THE Weekly Chronicle

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

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THE CHRONICLE

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Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Nov.		R. Sun.	S. mon.	H. W.			
25 Saturday,		7 10	4 24	8 42	1	48	
26 Sunday,		7 11	4 23	9 51	2	31	
27 Monday,		7 12	4 23	10 57	3	17	
28 Tuesday,		7 14	4 22	morn	4	4	
29 Wednesday,		7 15	4 22	0	1	5	6
30 Thursday,		7 16	4 21	1	2	6	11
1 Friday,		7 17	4 21	2	4	7	18

First Quarter 28th day, 2h. 23m. evening.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the discount days. Director next week: L. H. DeVeber, Esq.

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

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

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

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

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

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

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorised to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

St. John, April 27, 1843.

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip.

JOHN R. MARSHALL.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand.

Also, to Let for One or Three Years—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Whittekir, junr., apply as above. April 28.

Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved:—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 17, 1843.

☞NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of WILLIAM & JOSEPH SCAMMELL having expired on the 20th instant, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm will be closed by JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

W. SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

Saint John Hotel, 20th May, 1843.

THE SUBSCRIBER returns his thanks for the liberal patronage given by the Public to the *St. John Hotel*, under the firm of WM. & J. SCAMMELL, and begs to inform the Public that he continues the House on his own account, and every thing will be done to continue to give the fullest satisfaction.

JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

May 20, 1843.

PERFUMERY, TOYS, &c.

Per Lady Caroline, from London:

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of TOYS, consisting of Drums, Guns, Pistols, swords, Tops, Marbles, Whistles, Trumpets; leather, wax jointed, and Alabaster DOLLS, in great variety; Horsemen; Ladies's Rosewood Work Boxes and Reel stands; transparent slates; Battledore and Shuttlecocks; Gentlemen's Oak, Cheffy, Holly, Crab and Black Thorn WALKING STICKS; I case white and brown Windsor SOAPS; shaving and fancy Soaps; Hair, tooth, nail, cloth, and shaving Brushes; Dressing and fine tooth Combs; Pocket Combs; Perfumes; Rose Oils; Ambrosial shaving Cream; 1 case containing 56 dozen Highlander, Mogul, and Harry the Eighth PLAYING CARDS.

Toys at Wholesale or Retail.

October 20. WM. MAJOR.

COAL! COAL!!

THE subscriber will sell Pemberton, Sydney, and Grand lake COAL, at unprecedented low prices for Cash.

Oct. 20. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

Landing from ship *Seraphine*, and for sale by the subscribers:

200 CHALDRONS *Forest of Dean COAL*;—they are described as taken from a *new Pit*, lowered into the vessel, and considered equal in quality to Orrel.

22d sept. T. L. NICHOLSON & CO.

NEW GOODS.

C. W. KETCHUM,

West side of Prince Wm. street,

HAVING sold out the whole of his Stock in August last, is now able to present for the inspection of his customers an entire NEW ASSORTMENT of Fancy and heavy Goods, chosen with the utmost care from the best Warehouses in Great Britain and Paris.—Having determined to sell for CASH ONLY, he feels confident the public will carry him out in this respect, as he will be able to sell under established prices, and on inspection, for variety and cheapness, his stock will be found to compete with any in the market. He has received per *Lady Caroline, Enchantress, Portland,* and *Wolfeville*:—

10,000 Paire Winter, Doe, Mattonian, Beaver, Woodstock, Cashmere, Oxford, Berlin Norway, Buck, Chamoise, Military, Kid & silk Gloves and Mitts; Fur Gloves and Gauntlets; Hosiery, Braces, &c.

