THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

APRIL.	R.	SUN.	S.	MOON	H.	W
13 Saturday,	5	18	6 42	Sets.	11	11
14 Sunday,	5	16	6 43	8	6	11 59
15 Monday,	5	15	6 45	9	30	0 39
16 Tuesday,	5	14	6 46	10	48	1 26
17 Wednesday,	5	12	6 47	11	59	2 13
18 Thursday,	5	10	6 48	morn		3 6
19 Friday,	5	8	6 49	0	58	4 7

First quarter, 20th. 0h. 15m. evening.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Robt. F. Hazen, 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: N. Disbrow, Esq.

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AVINOS 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 PROTEGEE.

(Concluded.)

One lovely evening, Mary having seen her friend compose herself to rest after her slight dinner, yielded to Mrs. Brommell's exhortations, and went out to refresh her health and spirits by an hour's saunter through the pretty grounds of the villa. Mr. Brommell and his son had ridden into London in the morning, and Mary bent her steps, she scarcely knew why, down the avenue by which they must return. When she saw them, however, at a short distance from her, if her previous intention had been to meet them, she apparently changed it, for she turned off the road into a close plantation that skirted it.

"Is not that Mary Fane?" asked the elder Mr. Brommell of his son.

"I think so," he replied.

And why does she avoid meeting us," again enquired his father.

"I am sure I cannot tell"—and he felt himself blush deeply, without knowing wherefore.

His father perceived it, but made no farther observations; and they rode home in silence. In the mean time, poor Mary, delighted with the beauty of the evening, and thinking that as George was returned, should Miss Brommell awaken, her place would be well supplied, ascended a style, and passed into an adjoining field, not in the least deterred by perceiving it stocked with horned cattle. She had not, however, wandered far, when she observed some confusion arise amongst them, and presently loud and hoarse bellowing announced the vicinity of the angry lord of the horned tribe. She now, indeed, became a little startled, more especially when she perceived the furious animal was making his way from an adjoining pasture and that if he succeeded in overcoming the opposition of a very slight hedge, of which there seemed but little doubt, she herself would be the first object in his way, whether she attempted to proceed or return. Her fears were but too well founded; for in the next instant he cleared the fence, and came foaming and tossing towards her. She attempted to fly, but was so utterly terrified that her limbs refused to support her, and she would inevitably have fallen a victim to the enraged monster, but that at that moment a sound behind him, resembling his own bellowing, caused him to turn—and young Brommell, shaking a silk handkerchief tauntingly before him, succeeded in directing his fury to himself; which he no sooner perceived, than calling aloud to Mary, for God's sake to crouch close down to the ground without appearing to move, the moment the animal approached himself, he with great adroitness and presence of mind wheeled round him, and bursting open an umbrella which he held, in his face, terrified him so suddenly that he scampered off in an opposite direction—Brommell pursuing him with the unusual sound until he was far away from where Mary lay, without motion indeed, for she had fainted on seeing her own danger transferred to young Brommell! He was terrified, on returning, to perceive her situation; and catching her up in his arms, carried her from the fatal field to the plantation she had just quitted, and through which there ran a little brook of fresh water, from which he sprinkled her hands and face—and which failing to revive her, he became terrified to the last degree, and endeavoured by every endearing epithet to induce her to open her eyes.

"Mary—my own beloved Mary, do you not hear me?" he went on—and clasping her to his heart, he laid his lips to hers, to ascertain if she yet breathed. In a short time she began to revive—but so slowly, that she was unable to raise her head from his bosom, against which she had laid it. By degrees she recovered a little more, and tears coming to her relief, she fell into a sort of convulsive sobbing, which did not frighten him less than her previous stillness; and she vainly endeavored to extricate herself from the affectionate and soothing pressure of his supporting arms. She attempted to speak, but the effort only increased her sobbing almost to suffocation.

"Good God! Mary," exclaimed Brommell, now more terrified than ever, "are you ill?—are you dying? oh! tell me, that I may die with you—for I will not live without you. I love you, Mary, better than my life—you know well that I do."

