where he was, he was conveyed to his lodgings.—It was afternoon on the following day before he appeared at the counting-house, and his eyes were red, and he had the languid look of one who has spent a night in revelry. That night he was again prevailed upon to accompany his brother clerks to the club room, 'just,' as they expressed it, 'to have one bottle to put all right.' That night he again heard the words—*'We'll have another,'* and again he yielded to their seduction.

But we will not follow him through the steps and through the snares by which he deported from virtue and became entangled in vice. He became an almost nightly frequenter of the tavern, and theatre almost nightly frequenter of the tavern, and theatre or both, and his habits opened up temptations to greater viciousness. Still he kept up a correspondence with Mary Douglas, the gentle object of his young affections, and, for a time, her endeared remembrance haunted him like a protecting angel, whispering in his ear, and saving him from depravity. But his religious principles were already forgotten; and, when the cord was snapped asunder, the fibre of affection that twined around his heart did not long hold in the path of virtue. As the influence of company grew upon him, her remembrance lost its power, and Adam Brown plunged headlong into all the pleasures and temptations of the metropolis.

Still he was attentive to his business—he still retained the confidence of his employer—his salary was liberal—he still sent thirty pounds a-year to his mother; and Mary Douglas yet held a place in his heart, though he was changed—fatally changed. He had been about four years in his situation when he obtained leave for a few weeks to visit his native village. It was on a summer afternoon when a chaise from Jedburgh drove up to the do', of the only public house in the village. A fashionably dressed young man alighted, and, in an affected voice, desired the landlord to send a *porter* with his luggage to Mrs. Brown's. 'A porter, sir?' said the innkeeper—'there's naethin' o' the kind in the toun; but I'll get twa callants to tak it alang.'

He hastened to his mother's—'Ah! how d'ye do?' said he, slightly shaking the hands of his younger brothers—but a tear gathered in his eye as his mother kissed his cheek. She, good soul, when the first surprise was over, said 'hardly kenned her bairn in sic a fine gentleman.' He proceeded to the manse, and Mary marvelled at the change in his appearance and his manner; yet she loved him not the less: but her father beheld the affectation and levity of his young friend, and grieved over them.

He had not been a month in the village when Mary gave him her hand, and they set out for London together. For a few weeks after their arrival, he spent the evenings at their own fireside, and they were blest in the society of each other. But it was not long until company again spread its seductive snare around him. Again he listened to the words—*'We'll have another'*—again he yielded to their temptation, and again the *force of habit* made him its slave. Night followed night, and he was irritable and unhappy, unless in the midst of his boon companions. Poor Mary felt the bitterness and anguish of the deserted wife; but she upbraided him not—she spoke not of her sorrows—Health forsook her cheeks, and gladness had fled from her spirit; yet as she nightly sat hour after hour waiting his return, as he entered, she welcomed him with a smile, which not unfrequently was met with an imprecation or a frown. They had been married about two years. Mary was a mother, and oft at midnight she would sit weeping over the cradle of her child, mourning in secret for its thoughtless father.

It was her birth-day, her father had come to London to visit them; she had not told him of her sorrows, and she had invited a few friends to dine with them. They had assembled; but Adam was still absent. He had been unkind to her; but this was unkindness she did not expect from him. They were yet waiting when a police-officer entered—His errand was soon told. Adam Brown had become a gambler, as well as a drunkard; he had been guilty of fraud and embezzlement; his guilt had been discoved and the police were in quest of him. Mr. Douglas wrung his hands and groaned. Mary bore the dreadful blow with more than human fortitude. She uttered no scream; she shed no tears; for a moment she sat motionless—speechless. It was the dumbness of agony. With her child at her breast, and, in the midst of her guests, she flung herself at her father's feet. 'Father!' she exclaimed, 'for my sake!—for my Helpless child's sake; save! oh, save my poor husband!

'For your sake, what I can do, I will do, dearest,' groaned the old man.

A coach was ordered to the door, and the miserable wife and her father hastened to the office of her husband's employer.

When Adam Brown received intelligence that his guilt was discovered from a companion, he was carousing with others in a low gambling house.—Horror siezed him, and he hurried from the room; but he returned in a few minutes. *'We'll have another!'* he exclaimed, in a tone of frenzy—and another was brought. He half filled a glass; he raised it to his lips; he dashed into it a deadly poison, and, ere they could stay his hand, the fatal draught was swallowed. He had purchased a quantity of arsenic when he rushed from the house.

His fellow-gamblers were thronging around him, when his injured wife and her grey haired father entered the room. 'Away, tormentors!' he exclaimed, as his glazed eyes fell upon them, and he dashed his hand before his face.

'My husband! my dear husband!' cried Mary, flinging her arms around his neck; 'look on me—speak to me! All is well!'

He gazed on her face; he grasped her hand—'Mary—my injured Mary!' he exclaimed convulsively, 'can *you* forgive me—*you*—*you*? O God! I was once innocent! Forgive me, dearest!—for our child's sake, curse not its guilty father!'

