SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1844.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 12.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNCAN & 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.

Nov.		s. Sun.	s. Moon	h. w.
23	Saturday,	7 15	4 45	5 49 10 27
24	Sunday,	7 16	4 44	Rises 11 3
25	Monday,	7 16	4 44	4 59 11 38
26	Tuesday,	7 17	4 43	5 48 Morn
27	Wednesday,	7 18	4 42	6 42 0 13
28	Thursday,	7 19	4 41	7 40 0 47
29	Friday,	7 19	4 41	8 40 1 22

Full Moon 24th, 7h. 3m. evening.

THE HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Elisha Tyler, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE, at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.
St. John, November 3, 1843.

"PROTECTION"
Insurance Company of Hartford.
SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

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

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

☞ **Notice.**

THE Co Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of E. L. JARVIS & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. JARVIS, Esq. their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.
St. John, June 27, 1844.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of Thomas Sandall & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make payment to Thomas Sandall.

THOMAS SANDALL.
CATHARINE SANDALL.
St. John, August 3, 1844.

Coffee, Candles, Oil, &c.

The subscribers are now receiving from Boston by schr. Tom Cringle:—

TWENTY BAGS Government Java COFFEE.
10 bls. PEAS and BEANS;
20 Boxes Sperm CANDLES;
10 Barrels Winter Sperm OIL.
—FROM HALIFAX—
200 quintals large Shore CODFISH;
50 boxes Muscatel RAISINS.
Oct. 18, 1844. JARDINE & CO.

Linseed OIL.

TWELVE Casks Raw LINSEED OIL; 12 ditto Boiled ditto. Received per ship *Royalist* from Liverpool, for sale by
27th sept. J. R. CRANE.

Anchors Chains, Copper &c

2 CHAIN CABLES, 1 1/4 inch. 2 Anchors, (wood stock,) 2 Patent PUMPS, A CAPSTAN; a few bars large COPPER. For sale low by
Aug. 2. J. DE WOLFE SPURR.

NEW GOODS,
Per *Lady Caroline*, from London.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of **TOYS**, &c. consisting of—drums, tops, balls, swords, guns, pistols, horsemen, and large *Pole Horses* fit for boys to ride on; India rubber, ivory and gum rings, ball corals, kid dolls, dressed and undressed; jointed dolls; wax dolls all sizes, with and without moving eyes; Ladies companions and Work Boxes; Reel stands of all patterns; loaded Pincushions; hair, tooth, nail, and shaving Brushes; Tortoise shell and Buffalo dressing, pocket, and ladies' side Combs.

Also—Vine, holly, oak, cherry, crab, black thorn, fancy pimento, spanish, cane, and lance wood *Walking Sticks*; one case Highlander, Harry 8th Mogul and Gilt back Playing Cards.

On hand, a good assortment of Ladies' Frizzette and Ringletts. ☞ Toys wholesale and retail.
4th oct. WILLIAM MAJOR.

By the "Woodstock," from Liverpool.
3rd July, 1844.

BOAT, Board, and Horse NAILS, Block Rivets, Pump TACKS, Tea Kettles, Waggon Boxes, Horse *TRACES*, square Shovels and Ditching spades.

Curled Hair, Hair Shafting, Patent skins, Shoe Thread, London GLUE.

Hinges, Locks, Wood Screws, Brushes, Iron Weights—3 only, Garden sheers; Lamp Hemispheres and Chimnies.

Carriage Lace, Coffin Mounting, Shot, Guns, and Pistols, spring Steel, Cast Steel—(Sanderson's). Putty.

Refined and Common IRON, and various other Merchandize.
July 3. G. T. WILEY.

Hare's
PATENT FLOOR CLOTH.

Received by the Oromocto, and for sale—

6 BONES containing 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 wide **FLOOR CLOTHS,**—Handsome Patterns.

A Pattern Book is sent out from the Manufacturers of the above beautiful and necessary article of Household Furniture for persons wishing to order to suit Halls or Floors to any size or dimension, *without seam.* Please apply to
JOHN KINNEAR.
Sand/brick building, Prince Wm street
August 2. 6w.

Sugar, Brandy, &c.

20 HHDS. Bright SUGAR; 50 bbls prime PORK; 5 hhds. BRANDY;
3 chain CABLES, 2 1/2 and 1 1/2 inch;
3 Large ANCHORS—For sale by
Oct. 25. J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

60 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA. (Prince George's Importation,) now landing ex *Emily* from Halifax, and for sale by
Oct. 25. J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

A CURE FOR ALL!!!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Extraordinary Cure of a Case
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1843, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure there the deponent sought relief at the three following hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's where sir BARNSLY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a-sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive it would be without your arm. I can only compare this Cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the City of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stoney and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles; the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment: as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of moschettoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns, and Coco bay.

