the bravery which he had seen him evince on the d; informing them also that his pocket would but ill provided with cash, and regretting his n inability to replenish them.

The kindness of Mrs. Paling and her family towards him knew no limits. She asked him a hundred questions respecting her son, her daughters erning their brother; and they imagined wants him, that they might show him a kindness.—wever, twelve miles was all that lay be and his home. They entreated him to next day, but he refused; for

humble, there's no place like home!" uld hardly give the name of home those whom he called his parents. een to him the habitation of oppres his home—as the mountain cover. l snow is the home of the Greenlan new no other. The usual road to it g the Dart at a ferry about a hundred he house of Mr. Paling. Any other a circuit of many miles.

not remain with us to-night, said the ptain Paling, who had conducted him e vessel to his brother's house, 'I shall ac y you to the ferry.'

, I thank you—I thank you,' said George, ndly; 'there is no occasion for it—none r. I shall not forget your kindness.

not intend to go by the ferry; for, though of the boatman was but a halfpenny, ny he had not in his possession; and conceal his poverty.

have sharp eyes in these matters— men are blind; and a sister of Cap amed Caroline, read the meaning of onfusion, and of his refusing to per r to accompany him to the shore; delicacy which spoke to the heart of he words were addressed, she said— you have only now arrived from the nd it is most likely that you have no e in your pocket. The ferrymen are le people to deal with; if you give them they will row away and thank you, for g to return the change. The regular charge out a halfpenny, therefore you had better take ppers with you.' And as she spoke, she held a alfpenny in her fingers towards him.

'Well, well,' stam nered out George, with his hand in his pocket, 'I believe I have no coppers.' And he accepted the halfpenny from the hand of Caroline Paling; and, while he did so, he could not conceal the tears that rose to his eyes.

But, trifling as the amount of her offer was, it must be understood that the person to whom it was tendered was one who would not have accepted more—who was ashamed of his poverty, and strove to conceal it—and there was a soul, there was a delicacy in her manner of tendering it, which I can speak of but not describe. It saved him also from having to wander weary and solitary miles at midnight.

No sooner had the dissolute soldier crossed the river, and entered the narrow lanes overshadowed by dark hedges of hazel, then he burst into tears, and his first words were—'Caroline, I will remember thee!'

It was near midnight when he approached the house which he called his home. The inmates were asleep. He tapped at the window, the panes of which were framed in lead, after the form of diamonds.

'Who be there?' cried an angry voice.

'Your son!—your son!' he replied—'George!'

'Zon!' repeated the voice; 'we have no zon.—If it be thee, go to Coomberland, lad. We have noughts to do with thee. Thy old grandfather, Zquire Morris, he now dead, and he ha'n't paid us so well for what we have done, as to have oughts to zay to thee again—zo, good night, lad.'

'Father!—mother!' cried George, striking more passionately on the window, 'what do you mean?'

'Whoy, ha'n't I told thee?' answered the voice that spoken to him before: 'thou art no zon of ours. Thou moost go to Coomberland, man, to Zquire Morris—to his zeketors' I mean, for he is dead.—They may tell thee who thou art—I can't. We ha'n't been paid for what we have done for thee already. However, thou may'st coom in for t'night.' And, as the old man who had professed to be his father spoke, he arose and opened the door.

George entered the house, trembling with agitation.

'Father,' he said—'for thou hast taught me to call thee father—and, if thou art not, tell me who I am.'

'Ha'n't I told thee, lad?' answered the old man; go to Coomberland—I know noughts about thee.'

'To Cumberland!' exclaimed George—and he thought of the young officer whom he had twice met, who belonged to the country, and whose features were the picture of his own—'why should I go to Cumberland?'

'Whoy, I can't tell thee whoy thou shouldst go,' said the old man; 'but thou was zent me from there, and thou moost go back again—vor a bad bargain thou hast been to me. Zquire Morris zent thee here, and forgot to pay for thee; and, if thou lodgest here to-night, thou won't forget to be a-moving, bag and baggage, in the morning.'

George was wearied, and glad to sleep beneath the inhospitable roof of those whom he considered as his parents; but, on the following morning, he took leave of them, after learning from them all that they knew of his history.

But I must again leave him, and return to Colonel Morris, and his son Charles.

They came to England together, and hastened towards Morris House; and, there, the long disowned son learned that his father was dead, and that his mother and his sisters knew not where his child was, or what had become of him. But his kindred had ascertained that he was now rich, and they repented of their unkindness towards him.

'Son,' said his mother, 'I know nothing of thy child. Thy father was a strange man—he told little to me. If any one can tell thee aught concerning thy boy, it will be John Bell, the old coachman; but he has not been in the family for six years, and where he now is I cannot tell, though I believe he is still somewhere in the neighbourhood.'

With sad and anxious hearts the Colonel and his son next visited the house of Mr. Sim—the dwelling place in which the infancy, the childhood, and what may be called youth, of the latter had been passed.

