THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

SEPTEMBER.	R. SUN.	S. SUN.	MOON.	H.	W.
7 Saturday,	5 29	6 26	Sets.	11	22
8 Sunday,	5 30	6 25	6 40	11	53
9 Monday,	5 32	6 23	6 57	0	20
10 Tuesday,	5 33	6 21	7 18	0	47
11 Wednesday,	5 34	6 19	7 38	1	15
12 Thursday,	5 35	6 17	8 2	1	44
13 Friday,	5 36	6 15	8 31	2	20

First quarter, 15th. 9h. 20m. evening.

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: Thos. Barlow, Esq.

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

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

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

Miscellany.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(Continued.)

From time to time I saw the unhappy lady, and was shocked at the alteration which grief and suffering had made in her. She seemed the mere shadow of her former self—an absolute living skeleton; and bruises—ay, bruises!—upon that once beautiful face, attested the brutality with which she had been treated by her ruthless gaoler. Alas! even when I could see her, I could but exchange glances with her; and it was but rarely that Peters was able to convey to her the brief notes that I furtively scrawled in a dark corner between decks. In these notes I was at no pains to conceal the passionate love which I felt for her; but, vigilantly watched as she was, how was she to reply to me? At last I was happy enough to receive a few lines in her handwriting; paradoxical as it may seem, they filled me at once with grief and with delight.

"You love me," she wrote, "alas! and I could fain love you too; but I am no longer worthy of your love, sullied and dishonoured as I am by a wretch, from whose power I heartily hope that death will ere long deliver me."

And I had been about to abandon her, when she was a prey to such surpassing wretchedness.

Just at this period new determinations on the part of Stamar gave a new direction to my thoughts. The pride and ferocity of such a man as Stamar could not, for any very long time, be kept under by a passion brutal in itself, treated with the most stinging and constant scorn by its most unhappy object; and, moreover, too violent at the outset to be other than evanescent. Had the brigand chief listened to the fiendish advice of the infamous and cruel though cowardly Lorenzo, death had been the penalty inflicted upon Ermance, in revenge for her disdain. Fortunately, a lingering vestige of such love as he was capable of feeling, caused Stamar to shrink from actually putting his victim to death. He deemed it more merciful to abandon her in the forests, by which our bay was surrounded; forests perfectly impenetrable and deserted, where fatigue and famine would render her ultimate destruction certain, even should she not fall a prey to some savage beast. Such was Stamar's notion of mercy, and of mercy towards one whom he had professed to love. The time chosen for his cruel and cowardly abandonment of the poor Ermance was the morning appointed for the sailing of the brig, the pirate reckoning that it would thus be impossible for her to reach any inhabited place, and rouse up enemies to us ere we could escape, even should she, by a miracle, fall a sacrifice neither to famine nor wild beasts. It was from my faithful tho' not very rigidly moral friend Peters that I learned these melancholy details; and from that moment our plans were definitively formed. On the same evening I was fortunate enough to convey a note to Ermance by the hands of her faithful servant; and the unhappy lady was thus timely made acquainted both with my wishes and projects for her salvation. I advised her not to stray far from the spot at which she should be put on shore; and, giving her a signal by which she would know of our proximity, I assured her in the most solemn and positive manner that, on the night after her being set ashore, I and Peters would join her and her servant. Peters had contrived to learn that Stamar did not intend to sail before midnight, and we therefore calculated upon having abundant time during the evening for making our escape.

For an instant, I had some notion of taking Brissac into our confidence, and making him the partner of our flight.—But, besides the increasing penchant displayed by the worthy Gascon for the pursuit which he had deemed so detestable while it had produced him little or nothing, his mere thoughtlessness and love of babbling made him so dangerous, that I was, however reluctantly, obliged to abandon my intention.

The important day at length arrived, and commenced under anything rather than favourable auspices. The sun, from the moment of his rising, was obscured by lurid and glowing vapours, and seemed to strive to hide his whitened vanquished disk; while thick clouds, broken and scattered by the sharp peaks of the surrounding rocks, floated densely and drowsily along their sides. An oppressive and choking heat well-nigh forbade respiration, and there was not a breath of air to ruffle the surface of the bay, or to refresh our enfeebled bodies; nothing gave evidence of the life of nature, save the long smooth waves sent in by the tide, and the distant howling of a rising tempest, echoing from rock to rock, and making our dead and sultry calm the more intolerable, in causing us to remember that the winds could blow,—though not for us.

