THE Weekly Chronicle

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

VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1840. No. 5.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. DURANT & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M'Millan's building, Prince William Street.

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

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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.

Weekly Almanack.

OCT.	R. SUN.	S.	MOON.	H.	W
3 Saturday,	6 0	5 38	10 22	4	15
4 Sunday,	6 1	5 36	11 27	5	27
5 Monday,	6 2	5 35	Morn	6	44
6 Tuesday,	6 3	5 33	0 35	7	59
7 Wednesday,	6 4	5 31	1 41	8	45
8 Thursday,	6 5	5 29	2 54	9	31
9 Friday,	6 6	5 27	4	6.10	9

Full moon 11th, 2d 35m 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 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.-Director next week: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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: S. Wiggins, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, 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: John Robertson, Esq.

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

SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. 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.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

THE Subscribers having leased the above named Establishment from the Company, and put the whole in a thorough state of repair, they respectfully beg to intimate that the House will be re-opened on *Monday next*, the 17th instant.

They are determined that every thing which can conduce to the comfort and convenience of those who may patronize them, shall be strictly attended to on their part, and they confidently hope that their exertions will merit a share of public support.

☞ A supply of the choicest Wines and Liquors will be constantly on hand at the Hotel.

WILLIAM SCAMMELL.
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

St. John, Feb. 15, 1840.

☞NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of DANIEL BRUNDAGE, late of Carleton, City of Saint John, N. B., deceased, are requested to present their accounts, duly attested, within Twelve Months from the date hereof; and those indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

HANNAH A. BRUNDAGE, *Adm'rx.*
WM. OLIVE, Sen. *Administrator.*

Carleton, 30th April, 1840.

Per Sophia,

198 COILS Manilla ROPE, of very superior quality, assorted from 6 thd. to 3½ inch;
23 Reams Sheathing Paper; 1 case Stationery;

The above are now landing on the subscriber's wharf, and will be sold low if applied for immediately.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

24th July, 1840.

ESSENCE OF SMOKE.

For the Smoking of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Beef, &c.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to announce to the Public, that the Essence of Smoke has been extensively used throughout the Province during the past season, and that all those who have given it a fair trial, recommend it as decidedly preferable to the old mode of smoking fish and meat.

House-keepers, Provision-dealers, and others can smoke any quantity of meat or fish, without the least inconvenience or loss of time, by attending to the following plain directions:—While the ham, &c. is moist from the pickle, wipe it with a dry towel, then wash it over twice or three times with the Essence of smoke, allowing six hours to elapse between each washing; hang it up, to dry slowly: it will then keep for years, and in any climate.

No fly or insect will touch any thing preserved with the Essence of Smoke.

Half a pint is sufficient for the largest ham.

Meat or Fish that has become tainted will be restored to a wholesome state in a few hours by being washed once or twice with the Essence of smoke.

For its uses in the cure of Rheumatism, Inflammations, Cuts, Burns, Sprains, and many other complaints, and also for its beneficial effects in the removal of diseases, and accidents to which horses and cattle are liable, as Inflammatory sprains, spavin, heaves &c. see handbills.

A liberal commission allowed to merchants and traders wishing to become agents.

Sold by Thos. Walker & son, J. & J. Alexander, Peters & Tilley, and G. Chadwick, St. John; J. Cook, Gagetown; Robert Boyle, Portland; Barnes Travis, Indian Town; James F. Gale, Fredericton; F. Bonnell, Gagetown; J. Baird, Woodstock; S. Lyons, long Reach; Thos. Sime, St. Andrews; G. Ruggles, St. Stephen; Gould Picket, Douglastown; Samuel Fairweather, Bellisle; David Upham, Digby, N. S.; G. Bent, Bridgetown; Charles Jones, Weymouth; J. Runciman, Annapolis; E. W. B. Wood, Yarmouth; J. D. Harris, Amherst, and by the subscriber.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

St. John, 23d July, 1840.

Rum and Loaf Sugar.

150 PUNS. Jamaica, Demerara, St. Kits and St. Croix RUM; 30 Hhds. and Tierces Loaf SUGAR. For sale by

July 24. W. H. STREET.

BRANDY.—5 Hhds. and 13 Cases superior Cognac Brandy, just received per *Edwin* from London, for sale by

August 14. JAS. MALCOLM.

Deals Wanted.