Tears gathered in the eyes of Charles as he approached the door. He knew that his grandsire and his grandmother had acted wrongly towards him, in never speaking to him of his father, or making known to him that such a person lived; but when he again saw the house which had been the scene of a thousand happy days, round which he had chased the gaudy butterfly and the busy bee or sought the nest of the chaffinch, the yellowhammer, and the hedgesparrow, the feelings of boyhood rose too strong in his soul for resentment; and on meeting Mr. Sim (his grandfather,) as they approached the door of the house, Charles ran towards, him and, stretching out his hand, cried—'Father!'

The old man recognised him and exclaimed, 'Charles!—Charles!—child of my Maria!' and wept.

At the mention of her name, the colonel wept also.

'What gentleman is this with thee, Charles?' inquired Mr. Sim.

'It is *my father*!' was the reply.

Mr. Sim, who was now a grey-haired man, reeled back a few paces—he raised his hands—he exclaimed—'Can I be forgiven?'

'Forgiven!—ay, doubly forgiven!' answered Colonel Morris, 'as the father of lost, loved Maria, and as having been more than a father to my boy who is now by my side. But know you nothing of my other son?—my Maria bore twins.'

'Nothing! nothing!' replied Mr. Sim; 'that question has cost me many an anxious thought. It has troubled also the conscience of my wife; for it was her fault that he also was not committed to my charge; and I would have inquired after your child long ago, but that there was no good-will between your father and me: and I was a plain, retired citizen, be a magistrate, and a justice of the peace for the county, who could do no wrong.'

The colonel groaned.

They proceeded towards the villa together. Mrs. Sim met her grandson with a flood of tears, and, in her joy at meeting him, she forgot her dislike to his father, and her hatred to that father's family.

The colonel endeavoured to obtain information from his father-in-law respecting his other son; and he told him all that his mother had said, of what she had spoken regarding the coachman, and also of what Charles had told him, in twice meeting one who so strangely resembled himself.

'Colonel,' said Mr. Sim, 'I knew the John Bell your mother speaks of; he now keeps an inn near Langholm. To-morrow we shall go to his house, and make inquiry concerning all that he knows.'

'Be it so father,' said the colonel. And, on the following day, they took a chaise and set out together; the grandfather, the father, and the son.

They had to cross the Annan, and to pass the churchyards where Maria slept. As they drew near to it, the colonel desired the driver to stop.

'Follow me, Charles,' he said; and Mr. Sim accompanied them.

They entered the churchyard; the Col. led them to the humble grave-stone that he had raised to the memory of his Maria. He sat down upon it, he pressed his lips to it and wept.

'Charles,' said he, 'look on your mother's grave. Here, on this stone, day after day, I was wont to sit with you and your brother upon my knee, fondling you, breathing your mother's name in your ears; and, though neither of you knew what I said, you smiled as I wept and spoke. O Charles! tho' you then filled my whole heart, (and you do now,) I could only distinguish you from each other by the ribbons on your arms. Would to heaven that I may discover my child; and, whatever be his condition, I shall forgive my father for the injustice he has done me and mine; I shall be happy. And, oh! should we indeed find your brother—should he prove to be the youth whom you have twice met—I shall say that Heaven has remembered me when I forgot myself! But come hither, Charles; come, kneel upon your mother's grave; kiss the sod where she lies, and angels will write it in their books, and show it to your mother, where she is happy. Come my boy.'

Charles knelt on his mother's grave. He had arisen, and they were about to depart; for his grandfather had accompanied them, and was silent but fearful spectator of the scene.

They were leaving the churchyard, joined in the arms of each other, when two strangers entered it. The one was John Bell, the other Geo. Prescot.

'Colonel! Colonel!—there is John Bell that you spoke of,' exclaimed Mr. Sim.

'Father! father!' at the same instant cried his son, 'he is here—it is him!—my brother—or—he whom I have told you of, who so strangely resembles me?'

Charles rushed forward—it was George Prescot; and he took the proffered hand of the other, and said—'Sir, I rejoice to meet thee again; it seems I belong to Cumberland as well as thou dost; and this gentleman, (pointing to John Bell,) who seems to know more of me than I do myself, has promised to shew me here my mother's grave!'

'And where is that grave?' cried the colonel, earnestly, who had been an interesting spectator of all that passed.

'Even where the wife of your youth is buried, your honour,' answered John Bell; 'you have with you one son—behold his twin brother!'

The colonel pressed his new-found son to his breast. With his children he sat down on the stone over Maria's grave, and they wept together.

Our tale is told. Colonel Morris and his sons had met. His elder brothers died and he became the heir of his father's property. Mr. Sim also stated that, in his will, he should divide his substance equally between the brothers—and he did so. I have but another word to add. George forgot not Caroline Paling, who had assisted him when his heart was full and his pocket empty, and within twelve months he again visited Dartmouth; but, when he returned from it, Caroline accompanied him as his wife—and when he introduced her to his father and brother, 'Behold,' said he, 'what a halfpenny, delicately tendered, may produce.'

