THE Weekly Chronicle

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

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

AUG.		H.	SUN. S.	MOON.	H.	W
15	Saturday,	5	0 6 54	morn	6	33
16	Sunday,	5	1 6 53	0 24	8	1
27	Monday,	5	2 6 52	1 36	9	7
25	Tuesday,	5	3 6 50	2 58	10	2
26	Wednesday,	5	4 6 48	4 16	10	43
27	Thursday,	5	5 6 46	sets.	11	14
28	Friday,	5	6 6 45	7 11	11	53

New Moon 27th, 2h. 4m. morn.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Wm. Jarvis, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: E. DeW. Ratchford, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

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

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

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

ESSENCE OF SMOKE.

For the Smoking of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Beef, &c.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to announce to the Public, that the Essence of Smoke has been extensively used throughout the Province during the past season, and that all those who have given it a fair trial, recommend it as decidedly preferable to the old mode of smoking fish and meat.

House-keepers, Provision-dealers, and others can smoke any quantity of meat or fish, without the least inconvenience or loss of time, by attending to the following plain directions:—While the ham, &c. is moist from the pickle, wipe it with a dry towel, then wash it over twice or three times with the Essence of smoke, allowing six hours to elapse between each washing; hang it up, to dry slowly; it will then keep for years, and in any climate.

No fly or insect will touch any thing preserved with the Essence of Smoke.

Half a pint is sufficient for the largest ham.

Meat or Fish that has become tainted will be restored to a wholesome state in a few hours by being washed once or twice with the Essence of smoke.

For its uses in the cure of Rheumatism, Inflammations, Cuts, Burns, Sprains, and many other complaints, and also for its beneficial effects in the removal of diseases, and accidents to which horses and cattle are liable, as Inflammatory sprains, spavin, heaves, &c. see handbills.

A liberal commission allowed to merchants and traders wishing to become agents.

Sold by Thos. Walker & son, J. & J. Alexander, Peters & Tilley, and G. Chadwick, St. John; J. Cook, Carleton; Robert Boyle, Portland; Barnes Travis, Indian Town; James F. Gale, Fredericton; G. F. Boanell, Gagetown; J. Baird, Woodstock; Jas. Lyons, Long Reach; Thos. Sime, St. Andrews; G. Ruggles, St. Stephen; Gould Picket, Kingston; Samuel Fairweather, Bellisle; David Burnham, Digby, N. S.; G. Bent, Bridgetown; Stennes Jones, Weymouth; J. Runciman, Annapolis; E. W. B. Wood, Yarmouth; J. D. Harris, Kentville, and by the subscriber.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

Hampton, 2d July, 1840.

SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

THE Subscribers having leased the above named Establishment from the Company, and put the whole in a thorough state of repair, they respectfully beg to intimate that the House will be re-opened on *Monday next*, the 17th instant.

They are determined that every thing which can conduce to the comfort and convenience of those who may patronize them, shall be strictly attended to on their part, and they confidently hope that their exertions will merit a share of public support.

☞ A supply of the choicest Wines and Liquors will be constantly on hand at the Hotel.

WILLIAM SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

St. John, Feb. 15, 1840.

☞NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of DANIEL BRUNDAGE, late of Carleton, City of Saint John, N. B., deceased, are requested to present their accounts, duly attested, within Twelve Months from the date hereof: and those indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

HANNAH A. BRUNDAGE, *Adm'rx.*
WM. OLIVE, Sen. *Administrator.*

Carleton, 30th April, 1840.

For Sophia,

198 COILS Manilla ROPE, of very superior quality, assorted from 6 thd. to 3¼ inch;
23 Reams Sheathing Paper; 1 case Stationery;

The above are now landing on the subscriber's wharf, and will be sold low if applied for immediately. JOHN ROBERTSON.

24th July, 1840.

Miscellany.

A TRIP TO KILLARNEY.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

On a fine evening in the autumn of 1836, when the sultriness of summer had melted down to the rich and voluptuous softness that characterises the close of August, two friends were holding most learned converse with me over a flask of Kinahan's best. We handled most subjects with a sense and eloquence far from common, embracing, in a comprehensive circle, the multiplied systems of sages and simpletons, from Plato to Petrie; touching everything, and, like our dear countryman, Goldsmith, what did we touch that we did not adorn? By the way, that was a good and beautiful saying of Sam's; and had he spoken with equal truth where he ought, giving more of the sweet and less of the sulk, we should consider him a more impartial thinker, and a much more amiable man.