This inauspicious state of the weather gave no alarm to Stamar; on the contrary, he even rejoiced in the prospect of a storm, as it would probably afford him increased means of eluding any enemies who might still be in search of us. A small boat being hoisted out, the two hapless prisoners were brought on deck. Miserable as was their prospect, Ermance displayed in her features so much joy at the thought of going beneath the power of Stamar, that that ferocious wretch was so enraged as brutally to strike her as she decended to the boat.

While his selected tools were pulling ashore with the poor prisoners, Stamar, leaning against the bulwarks, occupied himself in considering the black and threatening heavens, and did not once deign to bestow even a single glance towards the helpless ones whom he had sent, as he both believed and hoped, to perish in the utmost agony.

In a few minutes the boat returned; and I could see poor Ermance kneeling upon the shore, casting her eyes now upon the heavens, as if returning thanks for her partial deliverance, and now towards the Shark, as if invoking my aid to prevent that partial and temporary deliverance from becoming eventual and utter destruction. And much, indeed, did she need all the aid which it could be in my power to bestow; for a few biscuits and a little water were all the provisions which Stamar had allowed for the support of herself and her servant.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the necessary preparations for sailing, and by evening we had made such good use of our time, that only one carronade remained to be dismounted, and that, time pressing and the weather becoming every moment more tempestuous, we merely hove into the hold on the top of the ballast, which concealed all the rest of our arms and ammunition.

Thick masses of clouds had accumulated so rapidly that we were in almost utter darkness; the waves broke furiously and loudly upon the rocky shore—the mutterings of the rising thunder rolled in repeated and dismal echoes, and the rare but blinding flashes of lightning threw a fitful and wired brightness over the surrounding mountains.

"A precious hurly-burly we shall have to-night," remarked Brissac, "and certainly nothing short of being possessed by the devil would induce our captain to dream of sailing in such weather! Well, there's one comfort, he's up to several score of tricks that no one else knows a thing about. Allow me to ask you a question: when we shall have stowed away all our crew in these casks and chests, leaving merely a dozen or so of hands upon deck to work the craft, where shall we meet with the fellow who will fancy that this is the jolly, rakish, devil-may-care Shark?"

"In other words, Brissac," said I, "you are beginning to think the life of a pirate a pleasant, safe, and profitable one enough;—a life which you would like to pass for the remainder of your days."

"No, Daumont, no;—the devil!—be a pirate all the rest of my life? Egad! one's life, however, would probably not be very long in this line of business. O no—just let me accumulate a little more money, and no more piracy for me. Moreover, I have made up my mind never to kill any one, fight as often as we may: I shall content myself with taking my share of the booty, and stowing it carefully away, and, to say the truth, Daumont, my little stock looks well already."

Brissac's self-gratulatory babble was here suddenly interrupted by the man at the mast-head shouting—"The English! the English!"

"The English!" replied Stamar, in a voice of thunder, "what do you mean you stupid animal?

"I tell you only the truth, captain," replied the sailor, who, trembling with terror and surprise, speedily made his way to the deck;—"there are no fewer than five boats rounding the point to cut us out."

And even while the man was speaking, the leading boat, crowded with armed seamen, rounded the point; an apparition which threw the whole of our crew into a perfectly indescribable state of disorder and perplexity.

"Peters!" shouted Stamar. "get up the arms—every man to his post—silence all—listen attentively and obey promptly: all will be well yet—with us!"

But his voice, heretofore so potent, was now only vainly thundered through the speaking-trumpet: the men were too much terrified to hold even him. A panic had seized upon even the boldest; from stem to stern arose the fatal cry—"Save himself who can!"—a cry which completed the confusion, and rendered all attempts at rallying or restoring discipline absolutely hopeless. It was in vain that Stamar threw himself in the midst of the terrified band, using his giant strength "like a giant;" it was to no purpose that four men in succession fell dead beneath his terrible blows. Escape was now all that the pirates dreamed of, and each, as he succeeded in evading Stamar, threw himself, burthened with all that was portable of his accumulated plunder, into the boiling and heaving waves.

Stamar, foaming with rage, at length saw himself deserted by nearly the whole of his lately numerous and zealous followers. Then, as if determined to

"Die, like the Wolf, in silence,"

he folded his arms, and stood, scorning and motionless, upon the poop.