Sable, Martin, Real and Mock Ermine, Chinchilla, Squirrel, Fitch, Lynx, Raccoon, swansdown and Siberian Mink MUFFS, BOAS, CARDINALS, and SHAWLS;

Fur Trimming, &c.; MILLINERY Artificial FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.; Merino, Lambs'-wool, and Scotch ribbed shirts and Drawers;

A great variety of shawls, Pellerines, Cravats, 1-2 squares, Cardinals, &c.; French Dimity, Rouches, Laces, Netts, Collars, &c.; Cases of Bonnet SHAPES;

Silks, DuCapes, satins and VELVETS—in all colours;

Gentlemen's Cravats and Vestings;

Plaid CLOAKINGS, in great variety of the Queen's, Prince Alberts, Southerland, Argyle, Gipsey, Fraser, Flower of Dumblane, Lochaber, shepherds, sliding scale, Forty second, and Montrose TARTANS;

Gala and Jacquard CLOAKINGS; German, China, and Plain silk VELVETS; Moleskins;

Welsh and Saxony FLANNELS; Kerseys, swansdowns; Hollands, Gimps, Fringes, Cords, Tassels, &c.

Satinet, satin, Taffeta, Velvet, China shaded, Grey and White Cottons, and Long Cloths; Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, as low as 7½d. each; silk, Turkey Red, and coloured ditto; Vestings, scarfs, Mufflers, &c.

TWEEDS Broadcloths, Doeskins, &c.; Checks, Worsted Plaids; Cotton Reels and Balls;

Gold and Silver BUTTONS in great variety;

Gentlemen's silk, satin, and Velvet scarfs and Vest. Patters to match; Pocket and Neckerchiefs of all kinds;

Stays, Corsets, &c.; Ladies Winter Pellerines, scarfs, Capes and Mantles; Cords and Tassels for ditto.

Brussels CARPETINGS; Orleans, Llamas, Parisian, and China Chusan Cloths, Merinoes, Delaines, &c. very low.

Book, striped, Check, Drawn, swiss, and Jaconet MUSLINS, French and Scotch Ginghams;

5-4 and 6-4 Printed *Cottons*; French Cashmere, India, Paisley, heavy Plaid, Nett, silk, satin, & Velvet shawls and scarfs; small Wares of various kinds;

Berlin Wools and Patterns; Fringes and Gimps, &c. &c. Oct. 20, 1843.

Received per Prince Albert,

Corner of Dock street and Market-square:

FIRY Pans; sieves; Iron WIRE; Flint and Percussion GUNS; Percussion Pistols; Gun Nipples; Nipple Wrenches; setts of Gun Furniture; Bullet Moulds; Sword Canes:

Smith Hammers; sash Weights; sad IRONS; Iron Weights; Traces; Shovels; 1 Bundle shoe Thread; Waggon Boxes; Nails; Tea Kettles; SHOT; Codlines and Twines; Shoebills; ships scrubbing Brushes; Spiders; Griddles; with 4 large casks of assorted useful Articles.

Also per Wolfville—

MILL, Whip, Cut, Billet, Turning, and Lock SAWS, Coopers' Knives, Plane irons, spokeshaves, (plated and plain) spare Braces, ship Scrapers, Garden Hoes, Hand and Whip Saws, Waster, Warding, Watch, and Kit Files, Table, Dessert, Carving, Butcher, Mincing, and Cheese Knives; Fish Forks, Fleams, Scissors, Pocket Knives, with an assortment of Britannia Metal Tea and Coffee Pots, etc.

October 27. G. T. WILEY.

CUT NAILS

Of Home Manufacture, at "GORDON'S" Hardware Store—Dock street, Wholesale and Retail—

CUT NAILS, from 3'dy to 24'dy; Flooring BRADS 3 3/4 and 4 inches, and 6'dy and 8'dy Finishing NAILS—all manufactured at the Factory of Messrs. HARRIS & ALLAN, by experienced Workmen, from the best English double refined Iron, and will be found well worthy the attention of Mechanics, &c.

3d November, 1843. T. R. GORDON.

Blacksmith Business.

THE Subscriber grateful for former favours, has the pleasure of informing his Patrons and the Public, that he has again resumed his labours at the Anvil. His place of business is at the lower end of Peters' Wharf, where every article in his line will be made with despatch and satisfaction to his employers. Orders from an Anchor to a Nail, thankfully received.

HENRY NICHOLLS.

September 29 1843.

Port, Sherry, Marsalla, Claret, Brandy,

Geneva, London, Brown Stout and Pale Ale.

