ORDON'S
General
DWARE STORE.
UPPLY—Per Portland, from Liverpool:—
BAGS NAILS, ass'd cut and wrought from 4d'y to 10d'y
g Spikes, ass'd from 4d to 10 inch;
ke OX and Horse NAILS;
r sunk, slats, Boat, Whale Boat, fine
lout, scupper and composition sheath-
composition Screws & Clinch Rings;
& slab ZINK or spelter; Block Tin, I
X DX Tin; sheet Brass & Copper;
bs sheet LEAD; Bar do. I Cook Stov
Grate, Lamplback, Bath BRICKS;
f short handle steel'd Spades; steel'd
ast and broad mouth SHOVELS;
and Moor's SCYTHES, SICKLES and
ng and short handle Frying Pans.
ass and Copper WIRE—Hair SIEVES
ron RIDDLES, Curled HAIR—Hair
ss'd to 26 inch.
loth, ass'd—Shoe THREAD—Bristles,
Iron & Copper BILLS; Brass KET-
d to 20 gall; Tea Kettles, Patent cup
UCEPANS; STEW PANS; Preserv.
s, &c.; Digesters, Iron Pots, ass'd to
ake Pans.
rices, Anvils, Bellows; Cast, German,
d spring STEEL; Cart and pipe, Boxes;
; 2 cases double and single barrel Guns
, Fittings, &c.
Hall Lamps, Hemispheres and Chimnies;
op and table do; Plated Candlesticks;
FORKS, SPOONS, &c.; Britannia
and Coffee Pots; URNS, &c.
cellent assortment of Locks; Hinges;
S; Latches, and every description of
s Tools, of the best make.
ed and Brass Harness Mounting; BELL
NG; Coffin Furniture.
nd single cut STEEL Mill Saws from 4
Circular, Hand, Whip, Web, Billet and
, an assortment of best Files, Rasps, &c.
S, Belts and Sashes.
Boxes, Desks; Dressing Cases; Tea Cad-
bles Companions; Morocco and Tor
cases; Portfolios; Netting needles and
s, Crimping Machines; Papier Maches
s, &c., and a great variety of other Goods
h former stock will be sold low for cash
ed payment.
further supply of Cutlery; Britannia
Fancy Goods expected from Sheffield.
12. T. R. GORDON.

Coffee.
ing this day ex Fame, from Halifax:
BAGS best cuba COFFEE.—In Store—
33 Tons Manilla ROPE, assorted, from
o 3 1-4 inches.
J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

owland's Mill Saws.
Subscribers have just received from Phi-
delphia, a few of Rowland's Mill Saws,
C. & W. H. ADAMS,
1. No 2. North Market Wharf.

New Perfumery,
METICS AND SOAPS.
subscriber has opened a splendid assort-
t of NEW PERFUMERY, SOAPS, &c.
which are the following choice Perfumes:
a Bouquet, Prince Albert's Bouquet, the
's Bouquet, Adelaide Perfume, Daws' Per-
the Handkerchief, Hanney's Rondeletia,
of Rose, Rose Bloom, Milk of Roses,
Lavender Water, Aromatic Vinegar, Circassian
for the Hair, &c.—SOAPS; Prince Al-
horoial Shaving Cream; Riggs' Military
Soap; Glycine & Perfect Emollient or
Soap; Floating Soap; Rose Soap; Sand
Brown and White Windsor Soap, &c. &c.
7. JOHN G. SHARP.

Bank Stock.
HARES of the Capital Stock of the Bank
of New Brunswick, for sale by the sub-
JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.
ine 1843.

BEEF.—120 Tons Red Pine TIMBER, for
low by the subscriber.
une. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

FOR SALE.
following valuable Lands and Premises,
:—The Lots of LAND, numbered in the
the City, 1105, 1106, and the half of Lot
th the Buildings and Improvements there-
on the corner of St. James and Germain-
nd having a front on each of the said streets
undred feet.
s and further particulars made known on
on to the subscriber.
23. [25.] JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

EBECCA, FROM LONDON—
UNS, finest Old BRANDY, (Martell's,)
Which are now landing and for sale by
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Subscriber has on hand
for Sale,
ASH and OAK Hub, STAVES;
, 120 M. PINE BOARDS;
rels BEEF; 30 do. HERRINGS;
Bushels SALT;
Lake and other COAL;
e constantly on hand every variety of sea-
LUMBER, Seasoning, &c.
JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.
r 11.