Lorenzo approached him.—"Stamar!" said the smooth-spoken and cowardly barber, "all is lost!—You plainly see that it is so; why then, needlessly and to no good purpose, brave the enemies to whom you have done so much mischief, and given such deadly offence?"

Stamar answered not a word; nay, judging by his fixed eyes and his unmoving features, I should scarcely think that he heard a word that the barber had said.

"Stamar!" repeated Lorenzo, in a louder tone.

"The pirate now cast a withering glance upon his lieutenant, and said, in a hoarse voice, "What want you with me?—fly, fly, coward! I fly, indeed!—and fly, too, without vengeance!"

The look with which these words were accompanied fairly put to flight Lorenzo's very small stock of resolution and devotion; and rushing to the side, he leaped overboard, and swam towards the shore.

The long-threatened hurricane now burst upon us with the utmost fury; the rain fell in torrents, obscuring in its fall even the faint and dying twilight; and the waves, storm-lashed, broke more violently than ever upon the shore, mingling their noise with that of the more and more frequent thunder. Dark as it was, our vigilant enemies discovered our deserters, upon whom they kept up a brisk firing though, owing to the tossing of the waves, the fugitives presented such uncertain aims that but comparatively little execution was done upon them.

On board the Shark there remained, besides Stamar, only Peters and myself. "Well, Peters," said I, "if you are ready for a swim so am I—I only await you."

"And I, Daumont, only ask you to remain for five minutes longer. Captain," said he, approaching Stamar, "nothing but prompt resolution and bold action can save you from utter ruin. The English will be on you in an instant."

Not a word nor a gesture gave any evidence that Stamar had heard what had been said to him.

"Captain!" repeated Peters.

Still the same silence.

"No doubt," said Peters, addressing me, "the captain is planning some stroke which will complete his ruin. Upon my soul it goes very much against my inclination to desert him, for, let 'im be what he may to other people, he has never been otherwise than friendly towards me."

"Hark'ee, Peters," said I, "every instant is now very precious to us, and your extremely kind friend, the captain, does not appear to be in any especial hurry to reply to you. Will you come or not?"

"Humph! There's no help for it that I can see, here's with you."

And in another instant we were both overboard and battling with the wind-lashed billows. All the English boats being just at that time gathered together in one point, we took the contrary direction, notwithstanding the increased distance which this plan compelled us to swim. Alas! if taking this direction was the safest for us, it alto caused us to recede from the point of land at which alone we could reasonably hope to meet with the poor Ermance and her servant.

Even while while we were still struggling for our lives, I had the curiosity to glance back at Stamar. He remained standing in the same spot and in the same attitude in which we had left him; and he looked, seen as he now was from a distance, like some gigantic statue reared upon the bosom of the waters. Abandoning him to his fate, we now devoted all our attention to our own safety; and, thanks to the most obstinate and untiring exertions, we at length succeeded in making the land. Our first care was to plunge deep into the dense forest, and, after many vain researches, we found a safe and not uncomfortable asylum in the hollow trunk of an old palm tree.

Comfortable as our asylum was in itself, we soon discovered that it was situated in anything rather than a desirable neighbourhood. Close by us, in fact, was an extensive swamp, whence musquitoes in myriads sallied forth upon us; and we had scarcely been ashore two hours, when the enormous swelling of our features and of every exposed part of our persons was such as to render us unrecognisable, at first sight, by our most intimate acquaintances. Nor was this the only inconvenience to which we were exposed during our temporary halt. In that climate the nights are altogether as cold as the days are scorchingly hot, and we were completely frozen by the humid cold, against which our light linen clothing was quite inadequate to protect us. The worst violence of the tempest ceased soon after we got ashore, but as the evening deepened into night, a new and still more terrible source of dread occurred to us; we called to mind that the forests of this country were the haunts of ferocious beasts, and our only weapon was a clasp-knife between the two of us! More than once, during this most trying and terrible night, the underwood in our vicinity was violent-agitaged, and we could distinctly see numerous black bodies directing their path towards a stream which murmured at the distance of only a few paces from our retreat; and prolonged and melancholy cries announced to us at once the vicinity and the appetite of a troop of famished jackals.

Fortunately we were enabled to remain hidden, instead of having to sustain a desperate and hopeless warfare with the savage denizens of the forest; and our painful apprehensions on this head were at length happily dispelled by the faint and glancing pencils of light which announced to us the welcome approach of a new day. With what delight and gratitude did we not salute the so-much-desired dawn!