Burns, Scalds, childblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

The Pills are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In nervous affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all ☞

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.—*Sold at* PETERS & THEAL'S, *No. 1, King street, St. John, N. B.*

Miscellany.

PLUNDER AT SERINGAPATAM.—Some conception may perhaps be formed of the magnificent expectations which we were led to entertain, when I state that on the first day on which we were occupied in taking charge of the specie, we counted not less than 1,200,000 sultanny pagodas, which, at four rupees to the sultanny, was equivalent with forty-eight lacs of rupees, or nearly £500,000 sterling. The pagodas being sealed up in bags of 1000 each, it needed only to ascertain the contents of the first bag (for so we were apprized by the shrauffs or money-changers) and to take the remainder by weight, in which there never was found the smallest deficiency. The prize agents, seven in number, were therefore, perhaps, well warrented in congratulating each other on being each £10,000 richer than in the morning of that day. In the meantime, although the whole of the palace had been consigned to the safeguard of a detachment of Europeans, ever since the evening of the storm, the Towshah Khaunah, or baggage depot, in the S.W. angle of the first court, was discovered in morning of the 5th to have been the scene of indiscriminate plunder.

What led to the discovery was a train of pagodas, strewn from the door of the depot along the floor of the west virandah, to the entrance of the court, or quadrangle. The question agitated was, whether this unfortunate spoilation had taken place prior to, or after, the period at which the palace had been put under safe-guard.—But the loss to the captors in general could never be ascertained: while but little advantage accrued to the soldier.—Nevertheless, some conception may be formed on the subject when it is stated, that Dr. Mein, a surgeon in the army, purchased from a soldier of the 74th regt., for a mere trifle, two pair of solid gold bangles or bracelets, set with diamonds; the least costly of which was valued by a Hyderabad jeweller, at 80,000 sultannies, or 320,000 rupees, at the lowest exchange; equivalent worth 32,000 sterling. The other pair he declared to be of such superlative value that he could not pretend to express any opinion. It was, moreover, notorious that a quantity of the most valuable pearls was to be bought in the bazaars from the soldiery, for a bottle of spirits. * * On one occasion, Sir David Baird made his appearance at the prize-table exhibiting, with anger ill-suppressed a large ruby-ring, which he said, had been alloted to him at the value of 1,000 sultannies; but which, on being taken out of the setting, proved to be nothing more than a lump of colored glass, not worth even as many cowries. Fortunately, on referring to the register, it was found that I had entered in a parenthesis—(if real)—"1,000 sultannies." This was not less satisfactory to ourselves than it was to the general, and we rejoiced at the opportunity of doing him justice, by exchanging the allotment, for another of sufficient value. Much about the same time also, we had the mortification of receiving from Major-General Popham, a most grievous complaint, that we had valued the allotment which fell to his share at 10,000 sultannies; whereas, they appeared to him nothing better than a bunch of chipped glass. When the parcel was handed over to the jeweller, for re-inspection, he declared that the article was fully worth the sum, and that he had not a doubt but the money would be given for it in the bazaar. The general consented to make the trial; and actually received for the article, not less than 1,000 sultannies beyond the valuation. We rejoiced at the circumstances; but I do not recollect that the general felt it expedient to relinquish the surplus. The article consisted of a bulse of table diamonds, which certainly did not appear better than so many chops of tale, or isinglass. They are, however, much used in the formation of native ornament, and have therefore, generally, a very ready sale. * * As it is something in illustration of character, I cannot forbear mentioning that one day, while Major Ogg and myself were turning over the leaves of these multitudinous M.S.S., one of the young princes, which had been permitted to look on upon us, was overheard, in rather an audible whisper, to observe to his attendants: "Only see how these hogs are allowed to contaminate my father's books."—*Major Price's Memoirs.*