Down went the sand of many hours through the gray glass of Time, and with them our cares. John Barleycorn claimed the sovereignty of our spirits, and we yielded to his exhilarating authority without a sigh. And now, perhaps, inquisitive reader, you may ask, who are the triad? The question is not an improper one, though that altogether depends on the animus with which it is put. I will presume, then, you ask the question from a pure desire for information, and, on that fair presumption, it is only right to acquaint you. One was a philosopher, a genuine Greek in all but the vanity, though I am not sure but he had a spice of some quality very like it; especially when, as O'Kelly very pithily expressed it—

"The fumes of good liquor illumined his brain."

He could live in a tub and rebuke Alexander, so he said—feast on beans and a little bacon, and fling money to the winds when his pockets were empty. Poverty had a particular attachment to him; his grappling-hooks were always about his body, but he had no flesh to spare, so she was compelled to draw them back for want of a hold. Chance occasionally sent him Plutus, and though he read Epicuran, he never got bolt or bar to keep the vagabond deity in safe keeping, but permitted him to have his own way—and so he had—once out, he had not a glimpse of the blind god for many a day after. With moral pleasure he could for ever associate, but pain in every shape was his abhorrence; he boasted of his philosophic fortitude, but when pain came, he could not for the life of him truly exclaim with the sick stoic, "*apage dolor!*" He was as sensitive as a skinned eel. I really do not know in what his *summum bonum* consists—not in virtue, for he is sometimes as numerous as Aristippus—nor in wisdom, for he has refused her hand to quadrille with folly—nor in sensual enjoyment, for he has months of a Carthusian coldness, of a chastity as unblemished as mother of pearl—not in cynical sternness, for he has sobbed whole hours at hearing a tale of distress; and while his face was enveloped in his half handkerchief, the narrator lolled out his tongue, and for his well-dissembled hypocrisy went off with the philosopher's last shilling. He has at length come to an anchor. Fortune, "the first Cæsar's w—e," after having long played with him like a shuttlecock—by turns the sport of her frowns and her favours—at last looked on him with a smile betokening permanency—he took the hint, infused a little more of the leaven of practice into his mass of extravagant theory—abandoned his old errors about the pleasures of poverty—got married, and is now cultivating the science of genuine philosophy; which, however our romantic readers may condemn, is neither more nor less than the art of making money. The second was a most grave and learned apprentice in the law, as Master Coke saith quaintly—the most noble profession in the world, next to couple-begging and man midwifery. He was a very walking accumulation of law points, a beautiful incarnation of Norman, French, and black-letter. He could discourse for whole hours in a most learned argument on the hidden virtues of one of Littleton's etceteras, and find a voice as sweet as silver bells in the unintelligible jargon of mouldy statutes. He browsed for years in the rank marshes of the law, and came out fat with feudalism and Fleta. He could apply the rule in Shelley's case to a particular estate in a split-hair remainder over. You may naturally inquire, was my friend attorney-general, or solicitor-general, or in first-rate practice, or something of that kind. No, indeed, *he never got a brief*—his knowledge is not yet worth to him a twelve-sous piece. He is poor, and, as the sarcastic Drapier said, "though a lawyer, still a gentleman." Through life he has studied the value of a rugged independence, and practised it; moulding his opinions, and directing his movements, according to the strict rule of right. With this equipment of pride, poverty, and independence, and with legal abilities you would in vain seek among three-fourths of the massive-headed gentlemen within the bar, he offered his tenement to let—but no bidder. He had no claret for solicitors—no hot suppers to soothe them into benefactors—he could not expend two guineas on the remunerative probability of a motion of course with a fee of one—and so the grinning, hard-visaged under-strapper of the law and its abuses passes him by for better plucking. You may see him every day of term rambling over the pave of the Four Courts, with a brow as square and serious as Cato the censor's; but if there be common honesty or discrimination in villanous man, he will yet be wrapped up to the eyes in judicial ermine, provided he reaches the mature age, of three parts of a century. If ever his ambition should be gratified, he promises to make attorneys proceed one step at least in the path of integrity, which, much to the honour of the profession, they have not attempted for three hundred years.

