarded for your perusal.

At the *request of Abel Guess-near*, Esq. C.M., seconded by Dr. Die-hard, Aaron Bubble, Esq. G.E. A. took the Chair.

The Chairman stated that as a *Public character*, he felt it his duty to take cognizance of the character of an individual calling himself Dr. Collyer, a recent emigrant to this Province. He was happy to say he was not left alone to prosecute any system of espionage but was much indebted to the active exertions of a few, he might say all the celebrated members of the Medical fraternity of this city, and the result of their united labours would be made manifest to this meeting. The learned gentleman then remarked that Mr. Collyer professed to be an *Englishman*, but he Mr. Bubble was of a very different opinion: he had no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Collyer, or whatever he might style himself, to be a *decided Yankee*—he Mr. B. considered himself quite competent to judge, he had visited England and had the honor to be received with great eclat by the *Lord Mayor* and *other distinguished characters*, he might say that he had been wofully received even by Mejesty itself. He did not wish the meeting to take his word for this, it was well known to many immediate then present that he had then the identical *silk shorts* which he wore on his presentation, and that for some time after his return from England he sported a *real Imperial*. It was also well known to *his Mercantile Agents* here that he had spent several hundred pounds during his short visit to England, all which was expended in the *very best society*, and partly to purchase the Shorts aforesaid, this evidence to all unprejudiced minds he deemed conclusive. The learned Chairman proceeded to say that he had also visited the United States and had become much acquainted with Yankee character. He was but of one opinion in respect to that, and would mention a few facts. He had some few years since noticed what vast benefit and profit might be realized to *any one* who would cut a Canal at Union Point, at the Falls, for the purpose of forming a Mill Establishment, which site is now connected with the St. John Mills and Canal Company. He was the projector of that work, he first mentioned his ideas to a few Yankee speculators in Boston, and a company was at his suggestion organized—he Mr. Bubble was to receive a reasonable compensation for his services. Now he had only to say that that though £80,000 had been spent on that undertaking, and for some time and even now the Mill establishment would nearly pay the expence of keeping them in repair, he had only been paid a *few paltry hundreds* for his splendid discovery. The learned Chairman appealed to the meeting if this was fair: sure he was, he had only to allude to the case of his esteemed and *intimate friend* the ex Chamberlain of this city, having assisted the city getting into debt about £100,000, who received five pr cent commission for his trouble; this would show how he Mr. Bubble had been wronged in not having received a like remuneration for services *equally valuable*. The above fact he mentioned as an illustration of what little faith could be placed in the Yankees. He might mention another instance, *the Salmon River Coal Mines*. Here also he was the projector—he did not wish to boast of what he had done, others might speak of that if they liked—but as to the mines, the Company formed to work them was also composed of Yankees, and it had fallen through, why? because *all* the subscriptions were not paid up. He Mr. Bubble *alone had been self personally accountable for what money he had received*, but this was another instance of the faithlessness of the Yankees. And under what pretence did they refuse to pay up? what did gentlemen suppose? why that he Mr. Bubble and his learned and scientific coadjutator the *Geologist* had duped them, and knew nothing about coals; this was too much to be borne, and he from that time kicked the yankees overboard. So much for Yankee character. He Mr. B. would now state why he proclaimed Mr. Collyer to be a Yankee, and an Imposter. First he Mr. B. would remind them that Mr. C. at his lecture stood with his legs crossed, and assumed other attitudes quite opposed to the ton of fashionable life, and a spot of mustard might have been noticed on his clothes which he had apparently spilled while eating; and besides this, what in his mind was *confirmation strong*, this Mr. Collyer had bro't no Letters of Introduction to him Mr. Bubble—and further that person had refused to mesmerize him Mr. B. although repeatedly challenged to do so—(several persons present here said this was convincing.) Well if the meeting were satisfied the fellow was a Yankee, he was—and he considered that a Yankee was prima facie an *Imposter*. The learned Chairman then craved leave to offer a few remarks upon the ease with which a *clever man might impose upon the unlearned*: as an instance of this he Mr. Bubble referred to an entertainment given by the Lord Mayor of London, on which occasion he Mr. B. was present, and actually passed himself off as the bona fide Indian Chief "*Squangettamm*" simply by the aid of a little colouring and the practice of a few antics, and he could if the meeting desired it produce the very Indian garments he wore and which he still preserves as a memento. He however would give them direct proof of the imposture of Mr. Collyer by producing one of his confederates who had been persuaded to blow his old master—The learned chairman then produced a gentleman to the meeting as a *Mr. Cider*.