THE Subscribers require about 200 M feet SPRUCE DEALS, half of which must be bright, the remainder may be rafted.

July 17. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

PINE BOARDS.—300 M. feet of Pine Boards, for sale low if applied for immediately, by

JOHN ROBERTSON,
Aug. 14. *City Bank Building.*

IRON AND COALS.

The subscriber is now landing ex *Wanderer*, Dixon, Master:

7093 BARS and 390 bundles common and refined Iron, assorted, as follows:—Round, from ¼ to 3 inches; Square, from ½ to 5 inches; Flat, from 1 inch to 4 by ⅜; Do. 1 to 5 by ⅜; Do. 1½ to 4 by ½; Do. 2 to 4 by ⅝; Do. 2½ to 4 by ⅞; Do. 3 to 4 by ⅞; Do. 3 to 4 by 1.

90 Tons Coals.—Which will be sold low while landing, to save storage.

WILLIAM CARVILL.

July 3.

Boards, Deals, Shingles, &c.

400,000 FEET (Superficial) bright Deals: 200,008 feet White Pine Boards: 250,000 do. Merchantable seasoned Pine ditto; 200,000 do. Clear do. do.; 100,000 do. Refuse do. do.; 250,000 Merchantable spruce Boards and Plank; 150,000 Scantling, different dimensions; 200,000 sawed Pine Shingles; 50,000 sawed Cedar ditto; 100,000 Rift pine and spruce ditto; 300,000 Laths of superior quality.

ALSO—4 Shares Nova Scotia Steam Boat stock. The above is offered for sale by the subscriber at lowest market rates for cash or approved paper.

July 24. JOS. FAIRWEATHER.

VESSELS FOR SALE.

THREE Vessels now on the stocks at Truro, Nova Scotia, of the following Tonnage, or thereabouts:

One Barque, 310 Tons, } Copper Fastened,
One Brig 210 do, }
One Brigantine, 110 Tons, Iron Fastened.

All built of good materials and very burthensome. They are now rigging, and will be ready for sea early next month.—Applications for all or either of the above Vessels to be made to

CRANE & M'GRATH, or
Aug. 14. CHARLES TUCKER, Truro.

FLOUR, BREAD, BUTTER & OIL.

Ex "Minerva," from Quebec:

386 BBLS. superfine fine and middlings FLOUR; 100 bags Navy Bread, 80 Kegs Butter; 9 Hhds. boiled Linseed Oil; 4 bbls. Raisins; 5 Kharrels Prime and Prime Mess PORK. For sale cheap while landing.

September 4. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Per "Friends," from Liverpool,

28th August, 1840:

32 ANCHORS, fro m 2 cwt. to 21 cwt. including stocked Anchors for chains; Kedge Anchors; and also, Anchors for wood stocks.

18 Chain Cables, from ⅝ short link to 1¼ inch cables.

16 Rolls Sheet LEAD, 3¼, 4, 4½, 6, 8 & 10 cwt. The above will be sold at prices to cover the expence of importation. JOHN ROBERTSON,
City Bank Building.

New Lunch House.

JAMES SORLEY respectfully informs the respectable portion of this community, that he has opened a LUNCH HOUSE in Princess street, adjoining the Post Office, where every attention will be given, and the smallest favor kindly acknowledged. JAMES SORLEY.

July 24.

CANVAS.

LANDING, ex *Clarence*, 5 bales Double bleached Whitehaven Canvas, for sale by

31st July. J. MALCOLM.

On Consignment, per 'Edwin:'

66 COILS of London made CORDAGE, assorted, from 12 thread to 5 inch;
20 coils 2, 3 and 4 yarn Spunyarn;
20 coils Manilla Rope, ass'd. from 2 to 3 inch;
320 Kegs London WHITE LEAD, 28 lb. each;
40 Kegs do. Red ditto; 40 do. do. Yellow ditto;
40 Do. do. Black ditto; 40 do. do. Green ditto.

The above is of very superior quality, and will be sold low if applied for immediately.

July 31. W. P. RANNEY.

Now Landing,

EX *Ward*, from Liverpool:—100 Bags (1 cwt. each) fine Rose Nails, 4d to 20d; 30 cask (200 lbs. each) ditto ditto; 20 casks Horse and Cut Nails; 5 bales Scythes; 1 ditto Sickles; 1 cask ships' scrapers; 1 ditto shoe Thread; 9 bundles Shovels; for sale low on application to

ALEXANDERS, BARRY & CO.
5th June. *Sands' Arcade.*

Very Cheap Room Paper.