The poor girl now made another ineffectual effort to rise from his arms, when the elder Mr. Brommell making his way through the plantation, came round and stood before them. He made a fruitless attempt to speak; and his son, springing from his seat in a paroxysm of surprize and alarm, by a hasty, but natural movement, laid the unfortunate Mary gently on the grass at his feet.

She made not an effort to stir; and Mr. Brommell at last uttered, in a subdued but awful tone—"So, sir, this is your conduct!—this is your respect for your father's roof, your mother's Protegee and your *sister's bosom friend*—every feeling of a man and a gentleman outraged at once; but I always guessed how *this educated young lady* would repay us, and I was not mistaken!"

"What do you mean, Father," exclaimed young Brommell," now startled in another point—"what *can* you mean? you cannot—no, you *could not*, think ill of *her*."

"Oh! no, of course I cannot," replied his father, with bitter irony: then changing his tone—"Sir! did I not hear you swear you *loved her*, and appeal to her own knowledge of it; and can that declaration from Mr. George Brommell to Mary Fane, argue ought but infamy?"

"Infamy sir!—are you mad to talk thus, and the girl listening to you; but, were you not my father, you dared not to insult her thus; and I tell you now they were the first words of love I ever uttered to Mary, and they were uttered in the same spirit as if they had been addressed to a princess whom I loved as well!"

"Sir," resumed the angry parent, "it is for *me* to ask if *you* are mad, or do you indeed mean to imply you would marry your servant's *daughter*?"

"I do, sir, if I had your's and my mother's consent!"

"Then, sir, my first words of congratulation shall be, that the curse of the undutiful child may light upon you to your latest generation, if that generation springs from her—and with frightful solemnity he raised his hat, and looked up to heaven as he spoke; then turning from his son in indignation, and not deigning a glance at Mary, he returned by the same way he had come.

Young Brommell sat down upon the grass beside Mary, in agonized silence. He felt absolutely ashamed to address her; and she lay apparently lifeless, except that a stifled sob now and then shewed she was but too surely alive to the misery of her situation. Indeed, there could not be a much worse one: for her feelings were lacerated in every possible way: her master, mistress, friend, companion, and, though last, not least, her poor old respectable parent—all, all that had hitherto constituted her felicity, were now involved in one common sea of bitterness and apparent guilt. Here was a case in which conscious rectitude gave her but little consolation, for she felt how ridiculous, after what Mr. Brommell had seen and heard, would be the assurance, that she had intended, when recovered, to check the passion of his son. Yet nothing could be more certain—for although to a heart that adored him as hers did, his expressions of affection, and his caresses could not but be soothing under other circumstances, yet to her they brought more than their counterpoise of agony; and Mr. Brommell's abrupt appearance shocked, but scarcely added to her misery. She thought there was now nothing left for her but to die—and in the first vehemence of what may be termed her first affliction, she almost determined never to rise from the spot she then lay on. Her lover seemed to conjecture her intention, and at last said, in a voice hoarse from internal emotion—"Mary, are you indeed going to lie there to die?"

She answered not.

"Mary," he said again, and attempted, but in trembling, to take her hand.

She started from his touch, and sprang to her feet; but a sudden dizziness overcoming her, she was forced to grasp his arm to save herself from falling—and he once more, and more ardently than before, pressed her to his heart. This seemed at once to restore her self-possession, and to call up all her energies; she calmly, but determinately withdrew from his embrace; and, as her limbs still trembled violently, seating herself on the root of a tree, in a tone of calm dignity, she said, "Mr. Brommell, after the exposure I have undergone, a few moments more past together, can neither add to our guilt nor deepen my disgrace, especially when they are to be the last we shall ever pass together.—Nay, hear me ere you answer me, I have only to beseech you, by all you value upon earth—by all you have so unfortunately professed for me, to conciliate your father—to atone to him for the fault you have committed—and to forget that such a being as Mary Fane ever crossed your path."

"Never, Mary—never," exclaimed the young man; "rather let us fly together, far from his and the world's persecution; and I now offer you the only reparation in my power—*Mary I offer you my hand and name!*"

She smiled bitterly at the offer; coldly it appeared—coldly perhaps it was—for she did not dare to trust the generous sounds to reach her aching heart, but as soon as they struck on her ear, pronounced a calm and decided refusal.