Now for a brief sketch of myself. This may appear egotism, but candour must confess that I am not prejudiced. Few of those to whom Nature has refused all claim to corporeal beauty, or even the commonest proportions of the human frame, have the philosophy or good sense to be aware of their defects, and to avow them. Though I stand not six feet in my stocking vamps, neither am I quite of a size for the crane-war, or the cohorts of Laputa—truth may rest between, though, in a matter of reference, I fear an unbiassed arbiter would refer me to the latter class, but then I should have the invariable consolation of all little bodies who magnanimously retort the ungenerous scoffs of society on their stunted forms by associating themselves with all the great lights of the ancient and modern world—Cæsar, Socrates, Alexander, Æsop, Pope, Napoleon, Tom Moore, &c. They would make you believe that if the six feet fours lay a positive claim to physical, the four feet fours have as positive a right to intellectual dignity. Then as to courage, I would venture to assert there is more thorough valour in one of my class, who could scarcely step over a flooded channel, than in one of your seven-league booted Titans, who could take a Jrink over a Lebanon cedar.

"I'll cut off your queue," said the dwarf. "Reach it first," retorted the phlegmatic German—rather a cool and satisfactory reply; but did not the act speak folios for the dwarf's courage? Nothing like an illustration.

I was once in a tavern with one of this order, whose stature Nature, in one of her unaccountable frolics, limited to four feet some inches. We were quaffing ale—O'Connell's, I believe—but *n'importe*. At the other extremity of the table sat a man, with a frame as muscular and menacing as an *Hercules Furens*. Talk of straightening a horse-shoe or staving in an attorney's jaw, like O'G—n M—h—n,—the first he could accomplish with a fore-finger and thumb, and as to fracturing maxillary bones, he could shiver a mammoth's. He seemed fully conscious of his power, and, with a glance that delusion itself could not mistake, he frowned polar winters on his antipodes at the other end. We sipped and laughed, he sneezed and sneered. Our blood rose; but to pick a quarrel with such a monster was nothing short of insanity—he could button us both in his breeches pockets. He began to squirt his tobacco-juice about very playfully—a few drops fell on my friend's trousers—a few drops only, but they were as effective in rousing his indignant pride as the whole Mediterranean—he swelled like the frog in the fable—how I sympathized with him! and, in a tone unsurpassed in dignified bitterness, hissed out "scoundrel!" He moved at the same time courageously forward, and made a desperate fib at the offender's face—he was a sailor—but with the same chance of success he might have reached Nelson's nose from the portico of the Post Office. "Just wait a bit, nigger," ejaculated the savage Triton, interposing one hand, and with the other quietly depositing the masticated quid in his waistcoat pocket. He seized my hot-tempered but courageous friend firmly about the shoulders. O how he writhed! The struggle was tremendous, if struggle it may be called, where the odds were all on one side. A word of supplication he did not breathe, for his pride was equal to his valour. The sailor lifted him up with as much ease as Gulliver did the king's chamberlain, and was proceeding to denude his ———, had not assistance opportunely arrived to rescue him from the ignominy, and to lodge his ferocious adversary in the College Street police-office.

CHAPTER I.

Adventures on the road—Connaught Rangers—Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo—Jim Blake—the Duke—Poet O'Kelly and George IV.

We agreed to spend September in Killarney; so after making all due preparations in the shape of funds—for we often heard of the sharkish rapacity of the Killarney hotels and boatmen, which we now aver to be a gross calumny as to the first, and considerably exaggerated, though somewhat true, in the second,—we rattled down Sackville Street, on the Cork coach, on the first day of August. Like Don Felix, we "found the way thither full of pleasant adventures," and as it shall be some time before we arrive, we will give our reader a spice of what he has to expect. Good reader! were you ever in Killarney? Never mind for a season the Rhine and Switzerland—we saw both, with Como and its beautiful palaces and terraces—but Killarney, with its magically picturesque combinations of water, mountain, and forest, has no rival in Europe. We cannot vouch for the other quarters. We perfectly agree with the homely philosophy of Sancho, that there are fine sights to be seen dry-shod at home, and never did its truth strike us so forcibly as when we compared our insular and continental rambles. Of this, however, more at another time. Reader, if you be a sentimental gentleman, trust me, Killarney is your ground for meditation; if you be a moral philosopher, you may store your mind with beautiful reflections on the sublimest creations of nature; or a natural philosopher, say a geologist, and you may cram your bag and breeches with specimens sufficient for a museum; or a poet, and you may feed your spirit with thick-coming fancies sufficient for a romance of four-and-twenty cantos; or a man of pleasure, in search of happiness, then be at "Sweet Innisfallen" at about eight P.M., after a hunt at Glena, or a *dejeune* under the shade of the old ash trees; and if there be an elysium, it is truly this. It is much to be regretted that the Sultan Soluman, in his search for the happy restorative, never thought of that delicious spot, if Innisfallen were then above the waters; but at the present day he would positively have found the long-wished for shirt, or if a chemise had done as well, he might have had dozens.