* Executors.

LETTER FROM REV. R. WINNING, KINGSCOURT.

TO THE MODERATOR OF THE PRESBYTERY WITH WHICH HE WAS CONNECTED.

"Sects in the Christian Church are evils; wherever there is a separation, there is somewhere guilt.'—*Doddridge's Lectures.*

"It is very possible to be united to Christ and to the Church of England at the same time. We need not seperate from the Church to preserve our allegiance to Christ."—*Rev. John Wesley.*

Rev. Sir,—At the time I resigned my congregation, being myself Moderator of the Presbytery (as I previously had the honour to be of your General Synod), I could not through that official medium, then communicate with my brethern; I therefore in a short note to one of the members, merely stated my intention of resigning, and afterwards of assigning reasons.

In a few days after this, I received a letter from the clerk of the Presbytery, containing a resolution of the Presbytery, to ascertain from me "in what light I considered myself connected with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of Ireland."

In reply to that communication, I stated that "in reference to the resolution of the Presbytery, I begged leave to say, that whilst in ties of respect and esteem I still consider myself connected with several brethern of the Assembly, that with the Assembly itself, I did not consider myself in any way connected."

To redeem my pledge "of afterwards assigning reasons" for the step I had taken, I now address this letter to you, as the official and direct organ of the Presbytery. In it I merely state my favourable opinion of the Church of England, and the circumstances which removed my prejudices. At a future time I intend (D. v.) again to resume this subject, and fully to assign my reasons for preferring the Protestant Episcopal church.

As a Presbyterian minister I was appointed to the charge of two congregations—*one* I resigned several years ago, the *other* in December last. Tho' I resigned my congregations, it was never my intention to withdraw from the Christian ministry. This divine institution I always reverenced. The Church of God I consider the most valuable appointment of Heaven; and the ministerial office the most sacred and honourable. For this office, by godly and pious parents I was early destined. My best days have been spent in it; and I trust until the end of life, I shall be employed in proclaiming "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Instead of withdrawing from the ministry (as some have represented), my anxious desire is, to be more useful in the ministry, and more devoted to its important duties.

Being born and educated a Presbyterian, like the majority of my brethern, I entertained unjust prejudices against the established church. Viewing Presbyterianism as the only scriptural form of church Government I considered Episcopacy a mere civil institution, and its ministers unfit for the sacred office. Acquaintance with episcopal ministers, and more intimate knowledge of the constitution of the church, entirely removed my prejudices, and led me to a quite contrary conclusion.

In 1822, the present Dean of St. Patrick's (then Rural Dean of this Diocese) visited Kingscourt.—He examined our Sabbath school and other scholars. I was present, and delighted with the examination. I wondered at an episcopal minister being so familiar with his Bible. On further intimacy with this excellent clergyman, I found a zeal, a devotedness, and attention to parochial duties, which interested me greatly, and partly removed the prejudices I had imbibed.

About this period I became acquainted with the Irish Society, and through it acquainted with the present Bishop of Cashel. Meeting him at committees, and on deputations, I often enjoyed the privilege of conversing with him. On all occasions his conversation was edifying, and seasoned with religion. I always considered him of superior talents and acquirements; and what is still more valuable in a Christian minister, a man of prayer. In families where we have met together, frequently, after kneeling around the family altar, has he invited me into his room, to join in social prayer, before seperating for the night. This godly example made a lasting impression on my mind, and convinced me that there were at least some pious ministers in the establishment.

About this time I visited the County Cork for the Irish Society. The first minister I met in that interesting county, was the present Dean of Cork. His zeal—his energy—his single-mindedness—his interest for Scriptural education; and his paternal kindness towards his exemplary curates, were most gratifying to witness. Before leaving, I had an opportunity of meeting several other clergymen of that county. They all seemed devoted to their Master's work. I separated from them with regret—I returned edified, and refreshed in spirit, under a firm conviction that the spiritual as well as the natural climate of this part of the south far excelled any part of the north.

Soon after this, the Home Mission Society of the church of England commenced its Christian labours. For a length of time these missionaries visited Kingscourt, where I often had the privilege of hearing them preach. If the least remnant of prejudice against the ministers of the establishment then remained, it was very soon dissipated.

If ever the Gospel was preached in purity, simplicity, and fervency, it was *as preached* by these men. They seemed, indeed, "ambassadors for Christ." They came forth as from the sanctuary of the Divine Presence. Their spirit, their look, their manner, their language, breathed and savoured of God and of heaven. I *felt*, and *feel*, the justness of an observation respecting them, made to me by a respected Presbyterian minister of Tyrone—"Winning," said he, "compared with these men, we are at the zero point."