"Then, Mary, you have never loved me," said he vehemently.

"And if I have not, Mr. Brommell, so much the better for us both; for, believe me, it would make no difference now if I had."

"Then you really do not," he repeated, pale and aghast—good God, what a fool I have been making of myself!"

"You have, indeed," said she, with a headlong determination, that henceforth, at least, she would act up to her best principles and strictest duty. But a less agitated observer would have read in her pallid cheek and swollen eyes, from which expression seemed suddenly to have fled, only a frightful tale of calm despair.

"I have?" he asked again—"Then farewell, Mary—we meet indeed no more—shall I assist you to the house?" she declined his offer, for she felt his struggle becoming every moment more dreadful.

"Here, then," said he, "Is the umbrella I brought for you from the house, seeing that the clouds were gathering for a shower, and as I still think it is coming, you had better hasten home. Farewell, Mary forgive me the pain I have caused you, Heaven knows how unintentionally:" and he held out his hand.

She made several ineffectual efforts to speak: and at last with great difficulty, said "Don't let me banish you from your family and friends Mr. Brommell.—I am going to my poor grandmother"—"Rather, Mary, don't let *me* banish *you* from a family where you are a ministering angel—unless, indeed, you would condescend to minister to one who perhaps needs your pity quite as much—Oh, Mary—to be the wife of my bosom!" he caught her hand, and wild hope flashed in his countenance.

"Never—never," was all she could utter.

He broke from her—and they never met again.

The sequel is short and melancholy: old Mrs. Fane, through the babbling tongues of fame, catching some vague rumours of some rupture between Mr. Brommell and his son, in which Mary's name was whispered, hurried to Mr. Brommell's villa, and neither the sad, but sincere assurances of that lady of her belief in Mary's exemplary conduct, nor Miss Brommell's entreaties, nor the voluntary banishment of the young man—who indeed returned not to his father's house that night, but wrote from Dover next day, to have his luggage and servant sent after him,—could now induce the venerable old woman to leave Mary longer amongst them. She said, and said truly, Mary was now herself too much shattered in health and nerves to be of service to an invalid, and that the sight of her sorrow could not but prey upon Miss Brommell's spirits, and therefore she would take her home—she did so—but it was too late—the blow was struck, and Mary declined rapidly before the eyes of the old woman, whose head she should in the course of nature, have laid in an honored grave. Yet had her grandmother too much respect for her feelings to question her upon particulars. Even by Mrs. Brommell's own account of the matter, gathered from an explanatory letter from young Brommell, in which he described Mary as the angel she really was, she was satisfied that Mary had been "more sinned against than sinning," and she settled in her own mind that young Brommell had won her affections, and insulted her with dishonorable proposals. But she blamed herself most of all, for having suffered any persuasions to cheat her out of her own good sense and rational foresight; she uttered no reproach, however, to Mrs. Brommell—but, when requested to leave Mary, merely said, "No, no, Ma'am,—I blame you not—your own heart is scalded as well as mine; but give me back my child now, such as she is—to me she is welcome still."

In the mean time, Miss Brommell's physicians again prescribed a visit to the continent before winter should finally set in and Mrs. Brommell again wrote to implore that Mary should accompany them, and added, "Even Mr. Brommell wishes it, as he fears Mary's character will unjustly suffer, and he is now fully convinced of her exemplary conduct."

In this light Mrs. Fane thought it her duty to yield; and Mary, passive and heartbroken, a shadow of her former self, once more accompanied them to Paris. She shrunk not from bestowing her innocent confidence on her early friend.

"And is it possible, Mary," said Miss Brommell to her, one day, "that you are actually dying from affection for my brother?"

"No, Miss Brommell, I am not," said poor Mary, with a gleam of her former animation, and a shade of her former colour rushing to her cheek, "I am dying of the thought of how I wounded (and must ever wound) his generous heart—a heart that loved me so truly. At our last fatal interview, I never even thanked him for risking his life, to save mine, nor for bartering his honor in the world's eyes to rescue mine. Oh God! Oh God! surely it was Heaven and mercy alone which enabled me to put on such cruel appearances!" But the deadly paleness and woe-be-gone look of misery that succeeded this burst of feeling, seemed to say that she felt the mercy had been a chastening one, at best.

