THE Weekly Chronicle.

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February 24.

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March 25, 1843.

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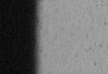

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1st Feb. W. P. RANNEY.

Poetry.

Miscellany.

LENT.—SCENE OF THE TEMPTATION.

After going through the Wilderness from Jerusalem, where silence and desolation reigns—a place so favourable for robbery and assassination, and where a band had attacked an individual when the merciful treatment of the good Samaritan had been displayed towards him, as given in the description of our Lord and (instances have occurred of our countrymen being attacked and wounded)—we then proceeded through a rocky and perilous defile, with hills jagged and torn in some parts, and raised in others into perpendicular positions, and tossed, as it were, and jumbled together in the wildest confusion by some violent agitation of nature and as if frowning at our intrusion, we came to Quarrauta, so called from our Saviour having been there forty days. In the language of an evangelist, it may be truly said to be "an exceeding high mountain."

A French friar who accompanied us, in his zeal, would attempt to get to the summit of this stupendous mountain, which is most difficult and dangerous. He accordingly threw off shoes, stockings and his hat, though the sun was vertical, so as to approach the place with great humility. On returning he appeared in a shocking state, complaining most bitterly of the difficulties encountered with his legs, hands and face streaming with blood, from the brushwood and briers in the way. We observed near to this, various caverns or cells, dug in the sides of horrible precipices, represented as the abodes of the religious, who inhabit these during the whole period of LENT, after the example of our Lord's self-abasement, and rigorous fasting, wherein he sets us a glorious example of triumphing over the vanities of this world, and the most powerful temptations of Hell. The utter wildness, awful dead silence and bleak sterility of this extensive wilderness, where there is not a tree nor an insect to be seen, nor even the note of a bird to be heard, is most striking; and never could imagination picture a situation more secluded, for pensive contemplation, and musing melancholy, or better suited for the votaries of abstinence, or to form the abodes of such anchorites as Peter the Hermit or Simon the Misanthrope, than those excavations we saw. It was impossible to behold these caverns, without being reminded of the details handed down to us of unparalleled sufferings endured by the early Christians.

The view from the summit of Quarrantа is prodigiously grand, looking down on Jericho at the foot of it, the great plain, the river Jordan, the lofty mountains of Abarim, Nebo, and Pisgah, from which the children of Israel had the first view of the Land of Promise, and where the ashes of Moses repose, although "no man knoweth the precise spot where his sepulchre is situate unto this day;" and in the same group is Mount Seer, in the Land of the Moabites and Cherizites, and lastly the Dead Sea, in awful silence covering the "Cities of the Plain," which had been destroyed by the hands of Almighty God, holding out a terrible example to those who are involved in sin and wickedness: a description of which is so accurately given "for our learning" in the Record of Eternal Truth.—"Travels in Palestine, by W. Rae Wilson, F. S. A."

HUMILITY OF A GREAT MIND.—We should never assert (says Descartes) that any thing is impossible to God; because all that is true is good, and therefore entirely dependent on his power. Wherefore it is a wanton impertinence to say he cannot make a hill without a valley, or prevent one and two from making the number three. All that I can and ought to say upon such occasions is, that the Deity has given me a mind, whose nature is so disposed as that I cannot conceive a hill without a valley, nor prevent its believing that the aggregate of one and two makes the number three.

WINTER FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.—Abstinence from spirituous liquors—a regular attendance at church—retrenchment in expenditures—proper hours and proper company—society—love—courtship—marriage.

'DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a lodging-house landlady who would own to bugs?

Did you ever know a lady to write a letter without a postscript?

Did you ever know the hoots at an inn call you too early for the morning-coach.

Did you ever know a dancing-master's daughter who was not to excel Taglioni?

Did you ever know a young man who had not some "expectations?"

Did you ever know a maiden lady, or widow, above thirty old?

Did you ever know a man who did not think that he could poke the fire better than you could?

Did you ever know a Frenchman admire Waterloo bridge?

Did you ever know a housemaid who, on your discovering a fractured china jar, did not tell you "it was done a long time ago," or that "it was cracked before?"

WHYS AND WHENS—[FROM "PUNCH."]

Why is a pig in a parlour like a horse on fire? Because the sooner it is put out the better.

When is a lady like a Trout? When she takes a Fly that brings her to the Bank.

Why is the Sun like a good loaf? Because its light when it rises.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When its rang for dinner.