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.—The history of the decline and fall of peasant life in this country, though a very sad and to some amongst us, not a very creditable one, is told in few words. The labouring people, through the sweat of whose brow England became, during the progress of the late war one huge garden, fell victims to the high prices of the corn which they themselves produced. As soon as the maxim came to be generally received and acted upon, that large farms paid better than small, there was an end to all hope of advancement for them. One by one, as leases fell in, the sixty acre holdings which used formerly to dot the land, were swept aside; and their occupants either advanced to the situation of gentlemen farmers; or were reduced to that of mere labourers at daily pay. Then, too, fell into disuse the primitive, but not therefore unseemly practice, according to which each tenant boarded and lodged under his own roof the chief of his agricultural servants. That which the father was accustomed to do naturally, while his son served either himself or his neighbour, came to be accounted both a hardship and a degradation, so soon as the farmer had taken his new place in society. In 1786 you might travel England through, yet hardly fail of finding, about the hour of noon, the hall or large room in every farmhouse set out with a long oaken table; beside which sat over their bacon and suet-dumplings the tenant, his wife and his daughters, his sons, hinds, his maid-of-all-work, (if he had one), his ploughman, his two waggoners, and possibly his shepherd; all of them contented, all faring well, and all ready and willing, as soon as the meal should be ended to return to their accustomed tasks. Here and there it is true, a wealthy yeoman might be found who had his private parlour to retire to, where he could smoke his pipe and drink his extra glass of ale, while the boys did the work of the farm as became them. But the yeoman, be it remembered, was, in those days, one of a class to which the mere farmer looked up, exactly as the yeoman in his turn paid deference to the squire, and the squire to the county member, and the county member to the lord-lieutenant. The tenant—the occupier of another man's land—as his holding seldom exceeded a hundred acres, and often fell short of it, so he had no ambition either to fare better or to live more delicately than his servants. He was their master, it is true, and they honoured and obeyed them as such, whether connected with him by ties of relationship or otherwise. But what he then was, each of them might hope some day or another to become; or if not, this at all events they were sure that so long as they did their duty, he would find them in work and pay them fair wages for their labour. In 1806 the scene which we have just described, had altogether passed away. The large farm plan had come into operation, and with a class of tenantry, who without meaning to insinuate anything in disparagement of their moral worth, neither did nor could treat their labourers as the latter had been by a former class of masters. For the common table disappeared at once, and with it the moral restraint or what may be called the domestic education of the laborers.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
Even on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token, in her fall,
Peace to her foes and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the head that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit not to earth is given—
One had it but he came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no plaint he made,
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Pray'd for his murderers and died.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—The most important element of success is economy, economy of money and economy of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time and money without an adequate return either in time or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business instead of our business driving us.—There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this—work much and spend little. If this advice be followed success *must* come, unless indeed some unwise adventure or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitation of Providence should arrest the progress onwards; but in the ordinary course of human affairs success will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which prosperity must be earned.—Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence towards every animated being.—"Happiness," it has been finely observed, "is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us." To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another man's woe—who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy—deserves, ay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness, he has none; his life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion, and he will descend to the grave unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. Such a fate is not to be envied, and let those who are intent upon success remember that success is nothing without happiness.—*The Apprentice.*

[*From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*]

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

At the conclusion of the legend of Claude de Vere in a late number, a similar English story of persecution was promised. This story we proceed to relate, only premising that the materials are supplied to us by one of the parties who suffered from the imposition. We need scarcely remark what a curious light such anecdotes throw upon the liability of the mind to be deceived by those mists to all its ideas—the senses.

Our informant, Geoffrey Randell, is, it appears, the eldest son of a hard-working and industrious man who has been for many years the carrier from the village of Chedworth to the town of Cirencester, and who succeeded in bringing up with credit a family of eight children, four of whom were sons.

In 1828 John Randell, the youngest of this family, being then sixteen years of age, procured the situation of letter-boy in the family of Sir W. B. Guise of Rendcobe Park which is situated about three miles from Chedworth, his native place.—Here he remained for two years, and during his servitude was remarked for being of a somewhat reserved and eccentric disposition. One Sunday morning, in April 1831, Geoffrey Randell was crossing the market place of Cirencester, on his way to church, when he met one of the servants from Rendcombe Park, who to his surprise had been despatched for the letters instead of his brother. From this person he learnt the afflicting intelligence that John suddenly disappeared the day before, and no one knew wither he had gone.—Geoffrey instantly repaired to Rendcombe to obtain such information respecting his brother's flight as might be hoped led to a discovery of the route he had taken. Nothing satisfactory, however, could be learned, and all subsequent inquiry was equally fruitless. Days, weeks, months passed away, and no tidings of John Randell were received. At length it was supposed that he had gone to America, as he had often expressed a wish to do so for many persons were at that time emigrating.—So strong was this belief in the family, that from every person who was known to be going to the new world, a promise was exacted that they would seek out the lost young man, and if they found him, communicate by letter with his brother or parents. In the autumn of the same year Geoffrey Randell had occasion to go to the Isle of Wight, and actually made a point of visiting all the American merchantmen in Portsmouth harbour, in the hope of finding his brother amongst their crews; but his search was in vain.