My prejudice against the ministers of the establishment being thus removed, I began to turn my attention to the constitution of the church with which they were connected. The more I have studied this subject, the more I am convinced of the Scriptural character of that church; I am convinced of the evils of schism, and the unjustifiableness of the divisions that seperate Protestants from each other. For years I have lamented these divisions; the Irish Society afforded me many mournful proofs of their baneful effects—often have I seen Romanists—virtually Protestants in principle—still clinging to their church because of her apparent unity; often have I put the question—"Why not unity among Protestants, as well as among Romanists?" To be enabled to answer that question, I determined to study the constitution of different churches. I collected a little library on this subject; I read all the standard works; after a long, impartial, and prayerful investigation, I have been brought to this conclusion—that there is, has been, and ever will be, the church of God, the depositary of all divine truth—that this church has always possessed a visibility, as the moral light of the world—a *oneness* as God is one—a universality, as the truth of which she is the depository.

"I have been brought to this conclusion "That Christ has made reconciliation for mankind; that on the ground of this atonement for mankind God has built his church, declaring men one family in Christ; that this universal church stands the great representative of redeemed, restored mankind, and that all sects setting up individual faith and particular redemption as the ground of a church, are not witnesses for schism and disunion, which are contrary to the will of God; contrary to the prayer of Christ; and contrary to that great atonement for mankind, on the ground of which God has founded his church, declaring men one family and one body in Christ."

I have been brought to this conclusion—that the Protestant episcopal church bears the most satisfactory marks of an apostalic, Catholic church; possessing now, and at all times, the true and ancient faith; that Romanism is a new and sectarian church, that cannot stand the test of proof, either by councils or by the scriptures; that whilst Romanism exalts the church and tradition too much, Dissenterism, of all shades, depresses them too much; and that, amidst these extremes the Church of England has been enabled to steer the happy middle course, and to give the church, tradition, private judgement, the Bible, and the Holy Spirit, their legitimate and Scriptural position.

Conscious that the religion of Jesus was given to unite and not to seperate mankind; sensible that '*sects* in the Christian church are evils;" convinced that the Protestant episcopal church in this country is scriptural in ordinances, orders and worship, I feel it to be my duty to join the communion of that church. A desire for Christian union—a wish to see our unnatural schisms ended—a hope to be more useful in the cause of scriptural truth are the sole motives which have actuated my conduct. As "there is one body, and one spirit, one faith, one baptism," I believe it is the duty of all Christians, of all interested for the prosperity of Zion, to endeavour to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, till all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, speaking the truth in love, growing up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."

In the bonds of Christian esteem I remain, rev. sir, yours faithfully.

ROBT. WINNING.

Kingscourt, 16th Sept., 1843.

JERUSALEM.

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.

JUNE 2.—I was truly thankful to hear the interesting account of the anniversary sermon and meeting of the society. You will learn from accompanying letters, that we observed it with you in spirit on Mount Zion. It is interesting to find that, notwithstanding all the opposition, the cause of Israel is prospering.

AN EARTHQUAKE EXPECTED BY THE JEWS.

At the commencement of the last month the Jews in general expected an earthquake, and, actually all the German Jews left Jerusalem and encamped in a beautiful valley near a village called Lifia, about an hour's ride from here. I went out one afternoon to see them, and they really reminded one of the journeyings of the children of Israel. They seemed rather ashamed to own the reason of their having left the city, but it was excusable in them, as there were many amongst them who had suffered at the earthquake at Safet, which they said had been foretold by the same eminent Jewish Rabbi who predicted the present one. After the six days had expired, during which it was to happen, they all returned. Poor people! Their example, however intimidated many in the city, and fear fell upon many, especially during one night when there was an awful storm. We have all been mercifully preserved.

VISIT OF PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY CITY.