Tobacco.
this day ex schr. "Esther Eliza," from
New York:
Boxes Cavendish TOBACCO 10ds.
33 Kegs Fig do. 10ds. 13
lo at the lowest market rates by
2. J. R. CRANE.

ea, Sugar, Pork, &c.
Landing ex Martha Bree, from Halifax—
CHESTS FINE CONGO TEA;
8 bag-heads Bright SUGAR.
Boston—25 Barrels Clear PORK.
ly J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

TO LET,
TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner
of North Market Wharf and Dock st.
—Rent very low. Apply to
9. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,
SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's
house, corner of Charlotte and Duke
streets. Apply on the Premises to
0. E. DURANT.

TO LET,
THE second flat of a house, with Wood
house, frost proof cellar, &c.; also, a
Work shop if required, situate about four
walk from the Market square. Apply at
ronicle Office. Feb. 10.

TO LET,
AND possession given 1st May next—
The eligibly situated STORE and
Dwelling House in Prince William street,
e occupation of THOMPSON & WALLACE
eculars apply to
5. W. P. RANNEY.

TO LET.
two Upper Flats of the subscriber's
use in Church street. Apply on the pre-
JOHN HOOPER.

TO LET, on first May next, the se-
cond Flat of a House on the corner of
Dorchester and Carlton streets, and Also 2
a house situate in a pleasant retired part of
Rent moderate. Apply to
18. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

THE

# Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum.] "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advan

VIII. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1843. No. 4.

THE CHRONICLE

is published every Friday afternoon, by DONALD & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s 6d. extra.

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.

| Oct. | | | R. Sun. | S. moon | R. W |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30 | Saturday, | - - | 5 57 | 5 42 | 10 54 4 22 |
| 1 | Sunday, | - | 5 59 | 5 40 | morn 5 41 |
| 2 | Monday, | - | 6 0 | 5 38 | 0 1 7 0 |
| 3 | Tuesday, | - | 6 1 | 5 37 | 1 7 8 2 |
| 4 | Wednesday, | - - | 6 2 | 5 35 | 2 12 8 52 |
| 5 | Thursday, | - | 6 3 | 5 33 | 3 14 9 34 |
| 6 | Friday, | - - | 5 5 | 5 31 | 4 17 10 9 |

New Moon 25th day, 9h. 56m. morn.

### 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:

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: James Travis, 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. Wright, 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 Whittekin, 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 differences between the undersigned John Kerr, Edmund Kaye, and James R. Crane, having been amicably arranged, and the dissolution of the Partnership between them, under the firm of JOHN KERR & CO., mutually resolved on,—Notice is hereby given, That all debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same, discharged by the said John Kerr and Edmund Kaye.

JOHN KERR,
EDMUND KAYE,
JAMES R. CRANE.

26th April.

☞ 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.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having retired from the firm of JOHN KERR & Co., and having taken that commodious Fire-proof BRICK BUILDING on the North Market Wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. JAMES LOCKWOOD & Co., where he intends carrying on the business of Commission Merchant and General Agent; offers his services to his friends and the Public in that capacity, with the assurance that the facilities he proposes will enable him to give satisfaction to them who may entrust him with their business.

May 5, 1843. JAMES R. CRANE.

NOTICE.

THE business of the Firm of John Kerr & Co. will in future be continued by the subscribers under the same Firm.

JOHN KERR,
25th April. EDMUND KAYE.

### Poetry.

TEMPERANCE SONGS.—(From *Punch.*)

THE TEA! THE TEA!—AN, "THE SEA.

The Tea—The Tea—the grateful Tea,
The black—the green—the strong Bohea;
Whereby a mark—its price is found,
It runneth from three to six a pound—
When mixed with the sloe, it cheats our eyes,
And like a wicked creature lies,
I like the Tea—I like the Tea,
And drinking it I would ever be;
With the green above and the black below,
And hot water wherever I go,
If at night I should wish awake to keep,
What matter?—with Tea I cannot sleep,
What matter, &c.

I love—oh, how I love to drain,
The foaming tercup again and again.
When its heat makes warm the silver spoon,
And the kettle whistle his grateful tune.
I never heard a man for brandy roar,
But my Tea I fancied more and more;
And off to my favourite chest I ran,
Like a bailiff that fiercely seeks his man;
And a bailiff it was and is to me,
For I'm always very much taken—by tea.