"He rarely smiles, sir," observed a hale gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, who sat between me and a very stiff west wind, which attacked us from the first stage. He filled the seat behind the driver with my two friends and self—very communicative, and amused us with a variety of military and other interesting anecdotes. His countenance at once showed that he had weathered some hard service; its strongly-marked lines indicated the remains of a wild and adventurous spirit which years had cooled down, but left the traces of its existence behind. His tongue was faultlessly rich, and his language, though not very orthographical, was strong, and full of humour.

"Rarely smiles?" said I, with astonishment. "It may be incompatible with military sternness; but since his lordship quitted the tented field, he has not only smiled, but often laughed himself into spasms, as I have myself seen."

"Well, sir, I served my king and country for fifteen years, though damn the thing I gained by it but wounds *galore*, and fifty pounds a year; and from the time I entered the Rangers, till I was disembodied after the war, I may safely say I never saw him laugh twice."

"Then, sir, he did laugh once?"

"Laugh!—faith and that he did—and I'd wish to know who won't?"

"Perhaps you would be good enough to tell the occasion."

He turned his pole to the wind, dipped his weather-beaten cheek beneath the collar of his ample Macintosh, and, giving the truss of straw that enveloped his legs a kick or two, proceeded:—"You heard, I dare say, gentlemen, of the Connaught Rangers, so famous for fixing the French and drinking brandy—when they could get it. I volunteered into them from the Mayo militia as ensign, and with me my foster-brother Jim Bodkin, as hearty a fellow as ever bit a cartridge. He thought nothing of spitting three Frenchmen with one thrust."

"Do you mean," said my philosopher friend, with surprise, "that he penetrated the bodies of three men with one blow?"

"Yes, sir, and a dozen, if he liked," sharply retorted the Ranger.

"Why, that's physically impossible," observed my friend.

"*Phisically!* by my conscience you may say that, for all the castor oil in the Apothecaries' Hall wouldn't save a mounseer when once Jim's steel was in him."

"This was a trust executed," said my friend the lawyer, with much evident satisfaction at his bad pun.

"'Pon my sowl, gentlemen, whatever you may think, 'tis the truth—I heard it from his own lips, and he only tasted at the time about half a canteen of rum; so he couldn't be drunk, you must allow."

"Indeed, sir," said I, "I should not wish to make the concession."

"Well," continued he, "at the taking of Shndad Rodrigo, I think,—for we took so many places I forget which, but 'twas at the storming of some place or other—the Eighty-eighth, as usual, give an hundred for the forlorn hope—all grenadiers, commanded by your humble servant. Every man had four dozen rounds of ball in his pouch, and a dozen rounds of rum or so in his stomach. 'Boys,' says I, 'there's Shndad—take it!'—and so they did. We advanced under a hell of a shower of grape—saying nothing, but marching steadily,—though not so steadily either. We crossed the trench, and remained for a short time under cover of the wall, until the scolding of the artillery abated. 'Now, my boys,' said I, 'none of your damned nitre—mount the bright steel, and clear the gap.' Well it became 'em—with one deafening cheer they cleared the breach—rushed into the streets—charged a heavy column of black Frenchmen, and scattered 'em like rooks from a corn-field. You may call me a bishop if Jim was idle—I declare to God, sir, he skewered 'em like picked pullets. At last, when a Frenchman wasn't to be seen for love or money, they went to refresh themselves, for 'twas bloody hot work; when who should gallop up with his staff but the general? After thanking me for the bravery of the Rangers, he asked me where they had gone. 'For a drink, my lord,' says I.—'To plunder,' says he—and ordered the bugles to sound. They sounded again and again—not a soul answered. He swore the first man he met should be shot for an example. Off he went. When just opposite the Church of St. Joseph, whom should I see but Jim with a large cross on his back! You're a dead man, thought I. The general bade him halt. Jim went on.'