MAY 1.—The streets of Jerusalem are again cleared of the throng of pilgrims which has for two months rendered them nearly impassable. Their number this year was unusually large. There were 2,500 Greeks, 2,000 Armenians, 300 Copts, about 1,000 Latins, and 1,000 Mahometans. These last came from the neighbouring villages and mountains with flags, drums, and cornets; after which followed a number of half naked dervishes, who looked and behaved like so many fanatics; and they again were followed by a mixed multitude of men, women, and children, who sang and hallooed as they went along. It was not, however, Jerusalem that they were anxious to visit, but the grave of Moses, which according to their traditions, is in the mountains near the Dead Sea, to which place they resort. The Greeks go in a body to the Jordan accompanied by a large escort, frequently with the Pasha himself at the head of it. The Armenians are not allowed by their patriarch to follow the Greeks to the river, for fear of disputes and battles. During this procession to the Jordan, the Arabs are on the watch for stragglers, whom they attack and rob; they are always clever enough to find some. This year some English travellers fell into their hands, whom they stripped of everything. It is not unworthy of the physiognomist to observe the countenance of the pilgrims as they approach and enter the holy city. Some dismount before the gates as they consider it a sacrilege to ride into the holy city. Some remain for a while standing and gazing at the walls of the once glorious city. You can read their thoughts upon their foreheads. You imagine you hear them exclaim—"We are at the end of our journey! we have reached Jerusalem! and now we shall behold all the holy places enclosed within these walls." You may often see tears of joy sparkling in the pilgrim's eye. Some enter the city in haste, and their first question is, 'Where is the Holy Sepulchre?' and having received the answer, they rush forward to obtain a sight of it; whilst others proceed slowly and solemnly along the streets looking at every stone, at every spot, at every house, at every man with eager curiosity. If you take your stand at the Holy Sepulchre itself, you again perceive these various emotions of the pilgrims heart expressed upon his visage. As soon as they have arrived in front of the edifice some rush forward to enter immediately the gates of the supposed sanctuary; whilst others kneel down in the square before the building to offer up their prayers; they then examine minutely everything outside before they enter. I am convinced that many of the pilgrim's visit the holy city with a devout spirit, with an earnest longing to behold the sacred spot where the Saviour of man was born, lived, went about doing good, taught the way to heaven, suffered, was buried, rose again, and ascended to heaven. If these men were spoken to; if to them the word of life were preached; if it were given to them to take like these? But alas! this is not the case. While the pilgrim is led about to visit the spots considered holy by that church to which he belongs, those which are in the possession of other churches are pointed out to him as ridiculous and fabulous, and without foundation. The pious Greek pilgrim, for instance, will not fail to kiss fervently the pillar which stands on the left hand as you enter the sepulchre, because the legend is, that once the holy fire burst out from it; and the opening from whence the fire is said to have proceeded is still to be seen. The Latin and the Armenian, on the contrary, pass by and pity the poor deluded Greek. Having finished the round of visits, the pilgrim is free to do as he liker best.—Time hangs heavy upon him; what is he to do? the coffee-houses, the music, and the gin shops, are open to him to wile away his time. It will hardly be credited that these places are crowded during the season with pilgrims from morning to night. Not only is this the case with the ordinary places, but Greeks even come from Cyprus to open drinking-shops during the time of pilgrimage. And you may often see scenes of such a nature that they might be expected anywhere but in the holy city. As soon as Easter day is over, the Pilgrims begin to depart, and in a few days after all is quiet. Silent and still are the desolate streets of Jerusalem. I am fully convinced that many of the pilgrims leave the city with less elevation than they entered it. Each pilgrim pays a certain sum to the convent of his religion, whether he be poor or rich. The Latin convent, however, is an exception to this rule. They receive every person, without distinction of creed; and if he is poor they provide for him for a whole month, after which time he is requested to leave to make room for others.

LIVERPOOL, SEPT. 23.

LAUNCH OF THE NIMROD.—A remarkable fine iron steam-ship was launched at half past twelve o'clock on Tuesday, from the extensive building-yard of Messrs. Thomas Vernon and Co., Barrack-street, North Shore. She has been built for the City of Cork Steam-packet Company, and is called, after the mighty hunter of old, "The Nimrod."

A very large and highly respectable company assembled in Messrs. Vernon's yard to witness the launch. Amongst them we observed Mr. Hugh Hornby, Mr. Thomas Bold, Mr. Thomas Ripley, Mr. J. C. Ewart, Mr. J. C. Shaw, Mr. Samuel Holme, Mr. James Holme, Mr. John Haseldine, Mr. Jonathan Pike, and a considerable body of merchants and shipowners. The vessel on the stocks presented a truly magnificent appearance, creditable to the builders in every respect. A lithographed description of her was circulated, from which we have extracted the following interesting particulars:—

The Nimrod is of the following dimensions viz.:

Length from figure-head to taffrail	200 feet
Ditto between perpendiculars	189 "
Ditto of keel	175 "
Beam	26 "
Width over paddle box	46 "
Depth of hold	16 "