The milk was called at early morn,
In the sober hour when I was born:
The grocers whistled—so much they sold,
And the Piddings took ten pounds gold;
And never was heard such laughter,
As welcomed to life the young Hyson child.
I have lived since then in peace and strife,
A regular milk and watery life—
With cash to spend on gin or grog,
I never took sugar but Tea with my prog;
And Death, whene'er he comes to me,
Shall find me—over a cup of Tea.

TREES.—BY FRANCIS BROWN.

Like the latest of the battle-spears,
In their ancient strength they stand;
And they tell us still of the sylvan years
When the forest filled the land;
Ere ever a hunter tracked the wood,
Or mariner plough'd the seas,
But the isles were green in the solitude
Of their old primeval Trees.

They have survived the Druid's faith,
And the Roman eagle's fall,
And the thrilling blast of the Saxon bugle's breath
From the Norman's knightly hall;
But the sun shines bright, and the showers descend,
And the wild bird's home is made,
Where the ancient giant still extend
The green of their summer shade.

We have seen our early winters hang
Their pearls on earth leafless bough,
And greeted the buds of the waking Spring
With a joy we know not now;
For life hath its winters cold and hoar,
But their frosts can form no gem;
And the Spring may breathe on our hearts no more,
But it still returns to them.

They are waving o'er our hamlet roofs,
They are bending o'er our dead,
And the odours breathed from his native groves,
On the exile's heart they shed:
Like him who gazed on his country's palm,
By the palace circled Seine,
Till the Pagod rose in the wanderer's dream,
And the Ganges rolled again.

How sweet in our childhood's ear they spoke,
For we know their voices well,
When far in our western hills they woke,
Of the coming Spring to tell;
But now they send us a sadder sound,
On the winds of Autumn eves,
For it murmers of wisdom more profound,
But it tells of withered leaves.

O, such were the Dryad tones that rose
In the Grecian woods of old,
And the voice from Indian wilderness,
That the conqueror's fate foretold;
For many a minstel's dream had birth
In the sounds of leaf and breeze,
And the early oracles of earth
Were the old complaining Trees!

### Miscellany.

THE ROCK OF BABAKE ON THE DANUBE.

BY ISABELLA F. ROMER.

"La jalousie! cette ennemie avide de dechirer son propre sein, qui vit de soupçons, ne se nourrit que d'alarmes, se consume pour apprendre ce qu'elle ne veut pas savoir et veut savoir tout ce qu'elle a tant d'interet d'ignorer."—DE TILLY.

"I have too much believed mine own suspicion."—*Winter's Tale.*

Instead of writing, however, I was induced to make an excursion beyond Moldavia to a part of the Danube which was at that time impracticable for any navigation save that of the flat bottomed boats peculiar to those shores. Our voyage was adventurous, and in some instances perilous; for, on our return, our barque went aground in the middle of the rapid stream, and I was obliged to be carried ashore on the shoulders of a half-naked savage-looking Wallachian, and to attempt to return to "mine inn" on foot through paths so wild and overgrown with briers that they looked as if human footsteps had never trodden them before. Night, too, had closed and the thunder muttering from afar, betokened a coming storm; large round drops of rain slowly pattered among the leaves; the Danube dashed hoarsely along its rocky channel; and the *halloing* conversation carried on in (to us) an unknown tongue, between our guides on shore and the men we had left in the boat, (who were toiling with all their might to row against the current and follow us,) formed so dreary a combination, that never in my life did I feel more thankful than when the barking of the watch dogs at Baziak first fell upon my ear, never was sight so welcome as the glimmering light in the inn window which proclaimed human habitations to be once more at hand.

