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 16, 1840. No. 7.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. DURANT & Co. ; 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 to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

Oct.		R. Sun.	S.	MOON	H.	W.
17	Saturday,	6 17	5 26	10 3	3	29
18	Sunday,	6 18	5 25	11 48	4	43
19	Monday,	6 19	5 22	Morn	6	3
20	Tuesday,	6 20	5 23	1 3	7	20
21	Wednesday,	6 22	5 19	2 16	8	22
22	Thursday,	6 23	5 17	3 26	9	9
23	Friday,	6 25	5 15	4 35	9	49

Last Qr. 17th, 7h. 19 m. ev.

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: F. A. Wiggins, 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: John Wishart, 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: Wm. Walker, 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 (Sundays 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.

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, Carleton; Robert Boyle, Portland; Barnes Travis, Indian Town; James F. Gale, Fredericton; G. F. Bonnell, Gagetown; J. Baird, Woodstock; Jas. Lyons, Long Reach; Thos. Sime, St. Andrews; G. Ruggles, St. Stephen; Gould Picket, Kingston; Samuel Fairweather, Bellisle; David Burnham, Digby, N. S.; G. Bent, Bridgetown; Stennes Jones, Weymouth; J. Runciman, Annapolis; E. W. B. Wood, Yarmouth; J. D. Harris, Kentville, and by the subscriber.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

Hampton, 23 July, 1840.

Per Sophia,

198 COILS Manilla ROPE, of very superior quality, assorted from 6 thd. to 2¼ 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.

Rum and Loaf Sugars.

150 PUNS. Jamaica, Demerara, St. Kitts 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 330 bundles common and refined iron, assorted, as follows:—Round, from ½ to 3 inches; Square, from ½ to 5 inches; Flat, from 1 inch to 4 by ½; Do. 1 to 5 by ⅜; Do. 1½ to 4 by ½; Do 2 to 4 by ⅜; Do. 2½ to 4 by ⅜; Do. 3 to 4 by ⅜; Do. 3 to 4 by 1.

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

July 3. WILLIAM CARVILL.

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.

LY "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; 54 barrels Prime and Prime Mess PORK. For sale cheap while landing.

September 4. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Per "Friends," from Liverpool,
28th August, 1840:

32 ANCHORS, from 2 cwt. to 24 cwt. including stocked Anchors for chains; Kedge Anchors; and also, Anchors for wood stocks.

18 Chain Cables, from ⅞ 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.

CANVASS.

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 Co 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 Building belonging to N. Merritt, Esq. where he will keep his old stand, where he hopes for a share of their patronage.

May 8. EDW[illegible]

Quebec Pork,

100 BARRELS Prime P[illegible]
97 Barrels Fine, 100 [illegible]
Received per schooner [illegible]
sale while landing at [illegible]

28th Aug. RATC[illegible]

ACHORA MACHREE.

(From the Newry Telegraph.)

Achora Machree! when I think of the hour
When we parted beneath the bright beams of the moon,
When thy tears fell as soft as the dew on the flower
That bent its frail stem to the zephyrs of June;
Where the waves kiss'd the beach by the woods of Rosstrevor,
And the mountain's dark shadow was flung o'er the sea,
And the dawn of the morrow was destin'd to sever
Two hearts that loved fondly—Achora Machree!

In the bright glowing clime, where the night wind is laden
With perfume of flowers, 'neath the pale twilight star,
Where the Indian brunette and the dark Spanish maiden
Tripp'd light o'er the sands to the tinkling guitar,
I've turn'd me to stray where the cotton plants blossom,
Or sit in the shade of the tamarind tree,
And gaze far away o'er th' Atlantic's broad bosom,
To muse on my own love—Achora Machree!

On the dark midnight watch, when the wild waves were sweeping
The deck where the sea-boy lay weary and chill,
Or the calm when the Tropic's blue billows were sleeping,
And we sigh'd for a breeze the broad canvass to fill,
Still the pole-star that hung o'er the rim of the ocean
Undimm'd by past tempests, has pointed to thee;
As I gazed on that shrine, with the purest devotion,
Have I ever forgot thee, Achora Machree!