Mr. Cider being now introduced, bowed to the meeting amidst deafening cheers. He commenced by apologizing to the gentlemen present for having imposed upon them (a vice—"You could not come it") he begged pardon he should have said, attempted to impose on them. Mr. Cider, then said, he was known in Boston as one of the best readers of Shakspeare in that city that he like other men connected with scientific pursuits, was a few weeks since in extreme indigence, his nether garments were considerably gone, his upper works very seedy, in fact he was nearly eaten up for want of prog,—that he obtained an introduction to Dr. Collyer by producing letters from several scientific societies, with which he was supplied by a cute covey, who was as adept in copying autographs,—that the Dr. took him to an old clothes shop in Boston and got him rigged out, as I now appear before you, which is a real tragedy dress. Mr. C. then said he done a little in the preaching line, and engaged to undertake the venerative department of Mesmerism. The Doctor had considered him a likely fellow, and there was no fear but he would be able to convert the people down in these here Provinces: that he come on the stage, but as to going into the arms of Morphus, he was no more asleep than a weasel. After this he quadrilled with the Dr. about the young woman that comp with them, and who the Dr. wanted to keep to himself,—that the young woman called him a mealyposed leaver, a prig and other hard words, in fact he could not come to tea, this he considered a very grave imputation, and he insisted that either he or she should be sent adrift.—that the Dr. then said he would not let either of them come upon the stage and that would settle the matter—but the remark of the gal had wounded him sorely and he was determined to be revenged, and was now ready to swear agin the Doctor, any how the respectable gals here present could fix, and made enquiry of the chairman, what he was to say, which he would easily to under oath. Here Mr. Abel Guess-near rose and said, "he was only required to say, that Mesmerism was a humbug, and that Dr. C. and the young woman were bad characters," and commenced propounding a series of questions, and as the reply to them required only Mr. Cider to say "yes," he readily and easily affirmed to the full and entire satisfaction of the savans present.

In the course of the investigation, a lawyer present, made some very impertinent remarks, as to putting leading questions.

Dr. Bill Calomel rose in great wrath, desired him to leave the shop at home, he must remember, this was not a legal, but a scientific investigation, and came the [illegible] bit over him by effectually frowning him down. Dr. Bill Calomel, then asked Mr. Cider if Dr. Collyer did not keep a grog shop in New [illegible]. Mr. Cider said 'certainly' he did, for [illegible] used to get "corned" at his establishment.

Dr. A. Guess-near then rose in considerable excitement, and asked Dr. Bill Calomel if he meant any thing personal to him Dr. A. G., that the question was out of order, as a person might at one time of life be engaged in very obscure avocation, and this was no evidence for his not being after a very scientific man, (here there was a great uproar and calls from Dr. Bob Die-hard)—

Dr. Bob Die-hard, Dr. Abel Guess-near, and Dr. Bill Calomel, having risen at the same moment to address the meeting, a dispute arose as to precedence; the first gentleman claiming that he possessed the highest medical degree, the latter gentleman having obtained the lowest, he, Dr. Die-hard should be heard first.