The object of our excursion had, however, been attained, and was well worth the effort we had made to effect it. Babake, the spot we had visited, is undoubtedly the most sublimely picturesque feature in the succession of romantic scenery which marks the eastern course of the Danube, nor can any part of the Rhine compare with the stupendous and melancholy grandeur which characterizes that lonely scene. The river there takes a sudden bend, and the perpendicular rocks which inclose it narrowing together cause the waters to rush impetuously along, as the impatient of their temporary confinement. Receding, and then, beautifully intermingled with wild forest trees, rise in fantastic succession from the water's edge to the summit of the precipitous banks and tower proudly over the angry flood as it foams and dashes through its narrow bed. The eagle sails majestically through the silent air, as though he were lord of the stern solitude; the wild cat and bear people the woody mountains fearless of man's approach. Midway in the stream rises a lofty peak—the Rock of Babake,—on the activity of which are to be seen the remains of an old Turkish castle. Concerning this ruined pile various traditions are afloat; for, placed as it is in the very centre of the Danube with Turkey on one bank and the Boyat of Hungary on the other, both countries lay claim to have been the original possessors of the wild domain—both assume the stronghold was built by a chieftain of their own nation, both advance a legend in confirmation of that assertion. That of the Moslem is vague, dim and unsatisfactory, and merely states that in past ages a Turkish warrior, having detected the infidelity of his favourite wife, and being unwilling to shed her blood, conveyed her to the lonely rock in the midst of the roaring flood, and saying to her, "*Babak hai!*" (*repeat of your sins!*—from whence its actual name is derived,) left her to perish there of hunger and despair. That of the Christian is more terrible and daunted; but as in both cases a woman is the principal personage in the drama of which Babake was the closing scene, it is just possible that the two stories are only different versions of the same original, varied as must ever be the fate of oral traditions, according to the bias of the various channels through which it has descended to the present day. As I am a lover of old histories, I took care before I left Baziak to gather all the information I could relative to the picturesque ruin of Babake; and on the morning following my excursion (either an intelligent inhabitant of the place related to me the substance of the following details:—

Nearly three centuries ago an extensive portion of that part of the country which lies on the Wallachian bank of the Danube, including the rock already described, belonged to Demetri O——, a powerful Boyard descended from one of the Greek princes who had been driven from Constantinople at the fall of the Lower Empire. He was wealthy, generous and magnificent, the father of a promising son, (who at the period to which this history relates was eighteen years old,) and the husband of the most beautiful woman in the country. Helena C——, was looked upon as the happiest and most enviable of female lots; and she might have justified the general belief, for nature had endowed her with mental powers no less remarkable than her personal perfections, had it not unfortunately happened first, amidst the countless roses with which her path in life had been strewn, one sharp thorn had pierced and pierced her to the heart, rendering her, in the intolerable anguish it occasioned, regardless of the many other blessings which had been showered upon her. In a word, she was of a suspicious and jealous disposition. Passionately attached to her husband, and to all appearances adored by him, she nevertheless lived in a constant state of distrust of him, which his character and manners were but too well calculated to justify, for his general admiration of beauty was a matter of notoriety; and although from a knowledge of his wife's disposition, he had hitherto taken such precautions in his infidelities towards her, that she had never yet been able to detect him in a love intrigue, she nevertheless felt so persuaded that he was constantly involved in such pursuits, that she became the prey to a vague jealousy which embittered every hour of her existence.

At last her restless suspicions appeared to have found an object on which to settle. Among her female attendants was a young and pretty Transylvanian, named Anastatia, whose superior education had rendered her a favourite with her lady. All at once the damsel became negligent of her duties absent in mind, and inattentive to the wishes of her mistress. When reprimanded by her she betrayed insolence and *hauteur*. Helena threatened to dismiss her from her service—the Prince opposed such a measure—and, in proportion as the displeasure of the wife was evinced towards the delinquent, the voice and manner of the husband appeared to soften to her favor.

This was more than sufficient to fire the suspicion of the Princess. Eager to ascertain the reality of that which she dreaded, resolved to rush upon a knowledge which was to break her heart, she forgot her dignity so far as to stoop to play the eaves-dropper and spy over her attendant,—for some time without any result. One day, however, when the young girl had been sent for by her, and had neglected to attend the summons, Helena treacherously crept by a back door, and noiselessly stationing herself outside of it listened to what was passing within. A murmer of voices in the room convinced her that Anastatia was not alone, and almost immediately that of the suspected damsel struck upon her ear in accents the purpose of which could not be mistaken.