[From the Macon Family Companion.]

ADELA FLEETWOOD.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[*Concluded.*]

On reaching home, he found Jervis busily employed in packing his trunks, who, at his entrance, uttered an exclamation, which partook less of surprise than horror, the occasion of which it was not difficult to surmise, for he perceived that his clothes were covered with blood. He had it seemed, fallen into a pool of blood, instead of muddy water, which had without doubt flowed from the death-wound of him who had uttered the piercing cry of murder near the dwelling of the Jew. But there was now no time to investigate the matter, for Jervis informed him, that a short time before his return, the captain of the vessel in which he was to sail, had sent to let him know that as the wind continued fair and the moon would rise at midnight, he should then weigh anchor. It was now ten, and Sydenham with a sensation of horror, hastened to disrobe himself of his blood-stained garments, that he might assist in completing the preparations for his voyage.

Could Adela have been able to blot from her memory that worse than heartless letter she had received from Sydenham, the time might have passed happily away in the bosom of the refined and hospitable family of the Governor. As it was, the flowers, however liberally strown, could not prevent the corrosion of the one sharp though carefully concealed thorn.

Among the many spacious, and some of them desolate apartments of the Province House, there was one where she particularly delighted to linger on account of its being hung with the portraits of the different Governors of Massachusetts, which were ranged in the order of their succession. Endicott, the father of the Puritan Governors, with his stern, inflexible countenance, rendered more so perhaps by his black silk skull cap, was placed first. The venerable Winthrop came next, and then Sir Henry Vane, who was appointed Governor at the youthful age of twenty-three. This portrait was a masterly production, it having been painted by Vandyke in his best style, and might well have claimed the attention of the observer, had it represented a man less remarkable for his general knowledge, his strong and logical powers of mind, and his acuteness and sagacity as a statesman. News had recently arrived from England, that he had laid his head on the block, a victim of royal perfidy. This circumstance to an ardent imagination like Adela's threw his faults into shade, and sanctified his virtues. The portrait was represented in the broad ruff worn in the time of Charles I., and a pourpoint of purple velvet. The brown, waving hair was brushed back from his high and contemplative brow, and his dark eyes seemed flashing with enthusiasm. His whole countenance bore the impress of a strong and penetrating intellect, into the expression of which was infused something of the enthusiasm, too often degenerating into fanaticism, which had marred and clouded his wisdom as a statesman, and his sound, practical sense as a man.

At somewhat of a late hour, in company with Jane Bellingham, Adela returned from the house of a friend, where they had been spending the evening. The family had retired to rest, leaving a female member of the household to await their return. Though late in November, the evening was so mild that they felt no inclination to draw near the parlor fire, before retiring for the night. They ascended the stair-case together, till they reached the first landing place, when Jane, opening a door on the left, bade her friend good night and passed on to her chamber. Adela, feeling no desire to sleep, sought the apartment containing the portraits. The door was on the latch, and yielding to the impulse of her hand, swung back without noise. Terror, mingled with curiosity at what she beheld, rivited her to the spot. A female, apparently about twenty-five, clad in deep mourning, holding a candle, elevated a little higher than her head, stood before the portrait of Sir Henry Vane. She remained in the same attitude, till a slight, nervous movement on the part of Adela, who imagined that the features of the fair unknown began to assume a strong likeness to those she was contemplating, caused her to turn from the picture towards the spot whence the noise proceeded. Still half impressed with the idea that she beheld a phantom instead of a being of real flesh and blood, Adela would have precipitately retreated had not the stranger addressed her in a voice so sweet and musical as to cause her to forget her superstitious fears.

'I pray you stay one moment,' said she, 'if, as I suspect, your name is Adela Fleetwood.'

'Yes, that is my name.'

'I am glad we happened to meet to-night—I have something for you.' As she spoke, putting her hand into one of those capacious pockets which all ladies, both young and old, wore at that period, she drew forth a letter. 'I have,' resumed she, 'just arrived from England, and this letter is from Arthur Sydenham. His father was a friend to my father, and the children of such friends as they were can hardly fail to be friends in their turn. As to a sister, Arthur confided to me the secret of his heart. I have long known that you were beloved by him, and I could not, even in the hour of bitterness and anguish, forget the claims of friendship, but offered to take a letter to you.'

'I cannot receive it,' replied Adela, drawing back her hand, while her face turned to the color of crimson as she recalled the contents of his former letter. 'You knew not,' she added, 'when you offered to bear it to me, that he wrote only to scorn and deride me.'