Now landing ex' Alexander Edmond' from London:

2 PIPES and 2 Hhds } superior old PORT WINE:
7 Hhds. superior Pale and Brown SHERRY,
2 Pipes do, MARSALLA;
2 Hhds. superior Claret, (*Chateau Latour.*)
2 do. do. do. (*Chateau La Rose.*)
5 Puns. finest Cognac BRANDY, (Martell's)
20 Cases finest bottled Pale do. do.
10 Hhds. do. Pale GENEVA, (Schiedam.)
6 do best London Brown Stout, (Barclay, Perkins & Co's.)
6 do. Best London Pale ALE. do. do.
20 Casks (each 8 doz. pints) London Brown STOUT. For sale by

Oct. 20 KANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public that he has Re-Leased the SAINT JOHN HOTEL. He returns his most sincere thanks for the liberal patronage received during the last Four Years, and he begs to say that nothing will be wanting on his part to merit a continuance of the same.

JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

Saint John, N. B., October 20, 1843.

Miscellany.

MY FIRST AND LAST TICKET.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A CONDEMNED CRIMINAL.

"Curse the ticket!" was my first exclamation on leaving the lottery office, into which I had been to learn the fate of my *first ticket*. Would that it had been my last! Would that in cursing I had forsaken them entirely. Had I done so, now, perhaps, I should not have been here—my wife and my boy—my prattling David, would not have been monitoring in the charnel house—I have been unhappy—have been sustained by the blood of a fellow creature. Oh, well may I curse the ticket!—*They* have bowed me down with a curse—even a death-curse!

* * * * * * *

My first ticket was a blank. I was pursuaded by a friend to buy it, who tempted me by holding up to view the glittering prize and exciting my hopes of obtaining it. I was not disappointed at the result of my purchase, although a curse involuntarly burst from my lips when I first learnt it.—I hardly thought of drawing a high prize; yet the possibility of being so fortunate kept my mind in a constant burning excitement. I was a young man then, and could ill afford to lose the cost of the ticket. However, I comforted myself with the reflection, that experience must be paid for. I also made a determination that I would not be so foolish again. I kept it unbroken for six months. Yet all that time there was a whispering in my ear—"*try again—you may be more fortunate.*" It was the whispering of my evil genius—and I obeyed it. I bought part of a ticket and drew five hundred dollars. I had previous to this, being in a good situation and with every prospect of *doing well* in the world, engaged myself to Eliza Berton, a young lady who had long possessed my affections. She was one—no, I will not, I cannot speak of her as she *was*. Well, shortly after my good fortune—I should say *misfortune*—I married her. I was considerably elated with my luck, and treated my friends freely. I did not, however, buy any tickets at that time although strongly urged to. One evening, after I had been married some months, I went out to visit a friend, intending to return home in the course of an hour. On the way to my friend's house I passed a lottery office. It was brilliantly lighted up, and in the windows were temptingly displayed schemes of chance and invitations to purchase. I had not *tried my luck* since my marriage, and had given up my tickets. As I passed by the window of the office my eye caught the following, in illuminated letters and figures—"$10,000 *prize will be heard from this night. Tickets* $5." I hesitated a moment, then walked on—"who knows but what I may get it?" I said to myself. I stopped—turned about—still hesitating—"Try again," I heard, and retracing my steps I went into the office. A number of my acquaintance were sitting there smoking. The vender gave me cigar, and after awhile, asked me if I should not like to try my luck in the lottery which he was expecting every moment to hear from; his clerk having gone out to await the opening of the mail. So saying he handed me a package of quarters, which he prevailed on me to take, and pay twenty-five dollars; the price he had sold them at. The clerk soon after came in with a list of the drawing: and I left the office that evening, one thousand dollars better off than when I entered. But where for? For home? No—for the *tavern*, where we all went for a treat. At midnight, I went home to my anxious sleepless wife in a fit of *intoxication*. This was her *first* experience.