"Leave me!" she said,—"for Heaven's sake leave! If my mistress were to know of your being here, I should be lost for ever. Already she suspects and watches me, and I live in daily terror of her discovering a love which would draw upon me her eternal enmity. Go, prince!—go Demetri!—This evening soon as it is dark I shall contrive to steal out into the fountain in the sycamore grove,—meet me there at eight. Your protest of absenting yourself from home will prevent the Princess from suspecting that we——"

Here the voice became fainter as the person speaking moved towards an opposite door; the footsteps of a man were plainly to be distinguished moving in the same direction. Helena could hear nothing more. She strained her eyes to the crevice of the door at which she was stationed, but could see nothing. Overflowing with dark tumultuous passions, she was for a moment tempted to burst open the door, and confound the guilty one who had presumed to rival her in her husband's love; but listening again, she felt assured that the room was empty and a moment's reflection showed her that by a few hours delay she might render her vengeance more signal and complete. She therefore returned in the same stealthy manner to her own apartment, put herself by theirs, and took her measures accordingly.

Her determination was to prevent the possibility of Anastatia's quitting the house, and then to disguise herself in the dress of a serving-damsel, and personate her perfidious attendant at the rendezvous in the sycamore grove, which she had heard arranged by her. These meditations were interrupted by a message from the Prince apprizing her that he should be absent from home for the remainder of the day, and should not probably return until late at night; and this message, an additional proof of the calculating treachery which her faithless husband scrupled not to exercise towards her, was the last drop that overflowed the cup; the exasperation of her outraged feelings knew no bounds; and she remained in solitude in her apartment, that no member of her family might notice her agitation.

An hour before sunset Anastatia was summoned to her lady's presence, and received an order to terminate some embroidery with which she herself had been occupied. Not daring to disobey, and hoping to finish her task before the hour for her appointment with her lover had arrived, the young girl sat down to her work with unwonted alacrity. The room in which they were was an upper chamber, and formed the last of a spacious suite having no entrance but through the apartments which preceded it. Not long after Anastatia was seated at her embroidery frame the Princess rose and quitted the room, locked the door of it, and leaving her attendant a close prisoner there, with no possibility of egress until she herself should release her, she proceeded to Anastatia's chamber, where she selected a suit of her clothes, hastened to disguise herself in them, and throwing a veil over her head quitted the house, and directed her steps towards the trysting-place.

It was late in the autumn; the days were shortening visibly, the evenings were cold and gloomy; night closed in immediately after sunset, and there was no moon to illuminate the chill dark sky.—Helena was the first to arrive at the place of rendezvous, and under the influence of never slumbering suspicion, she fancied when she found herself there alone that her scheme had been discovered, and that her husband would defeat her plan of vengeance by not appearing; but a few moments sufficed to undeceive her. A quick, light step approached; what eagerness was in that tread, and how indignantly did her heart throb as she listened to it! The obscurity was so complete that she could not discern even the outline of the person who drew near, but a perfume of ambergris, with which her husband's hair and garments were always impregnated, floated upon the air, and a low countenfeited voice breathing forth the words "Hist! Anastatia! are you here, love?" directed her towards him. She stretched forth her hand with a whisper-ed "Yes," and grasped something which she recognized as the furred and richly embroidered Kottan worn by the heads of the princely house of C——; in the next moment the arms of the impatient lover were thrown around her, and she was drawn towards him in a passionate embrace! Transported to fury by tender endearment which she knew was not intended for herself, but an unworthy rival, and breathing only the deadliest vengeance for her wrongs the outraged wife thrust her hand into her bosom drew from thence a poniard, and rising it on high plunged it into the faithless heart that beat wildly against her own. The blow was dealt with such unerring aim that the victim could only utter an indistinct cry, and relaxing the grasp with which he held so closely embraced, fell heavily to the ground. Helena drew in her breath, and listened for a moment; a gurgling noise in the throat of the murdered man was all that she could distinguish,—then followed a death-like silence. Terror and remorse suddenly overcome her for the deed which, in a moment of frenzied excitement, she had perpetrated and turning hastily from the fatal spot she rushed homewards.

The first object that met her eyes as she entered the house was *her husband!* There he stood unhurtled, surrounded by his attendants, and his riding dress, just as he had alighted from horseback, a tranquil smile upon his lips as he inquired whether the Princess was in her apartment.

"*You here?*" she shrieked, rushing up to him,—"I have not killed you, then? Oh! think Heaven! I have not killed you!" and she fell gasping at his feet.

"The Princess!" ejaculated her husband, bewildered at the sight of her disguise and her violent emotion, and raised her from the ground; what means this frenzy, and why are you so strangely disguised?"

But she answered him not. With her distorted eyes wildly fixed upon him, she passed her hands repeatedly over his bosom, and muttered to herself.