'Impossible! Arthur Sydenham could not have been base enough to make the daughter of Henry Vane, who sought to perform an office of friendship, the bearer of such a letter, when her heart was bleeding with anguish on account of her father's recent and tragical death.'

'Do I then see Alice Vane?' said Adela, for the moment forgetting both Sydenham and the letter—and she took her hand with a feeling approaching to reverence, such as she had experienced when gazing at the portrait of Sir Henry.

'Yes, my name is Alice Vane, and you yourself may decide whether Sydenham would have been likely to make me the bearer of such a letter as you describe. Indeed he never could have written such an one, except in sport, for I am well assured that, at the moment we parted, you were as much beloved by him as you ever were.'

It needs but little argument to convince us of what we wish to believe, and Adela no longer hesitated, but received the letter, and read it. She found it, in sentiment and style, one of his old letters. The hopes, the fears, the ardor, the diffidence of the lover, all were there.

'It is as you thought,' said she, when she had finished its perusal. 'Now read this,' she added, producing the letter which had occasioned her so much unhappiness, 'and tell me what you think?'

'An enemy hath done this,' said she, after having complied with Adela's request. 'I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a forgery.'

'It may be,' said Adela, and, as her thoughts glanced rapidly round the circle of those formerly known to her in England, she could not prevent them from finally settling upon Effington as the author of the letter.

'You are convinced that Sydenham did not write it,' said Alice.

'Yes, I think I am.'

'But does he say nothing of coming to this country?'

'Not a word—Ah! I was indiscreet in mentioning it. He, no doubt, wishes to surprise you, but I suppose I must now tell you that he expects to be here in about two months. Leave me now, dear Adela, I would give a few moments to the dead—to the father whose portrait seems to form a visible link between us. His fate was a cruel one, and my heart has been crushed by thoughts of it, till the life-blood has been nearly drained, yet I have never wept for him. There was to me something in his character too far exalted above common humanity for his death to demand the tribute of tears.'

About ten weeks after this interview between Adela and Alice Vane, the former received the subjoined billet—

'ADELA—I have this moment arrived in the port of Boston, but shall not unbidden, seek an interview with one who prized my first and only gift so lightly as to bestow it upon another, as I presume my presence would occasion much more pain than pleasure.

ARTHUR SYDENHAM.'

She well knew that he alluded to the opal, for it was the only thing which he ever gave her; but what could he mean by her bestowing it upon another? By degrees, the truth dawned upon her mind. She remembered having missed it soon after Effington, whose presence there had so disagreeably surprised her, left the glade, and she could not but suspect that he had found and retained it, for the base purpose of arousing the jealousy of Sydenham. She immediately sent him an answer to his billet, accompanied with what she now more confidently than ever believed to be the forged letter, although she did not think it politic to hint her belief to him:

SIR—I never bestowed the opal which you gave me upon another, but every day wore it where your own hands placed it, till I unfortunately lost it in a favorite glade. Perhaps I ought not to confess that its loss cost me many tears, but that they were less bitter than those occasioned by the letter which accompanies this billet.

ADELA FLEETWOOD.

A short time only intervened before Sydenham was at the door of the Province House. He was admitted to the presence of Adela, and an explanation, satisfactory to both, ensued.

A month passed happily away. One week more, and the day appointed for their marriage would arrive. Adela's bridal dress was completed, and the wedding feast was in active preparation. Sydenham, who had gone to a town thirty miles distant to transact some business, was not expected to return till the day previous to that appointed for the wedding. It arrived at length, and he was hourly expected. The clatter of horses' feet was heard on the pavement, which suddenly ceased in front of the house. Adela ran to the window. It was not Sydenham. A second look enabled her to recognize Ralph Pitkin, whom she had frequently seen while at Mr. Winslow's. She heard him inquire for her, and the next moment a servant put a letter into her hand. It was from Mrs. Newland, and informed her that Mr. Winslow was extremely ill, and could not possibly survive. As he earnestly desired to see her before he died, she must, if she wished to gratify him, set out without a moment's delay, or she would be too late. The struggle between love and duty was severe but momentary. She recalled to mind the parental care and affection of her aged friend, and her promise to be ready to attend him in the hour of sickness or sorrow, and that latter triumphed. While Ralph was taking a hasty meal, she attired herself for her journey, not without a faint hope that Sydenham would yet arrive before her departure. The hope proved a vain one, and in half an hour, with Ralph, who had been furnished a fresh horse by the kindness of the Governor, to attend her, she was on the road. As she silently pursued her way, wrapped in fur to protect her from the keen wintry air, the parting words of Alice Vane, who whispered that Sydenham would without doubt soon follow, and share with her the mournful duties required by her dying friend, alone cheered her. Often did she cherk the speed of her fleet palfrey, when she imagined that she heard the ringing of horses' hoofs behind them, but in every instance she was destined to be disappointed. The time was far distant when she and Sydenham were to meet again.