"Oh, if my brother did but know," said Miss Brommell, thoughtfully.

"God forbid," said Mary, fervently—"after costing me my life (with a sweet smile) it would be too bad to destroy the advantage so dearly purchased; but when I am really gone, Emmeline, quite, quite dead," and she shuddered slightly, "tell him Mary was not ungrateful—but no more; for I know his generous heart, and what his agony would be, if he knew all."

The time drew nearer and nearer by rapid strides, when this condition should be fulfilled; and the poor old grandmother, hearing at last that all hopes were over of her darling, braved every thing to receive her parting breath. They laid her in Père-la-Chaise—and it was her pure monument that had so much attracted my attention, and it was her venerable old parent, and her youthful lover, whose meeting had awakened my interest and curiosity. The former had followed her darling to France, to receive, as she said herself, her parting breath; the latter had by a mere chance recounter with a friend, and country man, in Italy, heard of his family being in Paris—for he had entreated that all communication might cease between them for a short period—and some odd addition about a Protegee dying for love. He flew to Paris, to ascertain the particulars and learned the fatal account of Mary's death and funeral.

The poor old woman shuddered when she heard of his arrival, and contrived not to see him until the morning upon which I witnessed their meeting. He was so heart struck with her resentment, that he requested his sister's good offices to induce the old woman to hear his explanations of the fatal business and how differently he had deserved of her: and I afterwards felt a degree of satisfaction I scarcely could account for, in hearing that she received him to her heart, and that he soothed her few remaining years with the devotion of a son.

THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUES).

From the Observer.

A few days since a paragraph went the round of the papers, stating that Captains the Hon. Cecil Forrester and Hanmer had fought a duel, and fired three shots. Up to the period of the duel, however extraordinary might be the circumstances of the case, it was simply a personal quarrel between two officers, and in which the public had properly no concern; but the affair, and the circumstance attending it, have, since the duel, been brought under the cognizance of Lord Hill, and it has now assumed altogether another character. It is no longer a personal question, it is even more than a regimental one—it must be regarded a precedent for all other officers in the service, showing to them how the general commanding-in-chief treats such conduct as that complained of in his own regiment. It may be well, although they are already generally known, to state shortly the circumstances which preceded the duel, in order that the whole case may be better understood. They are as follows:—Captain Hanmer received so gross an insult from Captain Forrester at the mess table of the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues), in which distinguished regiment both these gentlemen have troops, that he instantly quitted the room and sent his friend, Capt. Conroy, of the Coldstream Guards, to Captain Forrester, for the purpose of arranging a meeting. This, when proposed by Capt. Conroy, was declined by Capt. Forrester, who refused to fight Captain Hanmer unless he was accompanied by a brother officer (of the Blues.) Upon this Capt. Hanmer assaulted Capt. Forrester in Pall Mall, and struck him a blow with a stick. In consequence of this, Capt. the Hon. James Macdonald, on the part of Capt Forrester, challenged Capt. Hanmer, and the meeting took place, at which the three shots were fired. So far it seemed a mere private quarrel.

It appears, however, that Captain Hanmer, on returning to his regiment at Windsor, after the duel, found his society avoided by all his brother officers, and, having reason to believe in the existence of a conspiracy, having for its object to force him out of the corps, he addressed a letter, through his Lieutenant-Colonel, to Lord Hill, requesting that his lordship might be pleased to order that a court of inquiry should be assembled for the purpose of examining all the circumstances of the case, and deciding whether his (Capt. Hanmer's) conduct had been such as to justify the system of exclusion practised towards him. His Lordship, instead of complying with this request, ordered all the officers of the Blues to wait upon him at the Horse Guards, where he received them, dressed in full uniform, as colonel of the regiment. His lordship commenced by asking whether Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson or any of the other officers, had anything to complain of in the conduct of Captain Hanmer, any fault to allege against him; and his lordship desired, that if such were the case, the officers would immediately proceed to lay the complaint before him. Upon no answer being returned, Lord Hill produced a paper, on which he stated he had written down the substance of the address he was about to make, in order that it might serve as a record of the steps he had taken, should the case come again before him. He then proceeded to censure, in the strongest terms, the course pursued by the officers in regard to Captain Hanmer, which his lordship designated as one unworthy of their character as gentlemen, setting the worst example to other regiments, and highly detrimental to the service.—He concluded with a demand, that a total change of conduct should be adopted, and with the expression of his earnest wish that he might not again be called upon to notice a recurrence of what had passed.