"No poniard—no wound! and yet I struck him there, and felt his hot blood gush forth upon my hand! And see she continued, shuddering, "there it is!" and holding up her hand as she spoke, the crimson drops that stained it attested to the truth of some fearful deed being connected with her mysterious self-accusation.

"Helena, dearest love?" said the Boyard, in soothing accents, "something has terrified you; but you are safe now—I am here to protect you! Tell me what is the meaning of this agitation! what is the meaning of this blood?"

"You!—Anastatia!—the sycamore grove!" she uttered in broken cries; "were you not there!—now just now, to meet her!"

The Prince shook his head in silent consternation.

"Who have I murdered then!" burst from the lips of the unhappy woman with a thrilling shriek; and, starting from her husband's support, she fled with the speed of a maniac in the direction of the fatal spot from which she had so recently returned.

The Prince and his attendants followed her, some of them bearing torches; but such was the speed which the frenzied state of her feelings lent to her movements that they only overtook her at the moment of her reaching the fountain. There she suddenly stopped, as though rooted to the spot, and shuddering, pointed to the ground; the Prince advanced hastily to her side; his attendants followed, and raising their torches, discovered at the margin of the fountain the body of a man extended on his back, and weltering in his blood. The ghastly face was turned upwards, and as the glare of the torches fell upon it, an exclamation burst from the lips of all present, and Helena, leaning forward, recognized the features of her victim with a thrill of agony which caused the blood to freeze in her veins, and all her pulses to stand still. At one glance the whole truth flashed upon her with terrible clearness, and she comprehended when too late the fatal error into which her blind and mistaken suspicions had plunged her. There lay *her son*—her only child—her beloved Demetri—bathed in the blood welled forth from the death-wound which her murderous hand had inflicted! He it was, then, whose boyish passion was reciprocated by her young attendant;—he it was for whom Anastatia had devised the love meeting which had that morning changed her own jealous fears into dreadful certainties. He it was, Oh God! upon whom her imaginary wrongs had just been so barbarously avenged. The similarity of name and of dress had deceived her. Why had she not thought of this before? Why? Does suspicion ever pause to reason or reflect? Is not jealousy blind as love (whose dark shadow it is) is said to be? All this passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning as that one awful glance revealed to her the extent of her crime; no word escaped her lips; but, as if struck by a thunderbolt, she fell heavily forward, and lay prostrate, and to all appearance lifeless, by the side of the beloved son whose life had fallen a sacrifice to the rash and ungovernable suspicions of the jealous wife.

The first use Helena made of her returning faculties was to cast herself at the feet of her husband, and make a full confession of the feelings which had driven her to commit so desperate a deed, imploring death at his hands in expiation of her crime. But death which would have terminated her earthly torments, was a boon which the exasperated husband was resolved not to grant her.

"Woman!" said he, "you shall live to die a thousand deaths every day; you shall live to curse the day on which you were born; you shall live to expiate in lingering torments of mind the misery you have inflicted on me!" And, inflexible in his determination, he caused his unfortunate wife to be conveyed to the Rock of Babake, where, in a rudely constructed stone chamber, she was condemned to drag out her miserable existence, without being suffered to exchange a word with any human being, and with no companionship save her own wretched thoughts. Her senses failed her under the severity of the punishment; but madness instead of bringing oblivion to her woes, seemed to add new activity to her faculties of suffering. Every evening as darkness came over the earth, the poor maniac fancied herself again an actor in the dreadful scene which had stained her soul with the guilt of murder, and the frenzied shrieks she uttered during the night were heard from afar, waking the echoes of that dreary solitude until daylight brought with it a temporary cessation of her agonies in the calm of exhaustion.

One day, at last, when the attendant who daily brought supplies of food entered her prison, she had disappeared; every part of the rock was searched, but no vestige of her was to be found, nor could any trace ever be discovered to account for her mysterious evasion. The rational supposition was, that having contrived to force her emaciated form through the loop-hole of her prison, she had sought for refuge from her despair in the deep waters of the Danube, and that her body, carried away by the rapidity of the current, had been dashed to pieces in the cataracts of the Essen Thor, and thus all vestige of her was lost. But vulgar superstition attributed her disappearance to supernatural agency; and it was averred that her patron saint, St. Helena, (who had herself suffered the miseries of imprisonment in the adjacent castle of Golubacz,) taking pity of her sufferings, had interceded with the *Farragis* (the Madonna of the Greek Church) in behalf of her unfortunate namesake, and that she was released from her dungeon, and carried through the air by invisible spirits to Mount Athos, where, having recovered her reason, she entered a community of holy recluses, she died in the order of sanctity at an advanced age.