It now behoved us to commence our march; and it was a question of fully as much difficulty as importance in which quarter to direct our footsteps.—Peters was for going southward, in which direction he thought it most likely that we should meet with Stamar and the crew, supposing the former to have made his way ashore. The very idea of again meeting with so ferocious a wretch as Stamar was unutterably revolting to my feelings: nevertheless Peters gave excellent reasons for deeming it politic, not to say absolutely necessary, that we should do so. "In the first place," said he, "you have nothing to fear, as I shall be with you: moreover, when once we get to Mattance, you will be allowed to depart from us without any great opposition, seeing that the captain, if he has effected his escape, of which I for one do not entertain the slightest doubt, will be extremely glad to get so easily and completely rid of you. Once free, however, I would most urgently advise you to keep a still tongue about all that concerns the Shark and her late crew, at least while you remain either at Mattance or at the Havannah; for Stamar has plenty of spies at both places, and the most trifling indiscretion, calculated to compromise him or any of his followers, would infallibly cost you your life. But the last, and also the best, reason why we should endeavour to meet with Stamar or the crew is this, that we are a very honest two days' journey from any inhabited place, and have not a morsel of food, while Stamar, on the other hand, has had the precaution to lay up a good provision on shore, in a place known only to himself. So, you see, that unless we make up our minds to die of hunger, or be torn to pieces by the jackals, our only rational plan is to endeavour to find Stamar."

To reasoning so cogent what reply could I make? The only alternative that I could propose was, to return to the bay, and surrender ourselves as prisoners to the English; but Peters had little trouble in persuading me that this was even a more desperate expedient than taking our chance in the forest. "If perchance," said this cool and shrewd reasoner, "we are not hanged instantly, and without even the pretence of a trial, we may make our minds up to being sent to rot in a prison."

Convinced by the arguments of honest Peters, backed as they were by our helpless and hungry condition, I at once prepared to follow him whithersoever he might think fit to lead. And wretched O very wretched, was the march which we now commenced! The stings of the internal musquitoes had swollen our feet to such an extent that the soles of them were rather round than flat: and it will easily be imagined that, in such cases, every step that we took was taken in agony. In addition to the pain thus occasioned, I soon began to experience feverish shudderings, from which I anticipated that I was about to be dangerously, if not fatally, attacked by the fever of the country. However, I used my utmost endeavours to follow as closely and as swiftly as possible in the footsteps of Peters, as it was quite evident that even the most trifling delay or loitering might very considerably diminish our chance of ultimate escape. A cruel day was that! A day of almost incredible exertion, and of quite indescribable suffering! Torn by the briers that abounded in the tangled thickets through which we were compelled to pass, we had to muster all our courage to encounter the perpetual repetition of smarting wounds; and, in spite of all our determination, the difficulties and obstacles opposed to us frequently prove so insuperable, that we were obliged either to retrace the way we had so painfully trodden, or take circuitous paths instead of making directly in the track which the sun indicated as our proper one. And then, amid all this dense and tangled forest, not a single cocoa—not a single banyan! Always around us the sharp and torturing underwood in the densest and most tangled masses—always above us the seemingly endless array of majestic but barren trees!

(To be continued.)

From an American Paper.

A friend sent us a day or two since, the following verses on the death of Lady Flora Hastings, which he had cut from an English paper. We publish them with pleasure—not however, exactly according to the suggestion of our correspondent, who would have us omit one of the Stanzas. In our opinion that Stanza is quite as good as the rest.

THE DEPARTURE.

OH, bear her gently, gently on,
Old Thames, upon thy heaving bosom,
For never on its tide were strown
The fragments of a fairer blossom.
She flourished in a bright parterre,
A maiden rose in sweetness blooming,
Unconscious that a blight was there,
Unmindful of a tempest coming.

It burst—that storm of factious hate,
It fell—that blight of envious malice,
And England weeps the rosebud's fate,
And mourns the guilt of England's Palace.
Ah, rarely hath such deeds been done
Where England's Royal standard floated,
Or England's chivalry looked on
While innocence was death devoted!

'Tis past: the happy soul hath flown
To Him who first it being gave it,
And in the trying hour made known
Th' eternal love that died to save it.
That thought our sweetest solace brings:
She, when the tempest gathered round her,
Found shelter with the King of Kings,
From every arrow poised to wound her.