A week went by and Eliza began to smile again. The excitement I was in that night she admitted as an excuse for my conduct. But she tenderly advised me, nay, on her knees in the stillness of our chamber, every night she implored God to have me in his keeping, to preserve me from temptation. I was ashamed of myself and I solemnly swore to abstain altogether from tickets. My wife was herself again. Months passed away;—a charge was entrusted to my keeping—a holy charge. I was presented with a son. He took his father's name.—Thank God! he will not bear his sorrows—his shame! I was happy as man need be for a year.—Business prospered—I enjoyed good health, and was blessed with a home where all was peace. I said I was happy—I was at times; but there was a secret thirst within me for riches—for the filthy lucre of the world; and I was not avericious—nor was I parsimonious. But the desire had been awakened—the hope been encouraged, that, by venturing little, much migh be had; and although my oath had been registered, that I would have nothing to do with lottery gambling, yet a burning thought of gain—of gain by lotteries—agitated me day and night. In the day time when about my business, the thought that by venturing a few dollars I might draw enough to make me independant of labour—to allow me to live at ease, was ever uppermost in my mind; and in the night my dreams were all of lotteries, of prizes. Almost every night I received large sums of prize money. I strove to banish such desires from my mind; but they haunted me like a spirit.

About eighteen months after taking my oath, a *grand scheme* was advertised to be drawn on a certain day in my own town. I felt a strong propensity to try my luck again. I was importuned by friends to buy tickets—the scheme was so good, the chance of success so great; but I thought of the oath I had taken and was firm in my denial. The day of drawing drew nigh. The vender who sold me the prize urged me to take a few tickets—I was also urged by others to buy—even in the presence of my wife. But I resisted. She, trusting one, said not a word—she knew my oath was pledged—she knew that I remembered it, and she had confidence in my keeping it sacred. She only gave a glace of pleasure, it may be said triumph, when she heard me refuse my friends invitations.—That night I *dreamed* that a particular number would be the fortunate one—that I purchased it and it came up in the highest prize. When I arose in the morning my firmness was a little shaken. It was the day of drawing. A friend came into my store in the forenoon and showed me a parcel of ticket: among them I saw the number of my *dream*! He offered them to me—I forgot myself—I mocked my God—I broke my oath! I did not stay in the house at noon any longer than to hurry through with dinner. My wife's presence was a burden to me, her happy smile discomfited me and her cheerful tones went to my heart like a reproach. From that day her presence was a curse to me; not that I loved her the less—nor that she had charged—but how I could stand before her perjured as I was, and she the while not doubting my innocence—how could I without feeling my unholiness? A thousand different times that forenoon did I resolve to seek my friend and return him the ticket, and as often did I break them. Conience smote heavily—heavily. But the prize thought I, will check it. Fool! to think paltry gold would reconcile an offended God—would buy of punishment! The lottery was drawn that afternoon.—That evening I sat alone with my wife in her room. She was talking of some men, not being contented with what they possessed, and for being ever on the search for more. "How many hearts have been agitated—wound up to highest pitch this afternoon in hopes of drawing a prize," said she. What could I do; I was there, and had to listen to her, although each word that she uttered was like a burning coal at my heart. She continued—

"And how many have spent that, which should have gone for bread and clothing for their families—and for what? For a vain hope of obtaining more! for a piece of mere colored paper! And think you, my husband, there have been no vows violated—no oaths broken this afternoon?" Good God! how these words tortured me! I made no answer, and she went on. "If there are any such, and if they have been unfortunate, how keen must be their disappointment, and how doubly keen their remorse! Are you not, David, better pleased with yourself this evening for not buying tickets—allowing you had not pledged your oath not to meddle with them—than you would have been, had you purchased them and made money by it?"—Thus did that woman talk to me as though I were as pure and guileless as herself. Innocent one! she knew not, that at the moment her words were like *daggers* to my heart—that at every motion of her lips my soul withered in agony—she knew not that my pocket book was crammed with the cursed tickets—*blank tickets!* And when she poured out her soul in prayer that night, she knew not that he for whom she prayed dare not listen to her whom but stopped his ears. So it was.