'Husband!—Adam!' she cried, wringing his hand—'come with me, love, come—leave this horrid place—you have nothing to fear—your debt is paid.'

'Paid!' he exclaimed, wildly—'Ha! ha!—Paid!' They were his last words—convulsions came upon him; the film of death passed over his eyes, and his troubled spirit fled.

She clung round his neck—she yet cried, 'speak to me!'—she refused to believe he was dead, and her reason seemed to have fled with his spirit.

She was taken from his body and conveyed home. The agony of grief subsided into a stupor approaching imbecility. She was unconscious of all around; and within three weeks from the death of her husband, the broken spirit of Mary Douglas found rest, and her father returned in sorrow with her helpless orphan to Teviotdale.

Summary.

DREADFUL CONFLICT WITH PIRATES.—The Dutch papers supply us with the following account of another successful expedition against the bands of pirates which infest the China seas:—

"By the latest accounts received from Java, the expedition against the pirates, commanded by Captain J. T. A. Coertzen, was to the south-east of Celebes, and had succeeded in destroying the retreats of pirates in the island of Tannah, Djampea, and Kaloetoea, near Saleyer, with 30 large pirate vessels, taking 40 pieces of cannon. Some days afterwards the Hecla discovered a great number of pirate vessels in a bay of the islands to the south-east of Celebes, which on seeing the Hecla immediately put to sea, and attempted to save themselves by flight.—Being soon overtaken by the Hecla (a steamer), an engagement ensued in the Strait of Boneratta. The pirates, seeing they could not escape, prepared to make a desperate resistance, and waited for the steamer. The pirates fought with a degree of intrepidity of which there are few examples. One of their largest vessels, on board of which was the serang or panglima of the pirates, and which is said to have had a crew of 150 men, fell into our hands, with 37 slaves, among whom were eight women, five children, and five of the pirates, one of whom was the serang, who, however, died of his wounds; the others lost their lives. Another vessel, with about 100 men, having been much damaged by our balls, turned to the shore and ran aground; the crew fled up the country. These two vessels were well provided with guns. The largest had 13 mounted, two of which were six-pounders. The other pirate vessel fled, favoured by the approach of night and a high wind. We have to regret the loss of seven killed and twenty-six wounded. After the steamer fell in with the pirate vessels and soon sunk one of them, the others retreated, and our people thought they were rid of them; when, after some debate, as it seems, having killed their women and thrown the bodies that were on board into the sea, resolved to conquer or die, they came on in greater numbers than before, and, notwithstanding the destructive fire opened upon them, *they boarded the steamer*, where a deplorable conflict ensued, which in all probability, considering the great superiority of the pirates, would have ended to the disadvantage of the steamer, so that the Hecla would have been captured, and the crew carried into slavery or put to the sword, had not the captain, with extraordinary presence of mind, thought of using the fire-engine to *pour boiling water on the pirates*. They, being quite naked, burnt, and scalded, with fearful cries, sought for safety in flight, so that the captain, who had not been able to use either his guns or his small arms, had now the opportunity of completing by his fire, the destruction of the flying pirates and vessels.—Persons who are acquainted with these pirates and their vessels, are convinced that if they had unfortunately taken her majesty's steamer, they would have obtained a degree of power which might have had the most evil consequences to coasting vessels and merchantmen.

RUSSIA AND DENMARK.—The German papers have for some time past been occupied with a subject which, in its remote results, may be of great moment, as affecting the balance of power in Europe. Russia is likely at no very distant period to influence the councils of Denmark more powerfully than Germany can even now anticipate without considerable apprehension.—The only child of the reigning King of Denmark is the Prince Royal, who is without male issue, which is also the case with the Kings brother, Prince Ferdinand, the next in succession. After these, the next heir to the throne is the Prince Frederick William of Hesse Cassel, the son of the Princess Louisa Charlotte, sister of the Danish King, and of the Landgrave William of Hesse.—Prince Frederick William is married to a daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, who has already shown his zeal for the interests of his son-in-law by negociating for him the succession of the Duchies of Holstein, which, in the ordinary course of events, would fall to the Ducal family of Holstem-Augustenburg, and not to the Prince of Hesse. Holstein is not properly a part of the Danish dominions, but belongs to Germany, and it is as Duke of Holstein that the King of Denmark is a member of the Germanic Confederation. The law of succession for Holstein is different from that for Denmark; and Germany, would we believe, witness their separation with no small satisfaction—the more so, as it would probably secure the accession of Holstein to the Zollverein.—But Russia is believed to have precluded this result, by having induced the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg and his family to cede their rights of succession, in consideration of a large pecuniary indemnity.—Thus Denmark and Holstein are to be preserved as an entire inheritance for Prince Frederick William and his heirs, by means of Russian gold; and family ties will give Russia a natural and preponderating influence in that monarchy, which holds the keys of the Baltic, the Sound, and the Belt. The arrangement we refer to is, no doubt, a matter with which England has at present no just pretension to interfere; but we know too much of the far-seeing policy of Russia to regard with indifference the progress of events which tend to the future establishment of a Rusian protectorate—or something more—over the Danish territory.—*Chronicle.*

HORRIBLE SCENE—*The Latter Day Saints.*—On Thursday, the 23d November, a frightful occurrence took place at Crewe, in Cheshire, which has caused the liveliest emotions of pity, anger and surprise throughout the whole of that now populous neighbourhood. It is well known that the Grand Junction Railway Company have erected immense works at Crewe, and have in their employment between 400 and 500 workmen. Among these are men of all shades of religious opinions, and some of them are Mormonites, better known as "latter day saints."