THE Subscriber has just received per *Eleanor Jane*, from Boston—3,500 Pieces ROOM PAPER, from 10d. upwards; with 200 pieces BORDER, to match.

STEPHEN K. FOSTER.

☞ A large assortment of fine Paper hourly expected. 1st *May*.

Received,

Per schr. "Mary Wetherall" from Quebec, and for sale by the Subscribers.

69 BBLS. Prime PORK; 10 Barrels prime Mess Pork:
40 Barrels Prime BEEF; 10 do. do. Mess do.

WILLARD, BUCHANAN & CO.

June 5, 1840.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed his establishment from Prince William street to No. 1, Brick Buildings, belonging to N. Merritt, Esquire, in *Water street*, his old stand, where he will be happy to receive their patronage.

May 8. EDW. C. WADDINGTON

Quebec Pork, Beef and Flour.

100 BARRELS Prime Pork; 20 barrels Prime Beef; 30 do. Cargo ditto.
97 Barrels Fine, 100 do. Rye FLOUR.

Received per schooner *Thomas Lowden*, and for sale while landing at lowest market rates.

Miscellany.

THE QUEBRADA OF SAN JUAN DE DIOS.

(Concluded.)

II.

A Moonlight Scene.

The moon had accomplished the greater part of its course, and had already eclipsed the host of stars; it began now to decline. No noise was heard in the streets of the port, the churches were silent and deserted, the incense was exhausted, and not a whisper was heard beneath the almond trees of the valley of Almandral; the only sound that broke the silence was the growling of a dog, prowling about the sandy beach close to two boatmen, who had taken their station near the low-water mark, and whose snow-white clothes were clearly distinguished in the moon's rays. These persons leaned against their long *piroguc*, which they had hauled up on the beach, and seemed as if they were awaiting the arrival of some one. They spoke in low and muttered tones, and their glances wandered impatiently and restlessly from the straw and reed built cottages behind them to the waters of the bay, where all was quiet and calm. They several times threw stones to drive away the mastiff, but this only caused him to bark the louder, and they soon abandoned their hopeless task.

"Well, *compadre*," said one of them, shaking his head mysteriously, "luckily it is only just *medianoche*. The day of *Pascua* is over, *Gratias a Dios*, otherwise I would not have undertaken such a job"

"No more would I," replied the other, knitting his brows, and looking askance, like another Tartuffe—"no more would I, *compadre*; and yet," added he, deliberately, while he cracked his finger joints, "two ounces are worth earning."

"Caramba! *compadre*," rejoined the first speaker, "I have a notion that the same sum could be gained in an honester way;" and so saying, he crossed himself.

"True; that is very true; but it is no concern of ours after all. Are we not to be considered as knowing nothing of what is to take place? We must shut out eyes, then we shall see nothing; we must repeat an *Ave*, and then we shall hear nothing. Besides are we not boatmen? and is not our *pirogue* at the service of our employers? and, what is everything, will not our night's work bring us in two ounces of gold in pillared dollars, instead of two paltry reals?"

"Yes—two ounces are well worth half an hour's pulling at the oars," resumed the former speaker, who was not altogether confirmed even by the prospect of more; "but, if the revenue boats should perceive us, we are lost; and this cursed dog, that keeps on barking," he added, as he stamped fiercely on the beach, "will certainly bring some *serreno* on us." So saying, he stopped to pick up a stone to fling at the object of his annoyance, when his companion pulled him by the sleeve, and bade him notice two persons who were turning the corner of the street that led to the port.

"It is they," was the simultaneous remark of each in their lowest tones.

The two new-comers hurried forward, but with difficulty over the vast but yielding expanse of sand and mud, in which their feet frequently sank to the ankles. At the expiration of a few minutes they reached the edge of the water, when one of them stepped forward, and whispered a word or two in the boatman's ear. The latter nodded affirmatively, and began to drag his *pirogue* into the sea, assisted by his comrade.

"Why do you not embark at the Mole, since you are determined to set out before daybreak?" asked a female voice, which seemed to falter, as if under some emotion.

"You know very well," answered the person who had spoken to the boatman, and who now replied in the most honied accents, "that no *pirogue*, manned by country people, is allowed to leave the beach, after sunset."