The learned chairman after remarking upon the splendid chops he had taken with several members of the House of Commons, said that he had talked over a similar point with the Marquis of Normanby when in England, and the Marquis agreed with him (Mr. Bubble) that the gentleman who first caught the chairman's eye was entitled to proceed, without reference to rank, and as he first encountered the smirking phiz of Dr. Bob Die-hard, he should call upon him—

Whereupon, Dr. Bob Die-hard said, that the jugglery of Mesmerism was too ridiculous to receive a moments consideration; he had written upon this imposture, but he did not approve of hasty productions; he had been twenty years maturing a work for the press, it was a work upon (here the worthy Dr. Bob D. spoke in a whining under tone, but we understood from the cerebral production had been strangulated in the birth, in consequence of its monstrous proportions, which even required [illegible] for its deliverance.) He the Dr. could cite many instances of years of labour having been devoted to works of the highest value and importance, and he moreover wished to leave behind him, some work, which would secure to him imperishable fame and renown. He viewed with great contempt the ephemeral productions of the day, he was happy and proud to think his son, the justly celebrated Dr. Die-hard, Junior, was well able to superintend the publication of his voluminous M. S. S. The Dr. here referred to a case of a boy in Prince William street, whose fact had been put straight without the aid of Mesmerism, and said, if Dr. Collyer could again mesmerise the boy's foot into a state of deformity, he would give up, but the thing was preposterous; nor did he wish to boast of this operation, for he knew it was one of every day occurrence, and performed with like success by every tyro in the profession. The imposition which had been certified to by Mr. Cider, proved there was nothing in Animal Magnetism, it was all humbug; as to the young gentleman's account of the deception practised, the story was so very honest and consistent, and his grave and dignified demeanour was much in his favour. The Doctor also expatiated terms of highest eulogy of the celebrated mock prayer, which the innocent and interesting young man had delivered at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, and warmly recommended him to the Histrionic Society as a person well qualified to do the devotional parts in deep tragedy. The Dr proceeded to say, that if there was any thing real in Mesmerism it could not be shamed, (he believed he was a. k. in using sham as a verb.) With respect to the doctrine of Mr. Collyer, in regard to making very free in pulling on a boot, this was a truth in physiology that he Dr. D. had written upon a long time ago, and he was thoroughly satisfied, therefore that Mr. Collyer had been guilty of plagiarism, indeed he would go farther and boldly state that since the appearance of Mr. Collyer, a sheet or two of his most important M. S. S. had mysteriously disappeared from the chest in which the title deeds and muniments of the family are deposited. The Dr. said that before he saw Mr. Collyer he had been convinced of the humbug of Mesmerism. A young and beardless Doctor, who had lately come to this city, a mere interloper and a foreigner, in order to make himself notorious, had confederated with a Just-ass of the Peace, a Millerite Lawyer, and a few individuals of like stamp in this city, to gull the weak and credulous. By means of this combination, this Dr. Simon Pure had succeeded in decoying from him, Dr. D. a great number of his most valued patients—in fact, since this young Dr's arrival, he had been obliged to reduce his family expenses: this required no comment, unfortunately success attended impudent pretensions, he had experienced that before, which the public were well aware of. He need not do more than remind his medical brethren there present of the numerous class of nervous complaints, and how much could be effected by operating on the imagination. Dr. Simon Pure had availed himself of the fact and actually persuaded his numerous patients who had been suffering from severe illness, that he could cure them without the aid of calomel or tincture of cantharides, the latter medicine he had himself on one occasion administered to a patient and produced the most wonderful physiological phenomena—this case was well known: he was about observing, that this Dr. Simon had so worked upon the imagination of his patients as to make them fancy themselves cured, he had heard of several case of this kind, but it was all delusion, and the parties would find themselves ill again by and bye; any person acquainted with physiology would know this. The Dr. then said, if he could not get on without Mesmerism he would quit; again, said the Dr., if Mr. Collyer was really what he pretends to be, why did he treat with such contempt one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of this city; why he not seek the co-operation with men of the first standing in the Medical profession in this city as himself and two others? (hear, hear, from DAbel Guessnear and Dr William Calomel)—further if Mesmerism was really a science it would meet the sanction of every scientific man—however, I have written to my numerous distinguished European friends, on this matter, as I have done before in reference to other subjects—the extent of my correspondence with the great men of the age, is proved by the boxes which remain to be filled by their replies. He intended to dwell particularly on the subject of Mesmerism in his forthcoming work, in the mean while he would refer to the brilliant poetical jeu, entitled "the Mesmerial," which when completed he intended to have bound in calf—he also, at this moment wo'ld refer them to the articles signed "Clairvoyant," which have recently appeared in the Herald paper, and said he felt proud to think there was sufficient native talent in this city to issue such valuable productions. The Doctor after producing several certificates of remarkable cures performed without the aid of Mesmerism, entered into a very lengthy description of Opthalmic complaints, that in the whole of his practice he had not caused a single case of blindness, whereas other practitioners would blind two out of three. (cries of hear, hear,) The learned and scientific gentleman concluded by expressing his belief that Mr. Collyer was a Yankee Gypsey, a class of animals that he had met at the mansion of his distinguished friend the Patroon, at Albany. (The Dr took his seat amidst thundering applause.)