The priest of the order is a blacksmith, of the name of Cartwright, and among the devotees is a fanatic named Pugmire, also a smith or engineer. The latter was married to a respectable woman of about 20 years of age, who had borne him three children, and was within three months of her next confinement. She had steadily refused to adopt the fanatical opinions of her husband, and much altercation had ensued in consequence. Worn out however, with his repeated solicitations, and his continued declarations that unless she submitted to be baptised into the order she would be eternally lost, she declared her intention to one of her neighbours to obey her husband's wishes being satisfied, as she said, that unless she did so "she should never have any more peace with him."

On Thursday the 23d ult., at eight o'clock at night, the poor worn out creature was taken by her husband and the blacksmith priest down to the river below the works, was denuded of all her clothing, except a small flannel singlat, and notwithstanding her interesting situation, these wretched fanatics, after muttering some incantations, plunged her into the stream! The night was dreadfully cold and dark, and in consequence of the late heavy rains, the river was running at a great rate, and was much higher than ordinary.

The priest having hold of her naked arm unfortunately let go his grasp, and the current running like a mill race, immediately carried her away, and it being pitch dark she was instantly overwhelmed by the boiling flood and drowned! The husband walked home with the greatest deliberation and nonchalance, and told his neighbours what had occurred; and after seating himself in a chair, rolled himself in flannel, and declared his conviction "that it was the will of God that she should be drowned," adding "that it was the weakness of her faith that caused it, but that he was now satisfied that she was in glory."

Captain Winby, of the Crewe station and other parties, hearing of the sad occurrence, immediately rushed down to the river, and after some time, discovered the body of the unfortunate woman in a bend of the river, about 200 yards d stant from the spot where she was immersed, but life was quite extinct. She was in a state of perfect nudity, with the exception of the slight singlet, and her clothes were found upon the bank where she had put them off previous to her calamitous immersion.

A coroner's inquest has been held upon the body, and the jury having returned a verdict of manslaughter (ought it not to have been murder?) the husband and blacksmith priest have both been committed to Chester Castle to take their trial.

It is somewhat remarkable that a preacher of this sect, while baptising a disciple, was carried away by the flood and drowned, the other day, in a river at Handsworth, Woolhouse, near Sheffield.

Talk of romance indeed! Why, the every day occurrences of life present appaling realities which set at naught the wildest creations of fiction.