"That is true," said the young woman; "but why go in this manner, in the middle of the night? It would have given me much pleasure to see once again the sun rising upon our mountains, which, perhaps, I may never behold more." And she looked uneasily behind, as she secretly dried a tear which ran down her cheeks.

"Embark at once," repeated the stranger, in an impatient and angry tone; "embark, and you shall soon learn why I have chosen this hour for my departure."

The Lady, alarmed at the imperious manner in which her companion uttered these words, dared not make any objection. She approached the boat trembingly, with downcast looks, supported by her companion's arm; and, when she entered the pirogue, she seated herself in the stern, where the gentleman placed himself by her side. The two boatmen then made the false keel slide along the sand, in which it left a deep furrow, and the boat, freed from the shore, floated gently on the small waves which it had caused by its sudden launch upon the waters. The boatmen then leapt into their skiff, placed their oars in the rullocks, and lightly impelled it onwards. But, instead of nearing the vessels which were anchored near the Mole, they made a stretch to seaward, and then continued their course parallel to the shore.

For a long time nothing but the sound of the oars was heard in conjunction with the voice of the waves, which murmured around the silent pirogue. The rowers were mute, and the two passengers were as still and collected as two spirits whom the old boatman was ferrying over the inevitable Styx. There was something strange and sinister in this nocturnal departure, and in the mournful silence soon to be interrupted by cries of anguish and despairing supplications.

The fixed and brilliant eyes of the two men were like the lidless orbs of reptiles; and the stranger, who sat in the stern of the pirogue, might not unaptly have been taken for an executioner leading a prisoner to execution. And yet the holiest and most indestructible ties united the two strangers; at the foot of the same altar they had recently knelt together, and had sworn mutual fidelity and protection in the rough and arid journey of life. Her soul was now disquieted by the gloomiest presentiments, as the land receded in the distance. At length, unable any longer to suppress her apprehension, she asked her companion whither they were going.

"Silence?" he repeated, with a fierce voice, while he laid an arm of iron on her shoulder.

In the mean time the pirogue continued its flight like an eagle that carries off its prey; but, at a signal from the stranger, the oars were brought in board, and the skiff was motionless. After a moment's silence, the stranger, who had looked towards the land as if to measure the distance that divided them from it, addressed himself to his companion.

"Venencia," said he, "do you think that the cry of a bird, of an infant, or of a woman, could be heard from yon shore?"

"No," answered the young woman, "who shod, like a dove in a vulture's claws, or a woman under an assassin's poniard.

"I am of your opinion," remarked the stranger, with a satisfied and sardonic expression. Then he added, as he looked upon her savagely, "Now listen."

"Yes," she murmured.

"You have performed your Easter worship, according to the bidding of holy church?"

"I have."

"Then you have committed no deadly sin since? and if you were to die now, Venencia, you would die in a state of grace; is it not so?"

An indirect menace was evidently couched in this inquiry, and the tone in which it was put was so stern, that the lady trembled from head to foot; a cold sweat crept over her; and she had not strength to reply.

"You make me no answer," he resumed, after a moment's pause; "but I must proceed. Venencia, have you not been this night, in the *Quebrada of San Juan de Dios?*"

"Antonio! Antonio!" she shrieked, clasping her hands imploringly.

"Silence!" commanded the stranger, in a deep and hoarse tone, like the low murmuring of an irritated lion. At the same time he gnashed his teeth, and his sharp nails entered the arm of the young woman, who uttered a stifled scream. He went on. "Faithful wife! did you not enter a deserted hut with that infamous seducer, Don Jose? Pious woman! were praying and meditation your errand there? Have you no answer ready now? Did not the words, 'I will kill him,' reach my ear in the kissing accents? And who was to be the victim but me? But he did not know that in those words he pronounced your sentence. To your knees at once, he roared, foaming with rage, as he again seized his wife by the arm; "to your knees, and pray for the last time. No lover can come here to assist you, and interfere with the vengeance of an injured husband."

"Holy Virgin!" murmured Venencia, falling on her knees, and raising her eyes to heaven to avoid the furious glances of her angry companion. She then laid her head on the side of the pirogue, for she felt her heart fail her.