What has been the result of the parade at the Horse Guards? The result is that the orders of Lord Hill have been of no avail; the system of exclusion is still continued, for it is notorious that Captain Hanmer is *never addressed* by any of the officers and is *barely* answered when he speaks.

We need scarcely say that this subject is much canvassed among military men, and that impartial officers condemn that system of exclusion practised by *the Blues* as one totally subversive of all proper discipline in a regiment; and among its evils they recognise the fact, that it has placed an honourable and high-minded gentleman, such as Captain Forrester most assuredly is, in the position of having wilfully insulted a person to whom he was not prepared to give immediate and ample satisfaction. The reason assigned by him for his refusal is only an aggravation of the fact, for how was Captain Hanmer to get a brother officer to be his second when all had taken part against him and in favour of Captain Forrester. In conclusion, we have to assure Lord Hill that military men are drawing a comparison between what he would have done if such things as these had happened in any unfortunate regiment of the line and what he is now doing in his own aristocratic corps.

THE QUEEN AND MISS DAVYS.—We have been informed from a private source of undoubted authority, that Miss Davys has been dismissed from her attendance on the queen. It is unnecessary to state the cause of the quarrel—which is said to have been very violent and heated. Her majesty expressing her sentiments in the most undisguised and unequivocal manner possible. It is proper to add, that Miss Davys is a young lady of excellent character, the daughter of a pious and valued dignitary of the church. She was *formerly* the queen's most intimate friend.—*Staffordshire Gazette.* We do not know where we have announced a piece of intelligence which has given us more real pain and concern than the above. The church dignitary alluded to is the Dean of Chester, who was her majesty's English preceptor while she had as her advisers and guides in the royal household those pure and unblemished characters the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duchess of Northumberland. When her majesty came to the throne, and her ministers made choice of her attendants Miss Davys was not included in the number; at which her majesty is said to have expressed so much displeasure that she insisted on having her as an extra lady in waiting; and Miss D. continued so much in the Queen's confidence and society that she was considered in the light of her secretary or amanuensis. It is not for us to divine what part of Miss Davy's conduct has led to such marked displeasure as is insinuated in the above paragraph. It has been asked, was Miss Davys too religious, too moral, and too plain spoken a character for the court as now constituted? Let Lord Headfort, and such as he, answer the question.—*Bristol Journal.*

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.—The etiquette of the Spanish court was the most severe in Europe. One of their kings even fell a victim to it. Philip III., being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise nor a common domestic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forbade his interference, and the Duke of Usseda, master of the household, was sent for. He was gone out: and the flame increased, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was so heated, that next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared, and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

SELF-TRAINED HORSES.—When a colt is weaned and turned out, it has, of course, a shed or stable to lie and feed in. By making a slight fence about the height of the colt's knees, a few yards from the door, you compel him to walk over to get to his corn. When he is quite used to this, raise the fence six inches. This will make him rear up and get his fore-legs over, and he will soon find it easier to jump over than to draw over his hindlegs after him. When he does this freely, raise the fence still higher, till he is obliged to make a good standing leap over it every time he goes in. When he is perfect at this, which he will be in the course of a month, then dig a ditch, and throw up a bank with the earth instead of a rail, and he will first walk into the ditch, and then get his four legs on the bank, but in a day or two he will quietly jump on the bank. After being perfect in this, have another ditch on the other side of the bank, and he will jump on and off in a few days as well as any hunter. The writer has a thorough-bred colt, only nine months old, which is as perfect at all sorts of fences as the best hunter.—*Diary of a Huntsman.*