BRITISH COLONIZATION.—The colonizing genius of the British people appears on a grand scale in Australia, Canada, and, as we may remind the else forgetful world, in the United States of America; which states are our children, prosper by our blood, and have ascended to an overshadowing altitude from an infancy tended by ourselves. But on the fields of India it is that our aptitudes for colonization have displayed themselves most illustriously, because they were strengthened by violent resistance. We found many kingdoms established, and to these we have given unity; and in process of doing so, by the necessities of the general welfare, or the mere instincts of self-preservation, we have transformed them to an empire, rising like an exhalization, of our own—a mighty monument of our own superior civilization. Ceylon, as a virtual dependency of India, ranks in the same category. There also we have prospered by resistance; there also we have succeeded memorably where other nations memorably failed. Of Ceylon, therefore, now rising annually into importance, let us now, (on occasion of this splendid book, the work of one officially connected with the island, bound to it also by the affectionate ties of services rendered, not less than of unmerited persecutions suffered) offer a brief but remembersble account; of Ceylon in itself, and of Ceylon in its relations, historical or economic, to ourselves. Mr. Bennet says of it, with more and less of doubt, three things—of which any one would be sufficient to detain a reader's attention: viz., 1.—That it is the Taprobane of the Romans; 2. That it was, or has been thought to be, the Paradise of Scripture; 3. That it is "the most magnificent of the British insular possessions," or in yet wider language, that it is an "incomparable colony."—This last count in the pretensions of Ceylon is quite indisputable; Ceylon is at this moment, a gorgeous jewel in the imperial crown: and yet, compared with what it may be, with what it will be, with what it ought to be, Ceylon is but that grain of mustard-seed which hereafter is destined to become the stately tree, where the fowls of heaven will lodge for generations. Great are the possessions of Ceylon; far greater her reversions. Rich she is by her developements, richer by her endowments. She combines the luxury of the tropics with the sterner gifts of our own climate. She is hot: she is cold. She is civilized: she is barbarous. She has the resources of the rich; and she has the energies of the poor.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GAS LIGHT SUPERSEDED BY ELECTRICITY.—A letter from Paris dated Oct. 11, gives the follow account of the first public trial of an experiment which has been more than four years in preparation, for fixing, at a given point, the electric fluid, and making it applicable to the purpose of lighting the streets and private houses:—On one of the bases of the statues called the Pavillon de Fille, on the Place de la Concorde, a glass globe of apparently 12 or 13 inches diameter, with a moveable reflector, a glass fixed in connection with a voltaic battry, and a little before nine o'clock electric fluid was thrown into it by a conductor. At this time all the gas lights of the Place, about 100 in number, were burning. As soon as the electric light appeared, the nearest gas lights, had the same dull, thick, and heavy appearance, as oil lamps have by the side of gas. Soon afterwards the gas lights were extinguished, and the electric light shone forth in all its brilliancy. Within 100 yards of the light it was easy to read the smallest print; it was in fact as light as day. The astonishment of the assembled multitude was very great, and their delight strong as their astonishment. The estimate made by other scientific persons who were present was, that the electric light was equal to twenty of the gas lamps, and consequently, that five of these lights would suffice to light the whole place brilliantly. As regards the expence of production, nothing positive has transpired, but I think I may safely assume that it would be considerably less than that of the generation of gas, whilst the first outlay for machinery, and conductors would not amount to a twentieth part of that required for gas works. There would also be another great advantage in the electric light. It gives out no bad smell; it emits none of those elements which, in the burning of gas, are injurious to health, and explosion would be impossible. The only danger that would arise, would be at the battery itself, but that would be under the control of competent persons; and even in this respect, there would be no danger, even to unskilful persons, with an apparatus of moderate size. Internal lighting would be as practicable as external lighting, for by conductors the fluid would be conveyed to every part of the house. The experiment performed last night was with a voltaic battery of two hundred jars composed as follows:—1st, an outer globe of glass; 2ndly, in this globe a cylinder of charcoal, open at both ends, and plunged into the nitric acid contained in the globe; 3rdly, in the cylinder of charcoal a porous porcelain vase, containing acidulated water, (with sulphuric acid.) This replaces the cloth in the common battery; 3rdly, in the porcelain vase a cylinder of amalgam of zinc plunged in acidulated water. The pile was on the Pavillion de Lillie; the two copper conductors from the two poles, and pointed with charcoal, lead to an empty globe from which the air had been exhausted. The two fluids on meeting produces a soft but most intense light. I understand the experiment was considered highly successful by the authorities who were present, and that it is to be repeated on a large scale. Should the thing work as well in a general way as it did last night, and the cost be less than that of gas, which it must be, there will be a dreadful revolution in the gas works. I have heard it asserted by persons who are acquainted with Mr. Achereau, the gentleman who performed the experiment last night, that a company for the supply of the electric light would realize a handsome profit on charging only a sixth of what is now paid for gas. The strength of the electric light would not appear to me to exceed that of the hydro oxygen; but it is much more simple in the apparatus required, and much less costly in the expense of the production. The hydro oxygen light requires a double and most expensive aparatus, and is only applicable to a few localities; the electric light may be applied externally and internally in any place.

Artesian Well.—The Artesian well at the Royal Hospital Haslar, sunk by Mr. T. Docwra, manager of the large Artesian well now in progress for supplying Southampton with water, has resulted in producing a most abundant supply of water, which has been analysed by order of the board of Admiralty, and is found to be of the purest and softest quality. What is most surprising is, that the water rises through 125 feet of shingle and running sand which is full of salt water, being affected by the tides. The trouble and difficulty in stopping the salt water out has been entirely overcome. The quantity of water that Mr. Docwra guaranteed to obtain was 12,960 gallons per day; but the actual quantity obtained from the spring, 126 feet deep, was 59,328 gallons per day. This quantity can be pumped every day without reducing the water in the well more than about forty feet from the surface.—*Hampshire Independent.*

Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company.—The annual meeting of this company was held on Tuesday last. The profit and loss account showed a balance in favour of the company of £75,300 13s 11d. to the 30th of September last. From this sum was deducted £14,955 13s 6d. for the March dividend of 3½ per cent, leaving a disposable sum of £60,345 0s 5d. The usual dividend of 3½ per cent was declared for the six months ending on the 30th September, and the remaining undivided profits, amounting to £44,845 0s 5d, were carried to the reserve fund. The proposal of the company to carry the Indian mails is according to the report, now under the consideration of the Government and the East India Company; but in event of not obtaining the mail contract, the directors state there is little hope of a regular *monthly* communication between Calcutta and Suez, as the passengers' intercourse would not be sufficiently remunerating during the monsoon season.