As she entered the path which she once delighted to trace, as with its flower fringed edges, it wound among the hills and hollows of the green pastures, but which now, covered with snow, was indicated by a few foot-prints, the only familiar feature in the scene was the rustic dwelling. Mrs. Newland met her outside the door.

'Does he yet live?' inquired Adela.

'He does,' was the reply, 'and knows that you have come.'

She entered and drew near the bedside. A smile lit up his pale but placid features, as he spake a few words of welcome. Although he knew that his earthly pilgrimage was near its close, there was no bitterness in the thought. The same holy and cheering faith, which had buoyed him up under his many trials and bereavements, since he had left his fatherland, sustained him now. Adela, knowing that her presence cheered and comforted him, felt no regret at having obeyed the dictates of duty rather than those of love. Yet there were many long and lonely hours, as she sat weary and exhausted, during the silent watches of the night, that a sense of what she had sacrificed weighed heavily upon her heart, the more so, from not having heard a word from Sydenham.

It was the fourth evening after her arrival that Tatanimoo abruptly entered. Mr. Winslow, supported by pillows, was sitting up in bed.

'It is a long time,' said he, addressing the Indian, 'since I last saw you. The hunting paths have been pleasant, or you would have been here before.'

'Yes, hunting good, but gun heavy. It weighed me down and made me sick and weary at heart. I will never shoot with it again.'

Mr. Winslow made no reply, and after a silence of several minutes, he told Adela to unlock the large oak chest, and take from it her father's will, remarking that he would transfer it through her to Governor Bellingham, whom he wished to retain it, till she became of age. The keen eyes of Tatanimoo followed her, watching every movement, and when, after a thorough search, she declared herself unable to find it, he rose and drew near the bedside.

'When it was cold and stormy,' said he, 'you let me have a place in your wigwam, and gave me meat to eat and milk to drink. At night you gave me soft mats to lie upon, before a warm fire.—When the sun looked through the clouds in the morning, you pointed to yonder chest and said take powder and shot. I took them and went forth to the hunting paths with a light heart. The pale-faced stranger came and tempted me with his new gun, and I stole from the chest the paper that had the long talk upon it. The gun was a good one, but it grew heavy upon my shoulder when I thought of what I had done, and the sunbeams looked dim upon the hunting-paths. I have told you all. My heart will be lighter, but my steps will never be proud and free as before.'

Mr. Winslow uttered not a word of reproof, but reverently adopting the words of the Master, in whose footsteps he had for so many years humbly attempted to follow, he said, 'go and sin no more.'

Adela could perceive, however, that the loss of the will greatly distressed him, and entreated him to think no more about it.

'You are right,' he replied, 'I will strive to banish it from my mind. There is a promise for the fatherless, and He who made it, will surely redeem it.'

A week more passed away, and Sydenham neither came nor wrote. At the expiration of that time, a slip of paper which had been entrusted to a tardy messenger, was put into her hand. It contained only these words:

'I am this moment going to embark for England—will explain all hereafter. A. SYDENHAM.'

Leaving her in suspense, we will return to Sydenham. After his arrival at the Province House, he had scarcely had time to learn the reason of Adela's abrupt departure before a person in the habit of a sailor, inquired for him at the door, saying that he had just arrived from England, and brought a letter for him, which he promised to deliver into his own hands. Imagining it to be from his mother, he hastily broke the seal, but a glance at the hand-writing undeceived him. Referring to the signature, he found it to be from Zillah, the Jewess. We will give the substance of her letter, together with several other incidents which she omitted.