"Halt, you scoundrel," shouted he.

"Who the devil are you," said Jim, "that speaks as if you were the duke himself?" He laid the cross down, looked up, and sure enough it was the duke.

"What have you got there, you villain?"

"Only J—s Ch—t, yer honour," said Jim.

"The duke and his staff laughed until I thought they would drop from their horses.

"Carry that, you scoundrel, to the spot from whence you brought it; and, captain, (turning to me,) let him be tried by court-martial."

"Jim returned the cross, which after all was only timber with a little gold outside, and got his pardon for his drollery. This is the only time I ever saw him laugh.

The old Ranger ended his story and his journey together, very much to our regret. He bivouacked in Athy for that night with an old companion in arms, Lieutenant M'Dermott, who, he said, lost his arm and eye at Burgos; and, though rather the worse for the wear, lately married, a rasping widow.

"If you'll stop, gentlemen, I promise you a hearty welcome; and as Mr. Purcell is my friend, you'll get a seat on to-morrow."

We thanked him, and parted with a cordial shake of the hand. We lit a dark cigar to comfort ourselves through that most dismal of swamps, the bog of Allen, when, as all right was given by the guard, an old man rode hastily up, mounted on a rugged pony.

"Did you bring the books?" said he to the coachman.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"What!" said the irascible little man, "not bring my kaleidoscope?"

"Twasn't painted when I called at Mr. Grace's," answered coachee.

"Thunder an ouns, there's all the country, from the Canseway to Connamara, waiting for my Aonian kaleidoscope. By G—d, if you don't bring 'em to-morrow, I'll lampoon you till you strangle yourself with your own whip. Come, Parnassus," addressing his pony, "this is the way ragamuffins treat men of genius." And off he scampered, not without a volley of abuse at the "Dublin Jackeens," as he was pleased to call us, whose only guilt was a hearty laugh at his ludicrous contour.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"O'Kelly, the poet, sir; the crossest ould devil you ever knew. He's bothering me this month about some pome-book or other, which they say he's sending to the king."

"What king?"

"Faith, sir, the king of England; and if he did, 'twasn't the first time." And he gave us an account of O'Kelly's interview with George IV., which is a fact; and as it is not generally known, and most deserving of record, we shall strike off the sketch for the information of our readers. Killarney is distant yet an hundred and fifty miles, bearing south by west.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW PATENT GAS.—We were on Saturday evening admitted to witness an experiment on the new patent gas, at St. George's Workhouse, Mount-street, Berkeley-square. The process of obtaining this gas is from the decomposition of tar, and it has been the subject of numerous experiments by various parties in this country as well as on the continent.—Some of the gas companies in the metropolis have expended much time and capital in attempting to obtain gas from their refuse coal tar, and have succeeded in doing so in a chemical point of view, but have given it up as a practical process in consequence of the expense exceeding that of obtaining gas directly from coal. We are not aware of the peculiar points of difference between former experiments and that we witnessed on Saturday. The gas, in this case, is obtained from three retorts, that are placed vertically on the fire; into one of these tar is dropped, and said to be decomposed; into the second water is dropped, and also said to be decomposed, the hydrogen passing off into the third retort, where it is met by the vapour or gaseous matters coming from the first or tar retort. What becomes of the oxygen, the other element of water, we could not ascertain. The light produced was good, but not visibly different from common coal gas. We did not understand that any experiments have been made to determine its comparative illuminating power, or to obtain data of expense, points which it is most desirable should be determined. Artificial light is a subject of the highest importance, and we shall be glad to see the results of some well arranged photometical experiments to determine the practical value of the process.—*London paper.*