MUNIFICENCE OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.—By the death of Mr Canon Tate, the living of Edmonton fell to the disposal of the Rev. Sydney Smith. This gentleman possesses no other benefice but a small chancery living in Somersetshire, under £300 a year. Edmonton is upwards of £1500. He might have appropriated it to himself. Frankly and without solicitation, he, within a very few days of the death of his friend the father, bestowed the living on the son of Mr. Thos. Tate.

Curious Discovery.—In excavating a sewer in East lane, Walworth, and when the workmen had got near to the Walworth road, they discovered the remains of some old building, which for a long time defied the power of their pickaxes and shovels.—At last they were enabled to cut through about 4 feet of brickwork, and arrived at the depth they had to go. The walls is supposed to be the remains of Sir William Walworth's house, which at the time he was Lord Mayor, stood in the field apart from any other house. The wall extends nearly fifty yards up East lane. Sir William Walworth will be well remembered for the part he took against Wat Tyler in the reign of Richard II., when he struck the blacksmith with, it is said, the very mace which is now on show days carried in the Lord Mayor's state carriage.

THE RATTLER SCREW STEAM FRIGATE.—A third series of experiments was made on Thursday to test the steaming power of this ship, and to show what rate of speed could be accomplished by Mr Smith's screw, with which she is propelled as compared with what is accomplished by paddle wheels in vessels of the same class and tonnage. The experiments were made in Long-reach, along the measured mile, so that no mistake might be made as to time and distance. The experiments were completely satisfactory, and proved that, even under the present advantages, viz. the vessel not being yet coppered, and the machinery of the engine being worked with straps in the place of cog wheels, which will ultimately be used, she can perform rather more than nine knots, or ten and a half statute miles in an hour. This was the mean rate on the average of six trials, and there is little doubt that when perfectly completed the vessel will go through the water by her steam powers at the rate of ten knots an hour. She was attended by the Lightning steamer, considered one of the fastest of the royal steamers, but she was more than a match for that vessel, and performed her trials to the satisfaction and gratification of all those who witnessed her performances. The Rattler is a very fine model, finely moulded and showing all the points on which the beauty of a sea craft depends. She has Messrs. Maudslay's double cylinder engines of 100 horse power each, and her dimensions are thus:—Extreme length, 195 feet; length on the deck, 176 feet 6 inches; length of the keel for tonnage, 157ft 9½ inches extreme breadth, 32 feet 8½ inches; moulded breadth, 31 feet 10 inches; depth in the hold, 18 feet 7½ inches; the burden is 888 tons. These experiments have confirmed the efficiency of the screw-propeller as to speed. With respect to the application of the principle to men-of-war, the superiority of the invention must be obvious to all persons. The machinery of the propeller is not liable to be shot away or wounded, and the ships in which it is used are more easily managed and enabled to turn with much more facility. The cost is also loss than the old principle, and the saving in weight so great as to be almost in the ratio of hundredweights to tons. The other advantages are, that the apparatus may be made only auxiliary to sailing powers, which it cannot obstruct, and a vast saving of fuel obtained by not always using a sailing vessel as a steamer.

Communications.

FOR THE CHRONICLE.

OPENING OF THE MARSHALL TOWN CHURCH.

Messrs. Durant & Co.—

Gentlemen,—Happening here on a visit, and knowing your willingness to give publicity, to anything relating to Church matters I take the liberty of sending you the following for insertion, being assured it will not be read without interest by many of your numerous readers, as well as by the members of the Church generally.

Digby N. S. } Yours &c.
January 31 1844. } A VISITOR.

On Monday the 1st inst., the new Church at Marshall Town (being finished) was opened for Divine Service for the first time. The day was propitious for the occasion, and at an early hour nearly all the inhabitants of this place were to be seen "wending their way" towards the scene of attraction.—There were also a large number of persons present from the surrounding country. The necessary arrangements having been previously made, by a Committee of the Diocesan Church Society, at half past ten the Procession was formed at the house of Mr. Daniel Dakin, and moved towards the Church in the following order:—First, the heads of Families at Marshall, preceded by the National Flag—next a considerable number of Ladies principally from this place,—after whom about one hundred men bearing wands,—headed by a very neat Banner, bearing the inscription "UNITY"—next followed Messrs. Robertson and Mountain, students in Divinity of King's College, Windsor, bearing the Bible and Prayer Book, on either side of another Banner on which was inscribed the motto "PEACE"—the whole was brought up by the Rev. the Clergy, bearing the Chalice, Paune, etc. As soon as the head of the Procession reached the Church, the whole halted, and faced inwards, with uncovered heads, whilst the gentlemen bearing the Bible and Prayer Book, followed by the Clergy passed through, and into the Church. As soon as the Books were deposited upon the Desk, the Choir struck up a very appropriate Psalm, at the conclusion of which the service commenced. Prayers were read by Rev. Mr. Hill, the Lessons by Messrs Robertson and Mountain, Communion Service by Rev. W. H. Snyder, and an admirable, and very eloquent Discourse from Psalm cxxii.—6.—preached by the Rev. Rector of Digby. The building was very tastefully decorated with evergreens, and was tastefully crammed. Immediately after the second Lesson, the Sacrament of Baptism was administered to fourteen persons, whose ages varied from *Seventy eight years* down to the infant at the breast—and truly it was an affecting sight to see the venerable old man with *silver locks*, kneeling at the Holy Altar and "by the washing of regeneration," becoming "a member of Christ, the Child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven," methought he could then say with good old Simeon—"Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace—for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." After the Sermon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to about sixty-five communicants, to many of whom it being for the first time, particularly the aged convert mentioned above.—By permission the whole congregation remained to witness the celebration of this holy and sacred feast, and several persons were observed to be deeply affected throughout the service. The whole concluded by the Rev. W. Bullock's uniting in the Holy Bands of Matrimony, Mr. Edward Haynes and Miss Emily Wizer. Thus terminated the Services of the day—a day long to be remembered by some—a day never to be forgotten by many throughout time and eternity—for on that day we believe "the Lord added unto the Church such as shall be saved."