☞ The Essen Thor, or *Iron Gates*, cataracts in the Danube, near Orsova.

### BISHOP'S CHARGE—(CONTINUED.)

The principle on which this defence rests, is plainly a very fruitful one. But its true range may be better learned from Mr. Froude's application of it, than from the statement of his Editor, and the examples by which he chooses to illustrate it. It will be found that it reaches farther, not merely than the Editor intimates, but further than we should ourselves probably have anticipated without such a practical exhibition of its working. The maxim indeed that a true disciple may acquiesce in pre-engaged to the Church Catholic, as it evidently subsumes his own or his party's views of the principles of the Church Catholic for all other authority, would prepare us for a good deal of insubordination in a "witness to Catholic views." And when we find that this maxim was combined with the theory, that the particular branch of the Church Catholic to which he belonged, is in bondage, and that the State is her oppressor, we might expect this insubordinate spirit to express itself from time to time in very intemperate and violent language, if restrained from more active manifestations.—Were the State ever so truly the protector of the local Church, it would have no claim to be heard when it speaks in opposition to the Church Catholic; but being as it is, its oppressor, no true upholder of Catholic views can render any obedience to the enactments which maintain its tyranny except by constraint and outwardly; or refrain from speaking of them with the indignation which they deserve. In a wholesome state of things, it is true, the branch of the Church to which we belong would have a fair claim to be regarded by us as representative and interpreter of the Church universal. But in her bondage she could not herself desire that we should so regard her, lest we should happily take the language of her oppressor for her own.—If she were free, she would doubtless always speak in harmony with Catholic views. If her unhappy circumstances ever for her to speak otherwise, we may be sure that we are not only acting in obedience to our highest duty, but that we are showing to her the reverence which is most acceptable to her, when we regard her as speaking by constraint; and obey instead, the voice to which she would have us always give ear. A child is not to be regarded as deficient in filial duty and tenderness because he does not yield obedience to every command of a parent who is beside herself. True duty and tenderness, on the contrary, will often enjoin disobedience, yea, it may be, force from him words that may sound harsh, and acts that may seem unkind.——When once this principle of the paramount duty of obedience to the Catholic Church had released a man from subjection to the authorities which God has set over him, talk of the kind we know, would never be wanting to justify all that his own notions of Catholic views, or the notions of whatever little party, living or dead, he had chosen as the interpreter of the Catholic Church, might require him to do or say. And so we might be prepared to see as the result of the principle, a great deal of self-will and presumption, under the guise of humility and submission. But it seems in Mr. Froude to lead to something more and worse. The tyranny of the State, and the weakness of the Church, seem to have divested them of all claims, not merely on his obedience, but also on his good faith. This is a very serious charge; but, as it seems clearly well founded, painful as it is, it is very necessary that it should be distinctly made; and being made, of course, it ought to be substantiated.

For example: He declares as we have seen, that he was unable to make up his mind, whether *the worshipping of saints and honouring the Virgin and images practiced by Roman Catholics* is idolatrous or not. I have no disposition to inquire whether the declared views of our Church on this question forbid such indecision in her *members*. But he was a *minister* of the Church, and before he could become one he was obliged solemnly, and sincerely, in the presence of God, to profess, testify, and declare, that he did believe. . . . *that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saints, . . . as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous.* And further, *solemnly, and in the presence of God to profess, testify, and declare, that he made this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto him, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever.* And he did all this. Now, whatever justification his views of the Church and State might furnish for intemperate language, with reference to such a declaration,—for railing at the State for exacting, and the Church for submitting to, such a declaration,—what justification can they be supposed by honest minds to supply for his making it? And what justification can we imagine him to have found in his own mind for voluntarily making it, except this: that when the State tyrannically extracts declarations or engagements inconsistent with Catholic views, those who hold such views, whatever be the form of words which they are constrained to use, must be understood to use them with all such reservations as their allegiance to the Catholic church may render necessary?