From some bright sunny spots on the waste of existence,
Through sickness, through sorrow, we fondly recal
Some dream of past joy by dear memory's assistance
And this early dream has been dearest of all:
And I cherish it still as the lamp that hath led me—
Green, green will the spot on life's wilderness be,
Bright stars, lit by hope, ever changing have led me,
But thine is yet burning—Achora Machree!

Miscellany.

PIDDAREE TORTURING.—"Tell us where the gold is?" cried Ghuffoor Khan. "Of what use is this obstinacy? Knowest thou not that thy life is in my power, and that one blow of my sword will send thee to Jehannum, where these fools are gone before thee?" and he pointed to the dead. "Strike" cried the sufferer—"strike! your blow will be welcome; I am old, and fit for death. Why do you delay?" "But the gold—the treasures?" roared the khan, stamping on the ground. "Why, are you a fool?" "Gold, I have told ye, I have none," he replied; "I told you so at first, but ye would not listen. We gave you all we had, and ye were not satisfied. Ye have murdered my sons and my wife, and dishonoured my daughters. Kill us all and we will be thankful." "Hear him!" cried the khan, savagely; "he mocks us. O, the wilful wickedness of age! is it not proverbial? One of you bring some oil and a light; we will see whether this humour can stand my final test, which has never yet failed." By this time the house was full of Pindharees, and, if I had wished it, I had not dared to interfere further. I stood looking on, determined to let him have his course; he was only hastening his own fate, and why should I prevent it? The oil was brought, and a quantity of rags were torn from the chotees, or waist cloths of the murdered man. They were dipped in the oil, and wound round the fingers of the old man to as great a thickness as was possible. "Now bring a light," cried the khan, "and hold him fast." A light was kindled, and the man held it to his hand. "I give you a last chance," said the khan, speaking from between his closed teeth: "you know, I dare say, the use your fingers will be put to: be quick, answer, or I will make torches of them, and they shall light me to your treasures, which I warrant are hidden in some dark hole." "Do your worst!" kill me; and if my sufferings will any way gratify you even let it be so; for Narayun has given me into your power, and it is his will and not yours that does this. You will not hear me cry out though my arms were burnt off to the sockets. I spit at you!" "Light the rags!" roared Ghuffoor Khan: "this is not to be endured." They were lit—one by one they blazed up, while his hands were forcibly held down to his sides to accelerate the effect of the fire. Alla! Alla! it was a sickening sight. The warm flesh of the fingers hissed under the blaze of the oiled rags, which were fed from time to time wet with fresh oil, as men pour it upon a torch. The old man had overrated his strength. What nerves could bear such exquisite torture? His shrieks were piteous, and would have melted a heart of stone; but Ghuffoor Khan heeded them not: he stood glutting his savage soul with the sufferings of the wretched creature before him, and asking him from time to time, with the grin of the devil, whether he would disclose his treasures. But the person he addressed was speechless, and after nature was fairly exhausted he sunk down in utter insensibility. "You have killed him," I exclaimed. "For the love of Alla, let him alone and let us depart; what more would you have? either he has no money or he will not give it up." Where be those daughters of a defiled mother?" cried he to his followers, not heeding what I said to him. "Where are they? Bring them forward, that I may ask them about the money, for money there must be." But they too were dead! ay, they had been murdered also; by whom I know not, but their bodies were found in the next room, weltering in their blood. The news was brought to the khan, and he was more savage than ever; he gnashed his teeth like a wild beast; he was fearful to look on. The old man revived, for water had been poured on his face and on his fingers. He raised himself up, looked wildly about him, and then gazed piteously on his mutilated hands. Were they men or devils by whom he was surrounded? By Alla, Sahib, they were not men, for they laughed at him and his almost unconscious actions. "Speak!" cried the khan, striking him with his sword. "speak, kafir! or more tortures are in store for thee." But he spoke not—he was then half dead: misery and torture had done their uttermost. The khan drew his sword. Again he cried, "Speak!" as he raised the [illegible] above his head. I fancied I saw the old m[illegible]de, and move as though he would have [illegible] eyes upwards, but n[illegible] sword was quiv[illegible] grasp of the kh[illegible] descende[illegible]