I have been informed that before the arrival in this place of the Rev. Mr. Bullock, there were few or no Church People in the neighbourhood of Marshall Town, but now there is a good congregation, several communicants, and many of the people have become members of the D. C. Society, and that through the preaching of their zealous and worthy Pastor, (accompanied by the Divine blessing) many are now "rejoicing in God their Saviour," who before his arrival here were "living without hope and without God in the world."—In conclusion I have only to add that "the Harvest (here) truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," and it earnestly believes every good Churchman to pray "that the Lord of the Harvest will send forth many such labourers into his Harvest."

☞ The Editor of the Halifax *Times* will please copy the above.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRONICLE.

Dear Sir.—Every person may be said to owe a debt of service to his Country. The accompanying is an humble effort to pay at least the interest of that great *national debt*, by a

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

The difficulties experienced by England in the government of some of her American Colonies, the expense attendant thereto, and the needless apprehension of their one day revolutionizing, as did their neighbours, have caused some speculative politicians at home to think England would be better without them; and those very difficulties, causing frequent change of policy in the government of the Colonies, have kept the minds of the Colonists unsettled, and led many to suppose a separation would be to their advantage. Your opinion will be thankfully received upon the following remarks on the Relations of Colonies to Mother Country, and Mother Country to Colonies:

Colonies may be said to be indispensable to a Nation, indeed without them Empires cannot become great and powerful; they are to a country what branches are to the oak—its beauty and protection: its beauty because they add lustre to a mother country; its protection because they are commonly contiguous to some foreign government or possession, and thereby in position to check any hostile advance; and while defending her Colonies, a nation may be said to be protecting herself as the enemy are thereby held at a distance; they are beside a conservatory for soldiers and nursery for sailors.

If colonies are requisite to the greatness of England, so is she to the prosperity of these Colonies; alienate these from her and their people would degenerate into poverty and imbecility—much better to be the great branch of a great oak than a weakly sapling, subject to be trampled upon or devoured by hungry prowlers. The mineral wealth of these Colonies, lays yet untouched beneath its vast forests, and labour and capital are required to cut down the one and dig up the other. England can supply both, but the Colonist cannot expect it will be done without prospect of adequate return. Englishmen must feel a confidence in the durability of our connexion with England, and to inspire that confidence, Colonists must endeavour to draw closer the link that now holds us together.

A great deal might be said upon the advantages that will accrue to both by the continuance of this connexion, but they must be evident to all, and it is therefore unnecessary to do so.

What a wonderful tree is this British oak, our good Mother country—what substance and solidity has the little trunk—how vast and wide—spreading its branches; but unhappily too much of its sap like that of the forest maple has flowed to fatten thankless foreigners. British wealth may be said to have flowed like a christal stream from the side of a overhanging cliff into a waste of ocean without making any return to the possessor of the soil, than what may have been *thrown* back by a *chance wind* in spray—which had it welled forth from wooded hill, and coursed on through glade and meadow, enriching the soil, might have refreshed and sustained him. England is the great fountain of wealth, her Colonies are the places to which the silver stream should be directed; if they are enriched she cannot but be strengthened, for as the exuberant constitution gives nerve and sinew to the frame when its strength is allowed to flow unchecked, so would the exuberant capital of Britain give enduring substance and solidity to the whole and vast body of the empire. The reverse must be the case under Colonial restriction—as if a limb were bandaged and free circulation obstructed, that limb be weakened and eventually the body affected, such indeed is the situation of these Colonies—are in truth a bandaged arm of the empire, and too, with great and powerful sinews; which if rightly applied might be of immense advantage to the body. When I mention restriction I do not mean that any is felt through the government, (for I believe British subjects in these Colonies have all advantages of our emepaded Constitution) but in the map of Commerce and Wealth, does not flow freely enough, as it is most desirable it should do, and as the most likely way is by our being drawn more closely together. I beg Mr. Editor to propose a means as conducive to the nearer alliance of the Mother and Daughters. First, that the Colonies be allowed to send each to the British parliament, one or more members, to be chosen either from their Houses of Assembly or by general election. This would open a field for colonial talent and make the Colonist feel deeper interest in British politics, and in short make him an Englishman in body and soul—persons so employed could be useful to the Colonies they represented in a great many ways beside,—the ready communication between the countries would make it the more so. Secondly, that a systematic emigration be set on an extensive scale,—that a very large fund be established (to be called if you like the Emigration Fund) under the direction of Government, who could appoint energetic officers, a part of whose business would be to make statistic returns at certain periods to be subject to the scrutiny of home, and home in the manner of other government departments. Such a department could be made to act in concert with that of the *Crown Land*, and a small sum loaned the Emigrant on interest upon the guarantee that he holds his land; he would thus may be made in time to pay the expence of setting him. By doing this England would free herself of thousands of paupers, who while they are idle and poor are a danger to her weal—but who when they in a few years had acquired a competence would see the beauties of our Constitution, and be most assiduous in their endeavours for its perpetuity. The poor and hungry man is dissatisfied with everything—beauties in government seem to his jaundiced eye imperfections, and he is ever ready to follow the ambitious agitator to any length; who therefore is the administration that puresues the easiest, likely to alleviate the largest amount of indigence.