Again: Mr. Froude's belief concerning the Eucharist was, the power of *making the body and blood of Christ* is vested in the successors of the Apostles; that in the exercise of the power bestowed upon them they perform a double miracle; one part being the making of the body and Blood of Christ for our spiritual food,—and the other, the preservation of the sensible bread and wine for the exercise of our faith: that the canon of the Mass is the liturgy of St. Peter: that Peter's statement—that the Lord fulfils His promise to the Apostles, of being with them always, by abiding under the species of the Eucharist, is an orthodox one: and that we cannot by any possibility know that it is true to say that in the holy communion, Christ is not in our hands. Now suppose that such views as shown to allow a man, without any evasion, vocation, or mental reservation whatever, to say and in the presence of God, to profess, and declare, (as he did in the declaration referred to,) that in the sacrament of the Supper *there is not any transubstantiation of elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever,* how could they permit him to declare with the same solemnity that *the sacrifice of the mass as used by the Church of Rome is superstitious and idolatrous!* or willingly and *ex animo* to subscribe the twenty-eight Articles, (to particularize nothing else,) in which it is expressly declared that *the body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper, is faith!*

Lastly, (not to continue this specification for,) if there be any fundamental principle of Church, it is *the sufficiency of Holy Scripture* as Rule of Faith; and if there be any of her principles explicitly declared in the Articles, it is this. "I, these Articles all her ministers subscribe willingly and *ex animo.*" But to take still further security that they agree with her in this fundamental principle, she requires all candidates for the order of priesthood, to declare that they are persuaded of the truth, and that they have determined by God's grace to regulate their ministry conformably. Now, notwithstanding all this, it appears that Mr. Froude did not believe this truth. But while he regarded so lightly his positive obligations to his own church, he showed himself anxious to maintain his allegiance to the Catholic Church, so far as he understood his principles. And accordingly, though he reasons against this doctrine in various ways, he professes his readiness to believe it, if the Fathers taught it. And somebody having provided soon after what he regarded as a proof that the early Church did believe the doctrine in the first time, and apparently with more surprise than satisfaction, the Sixth Article of the Church admitted of a valid defence. It may be supposed therefore that somewhere about six years after he had made the subscription and declaration above referred to, he did believe this Article. But if he did, it was certainly but for a short time. In two months he relapsed into his former disbelief of it. And as this was within a very short period of his death, it is unlikely that he changed again upon the point.

Now it is very important to whatever way the "Catholic views" of which Mr. Froude is the chosen witness, dispensed with his belief in the fundamental principle of the Church, to which he was so solemnly pledged, they might enjoin and justify disbelief in any other. There is no other article on which the Church has more distinctly declared herself, and none upon which she has taken the same pains to secure the accordance of her ministers with her. This instance is therefore of peculiar importance in the judging of the practical working of "Catholic views." Indeed all the instances, which might easily be added to give the same view of their operation. And it to be remembered, that in all these instances, the practical application of "Catholic views" to the obligations under which the ministers of our Church lie, were made by one who is put forward as understanding them thoroughly, and acting uncompromisingly upon them. I will not attempt to speculate upon the effects of such views upon the sacredness of the engagements of private life; but it seems very plain that they deprive the most solemn engagements, which those who hold them contract with the Church or with the State—at least with our enthralled Church and tyrannical State—of all force and value. It would seem from the examples just given, that there are no declarations which can be framed of belief in a doctrine—however explicit and unreserved they be, and however voluntarily they be made by one who holds what are called "Catholic views" to give any absolute security that he believes the doctrine. His belief of it will, after all, be contingent upon his being able to make out for himself, or by the aid of some one else, that it was held by the Catholic Church. Indeed, when such declarations as those to which we have referred, have failed to secure their objects, it must be plain that it is vain for our Church, or State, to devise any others, in the hope of binding men of the principles of which Mr. Froude is made the witness and representative.

I shall now resume the history from which this opportunity of throwing light upon the principles of *the movement*, has led us away. Nothing could be more distinct, as we have seen, than the warning to all its supporters, that in these volumes they had an authentic declaration of its objects and tendencies. But, there were not a few, as I have said, upon whom the warning was lost. They seemed resolved not to allow the authors of the Tracts to connect Mr. Froude's extravagances with their useful labours.—And indiscretion was, no doubt, committed in publishing a book, which contained so much that was calculated to alarm the timid, and indeed to give just offence to all sober-minded persons. It could not be too much lamented. But men are often led into such indiscretion