The Rodney, of 92 guns, struck with lightning.—Extract from a letter of an officer in the Mediterranean Fleet, dated Sunday, Dec. 9, 1838.—"We have had very bad weather. Yesterday morning it was raining, blowing, lightning, and thundering to a great degree, when we suddenly observed the Rodney to be on fire. She had been struck by lightning, which shivered the maintop-gallant mast, and set fire to the maintopsail, damaged the maintop-mast, and passed into the heart of the mainmast, exploding like a cannon close to the deck, going overboard through the ship's side into the sea. It burst nearly every iron hoop in the mainmast, in the heart of which it exploded—the iron work about it weighs 29 cwt; and the mast in weight some tons, is 32 inches diameter and 29 yards long. So sudden and powerful was the stroke that the topgallant mast was not seen to go over, [illegible] ships lying past like shavings from a carpenter's [illegible] this mast so instantaneously gone and [illegible] shiv[illegible]ed nearly to [illegible]. Now comes the worst part. Two men were found dead in the main-top [illegible] to scorch[illegible] op[illegible]vation of clothes burnt. One other man was wounded (not badly), and about 30 el[illegible] stunned."

The letter does not state whether this ship had the fixed continuous conductors, which, by being fitted to the masts are at all times perfect protection from the effects of lightning: most probably she had them not, or this accident and loss of life would have been avoided.

CAUSES OF FIRE.

THE COMMISSIONERS to examine into the causes of fires in the City of New York, in submitting a quarterly account of the result of the investigations had before them, have the satisfaction to acknowledge the cordial co-operation which they have received from those who have come within the province of their enquiries, by affording to them every facility in their power to carry into full and successful operation the designs of the Common Council, in organizing our department, by which it is hoped that not only fraud & imposition may in some measure be prevented, and the perpetrators thereof detected and exposed, but the careless and indifferent aroused to a more watchful and guarded attention in the construction and management of all fire apparatus connected with their respective establishments, because it is evident from the statement which is herewith submitted, that a great want of care exists among too many of our citizens, in relation to a subject not only important to themselves, but intimately connected with the safety of their neighbours and the public at large; and the more the Commissioners have been led to investigate and reflect upon this subject, the more convinced have they become, that it ought no longer to be a matter of surprise, that our city is so often visited by conflagration, but rather that we have been preserved from more frequent and disasterous burnings, to which we are hourly exposed from the gross and criminal negligence of too many of our citizens.

The Commissioners in the discharge of their duties, have heretofore taken occasion to call the attention of the public to the danger to be apprehended from the careless use of portable furnaces, and those highly destructive and combustible phosphoric matches, which are found in almost every family of our city. Satisfied as they are that the public have not been sufficiently guarded in the use of these convenient but dangerous articles of domestic economy; a few instances of the consequence resulting from a want of due care in the use of the latter, they cannot but hope will have a tendency to arouse the attention of the public to the importance of greater care in this particular, and thereby materially decrease the number of fires in our city. One instance has come under our observation, in which a person using a match, for the purpose of smoking a cigar, suffered the phosphoric matter to fall among some combustible materials, which in a moment were ignited, and the rapidity of the flames was such, that he was obliged to leave the premises without extinguishing the fire, and the building and contents were entirely destroyed. Another case occurred, in which a box containing matches, was placed upon the inclined surface of a counting house desk, which, in consequence of the motion produced by closing the front door of the store, fell upon the floor and ignited, in consequence of which several buildings, and property to large amount, were destroyed.—Upon another occasion, a small quantity placed upon one of the upper shelves of a large book and stationary establishment, fell upon the floor and immediately ignited, and but for the presence of persons engaged in the store, who, immediately extinguished the same would no doubt have produced most disasterous consequences. Instances have been known in which the rapid movement of the ordinary box used for matches, has produced the combustion of its contents; and one interesting experiment has been made, by which it appears that matches placed in a window, exposed to the sun, have in a short time spontaneously ignited; the action of the foot while passing over a match, which may carelessly have been left upon the floor, will, as is well known, cause a flame; and a person may, therefore, very innocently be the cause of destruction to his own or neighbor's property. A most unaccountable case has been presented for our consideration, which has given rise to much speculation, but nothing has yet transpired satisfactorily to solve the mystery in which it appears to be involved; a vessel sailed from the port of New York, bound to New Orleans, and during the voyage was wrecked. Among her cargo were two stuffed rocking chairs, which were purchased by the agents of the underwriters, and for the purpose of being repaired, were sent to a cabinet maker, when it was discovered, upon removing the cloth with which they were covered, that those parts of the chairs liable to pressure, the back, seat and arms, contained a large quantity of lucifer matches, and a hard substance, having the appearance of ordinary earth, but smelling as if strongly impregnated with sulphur, specimens of both of which were forwarded to his Honor the Mayor, in the hope that some information might be elicited in relation to so singular and suspicious a transaction, but nothing has yet been discovered calculated to throw any light upon the subject. Many other instances might be enumerated in connection with this subject, but the Commissioners only deem it necessary to call the attention of the public to this branch of their duties, satisfied as they are, that greater care and attention than has heretofore been exercised, is required to prevent the recurrence of accidents originating from the sources alluded to.