There are many Englishmen with hearts full of generosity, that would lend their good aid where they saw a certainty of paramount relief to the poor, and common reason will tell the man that is not actuated by philanthropy, that it is better to pay at once a larger sum and get the poor man lasingly provided for, than what is extorted by taxation to give him temporary support—as such a scheme if carried out with spirit would give great relief to England, and rise in the Colonies an increased demand for her manufactures. It is much to be hoped that our great ones will take it into consideration.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, JANUARY 19, 1844.

PERSEVERANCE.

"None of these things move me."—St. Paul.

Of how little value are the flowers and thorns, the obstacles and accommodations we meet with in passing through this short and inconstant life, if we but direct our way in such a manner as to reach the realms of peace. We are all strangers and travellers, and he only is happy who can look, not with the indifference of the stoic, but with the calmness of the Christian, on the diversified scene of life, and say with the heroic Apostle "*None of these things move me.*"

And why, O man! should they move thee?—Pilgrim of a day, travelling by swift and certain progress to an everlasting HOME, why shouldest thou be moved by the trifling occurrences of the journey? Human life has aptly been compared to the journey of a day, and various are the vicissitudes through which we are called to pass. Sometimes fanned by the zephyrs of hope, and charmed by the song of pleasure; at others, beaten by the tempests of adversity, or chilled by the blasts of sorrow; but when the mind contemplates the termination of its wanderings, will not the hand of reflection write "vanity and vexation of spirit" upon all sublunary pursuits.

Although it is not the part of wisdom to refuse the accommodations which are presented to us, to render the path of life less irksome, yet he must be deficient in prudence and understanding, who attaches more value to these accommodations than to the successful issue of the journey. We may enjoy the fragrance of the rose that blossoms in our path, and pause to listen to the gentle murmuring of a cascade, without forgetting that we have higher objects in view, and more important purposes to serve. But flowering vales and murmuring cascades are not always before us. We are oftener called to traverse the barren mountains; to make our way over bleak and desert plains; explore trackless and entangling forests, and encounter the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Then it is that the man of true fortitude and perseverance pursues his course, and though he is not insensible to the ruggedness of the way, nor deaf to the howling of the wind, he exclaims with unbroken spirit "None of these things move me." Such a MAN was he from whose writings these words are quoted, and with such undaunted fortitude did he pursue the course marked by zeal and duty, regardless of the dangers that beset his path. Whether we view him pursuing his mission from city to city, declaring in the face of secular persecution the unsearchable riches of the Gospel, or bound in prison, cheering the gloom of midnight with a joyful hymn, or "bound in spirit," going to Jerusalem, or encountering the perils of shipwreck on the sea-beaten cliffs of Melita, we find him constantly exhibiting the same undeviating firmness, the same unconquerable resolution. Such was the apostle of the Gentiles, and such is the spirit which has distinguished all who have achieved great and noble enterprises in every age of the world. Who has not heard of the immortal Franklin, raised from the lowest menial of a printing office to the very pinnacle of fame? Ah! it was *this spirit*, with the enthusiasm of genius and the patience of philosophy, he pursued the path of literary glory.

"Till round his head the harmless light'ning play'd,
Glanc'd on his rod, and his command obey'd."

Such is the spirit of all who arrive at eminence in arts, in science, or in virtue; and it is by yielding to its opposite, that so many minds, capable of the highest moral and literary excellence, wither under the blighting influence of indecision and pusillanimity, and sink into insignificance.