There was a mournful silence for an instant, during which she recovered her composure by degrees; she thought she was dreaming; a ray of hope beamed upon her soul, and she seemed to hear a voice whispering into her ear, "I have forgiven you." A smile grew upon her lips, and she turned her suppliant eyes suddenly upon the stranger. But there was no pity in his look, and a poniard flashed in his hand. Her dream than had deceived her. Death stood again before her more real and horrible than ever; and if any one had whispered forgiveness in her ear, it must have been doubtless, a voice from heaven. She suddenly rose from her seat, and cried repeatedly with all her strength, "Murder, murder!—help, help!"

The stranger did not move, and made no attempt to restrain her. When she had exhausted herself by her vain efforts, he shrugged his shoulders and said. "You know, Venencia, that a bird's cry or a woman's scream cannot reach the shore from this spot." He glared upon her like an hyena that its sight of its prey.

There was so much irony in this man's words, such an apparent calmness in the accents in which they were uttered, and such a consciousness of security dwelt on his countenance, that the hapless victim, perceiving herself wholly in the power of her executioner, thought for an instant flinging herself into the sea, in the endeavour to reach the black rocks which rear their sharp summits along the line of coast; but she was aware, after a moment's reflection, that, before she reached them, she must inevitably be drowned, like a dove with drenched and heavy plumage.

One last hope was left her, and she rushed towards the two boatmen who had continued unmoved witnesses of the scene.

"Save me," she screamed, pressing their black and horny fingers between her white and delicate hands; "save me and protect me in the name of God! You would not stain your souls with murder on the night of the Pascua?"

"Have you not sullied your own in the *Quebrada of San Juan de Dios?*" exclaimed a voice of thunder.

Venencia bent her head as if it had been held down by an arm of iron. "Pity!" she screamed, an instant afterwards; "forgive me here, and God will have mercy on you in heaven;" while her face was flushing with eagerness, as hope revived in her heart, for she perceived that the boatmen were moved by her entreaties, and that they were saying something to each other in a low tone. But suddenly she fell at their feet, and her warm blood spouted up in the face and over the clothes of these two men.

The stranger, who was aware of the irresolution of his accomplices, had pierced her heart with his dagger. The lady, mortally wounded, struggled for some time in the convulsions of agony, while her assassin gazed upon her with that savage joy which some souls derive from gratified vengeance. He then made the boatmen throw the body into the sea.

A stifled voice still murmured "Jose! Jose!" on the surface of the water; but it was soon silenced, and all disappeared.

The night was still and calm, the water limpid and argentine, and the moon, white and pure as a virgin's veil, shone as bright as ever in the sky, from whence a falling star had just shot wildly down.

III.

The Hermosa Chilena.

When the sun rose, the yards of the Hermosa Chilena, which was riding at anchor in the roadstead of Valparayso, were crowded with the crew, who were busily employed in unloosing the sails. The folds of the topsails were soon at large, and blew to and fro before their masts in the form of a triangle; everything was ready for making sail, and nothing now delayed the vessel but the presence of the captain of the port to master the ship's company, and put his signature to the list of the crew at the foot of the manifest. They waited for him, as well as for the breeze that usually springs up at noon, in order to run the sails up and bear away with a flowing sheet for Copiapo, Cobija, Iquique, Arica, and Callao.

The sailors were now cronped upon the forecastle, or were leaning against the bulwarks, recounting their exploits on the preceding night in the wine-shops of Valparayaso; and the officers on the quarter-deck threw a parting glance on the red and calcined land, and on the sombre and scorched-up mountains, whose aspect is so repelling, but at whose base an amiable and hospitable people reside, from whom we cannot part without regret.—The captain, telescope in hand, was trying to discern whether the looked for boat had yet turned the angle of the Mole; and from time to time he turned himself to seaward, to ascertain whether the broad expanse had yet began to ripple and whiten under the influence of the southerly breeze. By his side stood a passenger, whom the Hermosa Chilena was to carry to Peru. He was about fifty years old, tall in stature, and very corpulent, with sleek, dark, straight and shining hair, over a yellow and narrow formed forehead; his black eyes peeped restlessly under his shaggy brows; his aquiline and disproportioned nose was rounded, like the beak of a [illegible] characteristic of a Jewish visage. To keep himself in countenance, he industriously handed to the officers his *tabaguera* of fine Peruvian straw, filled with the choicest cigars, and supplied the smokers with fire from his golden *mechero*, which was ornamented with diamonds. He was a merchant, and it had been his intention to have performed the voyage with his wife; but he had come aboard early in the morning and alone. His youthful bride, he said, had shrunk from the peril of the sea; and he had not wished to constrain her inclination; so she remained with her family until his return to Valparayso, which it was his intention to expedite with all possible despatch. This was the account he gave to the captain of the Hermosa Chilena; but the separation, although only for so brief a space, seemed to make a deep impression upon the stranger. His countenance grew paler and more bilious-looking—his haggard eyes seemed to recoil with terror from the sight of the sea, doubtlessly in apprehension of anticipated storms; and his distress increased to such a degree, that he found it necessary to lean against the captain for support. When he came on board he was in such a state of agitation that he injured his arm; and, in fact, his hands and his dress were soiled with blood. But at such a moment, when the crew was busily engaged in the preparations for departure, no great notice was taken of him or his manner, and scarcely any one thought of scrutinizing the demeanour of this singular person, who appeared so moved, although it was in a country where people very rarely allow their emotions to be visible.