* * * * * * *

"Do, my dear husband, stay at home one evening this week! You shall read to me, or I will read to you; come, keep me company this evening." Thus said my wife one evening, as she took me affectionately by the arm, a tear at the same time filling her eye. Brute that I was! I shook her off repulsively, scarcely deigning her a reply as I went out. I was an altered man—my innocence had departed from me—I had perjured myself.—My own once broken. I still continued to break it. Not a lottery was drawn but that I had some chance in it. I luck attended me. Blanks—blanks were my portion. Still I kept on. Most of my hours were spent in lottery offices. I neglected my business—debts accumulated—wants came upon me; and I had nothing to satisfy them but a *hope*—a hope, that the next drawing I should be lucky. As cares increased I went to the tavern for relief.—Remorse groaned at my heart like a worm. It had drank up all my happiness. When I first broke my oath I thought gold would still my conscience. Gold I had none, so I attempted to ease it by strong drink. Rum burnt up my tender feelings—my better nature; but it only added to the quenchless fire that was raging at my heart. It was not uncommon for me at this stage, to get intoxicated every night. Oft have I staggered home at midnight to my patient, dying Eliza—for my conduct was making sad inroads on a constitution naturally delicate; and without a shadow of cause, fell to abusing her. Merciful God forgive me. Even while she was on her knees in prayer—*praying for me!* What insult and misery has not that woman endured! and all brought on by me—her husband, her protector! About this time our child died. I dare not think of his death—how it was brought on. The poor child might have lived longer: perhaps he might, but he complained of cold sometimes, of wanting clothes; and sometimes this cry for bread was in vain. It was a great shock to my wife; and her gradually failing day by day for a time sobered me thoughtful. But what had I to do with *reflection?* The past was made up of sharp points, and when I turned to it I was pierced! and the fortune—ha! ha! what could I *anticipate?* what was there in store for me? So I closed my ears—shut my heart to the starving, dying condition of Eliza, and became—a brute again!

* * * * * * *

It was in the evening of a wet, cloudy day that I sallied forth from my boarding hovel of shame and sin, to learn the fate of my *last ticket!* The woman with whom I boarded was clamorous for her pay. That night I told her I expected some money. I had a ticket; from that I expected to realize something. This was my last ticket. To obtain it, I had to dispose of a Bible, which had belonged to my late wife—my dear Eliza—and which was the dying gift of her mother. It was the last thing I held that belonged to her. One by one had I disposed of what little effects she left, to gratify my passion for drinking and gambling. I had lost all feelings of shame. My wife had been dead two years. During her life for her sake I was not entirely shunned; for her sake some little respect was showed me. But when she was taken away, and her frinds found I did not reform they abandoned me to my fate, and I became truly an outcast—an outcast from the society of the virtuous. I blame no one; It was my own fault. I was advised—urged by all that was dear in life—by my wife's dying prayer—by the hope and fears of an hereafter, to restrain my vicious propensities, and walk in the paths of virtue. But I would not hear them—I laughed them to scorn. So they left me in my stubbornness.

The ticket I now had was to seal my fate. I had fasted more than one day to obtain means to purchase it; I had even stinted my drink for means, so strong was my passion for gambling. Well I went to the office and called for the prize list. At a glance I saw my hopes were frustrated; and crushing the list convulsively in my hand, I muttered a deep oath and stalked out of the office.—That ticket indeed sealed my fate. "The world owes me a living and a living I will have!" I said to myself, as I turned away with a despairing heart and walked up the street. My mind was suddenly made up to a strong purpose. "There is money!" I said between my teeth, as I sauntered, slowly along, meditating a desperate deed. I know not the time of night, it was late, however, for the stores were all closed, when a man brushed by me. As he passed I saw it was the vender of tickets—the man who sold me the "*first* and the *last* ticket!"—the man to whom I had paid dollar after dollar of money until all was gone. He had a trunk in his hand, and was probably going home. "This man," thought I, "has received from me even to the last farthing, shall I not be justified in compelling him to return a part? at least, ought he not be made to give something to relieve my misery—to keep me from starving?" Such was my inconsistent reasoning, as I buttoned my jacket, and slowly followed him. Before reaching his house, he had to pass over a long lonely space where there were no houses, and at that time of the night but little passing. He had gone over half this space, when I stepped quickly and unwarily behind him; and grasping with one hand his collar and with the other his trunk, in a gruff voice I demanded his money. The words were barely uttered before I was grappled by the throat. He was a strong man, and he had a dangerous hold. I put forth all my strength to shake off his grasp, striking him at the same time in the face and breast, but without avail, he still kept his hold. Finding that something decisive must be done, for I could with difficulty breathe, I clasped him round the middle, and giving a sudden jerk we both fell to the ground, I fell underneath and he had me in his power. I struggled in vain to free myself. He still held me by the throat, and began to cry for assistance. What was to be done? I had a jack-knife in my pocket—there was no time for reflection; my left hand was free—it was the work of a moment—the hot blood spurted from his heart full in my face. His hold relaxed and giving a terrible groan he rolled on the ground in agony. I sprang upon my feet and snatched the trunk: as I moved away in the darkness, the death-rattle in the throat of my victim came fearfully to my ears.