PROVERB'S PROVERB.—Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for behold it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking. When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him, "What thinkest thou of my piece?"—for it may be that the truth may offend thee. It is not fit thou should'st ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things to himself. When thou dost enter into a printing-office, have a care unto thyself that thou dost not touch a type, for thou may'st cause the printer much trouble. Look not thou at the copy which is in the hands of the compositor, for that is not meet in the sight of the printer. Never examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou may'st understand it. Prefer the paper of thy county to any other, and subscribe immediately for it, and pay in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thy little ones.

PROGRESS OF POPERY.—At the late great protestant meeting, held at the Horns Tavern, Lambeth, the following printed statement of the progress of popery, was distributed:—"Popery has been advancing, not only in wealth and influence, honour and power,—it has been progressing in every direction and by every means. At court, where the required work cannot be efficaciously performed by deputy, we find that Roman catholics appear in person. The treasurer of the household is a Roman catholic; the Marchioness Wellesley, Lady Bedingfield, and the Earl of Fingall, all of whom have been about the court for some time, are Roman catholics; and several others of the same kind have been placed in minor situations. Many high offices in the state are now held either by Roman catholics or pseudo-protestants. In Ireland, almost every legal situation which has fallen vacant during the existence of the present government has been given to a Roman catholic. As instances we may mention that the master of the rolls, the chief baron of the exchequer, the chief remembrancer, the clerk in the Hanaper office, the attorney-general and solicitor-general, the lord-lieutenant's confidential legal advisers are all papists. In the colonies, the same system of mal-administration prevails. The newly appointed governor of New South Wales is Sir Maurice O'Connell, whose very name speaks volumes.

In 1792, there were not in the whole of Great Britain 30 Roman catholic chappels; there are now 512, and 43 building. In that year, there was not one single Roman catholic college: there are now ten, and sixty seminaries of education, besides chapel schools. In the United States, although it is not forty years since the first catholic see was created, there is now a population of 600,000 souls, under the government of the pope, an Archbishop of Baltimore, 12 bishops, and 341 priests. The number of churches is 401; mass houses, 200; colleges, 17; seminaries for young men, nine; theological seminaries, five; novitiates for Jesuites, monasteries and convents, with academies attached, 31; seminaries for young ladies, 30; schools of the sisters of charity, 29; an academy for coloured girls at Baltimore, a female infant school, and seven catholic newspapers. Thus in every part of the world popery is pursuing its triumphant course trampling on the consciences of mankind.

'I meant to have tould you of that hole,' said an Irishman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. 'No matter,' said Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth—'I've found it.'

Two sons of Hibernia being a ducking, Pat discovered a large bed of ducks close to the shore. After having his piece levelled for about five minutes, his companion asked him why he did not fire. Pat replied—'By zounds, I can never get aim at one, but there's another swims right between him and me.'

According to recent calculations, the actual population of Sweden amounts to 3,025,140 souls—an increase of one-fifth since his present Majesty, was called to the throne.