At a very early hour the morning after Sydenham sailed for America, and before the inhabitants of the city were astir, Lemech, the servant of the Jew, went out at the street door in order to convey to one of the neighbors some message which he had neglected the evening before. The gloom of the morning twilight prevented him from perceiving that the door steps were stained with blood, and that the same sanguinary traces were visible on the ground, near the house. When he returned, however, the increased light made them plainly perceptible, and recalling to mind the cry of murder that they had heard the preceding evening, he hastened to his master's apartment to inform him concerning what he had seen. He had, without observing it, when near the outer door, stepped into some blood which still remained undried, and thus tracked it through the several apartments he was obliged to traverse.

The Jew, feeble as he was, instantly arose, being much alarmed at the idea of a murder having been committed at the very threshold of his dwelling, well knowing that he, himself, might be implicated with regard to the crime. Upon examination they found there was the appearance of something having been dragged along the ground, commencing at the door step, continuing in front of the house, and then through the narrow passage separating it from the adjacent building. They followed the marks, which terminated at the door of an out-house. This they entered, and at the further extremity found the body of a man, nearly concealed by some pieces of board, and whatever else happened to be at hand. Zillah had by this time risen, and going immediately to her father's apartment to inquire how he had rested, was much alarmed to find that he had risen and gone. After searching some time for him, she was guided by the sound of his voice to the spot where he and Lemech had just made the appalling discovery. As they all three, with terror depicted in their countenances, stood bending over the blood-stained victim, several persons, who had stolen along the passage with noiseless steps, entered the building. All three were arrested, the Jew and Lamech as perpetrators of the crime, and Zillah as an abettor. Effington procured the warrant for their arrest, the person murdered proving to be his valet. He stated that he had sent him late the preceding evening to receive a large sum of money, telling him on his way back to call at the Jew's and pay for some cutlery which he had purchased of him during the week—an article in which it was well known he was in the habit of dealing. The sight of the money, which probably the valet was indiscreet enough to exhibit, had, without doubt, he added, tempted him to the commission of the deed. Zillah informed Sydenham that her father's property having been immediately confiscated, they were destitute of means to procure counsel, and that there was not a single witness in their behalf, whose evidence would at all weigh against that which would be secured in favor of the prosecutor. She had, however, so far wrought upon the clemency of the king, by a petition which she had succeeded in having presented to him, that he had ordered the trial to be postponed till a sufficient time had elapsed for him to return to England, he being the only witness whose testimony would go to prove their innocence. Had he felt at all inclined to hesitate, the solemn and touching appeal with which she closed her letter would have determined him to comply with her request. Fortunately he found a vessel fitted for sea, the captain of which readily engaged him as a passenger. In less than twenty-four hours after the reception of Zillah's letter, he was "once more upon the waters," with a fair and brisk wind. The passage proved a speedy one, and before even visiting his mother, he repaired to Newgate, where he found the Jew and his daughter in the small cell being occasionally permitted to visit him. As she drew near the grated window he could distinguish the voice of Zillah, reading in the Hebrew tongue the first verses of the sixty-first Psalm.

'Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

She was seated on a low bench near her father, and her back was towards him. The robes of regal splendor in which she was clothed when he beheld her in her own home, were now exchanged for a suit of deep mourning, and the long raven tresses where diamonds then gleamed, were compressed into one rich and heavy braid, which was secured to the back of her finely shapen head by bodkins headed with jet. Her father who it may be remembered, was suffering from illness at the time of his arrest, was seated in such a manner that he could have a full view of his pale countenance, which wore an expression of perfect serenity. At the name of Sydenham, whom the jailer announced when Zillah had finished reading, and on whose testimony in the coming trial hung his only chance of life, and what was still more to him his daughter's, a tear fell for the first time since his imprisonment. The emotion was only momentary. Resignation again asserted its power.—

"And while his eyes to heaven he raised,
Its silent water sunk away."

The effect upon Zillah was far more agitating. At sight of him her pale features were for a moment flushed with crimson, and lit up with a radiant smile. The thought that he had not disdained to listen to the prayer of even a despised Jewess—that there would be one friend to stand by him in the hour of trial, awakened emotions of almost rapturous joy. It was something, too, again to look upon one whose idea, since she first beheld him, it had been a mournful solace to hide and cherish amid the dearest and holiest memoirs of her heart, although conscious that he never could be anything more to her than as a bright and distant star, which might now and then shed a transient gleam upon her lonely path. When the vivid glow which lit up her features at his entrance, had subsided, he could better discern the traces of mental suffering, though they had failed to impair her beauty. They even seemed to be kind of ethereal loveliness hovering round her now, not only from touching, but more captivating than the charms which had distinguished her in her days of freshest bloom.