Years passed away, and no tidings having been received, less pleasing conjectures were formed as to the fate of John Randell. In the meantime the rest of the family were deprossed, being called away from their native place by their various avocations. Sophia, the eldest sister, filled a situation first at Hanley on Thames, and next at Hurst in Berkshire. Elizabeth, another sister, lived at Gosport, near Portsmouth. These, with Geoffrey, were the immediate and chief actors in the story; for Amy, the youngest sister, and the brothers Moses and Alfred, were so situated as to be out of the reach of the deception practised on the other relations.

The scene of the continuation of this true story is laid at Hurst. Sophia Randell had made the acquaintance of a young man named Holloway, a blacksmith—an acquaintance which ended some time afterwards in matrimony. One evening in April 1836, exactly five years after John Randall's disappearance, Holloway, being in a public-house at Hurst, was forcibly struck by the likeness which the features of a stranger who was in the room bore to those of his intended, Sophia Randall. Having heard of her lost brother, he immediately asked the man if his name were Randall, and if he did not come from the neighbourhood of Cirencester?—The stranger replied in the negative, adding, that his name was James Haines, and that he was a native of Warwickshire. The did not satisfy Holloway, who, on pressing him more closely, got the stranger to admit that he knew something of Gloucestershire. When other questions were put, he prevaricated, and young Holloway was much strengthened in his conviction that the man was John Randell. To make sure, however, he made an appointment to meet him on the following evening, and in the morning told his father what had happened, desiring him to go to the house and see the stranger. This Mr. Holloway senior did, and declared on his return that 'he would swear it was Sophia's brother, if he were among a thousand people.' The appointment at night was duly kept, but for some time the stranger refused to satisfy young Holloway's inquiries. It happened, however (whether by accident or design, is not mentioned), that the landlady, in setting out his supper, placed the knife on the left-hand side, upon which he exclaimed, 'I will have my supper, but am not left handed.' Holloway caught at this, and remarked, 'No, but you know your sister Sophia is!'—Upon this the man said that it was useless to deny it any longer: he *was* her brother.

At this announcement young Holloway bestowed every proper mark of regard upon his new friend, and insisted on his becoming his guest in his father's house, whither they both retired. The next day the lover set out for a neighbouring village, where Sophia Randall was staying, to communicate the news to her. Having done his best to prepare her for the interview, he accompanied her to his father's house. Here she was introduced to one whom she supposed to be her long-lost brother. The scene was affecting, for the young man wept, and declared he fully repented of past, while the young woman—being completely deceived by the appearance and manner of the youth—was so much agitated that she swooned. When she had sufficiently recovered, she wrote to her brother Geoffrey, and the contents of that letter will show the clever use the deceiver made of the facts he had caught up in conversation from Holloway and Sophia Randell concerning the individual he pretended to be. The epistle is dated Hurst, April 19, 1836. 'You will scarcely believe, when you see the contents of my letter, that our dear and long-lost brother was lost and is found, dead and is alive again. My dear father and mother, I beg you will all make yourselves happy now, for he has been doing very well ever since he left home. His first start was to London, and there he engaged himself to a butcher, where he continued nearly twelve months, and for a long time he has been with a horse dealer. He has been something of everything, and he just got into a good place with a travelling family, but unfortunately was put into a damp bed, by which he took a violent cold, and was obliged to leave his service, as the family was going to France; and as the Almighty had so ordered it, they happened to be staying at Hurst when he was taken ill, but thank God he was taken good care of. His master paid him six month's wages and his doctor's bill, and provided him with everything he wanted. I think they behaved very well to him indeed. We have no one to thank for finding him but the blacksmith, whom I have sometimes before mentioned in my letters. I have always told you I had found a father and mother at Hurst, and now you have all every reason to join with me in your prayers for them, as they have now acted as a father and mother to our dear brother, as well as to me.' After detailing the circumstance of the accidental meeting of young Holloway and her supposed brother in the public house, she proceeds:—'The first words poor John spoke to me was to ask for his dear father and mother, and then all of you. He sends his kindest love to you all. He is heartily sorry for what he has done, and begs you will all forgive him. He would have come home, but was obliged to go to London to meet a gentleman to whom he was hoping to be engaged as servant. I would tell you more, but my time now will not permit. I am sure you will all make yourselves happy now; and now, dear brother, pray let this letter go home as soon as possible, and write to me as soon as you can, as John is very anxious to hear from you all, and to know what is said about his being found, as I shall write to him in London. He has faithfully promised to write to me every two or three months, which will be a great comfort to us all. I cannot write more now, but will send all the particulars when I write again. Excuse my bad writing, my hand shakes with joy. I am happy to say John has got comfortable lodgings in London, which has made his home ever since he left me.—From your overjoyed sister, *Sophia Randell.*'