Communications.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Mr. EDITOR.—No doubt you have observed the strenuous endeavours of the Officers of the Mechanics' Institute to establish foreign correspondence; and you may see by referring to the book of the Constitution and Bye Laws, that the following have been appointed Corresponding Members: George Young and Joseph Howe, Halifax; W. J. Layton, Richibucto; and George Riley, Hampton Ferry. The enclosed letters are from two of those Gentlemen, and as they are of high importance, I hope they will find a corner in your widely circulated journal, as they will be read at the next Monthly meeting. We hope in a short time to be able to establish Agencies in more *adjacent* parts of the globe, and if you can point out any talented persons at Red Head, Loch Lomond, or Fort Howe, we shall feel exceedingly obliged to you.

I am, Yours, &c.
A DIRECTOR.

To the President, Directors, and Members of the St. John Mechanics' Institute.

GENTLEMEN,

Since my appointment as Corresponding Member for Richibucto, I have carefully collected every thing that I thought would be useful to your noble Institution. I shall now endeavour to give *practical* information on the subject I am about to elucidate, and which I am fully confident will be of more actual service to the members in general than the contemplated Lectures on Geology, Botany, and Phrenology; and I trust the importance of the theme will be a sufficient excuse for any errors which may occur, and that you will not attribute them to the subject, but to the inability of the author.

The Oyster is a theme on which many a poet has exhausted his fire, and the pen of the historian has frequently been employed to celebrate its history. Of the origin of Oysters very little is known; they were supposed to have been used as far back as the time when Rome was mistress of the world, and to have graced the tables of her licentious Emperors. When however the barbarians overran Italy, Europe became a scene of horror and devastation, and amidst the confusion, little can be traced of them. But not very long after that time, I believe they were eaten by the Crusaders in their famous march, and I presume that that circumstance contributed much to their courage and enthusiastic zeal. But neither the history or origin of this bivalve testaceous crustaceous shell fish concern your learned body so much as the practical use of it.

In the first place the Oyster is procured from the bed of the river, by oyster men and sometimes oyster women. The oysters are put in a tub or pail if they are for immediate use, but if they are intended for exportation, they are packed up neatly in small firkins. As probably you receive them in firkins in the winter time, the proper method of opening this delightful prize is, by procuring a chisel, and placing the chisel (which acts like a lever of the first mechanical power) under the edge of the lid—pry up until you have loosened it; then remove the cover with your right or left hand, or if you would not soil your fingers, with a pair of tongs or pincers. After this preliminary operation, it is necessary you should procure a table spoon, and with the assistance of a stout fork, gently raise the oysters from their abode to a saucepan, which you will take notice (in order to preserve the frozen juice) should be placed about 5 inches from the firkin. After this the saucepan must be carried to a wood fire, and left there about five minutes, some person or persons watching it, as that remarkable phenomenon frequently observed, viz: the wood burning away and falling from the fire irons is apt to cause upset. The next necessary is to procure a cloth or towel, which you must fold in your right hand, and lift the saucepan by the handle, and with the same holder remove the lid, and the delicious fragrance will enrapture your senses. After which pour the contents into a large empty tureen, and having peppered and salted them well, place the cover over the tureen until the plate or plates are ready, then with a capacious spoon, ladle the oysters and juice upon your plate. Having now finished the preparatory parts, now comes the eventful crisis, and your motto must be "Yolle moras." (Away with all delays.) First you must place the tureen within arm's length on the table, and placing the plate in such position that a straight line drawn from the extremity of your nose would touch the centre of the plate; raise the delicious morsels to your lips, leaving an aperture large enough to receive at least one third of the spoon, then by elevating your arm to an angle of about 45 degrees, the oysters will be found to disappear instantaneously, and however incredible it may seem, the oftener you go through the aforesaid operation, the faster the spoon appears to move to the mouth, until the contents of the tureen vanish into oblivion. Philosophers may ascribe this to what they will, I never could come to a conclusion, and I trust that the honor of discovering the reason of this important "optical delusion" may one day be assigned to some one of the talented members of your noble Institution.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient Servant, and
Corresponding Member for Richibucto.