NEW CAVALRY SWORD EXERCISE.—It has been for some time past in contemplation to introduce a new system of sword exercise in the cavalry regiments, with several modifications and improvements upon that now in use according to the system of the superintendent of sword exercise to Her Majesty's forces. In order to test the relative merits of the old system, and the new suggestions which have been made by Lieut. General Sir J. C. Dalbiac, a non-commissioned officer and seven privates were selected from each of the 1st and 2d regiments of Life Guards; the former to be perfected upon the plan of the superintendent, and the latter upon the system recommended by Sir J. C. Dalbiac, who is president of the consolidated board of general officers for the revision of the sword exercise. Accordingly, on Tuesday, the Regimental Corporal Major of the 2d Regiment of Life Guards, with 7 men, left Windsor for Knights-bridge barracks, for the purpose of going through the new exercise, according to the directions laid down in the book of the board. The superintendent was likewise there, with eight picked men from the 1st Life Guards. The inspection took place before Lord Hill, the General commanding in Chief. There were also present Sir H. Vivian, Sir John Macdonald, the Adjutant General, the Marquess of Anglesey, Viscount Combermere, and several other general and field officees. In the new system the seventh cut and the seventh guard are omitted, both being considered by the board as worse than useless. A great portion of the infantry sword exercise is still retained by the British cavalry, but as a knowledge of this is impossible to be either effective even to be had recourse to by the cavalry when mounted in the field, it has been recommended to be discontinued. From the great simplicity of the new system, which is exempt from the complicated and useless movements of the old, it is expected that the General Commanding in Chief will cause it to be adopted throughout the whole of the cavalry regiments.—*London Morn. Herald.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY JUMPER.—Lieut. Reynard, of the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, now at Windsor, is one of the most out-and-out jumpers on record. Notwithstanding he is a stout-built man, with lots of flesh and fat upon his loins, he will place eight chairs in a line, close to each other, and without taking a run, and standing within a few inches of the end chair, make a spring and clear the top of the whole of them, the distance being upwards of 12 feet.—*Windsor and Eton Journal.*

It is projected to change, by authority of course, the name of Gravesend to that of "First-port."

A HINT TOUCHING LOVE LETTERS.—The French have completely of late excelled themselves in the extreme beauty of their note paper, and the tender and appropriate mottos by which it is embellished; but there is a description of paper of which, I believe, they know the secret, which I think far more desirable for love letters than the most exquisite of their brightly-tinted sheets embellished with laced borders or painted wreaths. A gentleman of distinction in France once received a letter, warning him of some injuries intended towards him and his family; he placed it in his writing desk, and the day after wished to recur to it, when, to his great astonishment, he found it crumpled to atoms. The paper had been steeped in some chemical preparation that, in a few hours, had corroded and destroyed it. Now if love letters were always written on this paper, how much time would be saved! for young ladies must perforce compress their studies of these precious productions into a very short space of time—how many reputations would be saved, for destroyed letters, like dead men, can tell no tales—how many lawyers' fees would be saved, for the most skilful councillors could never torture a heap of ashes into what they call "documents,"—how much patience would be saved, for although it is very delightful to read love letters addressed to one's self, it is a painful effort of friendship to be obliged to listen to those addressed to other people—how unnecessary too would be the postscript, which is never attended to, "Burn this as soon as you have read it"—the "chemist's magic art" would make the request equal to a command sure to be obeyed.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

THE SKYLARK.—I have found it of infinite use, in the course of my observations on the habits and manners of animals, never to lose sight of the principle, which I hold to be an invariable one, that every created being is formed in the best possible manner, with reference to its peculiar habits, either for self preservation, or for procuring its food; and that nothing is given to it but what is intended to answer some good and useful purpose, however unable we may be to account for what may appear to us so ill contrived and unnecessary. With this conviction I have been, for some time past, endeavouring to assign a use for the remarkable, and, indeed, what appears the disproportionate length of the claws of the skylark; and it lately afforded me no small satisfaction, to think that I had discovered the purposes for which they were furnished them. They were not intended to enable the bird to search the earth for food, or to fix itself more securely on the branches of trees, is evident, as they neither search the ground, nor roost on trees. The lark makes its nest generally in grass fields, where it is liable to be injured either by cattle grazing over it, or by the mower. In case of alarm from either these or other causes, the parent birds, by means of their long claws, remove their eggs to a place of greater security; and this transportation I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. By placing a lark's egg (which is rather large in proportion to the size of the bird) in the foot, and then drawing the claws over it, you will perceive that they are of sufficient length to secure the egg firmly; and by this means the bird is enabled to convey its egg to another place, where she can sit upon and hatch them. When one of the mowers first told me of this fact, I was somewhat disinclined to credit it; but I have since ascertained it beyond a doubt, and a friend informs me that, when he was recently in Scotland, a shepherd mentions having witnessed the same circumstance. It is another strong proof in the economy of Nature, by means of which this affectionate bird is enabled to secure its forthcoming offspring; I call it affectionate, because few birds show a stronger attachment to their young.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

A Letter to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, upon the formation of a Fund for Endowing additional Bishoprics in the Colonies.