The chairman was now called upon to sing the Indian's Glee, amidst cries of order.

[To be continued.]

British News.

ALLEGED EXTENSION OF POPERY.

"On Ascension Day, twenty-three converts to the Catholic faith adjured the religious opinions they had hitherto held, and were received into the Catholic Church at Derby. The Right Rev. Dr. Wareman was present. Several of the converts were highly respectable, and the scene was a most impressive one."

[We copy the above from the *Cork Southern Reporter*, of Tuesday, merely for the sake of stating that we do not believe a single word of the statement. If it were true it is somewhat remarkable that we should have heard nothing of it before it got into an Irish paper, and coming originally from that quarter, it is, at least, very questionable. Our contemporary seems to rejoice in the alleged conversion, which it is very natural for a popish print to do, but perversion would, in our opinion, be the most proper term to employ in speaking of the abandonment of the Anglo-Catholic faith for the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome.—We are oftentimes amused with efforts of the Irish editors, with Italian creeds, to persuade the world that the papal heresy is advancing and prosperous, and more especially with their pretended fraternisation with the view of the Oxford tractarians.—When did popery ever wear a face of honesty and candour? Who is not aware that she is most dangerous when she is most endearing? Who can fail to perceive the deepest hate and revenge lurking beneath the smiles and soft praises which the priests of her communion are lavishly expending on the firm supporters of the ancient Church of England, in the hope of enticing them within the folds of the vile and disgusting "mother of harlots," to be corrupted and destroyed? The London *Times* of Wednesday has some excellent observations on the subject. Alluding to the impudent boast of Lord Caymoys, at the recent meeting of "The Catholic (Popish) Institute,"—where the priests attempted to hug Dr. Pusey and his friends in their affectionate embraces, vilified the Factories Education Bill, glorified Daniel O'Connell, and sounded a tender alarm to the British nation that has yet been heard from the Protestant Association itself,—that popery had obtained a footing in Oxford University, the editor sensibly remarks that "those who expect to profit by a conspiracy do not usually advertise it beforehand, with all the particulars, in the newspapers," and continues, "We have reason to believe that some of those who have already sought a haven, as they call it, in the Church of Rome, have found it (to use the expression attributed to one of them) *uncommonly muddy* and are preparing to return to their brothers for another retreat. The great mass, however, of those who hold high church or Anglo Catholic principles, need no such beacon to warn them off the shoals of Romanism. The fact we believe to be (otherwise we should be the last to adopt a tone either of favour or of apology towards this party), that mere sentiment, as the Church of England is, and distinctive doctrines, as they have been understand them, is genuine and sincere; and the line which divides them from Romanism is broad, and not be overleaped, so long as the Churches of England and Rome continue what they now are. That they ardently desire the reformation of the Roman Church, and would in the meantime do all in their power to think and speak candidly of her, and to elevate the standard of doctrine and practice within their own church, we believe; but we do not believe that there are in any danger of renouncing the church of their fathers, for one whose past history is disgraced by so many foul stains of secularity and persecution, and which in its present state is feeble beyond example, for one which makes the Pope's communion necessary to salvation, denies the cup to the laity, enforces celibacy upon the clergy, denies the people the benefit of a common prayer, and suffers the adoration of saints not only to usurp a place in its devotion, but even to come into competition with the worship of the Creator. Of other doctrinal errors, which are more properly the subjects of theology, we say nothing here; but the practical corruptions which we have enumerated are, we are fully convinced, a sufficient safeguard against any considerable number, even of those who are disposed to palliate them, turning to a church which seems likely enough, if we may judge from the speech of Lord Camoys, to canonise O'Connell himself.']—*Liverpool Mail.*