And admeasures, old mode, 531 tons. This vessel is built for the City of Cork Steam-Packet Company, who intend to sail her between this port and Cork; she being the 30th iron vessel which has been constructed at the establishment, many improvements have been introduced which experience alone can discover. She is adapted to carry a large cargo at a very light draft of water, and by her beautiful lines and model she is possessed of the qualities of an excellent sea-boat and fast sailer; the hull, rudder, paddle beams, and deck-beams are made entirely of iron, and are of extraordinary strength; she is clinker built, to light water line, and double rivitted on the longitudinal joints; above this line the plates are all flush; she has four water-tight bulkheads, and divided into five watertight compartments, the absence of which in other vessels has often been deplored; the Pegasus Solway and Queen, which have so lately gone down, would no doubt, have been saved had they possessed this improvement. The frames of this vessel are of strong angle iron, with sleepers 15 inches deep across the bottom; the length of the fore hold is 50 feet 10 inches, exclusive of a portion at the bow for chain lockers and use of the crew, and length of after hold 63 feet 6 inches, between which and the stern post is placed a tank to contain water,—the quarter-deck, 55 feet long, from which the cabins are entered by a spiral staircase. The principal saloon is 41 feet long and eight feet high; it is ornamented by Bielfield's papier mache, gilded mouldings, and, though not of the most splendid order, presents an appearance extremely neat and elegant; it is lighted from a skylight of considerable size and very chaste design. There is a separate cabin for the ladies, and one for the gentlemen, both neatly fitted up with every convenience for the comfort of passengers; the entrance hall is pleasant and airy, and the steward's pantry compact and conveniently situated; the number of berths which can be made up is 50. She is intended to have three masts, rigged with Smith's patent wire rope, and is expected to be ready for sea in November next. The keel was laid on the 6th of May last, so that the vessel has been built in the short space of four months and twenty days. The engines, manufactured by Messrs. Bury, Curtis, and Kennedy, are of 300 horses' power; they are on the direct action plan, with a much longer connecting rod than generally obtained in direct engines, though they do not reach a greater height above the deck than that of an ordinary crank sentle; they also occupy a very small portion of the vessel, the length of the engines alone being nine feet, and width 20 feet 6 inches, and the whole space occupied in the length of the vessel, including engines, boilers, firing-room, &c., only 35 feet 10 inches; the engine-room is thus so much reduced that the capacity of the hold is increased at least 10,000 cubic feet for stowage above that which is generally obtained when engines of the side lever construction are used. They are of the following dimentions, viz.:—

	Ft	In.
Diameter of cylinders	0	66
Length of stroke	5	3
Diameter of paddle-wheels over the floats	24	6
Breath of paddle-floats	8	6
Depth of ditto	2	7

The air-pump, which is double acting and placed between the cylinders, is 37 inches diameter, and 2 feet 7 inches stroke.

The ceremony of christening was performed by Miss Haseldine, who was supported by several gentlemen belonging to the company, immediately upon which the Nimrod entered the waters of the Mersey, amidst cheers from the assembled thousands.

Soon after the launch, almost 150 ladies and gentlemen sat down to sumptuous *dejeuner*, prepared in the model room of Messrs. Vernon. Mr. Thos. Vernon presided, supported upon his right and left by several of the gentlemen we have already named, and many others. A blessing having been implored upon the proceedings of the day by the Rev. Abraham E. Farrer, of Brunswick Chapel, Moss-street, the repast was discussed with keen appetite.

LAUNCH OF THE NEW IRON STEAMER FIRE QUEEN.

On Tuesday a new iron steamer, the Fire Queen, was launched from the yard of Messrs. Davenport, Grindrod, and Patrick, south side of the Queen's Basin. This is the first iron vessel, of large size, that has been constructed by the above-named gentlemen, and, we are assured by competent judges, that in respect to model, strength, and all those points which people skilled in naval architecture most admire, she is calculated to do them the highest credit.

In model she is all that can be desired, being fine at the extremities, and, withal so finally moulded in accordance with the most approved principles of naval architecture, that she promises to be very fast and safe, and at the same time to carry a fair cargo. Her bottom plates are so thick, that seen on the stocks, she resembles a clinker-built *wooden* vessel. She is upwards of 500 tons burthen, and will have engines of about 200 horse power.

She is intended to carry passengers and cargo between Calcutta and Singapore, and will start for the former place as soon as she can be got ready for sea. Her engines are upon the "direct action" principle, (the cylinders placed diagonally,) and occupying only a small part of the centre of the vessel, leaving the space between them and the sides available to carry a large supply. Her decks, paddle-boxes, cabins, and in fact the whole of her wood-work, is of East India teak, a wood which is found to remain unaltered by either heat or water, and, moreover, almost the only one which will resist the attack of the white ant, so destructive in tropical climates.

Some idea may be formed of her strength when we state that her bottom plates are ½ of an inch in thickness, and that no plates less than ½ of an inch have been used in her at all; in addition to which she will be tied together with diagonal braces throughout her whole length. No vessel yet built is so strong, except the Great Britain, at Bristol, of 3,000 tons, and in plating is very little more.

The cabins are large and airy, and well adapted for the climate, being framed with open jelousies, which will allow a free circulation of air throughout. The private cabins, of which there are twelve aft, and the same number forward, will be fitted with sofas instead of berths, and there will be water-closet &c., in each private cabin. She is fitted up into six water-tight compartments. The deck-beams, paddle-boxes, bulwarks, kelsons, engine-bearers, are all of iron. The plates of her hull are overlapped up to her light watermark, and batted, so as to present an even surface, above all; and she is double rivetted throughout. She will be handsomely rigged as a schooner, and will carry two twelve-pounder and two six-pounder guns. The engines are ready to be put on board. They are also built by the same parties, and we learn, beautifully finished pieces of machinery.