By CHARLES JAMES, Lord Bishop of London.

My Lord Archbishop—

I am persuaded that I need not offer any apology for addressing a letter to your Grace upon a subject, which I know has occupied much of your thoughts, and which I consider to be of the most urgent importance to the interests of that branch of the church of Christ which looks up with reverence to your Grace as its chief spiritual ruler.

The time appears to me to have arrived, at which a great effort is required, on the part of the Church of England, to impart the full benefits of her apostolical government and discipline, as well as of her doctrines and ordinances, to those distant provinces of the British Empire, where, if the Christian religion is professed at all, it is left to depend for its continuance, under the blessing of its Divine Head, upon the energies of individual piety and zeal, without being enshrined in the sanctuary of a rightly constituted Church, the only sure and trustworthy instrument of its perpetuation and efficiency.

The duty, incumbent upon the government of a Christian country, of making provisions for the spiritual wants of its colonies, a duty recognised and fulfilled by those states which have maintained their communion with the Church of Rome, was felt at far too late a period by the rulers of this Protestant country, and has at no time been completely and effectually carried out. At present it is openly called in question by a large proportion of the members of one branch of our legislature; and there does not appear to be much hope of our obtaining, at the present moment, in the actual state of the public revenue, any considerable aid from the national resources, for the purpose of planting and maintaining the Church of this country in its colonies. In the mean time, those colonies are rapidly increasing in extent and population, and the want of some effectual provision for the preservation of their Christianity is augmented, just in proportion as the chance of supplying it appears to be diminished.

Every year's experience tends to prove, and the opinion is rapidly gaining ground, that in our endeavours to provide for our colonists that, which in the first instance they have not the means of providing for themselves, the ministrations and opportunities of our holy religion, it is not enough that we send out *with* them, or *amongst* them, a certain number of missionaries; and that we contribute to build a certain number of churches and schools.—No doubt even this provision will be productive of much good; but if we desire the good to be complete, permanent, and growing with the Church's growth, we must plant the Church amongst them in all its integrity. Each colony must have, not only its parochial, or district pastors, but its chief pastor, to watch over, and guide, and direct the whole.—An episcopal Church, without a bishop, is a contradiction in terms. The jurisdiction, exercised in former times over the colonies by the Bishop of London, and still conventionally exercised by him over those clergymen of the English Church who have no Bishop of their own, is an anomalous and very inadequate substitute for the practical authority of a diocesan bishop, residing amongst and superintending his own clergy, and giving unity, consistency, and efficiency to their pastoral labours.

If we look to the colonies themselves, in some instances there will be found a want of adequate resources for the immediate endowment of bishoprics; in others, it is to be feared, a want of inclination, arising from a state of feeling on the subject of the Church, occasioned in great measure by the very deficiency which we desire to supply. All our colonies, however, are not insensible to the advantages of episcopal church government; for it is known that there exists amongst the people of New Brunswick a very strong desire to have a bishop of their own, residing amongst them, and giving full effect to the ministry of their clergy. For my own part, I believe that, if measures were taken to provide a fund for the endowment of colonial bishoprics, some at least of our colonies would evince the same feelings of their own spiritual wants, and would be ready to assist us in the accomplishment of an object, of too great magnitude perhaps, or thought to be so, for their own unaided resources.

I would propose, for your Grace's consideration, the following plan:—

1st. That a fund should be formed, by voluntary contribution, for the endowment of bishoprics in the colonies and distant dependencies of the British Crown.

2ndly. That this fund should be held in trust and administered by the Archbishops and Bishops of the English Church.

3dly. That, as a general principle, grants should be made for the endowment of bishoprics, to meet a certain proportion of the whole amount required for such endowment, raised in the colonies themselves.

4thly. That the money, set apart from the fund for the endowment of a bishopric, should be laid out at the earliest opportunity, in the purchase of land within the colony.

5thly. That contributions may be made specifically, for the endowments of particular bishoprics.

I forbear from entering upon minute details; and I would be understood as merely suggesting the foregoing regulations for consideration.