THE KING OF HANOVER.

[We take from the *Standard* of last Saturday the following earnest defence of a man who for thirty years has borne without complaint more calumny than has ever been inflicted on any other human being.]

The King of Hanover appeared in the house of Lords as Duke of Cumberland to take the oaths of allegiance to his Royal Niece, and the other oaths appointed by law to be taken by every British peer. His Majesty is manifestly in the enjoyment of the best health and spirits—a fact, the knowledge of which will gratify millions of his countrymen and *fellow subjects*. We say *fellow subjects*, because our fellow subject he is still, and as often as it is his pleasure to visit the land of his birth, and as faithful and loyal a subject to Queen Victoria, as the Duke of Cumberland proved himself to George the Third and his successors. There is questionless something extremely flattering to our national pride to have thus an independent European Sovereign in the rank of our fellow subjects; and as Englishmen we must be grateful to the monarch who so highly prizes the honour of being an Englishman, as to descend from a throne to enjoy it in complete familiarity. But this is the least of the claims of the King of Hanover to the gratitude of the British protestants. For nearly 30 years his Majesty supplied the rallying point of the defenders of the protestant constitution—for nearly 30 years he laboured to obtain for the intelligent classes of the people that consideration from the aristocracy and the bureaucracy or *red-tapery*, which he has nobly achieved by a great self-sacrifice, in his own kingdom, and which we have, in part, accomplished through the desperate experiment of the Reform Bill; and of what a load of calumny—calumny borne with unexampled firmness and patience—was the Duke of Cumberland the object during these 30 years of trial. There is hardly a transgression of which he has not been accused by one or other of his brutal traducers; yet the most ingenious and profligate malice has found it impossible to fix a single stain upon his unspotted character. Already the Duke of Cumberland begins to be seen what he really has been from his boyhood upwards—a brave, upright, and sincere man, who was perhaps too indifferent to reproach, but it was because he trusted to his innate and unimpeachable worth to render it impossible that reproach could be credible or dangerous. It remains, however for history to render full justice to this truly excellent Prince. History—the great repairer of contemporary injustice, the reveeler of neglected virtues, as of hidden crimes—history will point to the Duke of Cumberland, as, from the incapacitation of George the Third to the accession of Queen Victoria, with the Duke of York, the real representative of the bold and honest character of the House of Hanover; and from the death of the Duke of York to his niece's accession as its sole representative, as also the faithful guardian of those principles which placed the house of Hanover upon the throne of these realms. History, too, will recall the incessant storm of slander which his Royal Highness's fidelity drew upon him; but will recall it as a proof of the gallant and upright spirit which could in the course of duty defy such persecution to the last. History will exhibit the plotter against his niece's and his Sovereign's life, the greedy usurper of her Crown, as but six years ago Whigs and Papists represented the King of Hanover—history will exhibit this same Prince as the most loyal of Queen Victoria's subjects. History again will tell of a King emancipating his people from an organized tyranny of place holding conspirators, and therefore reviled, as himself a tyrant, ultimately hailed by common consent as the father of his people. It is thus that history will do justice to this extraordinary man—a man without resentment, and personal ambition; a model at once of firmness and patience and at the same time full of the kindest and most generous affections. If in thus history will speak of him, and thus we hope we may speak of him now, without exposing ourselves to a suspicion of contemplating high treason, or rendering but a grudging allegiance to our beloved Queen, who, indeed, in so many parts resembles her Royal Uncle.