What would have been the fate of our own beloved England if her great and mighty men had wavered in their resolutions, and not gone forth victory or to death? What would have been her present position in the annals of the world? How would the names of her heroes have descended to posterity, if, when the trumpet of war sounded, and a valiant and well-disciplined foe advanced to meet them, her WELLINGTON, and NELSON, had shrunk from the contest? And what would be our *present condition*, if our rulers had listened to the voice of the 'mob,' and yielded for the sake of a little ephemeral popularity, when popular clamour assailed them? or, when love and happiness invited them to her bowers of ease, they had listened to their fascination? We shudder to contemplate the results. They were men raised up for the emergency; endued with the invincible spirit of Perseverance; they endured to the end, and their names are immortal!

In the preparation of this article, we have in our mind's eye many Young Persons, whom we think Providence has blessed with good mental parts, and who require nothing but industry and perseverance to bring out in bold relief all their shining qualities. To such this brief Essay is addressed; for such has it been principally prepared. Let us at once peruse the Biography of our most eminent men, and we will soon find out the secret of all their success. Do you ask, reader, to have it revealed? We answer in the simple word *Perseverance*, all is contained in this. Here is the philosopher's stone. Now reduce the knowledge to practice. Take for example the case of one of our wealthy citizens, who is called in common language a self-made man: Go and ask him about his early origin, rise and progress, and he will tell you "For many years I had to row against the wind and tide." And if you ask him, "Then what did you do?" his reply would be "*I persevered and kept rowing*" as to be sure. Well here is the secret again revealed. Young MEN, just entering on the duties of life—anxious to leave behind them a name that posterity will hold up to universal admiration.—"Go thou and do likewise." For if a poor worldling, would exert all his power, to add to his stock of earthly possessions, don't you be outdone by such a person in storing your mind with useful and religious knowledge. "Row On!" should be your motto; and rest assured, if you will only keep a sharp look out, and take advantage of the little favorable breezes which all have, more or less in the voyage of Human Life you will obtain a satisfaction of mind, not to be described by language, and an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown.

It is impossible in one single article to do justice to the present subject. The field is so wide; and so much may be said. As we are the creatures of habit, no much pains cannot be taken to acquire a character for firmness and decision. Undaunted courage and perseverance should be traits in the character of all young persons, let their situation in life be what it may. When we see a person with a determination of will; a resolution to press on; and they are on the right track, and in the pursuit of a good and honorable end, success is sure in nine cases out of ten. "But," says the young man "I see briars in my path, but I cannot meet and conquer." If this be your feeling, and it is not abandoned, *you will never do any thing*. All situations in life have their peculiar difficulties; but the only cure is, to adopt the motto at the head of this article. Another one says "I am a poor apprentice and labour all the time, and my hours of study are "few and far between." So much the more need of *application* to improve these leisure hours aright. "Row on!" young man; many have been born in the midst of ignorance, and have not acquired one tenth part of your advantages, and yet they have forced their way among the learned; just the same way so many poor people in the world have become rich in silver and gold! Says another, "But my father was poor before me, I can boast of no rank, titles, nor worldly grandeur! A laudable objection, but a very common one.—Young Man, do you know what constitutes True Nobility? These things you envy are good in society, but in themselves considered, they are mere earthly baubles. The treasures of an upright heart are the only treasures that moths may not corrupt and thieves break into and steal. The refinements of the mind are indeed, what constitute nobility, of demeanour, and cannot be dispensed with; they polish with much logic; instruct many an court of etiquette; they give that native elegance which has superior charms to any that can be acquired. Says another "I am a poor man, with a troop of children to support; I find work hard to get, and very hard to do when it is got; what can I possibly do?" Why you must do the same thing—Persevere—Row on!—The difficulties of this poor man are great; but will they ever be remedied, by "standing still," and looking at them? Let him go forward—by and by he will come to an open sea—and bring his voyage to a successful termination. It is only on these principles he can expect to arrive from obscurity to eminence. The old saying is a true one, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

In conclusion, I would say to every person, that having deliberately determined on the course we ought to adopt, it is only by pursuing that course with undeviating firmness and unwearied perseverance, that we can hope to obtain the object of our pursuit. This remark will apply to many of the situations in which we are called to act. Whatever is the object of our pursuit, whether science, or virtue, or fame, the only rational means of success, is continued Perseverance. This is the only way for young men to make themselves, and to make themselves well; and the only support under disappointment and defect, is that dignified firmness, which will enable us to say, in view of all the calamities of life,—"*None of these things move me.*"

R. S.

PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION.—A second meeting of the Provincial Association was held at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, on Thursday the 18th January, 1844,—when the following Gentlemen were nominated and appointed Office Bearers for the ensuing year:—

John Owens, Esq. *President*,
Mr. Robert Robertson, } *Vice Presidents*,
Mr Robert D. Wilmot, }
M. H. Perley, Esq. *Secretary*,
Mr. Thomas Gilbert, jr. *Treasurer*.

COMMITTEE.

Walker Tisdale, Farmer; Edward L. Jarvis, Merchant; Robert Keltie, Brewer; Wm. A. Robertson