OUT-PENSIONERS OF CHELSEA.

[*From the United Service Gazette.*]

The Out-Pensioners intended for duty in Ireland are to be selected from those resident in that country. They will be placed upon the same footing as those employed in Great Britain, as regards Superintending Staff Officers, restrictions, and penalties. Arrangements are now in progress for completing their organisation, and their service will be brought into active operation on the first of January next, unless circumstances should render their earlier employment advisible, in which event they will be prepared for any immediate emergency. Sir Henry Harding's plan of taking the proportions of this auxiliary Force whose co operation is to be limited to the Sister Isle, from the Pensioners located there, appears to us to be not only a very judicious, but also a very humane determination. The majority of those old campaigners are in the receipt of an annual income from the Public which places them beyond the reach of want, and are not, therefore, reduced to the necessity of endeavouring to increase their pecuniary resources by means of manual labour. They have, consequently, hitherto led a life of ease and comparative inactivity, fighting their battles over again, with no greater alloy to their comforts than an occasional rheumatic twinge, the unwelcome offspring of former hard service in the field. But who can foretel how long this happy state of things may last, unless precautionary measures be adopted to ensure its continuance? The present calm may rapidly change into a storm. Mere idle curiosity may, perchance, induce some of these warriors of "olden days" to leave their humble homes of contentment and peace for the purpose of witnessing the proceedings at O'Connell's Repeal meetings. The discovery of such an act of indescretion would involve an immediate forfeiture of Pension, and if they succeed in escaping detection the probability is in favour of their being gradually drawn into the treacherous snare of the wily agitator. His inflammatory and treasonable, but plausible, harangues may make them waver in their allegiance. They may be told that they have not been adequately rewarded for their past service; that they are ill used and neglected men, who after having hazarded life and limb, been exposed to innumerable hardships, and buffeted about and shot at like crows in all parts of the habitable globe, were dismissed, so soon as they were disabled by wounds and bodily infirmities contracted in Actions which but for their gallantry would never have been won, with a paltry pittance, to end their days in poverty and obscurity; that such cruel wrongs ought to be redressed, and that they themselves should step forward and assist in striking the blow; that the people of Ireland are ready to join them, heart and hand, in avenging the injuries and insults of which they have too long been the victims; and that by joining the patriot-banner of liberty they will attain to honor and wealth, and renown. By such-like inflated lies their feelings are wrought to a pitch of frenzy—they become the dupes of the Arch-traitor, enlisted under his unhallowed standard and are plunged into irretrievable ruin.

Taking this view of the case, we repeat that their intended employment in the manner proposed by the Secretary-at-War is a generous as well as a politic act. It is generous, because it aims at saving them from the clutches of a reckless rebel-horde, whose foul breath reeks with poison and treason and destruction;—and it is politic, because it is the best means of preventing the dangerous accession of a band of experienced veterans to O'Connell's "Ragged Regiment," which stands wofully in need of better drilling and training than his disguised French spies are capable of teaching.

FALL GOODS.

Ex *Belmont* and *Prince Albert*.

13 BALES GREY WARP;
10 do. Grey and White Shirtings;
2 Bales shirting stripes; 1 bale Blankets;
2 do. Flannels; 1 do. Vestings, &c.;
1 do. Serges; 1 do. Doeskins and Tweeds;
2 do. Pilot and Beaver Cloths;
5 do. Prints and Furnitures.

Daily expected from London ex *Lady Caroline*:
100 chests Fine CONGO TEA;
100 Coils RATLINE, 6 and 9 thread;
2 cases INDIGO:
Casks of starch, Vitriol, salts, &c.
Bales Osnaburghs, Orleans Cloths;
Linens; Threads; Reels, &c &c.

L. H. DEVEBER & SON,
22d sept. 6i *Prince Wm. street.*

Steam to Boston.

AFTER the 10th instant, there will be but one BOAT each week for BOSTON, which will leave Peters' Wharf every THURSDAY Morning, at 7 o'clock.

October 6. JAMES WHITNEY.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

☞ Office in Melick's Brick Building, Market square. September 15, 1843.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, OCTOBER 27, 1843.

Later dates from China have been received at New York, but no event of importance had taken place in that quarter of the globe. Measures were being taken to arrange a commercial treaty with the Celestial Empire, and a Commissioner would proceed from Canton to Hong Kong for that purpose. General Napier is following up his successes in Scinde, the whole of which country will now become an appendage to the British Crown.

Part of the detachment of the 30th Regt., lately sent on duty to Miramichi, arrived here on Wednesday evening in the steamer *New Brunswick* from Fredericton. They are relieved by a company of the 52d regiment, which we learn has left Fredericton for that purpose. A very gratifying address was presented to capt Grant, who was in command of the detachment at Miramichi, previous to his leaving that place.

