

The Chronicle

St. John, N. B., July 10, 1857.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, June 19.—Music is certainly in the ascendant this week. Londoners as well as provincialists who have flocked up in great numbers, all unite in paying tribute to the immortal Handel, and the Crystal Palace has been the scene of two of his best performances which are to be given to his honor.

The election for City Member took place last Monday, and resulted in the return of the Hon. S. L. Tilly by a large majority. On Tuesday the High Sheriff announced the members of the House of Commons.

THE COMMONS

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COMMUNICATION

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had been told to do. He seized my hand, and dragging me to the window, wildly searched my features. The scrutiny convinced him. Conscience, as if it once annihilated every barrier, which time and disease had interposed to the knowledge of my identity, gave the dull eye and faded cheek the radiance of other days. With deep groan of anguish he relinquished my hand exclaiming—"Just heaven, I am punished! it is she indeed! I fell senseless to the ground."

"I carried awhile ere I called the domestics to the assistance of their master. And now, while gazing on the lifeless form of Velasco, the first burning pang of remorse which I had yet experienced shot through my bosom. Had I attained then what I had so ardently desired, two of my victims were before me dead, and the third I had deprived of motion. Yet was I happy; did the blush of success crimson my cheek with the glow of pleasure? No, no, I was sick and faint with my own triumph. I had rejoiced with real gladness at the dissolution of my own rival and her infant; but I bowed my soul to see the proud, the noble, my own once adored Velasco prostrate at my feet, while remembering that my eyes had seen the faint of sympathy, which nature has established in woman's breast, had long since petrified in mine—I was deceived.

Woman's last sigh must be breathed ere the rear convulsions of her eye, and refuses to dissolve and flow while looking on the man she had once loved, in misery and pain! Wrongs and insults had been mine; and whilst the author of them revelled in happiness and pomp, I could hate him; but now he was reduced to a level with myself, and what I had anticipated would be my most glorious moment, proved my most agonizing one. I bent over him, I piltored his head once more, and I could have sworn, the glowing tears that trickled from my lids, over his pale, inanimate face, were distilled from my hearts inmost core.

I took his hand—I kissed it, and the wild thrill of former transports rushed nominally through my veins. That was the same hand which had so often clasped mine in the fervor of affection—it was cold and powerless now. There was such a mournful luxury in gazing on him, and sleeping over him undisturbed, that it was not till half an hour had nearly elapsed, and I had returned consciousness, that my alarm for his life vanished every other feeling, and I resolved on summoning the aid of the attendants; their efforts rested him, and an adroit speculator in trafficking burst from my line when I beheld him resurrected. He heard my voice, and turning on me a dreary look of shuddering terror, exclaimed, "Take that woman from my view, and confine her—she is a murderess!"

The consciousness that he loathed me caused an instant reaction in my sentiments—tenderness and pity fled at the conviction, and hate was predominant again. I think I could have softened and re-softened, had he bestowed a single tone of look of forgiveness, but he was destined to cooperate with fate, to exclude me from Paradise. When sufficiently recovered he sent for the officers of justice, and having related to them the substance of my confession, I was conveyed to prison. In this cell I have lived six days—tomorrow shall be my last day of confinement. My execution fixed, and my death shall speedily follow. But it should not be Sebastian, that with seeds and gibes, a taunting word shall tell thee thy mother perished as a malefactor! No, this poison shall quench the breath of life, that has too long been led. I write this, my boy, though scarcely do I know how it is to reach thy hands—for who will do a service for a convict? Yet mark! the kind stranger who has attended me in my sickness will convey the dying record of a mother to her child. I would fain pray for thee, Sebastian, but know not how—and I would bless thee, but little would a blessing avail from lips so polluted as mine—the gnawer comes—farewell, my child—farewell forever!"

Lord Napier's New York Speech in a French Point of View.

Frankly speaking, we do not understand the enthusiasm of Lord Napier. In recalling to our memory the principal objects which have inspired the recent political questions that have existed between the United States and England, we observe that they have all been connected in a manner unfavorable to the latter Power. The Maine frontier question, the Oregon question, the fisheries question, have never been considered as settled advantageously for England.