FRANCE—ALGIERS.

The Paris papers of Wednesday, with our usual private correspondence, have reached us. The Ministry has, we regret to percieve, sustained another check in the Chamber of deputies, in the rejection of the government bill for granting a sum of 130,000 francs to the French colony of Pondicherry, which suffered severely from a hurricane in October last. The ground of refusal was the continued mal-administration of affairs in that quarter. The greater importance is attached to this failure from the circumstance of its having followed so closely the rejection of the Coining Bill. Despatches from General Bugeaud and the acting Governor General, with reports from Generals Lamoriciere and Changarnier, had reached the government. These despatches are dated Oued-Ben-Bera, May 23, and Orleansville, May 25. He first describes the affair with the rebel Fitax, in which 51 Chasseurs were surrounded by from 300 to 400 regular cavalry and 1000 irregular horsemen. The Chasseurs retired in order to the Marabout of Sidi Rached, where they defended themselves with great gallantry.—Captain Favas cut his way through the enemy to assist the Chasseurs, but both parties would have been cut to pieces but for the intervention of the 32d Regiment. The Chasseurs lost 22 men killed, 30 wounded, and 37 horses. On the 19 General Changarnier captured in the Ouarenseris between 1500 and 2000 Kabyles, and 8000 to 10,000 head of cattle. Razias were still the fashion.—*Standard.*

The actual expense of Algeria to France in the course of the last 12 years has undoubtedly exceeded 30 millions sterling. The loss of human life on the side of the French, and still more on the side of the Arabs, we cannot venture to compute at all.—The regular French army in Africa is now, we believe, about 80,000 men—that is to say, three-quarters the total amount of the British army in all parts of the globe, and thrice the strength of the European forces in India.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, JULY 11, 1843.

NEWS.—Our city is unusually barren of every thing in the shape of news. In the absence of which we have given considerable space to original contributions. The first July Mail, to leave Liverpool 4th instant, is next expected, and will probably arrive here early next week.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM-SHIP COLUMBIA.

As we surmised in our last, the steamer seen a shore at Cape Sable Seal Islands, has proved to be the Mail Steamer Columbia, which left Boston on Saturday the 1st instant, with 84 passengers for Halifax, and on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock, in a dense fog, ran on Black Ledge, about a mile to the westward of Seal Islands. The following particulars we dare subject are copied from the Halifax *Times* of Tuesday:—

"The Rock on which she struck is called the Devil's Limb, and is a mile and a half from the Light House on Seal Island, near to Cape Sable, the extreme south west point of Nova Scotia, and generally the first land made from Boston. The distress of the passengers, 84 in number, may be conceived, but description of the scene, even to a participator in it, could scarcely equal the intensity of feeling which the accident occasioned. All exertions were made to relieve the ship from her perilous situation, but proved useless—alarm guns were fired, which were answered from the Island, and at 4 o'clock a boat made its welcome appearance, and communicated the dangerous situation of the vessel, when immediate preparations were made for landing the passengers. The ladies were taken on shore, and as many of the gentlemen as chose to go, but a number stayed by the vessel during the night, and rendered all the assistance in their power. As an instance of the force of the current at the place where the Columbia struck, and which many in a great degree account for the disaster, it is right to mention that the packet brig Acadian, Capt. Jones, from Boston, was drawn into the Bay, and in hauling off from her supposed situation, found herself within a view of the Columbia, where she had struck. The Acadian staid by the steam-ship for some hours, and arrived here on Tuesday evening last. The third mate of the Columbia came in her to Hal