What followed, until I found myself chained in this dreary dungeon, I know not. I have a faint recollection of flying from the dreadful spot where lay the dying man; of being aroused in the morning by the officers of justice; of a court room, where were displayed the trunk found in my possession, and a knife taken from the breast of the corpse with my name on the handle. I have a more distinct recollection of an after trial and of a condemnation; and tomorrow, the jailor tells me, I am to die—to be publicly executed. I acknowledge the justness of my punishment—and may God show mercy to him who showed no mercy.

DARK HOURS.

BY MRS. A. R. ST. JOHN.

Oh there are some dark hours in life,
When the heart seems charged to breaking;
The quick'ning pulse, with fever rife,
Marks the slumbering passions waking.

When the root soul in burning chains,
Seems writhing in its sadness;
Yet, scorns the show of mortal pains,
And smiles in reckless madness.

So lightning mocks the storm cloud's power
To dim its vivid flashing;
And revels most when tempests lower,
With its echoing thunder crashing.

Or the wild laugh of maniac feats,
That rings from Passion's struggle;
Thus fills the soul with grief and tears,
Its vaunted strength—a bubble!

Yes, there are times we love to feel
A loneliness in sorrow:
When from the world's bright charms we steal,
And shades from memory borrow.

'Tis then we feel that keen remorse—
The bliss we've madly blighted;
For time, whilst on his ceaseless course,
Gives back no moments slighted.

Hope strews our path with sunny flowers,
And lures us with bright seeming;
Yet thorns will spring in fairest bowers,
And wake the soul's sweet dreaming.

Life gives no joy without a pain,
Twin-born with every pleasure;
Once lost, we ne'er may hope again
To clasp the vanish'd treasure.

The more we love—the more our fears
Are mingled with its sweetness;
Its evanescing bliss appears
To mock us with its fleetness.

Yes, there are hours, when haggard thought
Will crowd our troubled soul;
When joys of life seem dearly bought,
Beneath its dark control.

LAY MEETING AT BELFAST.

(From the Belfast Chronicle.)

With sincere pleasure do we congratulate the Episcopal parishioners of Belfast on their noble meeting of yesterday. It was perfect in all respects—alike in constitution, composition, and conduct, and stands proudly forth as a splendid exhibition of the power, determination, and unanimity of the Laity of the Established Church, legitimately exerted for a legitimate object. It was perfect in constitution because called by the wish of the Bishop, convoked by the Churchwardens, and presided over by them—perfect in composition, because all ranks and classes of the Laity were fully and fairly represented, and perfect, too, in conduct, inasmuch as there prevailed throughout the entire course of proceedings an order, decorum, and good feeling such as we have never seen equalled at any other popular assembly before. We are therefore justified in congratulating the Laity on the character of the meeting. It is but right that it should go forth through the length and breadth of the land, that although there existed a great and not unreasonable excitement in the public mind, through the fears of many and the uneasiness of more, were awakened, yet that not a word was uttered which could personally give offence, or which did not come within the limits of the strictest respect to constituted authority. If we wanted a proof of the justice of the cause which brought the meeting together, we should point to this fact as conclusive evidence. Obloquy and abuse are the unfailing characteristics of a bad cause, but where we see men conducting a great question to an issue with candour, moderation, and unanimity, we may be certain that it possesses within it the elements of truth and justice, and that the result must eventually be successful. And in this case has not the result been truly so? No triumph was sought for, because none was wanted. An expression of opinion was to be elicted from the laity, and forth it came—strong, determined, moderate—uncompromising in its resolve to stand boldly out against all innovations come from what quarter they might, and equally uncompromising in its declaration of devoted attachment to the Established Church. A great principle, too, has been affirmed—the right of the laity to be consulted in ecclesiastical matters—a principle too long placed in abeyance; and that, now that it has come into practical operation, cannot be too highly appreciated, nor too universally enforced.