At length a boat was perceived coming towards the vessel, and one of the officers called out that the canoe of the captain of the port was close at hand. On hearing this intimation, a cold sweat covered the stranger's forehead.

Four hardy rowers, dressed in white, quickly impelled the boat over the waters, and in a few minutes the captain of the port stood on the deck. After saluting the officers, and wishing a good day to Senor Don Antonio, he went into the cabin, and the crew commenced operations. The anchor was soon moved, the foretopmast-staysail was hoisted, and three topsails, like white banners, were gradually hoisted, and soon filled with the rising breeze. The officer of the port then took to his boat, after waving his hand to the stranger, who saw him depart with much inward satisfaction. His pallid visage soon resumed a shade of colour; his breathing, which had been difficult, began to be freer in proportion to the increased rapidity with which the skeel cut its way through the waters.

The courses were next spread, the topgallant sails were loosened, and the vessel began to run away from the forts, and to weather the different headlands of the coast. The cottages of Almandral, first lessened in the distance, were then confounded with the coast, and even disappeared altogether in the haze: already the Curamilla showed its arcade of rocks, through which the sea foamed and boiled as if frenzied, the mass resembling in the distance an ancient ruin motionless in the middle of snow. The road grew larger and larger, and the face of ocean, azure as the sky, was displayed like it to the gaze of the sailors.

Suddenly a shoal of large fish was perceived, at some distance, right ahead of the ship, darting out of the sea and dashing into it again with the quickness of an arrow. From all sides the cry of "porpoises" was heard, and a sailor, seizing a harpoon, steadied himself on the bowsprit, to strike one of the fish, while others of the crew stood out on the spritsail yard, and whistled with all their might to attract the monsters; but, at the instant the former was about to throw his weapon, he paused, and called out, with a trembling voice, "A dead body!"

Every person on deck rushed to the forecastle to get a sight of the body; but it had disappeared, and the ship passed over it. It soon reappeared, however, in the wake, where it seemed to struggle with the waves, ere it rose slowly to the surface.

"It is a woman!" was shouted by the officers who leaned over the taffrail, as they discerned long black tresses and the folds of a gown, which ever and anon were borne on the crest of each following wave.

"Yes, it is a woman!" murmured the stranger, as he hid his face with his hands. Tears trickled through his fingers, and a sigh burst from his breast. Was this a cry of repentance, or rather the groan of the crocodile, lamenting that half his prey had escaped him?

At sunset the Hermosa Chilena was out of sight of land, Don Antonio was in safety, and the waves threw the mutilated body of Venencia on the beach.

Don Jose, who from early dawn had stationed himself on the Cordillera, and had watched the disappearance of the sail which he fancied carried away all that was dear to him, soon heard by public report that the body of a woman had been washed on shore. He hurried to the water-side, and recognised her whom he had sworn to follow everywhere. All that he could do now was to follow her to the grave; but he vowed that he would be her avenger.

It was in this manner that the night of Easter closed in that lovely valley of paradise.