It was not true that the false John Randell had departed for London. He had induced the young woman to say so on some plausible plea, but in reality to avoid meeting Geoffrey at too early a stage of his deception, lest he should at once be discovered; for he had good reason to suppose that the elder Randell would have posted off to Hurst immediately to meet with his lost brother.—His great object now was to find out what relations he should lay claim to, and other circumstances connected with the family. This he managed to do, first, with conversations with Sophia and Holloway, and next by going to the post-office (at Twyford) and obtaining possession of the answers to her letter. These he opened, read, re sealed, and delivered, owning laughingly to what he had done, and saying he was anxious to know the feeling of his family towards him. He remained several days at Hurst, hospitably entertained, Sophia and Holloway (the young blacksmith's brother) providing him at their joint expense with several new shirts and other articles of clothing. Hearing, however, that Geoffrey Randell was really on his way to meet him, the impostor set off to London; and not the least singular circumstance in this little romance is, that Geoffrey Randell arrived only one hour after he had taken his departure. Having learnt every particular from his sister, Randell proceeded to the metropolis, but only ascertained that his supposed brother bore a very bad character.—In spite of every exertion, he did not, meet with the young man, and returned to Cirencester without accomplishing the object of his journey.

Nearly two years elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the pretended John Randell: but on the 30th of December 1837 a letter was sent to Sophia, scrawled on three dirty pieces of paper. It was penned in Northampton jail, where the writer was confined under sentence of seven years' transportation. The Northampton Herald, of December 30, 1837, contained the following under the Northampton Borough Sessions' Report:—'John Bryan [an alias adopted by the imposter] pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing a watch, value twelve shillings, and a pair of boots, from a room at the Cross Keys Inn, the property of an ostler. The prisoner had also been previously convicted for stealing several articles of wearing apparel from a stable at Leamington—seven years' transportation.' The epistle ran thus:—'John Randell to my sister Sophia—Little did I think of writing such a letter to you as this, dear sister; I hope it will find you, father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all my friends well, as it leaves me as comfortable as you can expect. Dear sister, I was taken on the second of October, and have been lying here in great distress ever since. Dear sister this is the third time I have wrote to you, and received no answer. Dear sister I hope you and my brothers will be friends to me at this time, as I am in great distress, and am sorry that, through my bad conduct, I am transported for seven years. Dear sister, I should be happy to see my brother Jeffery, but they will not admit any one to see me. Dear sister, I hope you and my brother will take it into consideration, and I hope you will not fret yourselves more than you can help. Dear brother and sister, I hope you will forgive me for all that is past, and be a friend to me in this distressing case; and I hope you will send me some money, and ask my brother Jeffrey if he has got a greatcoat to send me whilst I am here, and when I leave I will write to you again. Dear sister, I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible, and grant the favours which I ask you for. Dear sister, I hope you will excuse this writing, as it is unbeknown to our Governor; we are obliged to make what shift we can. Dear sister, direct your letters to me for John Brion, County Gaol, Northampton, as I did not like to make use of my own name. Remember me to all inquiring friends; so I remain yours, John Randell: and though I have been absent in body, I have always been present in mind'. Dear sister, do not make use of my name in your letter, as there is no one who knows it in this place. Be carefull what you write in your letter, as the governor reads all letters that come in. I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible. I am in want of a little money.' This letter was enclosed to Geoffrey: and he wrote to the convict, who, in his reply (evidently the composition of a more skilled hand than the former scrawl) said, amongst other things, 'A combination of unfortunate circumstances has led me rapidly into that career of misconduct which now places me in the greatest wretchedness. Had I the good fortune to have met you in Berks, I should not be as I am now; I was not then tainted with the propensities to crime which have brought me to this deplorable condition. After I arrived in London, the gentleman I was with in Berks behaved very kind to me, and wished me to return to my friends at Cirencester. After I stated my case to him, he even offered to pay my coach hire to Cirencester: but having left you, my dear brother, under such unpleasant circumstances, I could not be prevailed upon to return. If you send me a greatcoat, you can make a parcel of it, and also a neck handkerchief, with a pair of worsted stockings, and a trifle of money, if you can, as I am utterly destitute. You can make them in a parcel, and take them to the coach-office, where you can book them for Northampton, and direct to John Randell, County Gaol,

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