Take, Scotia, take thy flower again,
And spread thy green turf gently o'er her,
And raise a bold, a melting strain,
At once to triumph and deplore her.
The trophies of her martial line,
With many a high achievement laden,
Can boast no wreath like what we twine
For the cold brow of this dead maiden.

Oh, sterner far her battle field,
More rich the prize of her contending,
When tremblingly she grasped the shield
Beneath the mighty conflict bending.
Ay, bending till in death she bowed
Her tender frame, but shrinking never
Her dark assailants quelled and cowed
And her pure fame made bright for ever.

Then 'mid our low lamenting lay
Be heard one note of solemn gladness,
And let one flash of rapture play
Upon the care-knit brow of sadness.
Though "done to death by slanderous tongues,"
No more she feels their scorn oppressing,
And, gentle lady, all thy wrongs
May work for England's weal a blessing.

Thou widowed one, whose drooping head
Hath been the mark of savage scorning,
For thee a nation's tears are shed,
Thy sorrow wakes a people's mourning:
And when to her lone resting-place
Fraternal tenderness hath brought her,
England will teach an infant race
To lisp the wrongs of Moira's daughter.

Then bear her gently, gently on,
Old Thames, upon thy heaving bosom;
For never on its tide were strown
The fragments of a fairer blossom!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

July 10, 1839.

THE MANCHESTER WESLEYANS AND MR. O'CONNELL.

(From the London Watchman.)

At a meeting of the Manchester Wesleyan Education Committe held on Monday, the 15th July, in the Stewards' Room, Oldham-street—the Rev. John Rigg in the chair.

A Letter addressed "To the Ministers and Officebearers of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies of Manchester," signed "Daniel O'Connell," having been read—

It was moved by James Wood, Esq., seconded by Geo. R. Chappell, Esq.—

I. That this committee declines to take any notice of Mr. O'Connell's letter, other than is comprised in these resolutions"—

1. Because that letter contains the most false and calumnious imputations, as well upon the personal character and conduct of the late venerable John Wesley, as upon the general spirit and habits of that sect of Christians which now bears his name, and to which the members of this committee deem it an honour to belong.

2. Because the whole argument of the letter proceeds upon the most bold and palpable misrepresentations of the document to which it professes to reply.

3. Because the letter is an obvious, and, as this committee considers, a dishonest attempt to propagate, by means of a controversy with the Wesleyans of Manchester, some of the most absurd though dangerous dogmas of Popery; and

4. Because Mr. O'Connell's character as a controversialist and a public man generally, but viewed more especially in reference to the oath taken by Roman Catholic members of parliament, disqualifies him for the office of a public Censor, and at once releases this committee from all obligation to meet his challenge, and compels it, for the sake of its own reputation, to refuse him even the usual courtesy of a reply.

II. That this committee takes this opportunity of repudiating certain sentiments, which, though referred to in Mr. O'Connell's communication, yet have been also attributed to this committee by persons of great consideration and influence, and claim, therefore, its respectful notice.

1. This committee denies that it has sought to procure the national support for any system established or approved by the Wesleyan body for the education of the children of Wesleyans, while it has, at the same time, deprecated the extension of that support to other religious sects. On the contrary, this committee, acting, as it believes, in perfect harmony with the Wesleyan body generally, has expressly recorded its opinion that, under the existing circumstances of the country, it is inexpedient to adopt *any* new system of national education, and has thus declared its willingness to submit, for the present, to the disadvantage of entire exclusion from all National Educational provisions, rather than to the evils which any immediate alteration of the former system appeared to this committee to involve.

2. This committee equally denies any sympathy with those sentiments of opposition to the principle of national religious establishments, which, in utter disregard of the clear and cautious terms of their recent memorial, have been imputed to the Wesleyans of Manchester. That memorial placed the opposition to the then project of her Majesty's government "on the strong grounds of conscience, and of our right to full religious liberty." It then proceeded to show *how* that project violated the principles of religious liberty, by its seeking to tax the Wesleyans, "for the teaching and maintenance of systems of religion, which they, in common with the vast majority of their fellow countrymen, believe to be false and injurious." This committee still maintains its protest against an exaction so unrighteous. But the Wesleyans of Manchester have never expressed any objection to be taxed for the teaching and maintenance of any system of religion, which can present to them the two characteristics—first, of conserving and propagating those great views of Christian truth which all orthodox Protestants unite to hold—and, secondly, of commanding the general support and sympathy of the majority of their fellow-countrymen.