THE AMERICAN HUNTERS' ASSOCIATION.—The mysterious compact known by the name of the Hunter's Association, was organized for the express purpose of invading Canada, and the following details will show the unexpected strength of the confederacy:—Affirmations were made on oath by various parties, that the whole number of American citizens enrolled in this unholy league amounted to no less than 200,000, of whom 25,000 or 30,000 effective men, including a corpse of 600 Kentucky riflemen, and a body of Indians had pledged themselves to march upon the province, whensoever required. But judging by results, allowance must be made for error or exaggerations in this statement, since in no case of actual invasion did the ascertained number of individuals exceed 400 or 500 men; tho' on the other hand, it must be considered that these were sent forward as a sort of advanced guard, to try what number of Canadians would be disposed to join them when landed in that province, and that thousands were in readiness on the opposite shore, to follow them across the river, should success attend their first efforts.—By the majority of those concerned in it, there can be no doubt that this scheme of wholesale invasion was held to be infallible; while large sums have been actually embarked in it as a profitable investment, the result was watched with [illegible] afterwards transpired, so sanguine would many seem to have been of a favourable issue to the enterprise, that the father of one man who had enlisted as a recruit, but was afterwards prevented by illness or some other cause, from marching when required, actually took his place rather than his son should forego the advantages anticipated to accrue to him from the expedition. That much delusion was practised on the credulous and inexperienced; that many plunged *tete biasse* into the scheme without the least reflection, or misled by a false enthusiasm; and that the confederates in the States and the disaffected in Canada were unconsciously deceiving one another, by erroneous estimates and misplaced reliances, as the time of action approached, cannot very well be doubted, even if proof had not been afforded that, to such an extent, such was in reality the case.—*Prescott's Three Years in Canada.*

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—It is upwards of a year and a half since we described the experiments made by Mr. Clegg, in the Borough, on the mode of propelling carriages by means of exhausting a pipe or tube with which the carriages were connected, and then admitting the atmospheric air, and, as it were, forcing the carriages or train along, and thus superseding the necessity of gas or any other power for the conveyance of a train along a rail or tram-road. These experiments were very successful; indeed so successful, that few persons had any doubt about the ultimate success of the principle of the invention. On Thursday the experiments were exhibited on a large scale, on a rail-road which connects, or is intended to connect, the line of the Birmingham, the Bristol, and the Thames Junction-lines, commencing within a short distance of Shepherd's-bush, and running in a westerly direction for about three-quarters of a mile. The carriage put in motion, with the persons on it, did not weigh much less than 12 tons, but it travelled with great ease at the rate of 25 miles an hour. The exhausted pipe or tube laid down, which was not the propelling agent, but the means of its developement, was about nine inches in diameter. The engine by which it was exhausted—namely, a pump, worked by steam—rendered it fit for the operations required in about two minutes and a half, and from the index, that is quicksilver employed at the *termini*, it was ascertained that the operation was performed simultaneously, at both ends of the line.—There was no noise, no smoke, and, what is better, no danger of explosion, or of a power which could not be governed. In short, the experiment was as successful as its most warm well-wishers could expect, and showed that the agency of steam is not a *sine qua non* on a railroad. Without going into a minute history of the railroads, it may be as well to say, that this power may be applied to any railroad at a saving of 70 per cent., and that it is of sufficient force to preclude the necessity of tunnelling. It is applicable to almost any gradients. The experiments were attended by a great number of the nobility, and by many scientific men. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Lords Charleville, Radstock, and Prudhoe, the Marquis of Doure, Lord Howick, and Lord Stuart de Rothesay, &c., were on the ground, and expressed their satisfaction at the result of the experiments.—*Times.*

THIRD CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF PRINTING.—The third centenary of the discovery of the art of printing is now being celebrated throughout the several cities and towns of Germany. At Hamburgh, Berlin, Copenhagen, Mayence, Cologne, and Weimar, committees of the principal inhabitants have been established, and the preparations which during the past few weeks have been making are on the most extended scale of magnificence. On the morning of the 24th of June (Wednesday) the inhabitants of Leipsic were to congregate in the churches to return thanks to the Almighty for the discovery of the art of printing. At ten o'clock the various corporate bodies were to form in procession and parade the streets, and on arriving at the market-place a grand vocal and instrumental concert was to take place, a number of splendid compositions having been written expressly for the occasion. At three o'clock a grand entertainment was to be presented to the company in the Augustus platz, where accommodation was provided for 3,000 persons. In the evening the city was to be generally illuminated. On the 26th a meeting of the *literati*, booksellers, publishers, printers, and compositors was to be held in the market-place, and at three o'clock the grand oratorio composed in celebration of the event was to be performed in the cathedral church. The entertainments of the evening were to conclude with a grand ball, and the following day

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