ACCIDENT.—On Friday afternoon last, a severe storm came up in the Bay of Fundy, the wind blowing a furious gale from the south west. Several vessels had gone to sea during the morning, all of which were obliged to return. About five o'clock in the afternoon, two branch pilots, Messrs. JOHN SPEARS and EDWARD MORRAY, with Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON, boarding house keeper, and another person named ALLAN, went down the harbour in a small boat for the purpose of boarding vessels coming from sea, but when off Partridge Island the boat was unfortunately upset by the violence of the sea. After clinging to the boat for nearly three quarters of an hour, the two pilots, with Mr. Allan, were taken up by Mr. Daniel Hatfield, in the pilot schr. "Knotty Head," who was also bound down in quest of vessels; but Mr. Johnston having become exhausted sunk before this assistance arrived.—His body has since been picked up in Courtney Bay, and interred on Wednesday last. We understand that great credit is due Mr Hatfield for his intrepidity in rescuing the survivors; and to the cool determination displayed by Mr. Spears when in their perilous situation Mr. Murray is mainly indebted for his life, he having also become nearly exhausted.

[In reference to a communication in the *Morning News*, of Wednesday, respecting the above unfortunate occurrence, and charging Capt. Vaughan, of the ship 'Princess' with "heartless conduct" in passing the men when struggling in the water, we feel ourselves bound, in justice to Capt. Vaughan, (who is now on his passage to England,) and on the authority of Mr. Spears to contradict the statement there made. Indeed "Humanity's" statement carries contradiction on the face of it, for if a small brig with a Pilot on board found it impracticable to heave to in aid of the sufferers, how was it possible for Capt. Vaughan, in a heavy timber laden ship, and without a pilot, to bring his vessel to in the dangerous position in which she was placed. "Humanity" states that no attention was paid to the cries of the sufferers; we have it from Capt. V. and others who were on board that lines were thrown from the ship, but without success, as it was impossible, in the heavy sea and gale that was blowing at the time that they could hold on. "Humanity" also states that the ship, in order to clear the ledges was steered directly over them; we have it from Mr. Spears that neither of them could possibly have survived such an event. We have every confidence that Capt. Vaughan, is an emergency of this kind would not be guilty of the "unnatural conduct" attributed to him, but would accomplish any thing that humanity and common reason dictated; and we do not think it fair to place so much odium on his shoulders, when a smaller vessel and with a Pilot on board was immediately at his stern, and more especially as Capt. V. is not here to defend himself. We are in addition informed by the pilots who were out in the gale, that the probability is, if a boat had been launched from either of the vessels spoken of, it would have added to the number of victims.]

ADDRESS OF THE CHURCH CORPORATION OF SHEDIAC TO THE LORD BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA, AND HIS REPLY.

Shediac, August 21, 1843.

MY LORD,—We the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry, of the Parish of Shediac, beg leave to approach your Lordship with mingled feelings of congratulation and regret. Your long looked for and earnestly expected arrival amongst us, is in all human probability the last it may ever be our privilege to welcome. May God grant that the connexion which has subsisted for so many years so happily between us, and which is now to be severed by the appointment of a new Diocesan for this portion of your charge, may be blessed to all eternity. The noble benefactions you have obtained from the Venerable Parent Societies in England, in aid of the erection of the new Church at Cocaigne, and the valuable donation of Service Books for the Altar and Desk of St. Martins, must long be remembered with heartfelt gratitude. And your frequent, though till now abortive attempts to accomplish your promised visit to this part of your Diocese, bear witness to your untiring efforts in the cause of our Lord and Saviour, and the advancement and edification of this portion of his Holy Church. Sickness and the unavoidable infirmities of declining years have been successfully contended with for our sakes, and we trust that the prosperous state of this Parish, the new and commodious Church at Cocaigne, and the unprecedented numbers doubling those of any former period, who have just assembled before the Altar, to receive the imposition of your hands in Holy Confirmation, are humble evidences that your Lordship's visit will be duly appreciated, and the blessing of God remain upon it. And now, my Lord, in the name of the Parish it is our privilege to represent, we wish you farewell. May the hand of a kind Providence shield you from every harm, in your journey home, and if it must be, that we shall see your face no more, in this world below, may God of his mercy grant that we may all unite before the throne of Heaven, and with the universal chorus of the Church Triumphant, join our ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving to the great High Priest of us all, the Saviour and Bishop of our souls.

Signed in behalf of the Vestry,

GEORGE S. JARVIS, D. D. Rector.

Daniel Hannington, John Welling, sen. } Church Wardens,

Charles S. Theal, Thomas Welling, Wm. Y. Theal, George L. Hannington, } Edward J. Smith, Richard B[illegible], Horatio B. Smith, William Welling.

REPLY.

To the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestrymen of the Parish of Shediac.

GENT