The day of the trial came. At an early hour, crowds of spectators were seen hastening towards the Old Bailey. A host of witnesses, summoned in behalf of Effington the prosecutor, were stationed in the witness box, while Sydenham, Jervis, his servant, and one or two persons whose testimony would merely go to prove that the Jew had always sustained an irreproachable character, unstained either by avarice or extortion, were present in behalf of the prisoners. The old man, wasted almost to a shadow, as he leaned for support on his staff, his mild and venerable countenance shaded by his flowing locks of silver, might have suggested the idea of one of the patriarchs of old. The features of Zillah were entirely concealed by a thick mourning veil: the only part of her person, that was visible, being one small, thin hand of snowy whiteness, which with a nervous tenacity, grasped the railing enclosing the bar.

The boy, Lameck, stood trembling with fear, while his small keen eyes wandered restlessly from his master to the counsel for the prosecution, as he artfully managed to draw admissions from the witnesses, which would have startled even the hardiest of them, had the questions been plainly and directly answered.

When the Jew according to custom, was called upon for his defence, he replied, 'What more can an old man, broken in health and spirits, say, than that *he is not guilty*.' He then raised his eyes upwards, and added with a clear, steady voice, 'Lord it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee.'

When Zillah was told that the liberty of defence was likewise granted her, there was an involuntary and simultaneous throwing back of her veil in order to obey, she revealed features pale as a marble statue, but of unrivalled loveliness. The moment, however that her low musical voice stole through the hushed court, so vivid a colour came to her cheeks, and her eyes grew so lustrous and beaming as to render her beauty almost dazling. The few sentences which she uttered were so touching and heartfelt, and appeared so truthful, that they wrung tears from many an eye, which a short time before had beamed with joy at the idea of her and her father's condemnation.

The Judge had finished summing up, with so palpable a leaning in favour of the prosecutor, as to make the opinion universal that the prisoners would be convicted, and the jury were about to retire, when a man in the dress of a common labourer, was seen slowly but resolutely making his way through the crowd. Having gained the counsel's benches, he handed to the counsel for the prisoners a letter, much crumpled and soiled, which, together with a rusty knife, he said he had just found, while removing a heap of rubbish. It was observed that an almost purple flush crossed the brow of Effington at sight of the letter succeeded by a ghastly paleness. A profound silence reigned throughout the assembly as the counsel read the letter to himself. He then by permission of the Judge, read it aloud. It ran thus:—

That rascal of a valet, instigated by his prying curiosity, overheard the whole of what we said the other evening relative to forging the will, and the manner in which I obtained the one old Fleetwood made in favor of his daughter. As he is as much given to talkativeness as curiosity, it will need a sharp argument to keep his tongue from wagging—an argument, which no person knows better how to make use of than yourself. I shall this evening find some pretext for sending him to the house of Azariah, the Jew, who has from time to time advanced me heavy sums of money, in return for which he holds a mortgage of my estate in Wiltshire.—Conceal yourself near the house, where the fool will arrive at about nine o'clock, and be sure that you part not company with him till he has lost all power of telling tales.

'Should the affair occasion noise or outcry, there will be no danger of your being surprized, as the Jews who inhabit that quarter are much like the snail, that at the intimation of danger, draws itself further into its shell. If you succeed, a twofold purpose will thereby be answered. First, the knave of a valet will be sure to hold his tongue—second, I will so manage as to cause the Jew to be suspected, and during the confusion attendant on the arrest, I can easily obtain the mortgage, as I know the exact place where it is deposited. Should all be performed with your usual sleight and dexterity, a good round sum—which I yesterday obtained of Azariah, with a view to your compensation—shall be yours, well knowing that as every trade should live, so every one should live by his trade. The moment you have read this do not fail to destroy it.'

As the letter had originally been enclosed in an envelope, the name of the person to whom it was addressed could not be ascertained, but it bore the signature of Effington, and was dated the day on which the murder was committed. The reading of it, for a time, filled the court with a confusion which was irrepressible. Effington, taking advantage of it, attempted to escape, but was prevented, and a warrant was procured for his arrest. An indescribable and tumultuous feeling of exultation and joy pervaded the breast of Sydenham, and his first impulse was to make his way to the bar and offer his congratulations to the prisoners. As he stepped within the bar, Zillah rose. There seem

MUTILATED ISSUE