3. That this committee takes the earliest opportunity of recording its conviction to the perfect identity, in the intention of its projectors, in the violation of public religious feeling, and in the probability of the most mischievous results, of the system of education wich has received the sanction of the House of Commons with that particular scheme against which the efforts of this committee were directed; and declares its determination in the fear of God, and in reliance upon his blessing, to persist in opposing every system of national education, which, by attempting to meet the case of all classes of religionists shall compromise the principles of liberty and truth, and sacrifice the interests and wishes of the really pious and sincere to the pretensions of every usurper of the name of religion for the purpose of ambition or of gain.

JOHN RIGG, Chairman.

BURNETT'S DRY-ROT PREVENTIVE.—A short time since we noticed that the Physician-General of the Fleet, Sir William Burnett, had discovered an innoxious composition which would entirely supersede Ryan's Patent, and all other nostrums, in the preservation of Timber, Canvass, Cordage, and Woollen materials; the invention is now about to be brought into use under the care and management of a Joint Stock Company who are to pay Sir William for his Patent right in the article. The Prospectus states it has ever been a desideratum to all connected with the Maritime Interests of this country to obtain some means of preserving Timber, Sails, and Cordage, from Dry Rot, Mildew, and the destructive influence of the element. Sir William Burnett, Physician General of the Navy, whose attention in the course of his public duty has been long drawn to the various, but hitherto ineffectual means resorted to for the preservation of the Ships, Sails, and Cordage of the Royal Navy, has, at length, happily discovered a compound, which unites every object sought for by the most sanguine. This discovery he has submitted, as well to the strongest individual and comparative tests by scientific gentlemen, as the severest trials under his own personal inspection, and the result leaves no doubt of its being adequate to all the desired purposes.

Of the Chemical preparation now proposed to be placed before the public, it may certainly (upon full proof) be stated that it will protect and preserve Timber, Cordage, Canvass, and similar substances from Dry Rot, Mildew, and the elements of decay arising from damp want of atmospheric circulation, exposure to weather and sea-water; against the influence of the latter of which, it is believed, that no other specific has been yet discovered.

Experiments, the most trying in their nature, have been invariably followed by results the most satisfactory and conclusive. Specimens of prepared and unprepared Timber, and also of Canvass, Cordage, and Woollen Cloth have been subjected to the severe tests of the Fungus Pit, at Woolwich Dock Yard, and of other suitable places, for various periods, under official superintendence; and, upon after-inspection, the *prepared* were found unaffected, whilst the *unprepared* were in a state of decay.

Experiments have also been repeatedly made upon Copper and Iron Bolts with the most satisfactory results.

But the trials which Cordage, Canvass, and Woolen Cloth, prepared with this compound have undergone, do most incontestibly prove the superiority of this process over any other in use, and establish the fact, that Salt-water so far from hastening the decay of articles prepared under this process, or from neutralizing its effects, has, on the contrary, the quality of increasing its efficacy: a property which cannot possibly fail to insure encouragement fully commensurate with its vast importance to the Maritime Interests of the country! whilst its general adaptation for use Ashore and Afloat must command the patronage both of the Landed and Maratime Interests, and ultimately lead to universal adoption.

This process is moreover perfectly innoxious, and cannot by possibility endanger health, either in its preparation, or in its application. All the Timbers and Ceiling of a Ship may, therefore, be impregnated with the solution without the slightest prejudicial effect to the crowded inmates of its close confines.

It purifies Bilge-water.

And further, this valuable preparation is *comparatively unexpensive in its use.*

Extensive practical trials are now going on in her Majesty's Dock Yard at Portsmouth, and trials are also proceeding in the Ordnance Department, with a view to insure for this invention, by the display of its sterling qualities, the powerful support of Government.

Various means have been proposed and tried at various times for the prevention of the destructive disease called *Dry Rot*, and other modes of decomposition in the wooden and hempen materials of ships; some of these have proved useless, others worse than useless, and of none of them can it be affirmed that the success has been complete. Besides, the materials employed in some of these processes were extremely offensive to the smell; and it is a grave question, but one which is difficult to solve, whether they have not proved injurious to health. What is perfectly innoxious with abundant space and thorough ventilation, may become highly deleterious between the decks of a vessel crowded with human beings; and, no process should be employed, even if it had the highest conservative effect on the ship, which could injure its living tenants.