These are the immediate results: the prospective are even more important. It will keep the Church sound in this country—it will prevent that hungering and thirsting after innovation, by which, in the sister land, men's minds are unsettled, and the Church is shaken to her foundations—it will stand in the breach all opposing and irresistible barrier against that flood of abominable error, which, under the name of Tractarianism, is poisoning the very life blood of England, and threatening the destruction of her Protestantism. In this country, to be sure, we are yet to a great degree uncontaminated, but what guarantee have we that we shall continue so? None but in the unanimity of the laity and their steadiness of purpose. To them the evangelical clergy must look for support and strengthening in these times of difficulty; and with them at their back, and the Bible in their hands, they have nothing to fear, because none shall dare to make them afraid.

Of the speeches delivered yesterday we have no occasion to speak; they speak for themselves, and we refer our readers to them with pleasure. There is no mistaking their character—they come to the point plumply and plainly, and say their say just as men ought who know what they are about, and do not care who knows it. There is no bluster or bravado in them, because, in fact, there was no desire for either; but there are pith, and spirit, and common sense, a commodity rather too rare among modern innovators, and which they would do well to try to find. In short they were judicious, practical Christian speeches, and of the meeting itself we characterise it in half a dozen words as fire without smoke, and heat without blaze. We earnestly believe that the consequences of this important meeting will be largely and permanently felt throughout not this country alone, but England also. An example has been thus set which will lead to general imitation, and the end will be, we hope, that a stop will be put to this unhappy proneness to innovation, and the hearts of all turned towards that which is infinitely superior, the advancement of the kingdom of God, and the spread of the blessings of the Gospel. The laity are just as ready now to put their hands to the plough as ever they were, and if Church Extension and Church Education be neglected, the sin must lie at the door of those who reject the opportunity.

MEETING OF THE LAITY OF THE PARISH OF BELFAST.

Yesterday, in pursuance of the requisition of the Church Wardens, a meeting of the lay members of the Established Church was held in the Town Hall Police Buildings, for the purpose of having submitted to them a communication from the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore, in reference to the general adoption throughout the diocese of the prayer for the Church Militant. The meeting was one of the most numerous and influential we have ever seen in Belfast, all classes of society being largely represented at it; and we may safely designate it as one of the most important assemblies ever convened on an ecclesiastical subject. Among those present were—John M'Neile, Esq., High Sheriff County Antrim; Thos. Verner, Esq., Thos. Verner, Jun., Esq., S. G. Fenton, Esq., Wm. G. Johnson, Esq., John F. Ferguson, Esq., John Clarke, Esq., Robert Wright, Esq., Fortfield; Thomas Ferguson, Esq., Greenville; Edward Clarke, Esq., John Bates, Esq., Professor Stevelly, James Stanfield, Esq., Samuel Thomson, Esq., Adam Hill, Esq., John Hind, sen., Esq., of the Lodge; James Goddard, Esq., Henry Waterson, Esq., Wm. Byrtt, Esq., M. D., D. Anderson, Esq., John Holden, Esq., Sam. Nelson, Esq., Capt Kean, John Gaussen, Esq., Thomas Gaussen, Esq., A. G. Wilson, Esq., James Cochrane, Esq., David Grainger, Esq., Captain Ellsmere, J. Ewart, Esq., Dr. Stewart (District Lunatic Asylum.) F. R. M'Clean, Esq., Henry Cooke, Esq., Collegiate School, W. J. Campbell, Esq., W. Moore, Esq., Robert Thompson, Esq., and a vast number of others interspersed throughout the room whose names we do not remember. The room was completely filled, and all present seemed to feel the deepest interest in the proceedings.

Shortly after two o'clock the two church wardens John Boyd, Esq., and W. M'Gee, Esq., M.D., took the chair. Mr. Boyd then proceeded to read the advertisement calling the meeting, and the subjoined circular from the Lord Bishop, on which the advertisement was founded:—

Down and Connor House, Belfast, Sept. 1843.

Gentlemen—I take the liberty of sending you two copies of a Pastoral Letter, which I have recently addressed to the lay members of the United Church of England and Ireland in this Diocese.

I shall esteem it a favour if you will take such steps as you may judge most serviceable for making the Pastoral Letter known amongst your brother parishioners: and commending you to the blessing of Almighty God for his Son's sake,—I remain brethern, your very faithful servant.

RD. DOWN AND CONNOR, AND DROMORE.

P.S.—Please to affix *this letter* to the door of your Parish Church.

Dr. M'Gee then read the Lord Bishop's Pastoral Letter to the Laity, on the subject of the prayer from Church Militant. This lengthened document having been duly gone through.

Captain Boyd said that, having presided until the letter was read, it was not his wish to occupy the chair longer. They had heard the pastoral letter of the Lord Bishop: and if they (the laity) wished to take any steps with respect to it, they were at perfect liberty to do so by appointing another chairman. He accordingly vacated the chair, on which

Thos. Verner, Esq., immediately moved that Dr. M'Gee as Church warden, be called thereto, which was seconded by James Stanfield, Esq. and carried unanimously.

Dr. M'Gee upon taking the chair said that he did not take the same view of the subject which Capt. Boyd expressed himself as holding. His Lordship the Bishop had requested them to consider, and he (Dr. M'G.) felt that the meeting, called as it was by their Diocesan, was bound to attend to the wish expressed in his communication.

Dr. Byrtt was then appointed Secretary to the meeting.

John M'Neill Esq. moved the first resolution. He thought it necessary that, with regard to the expression of their opinions, the assembly should come to some resolutions and he would read them one, which he had written out, and which he hoped would merit their cordial support.

"Resolved—That having hear l the "Pastoral Letter to the Laity" of our Diocesan read, we respectfully receive it as an *appeal* to the Laity, and a recognition of their right to express their opinions on matters connected with the church of which they form an integral portion."

They had now fairly affirmed the right to express themselves in terms either of approbation or the contrary, in reference to the discipline of the church. (Cheers.) This had been for a length of time denied them; but now they had it recognized by the highest authority, viz. by the Diocesan himself. His Lordship's letter was a very long one, and in fact, in itself a novelty. He was not inimical to the prayer on which his lordship writes, nor did he think any Protestant in the land would object to it, in itself—it was pious, beautiful, and sublime—but he did object to its introduction at that time, as being nothing else than the forerunner of other novelties—novelties which might be highly pernicious to the real interests of the Church. (Cheers.) He did not care whether ministers preached in white gowns or black, so long as they preached the truth "as it is in Jesus," but when men raised these minor questions into paramount importance, it was then time for the Church to awake—(hear hear)—to watch lest these be not the first commencement of a course of procedure which ultimately might endanger the great principles of the Reformation. (Great Cheering.) He considered the revival of obsolete practices as but the commencement of a course of useless novelties—of innovations at variance with the mind of the people, and dangerous to the peace of the Church. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) They should remember that it was first by the introduction of the surplice, and other obsolete forms that Puseyism made its appearance—(hear, hear)—that was the first step; and if they did not put down the first innovation, at what point would the matter end? (Cheers.) In other places the laity had opposed them, and that, too, successfully.—(Hear, hear.) He could not forget that, not long since, when the laity ventured to express an opinion they were told to go about their business, and to place confidence in their Bishop; but now they were solicited to express their sentiments. It was very extraordinary that, during the last 20 years which his Lordship had presided over the diocese, not one word had been said about these things till now. (Hear, hear.) He believed the present to be a most inauspicious time to introduce them, and he would oppose them as far as he could. (Great Cheering.) He hoped the parish would agree with him that the form of worship which had been so