congregation, he saw light in the window and went in to surprise them with an evening visit. He knocked at the door, but as it was not opened he lifted the latch and went up stairs, when to his horror he found the farmer's daughter, aged fifteen, hanging to a beam. He instantly cut her down, and succeeded in recovering her. As soon as she had collected her wandering thoughts she pointed to her father's bed room, in which the priest discovered the farmer and his wife both dead, and the whole room deluged with their blood. By this time the poor girl could utter a few words, and informed the priest that his own servant, accompanied by four others, had entered the house, and after murdering her father and mother, they completely sacked the house and left her hanging. The priest instantly went to his rectory, where he found his servant, who asked him with great composure, if he would take some supper. The priest as quietly replied that he was not hungry but would take a glass of some peculiar good wine, which the servant knew was in a bin in the cellar. The servant dived in search of the wine; he was, however, followed by the priest, who as soon as the servant entered the cellar, turned the key upon him, and then sallied forth for the police. As soon as he had procured assistance he turned to his house, and the cellar door was opened, and therein were found concealed not only his servant, but also his four companions in guilt, two of whom, however, we are sorry to say, succeeded in making their escape. The only were secured, one of them, howe[illegible] being the servant of the excellent and courageous old ecclesiastic.

A letter from Warsaw, in the *Constitutionel*, furnishes us with the following anecdote:—"M. Prazbynski, an artist of eminence, exhibited here, some time since, the portrait of a female of extraordinary beauty, which attracted the admiration of Marshal Paskewitsch, who, after learning from the painter that it was the portrait of a lady in the country, agreed to give 200 ducats for it, on condition that he was made acquainted with the name and address of the original. Several generals arriving at the moment the marshal was conversing with the artist, he desired him to come with the picture in the evening, and receive the money. Some good natured friend having informed the Princess Paskewitsch of the bargain, this lady wrote a note to the painter, desiring him to bring the portrait a little before the appointed time. The painter kept the new appointment, and, instead of 200 received 400 ducats from the Princess to whom he gave the name and address of the fair lady whose features he had copied. Immediately afterwards the Princess burnt the picture, and sent an order to the lady to quit the country. The marshal, on being made acquainted with his disappointment, banished the artist from Warsaw, but the Princess has become his warm patroness."

PREPARED FOOD FOR CATTLE BY STEAM.

The value of the food may be greatly economised by the introduction of STEAM turnips, potatoes, carrots, mangel wurzel, crushed oats, bean-meal, chopped hay, straw, or chaff. The apparatus consists merely of a common boiler, with a cap and with a connecting pipe for carrying the steam to a barrel or barrels, which are filled *alternately* with any or all of the articles. The barrel must have two bottoms, on a whole one, over which the condensed steam flows through an opening in the middle near the bottom; and another above it perforated with holes to admit the steam to arrive among the mixed articles. A cover is fixed to the barrel to prevent the escape of steam upwards. The progress of steaming should be carried on slowly, that every turnip, &c., may be dressed to the heart before the skin cracks. Any woman can easily wash the potatoes, turnips, &c., light the fire and carry on the process of steaming. The substitution of common straw or chaff for hay would *very much economise* the food for cattle.—Straw, weight for weight, cannot of course contain so much nutritive matter as long; but that it does contain much saccharine nourishment; every farmer who has wintering stock, and who gives straw to them is well aware of.

A CATTLE BREEDER.

LITERATURE.—Literary men in France are more prized by the fair sex than they are amongst us here. The best matches are at their disposal; and the enthusiasm [illegible] even to the English resi[illegible]ort time since, Alfred de [illegible]omance writer, and dra[illegible]United in marriage to an [illegible] who was a great admirer [illegible]d brought him a respect[illegible] few months elapsed, and [illegible] of the lady's dying un[illegible]her a fortune exceeding [illegible]igny and his bride are [illegible]ell be believed, amongst [illegible]a" of Paris. During the [illegible]er eminent writer, Gus[illegible]cbrated for his inexora-

ble criticisms, has had the good fortune to come in, quite as unexpectedly, for a patrimony of 200,000 francs. There are few, very few of our English literary men whose life is not one continual struggle with pecuniary difficulties.—*London Magazine.*

EXTRACT FROM

DELAVEL O'DORNEY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Continued.)

Tears of gratitude, when I recalled the long train of indulgence and affection that had marked the conduct of my uncle towards me, chased themselves down my cheek, and fell upon his letter. "Yes!" said I, "best of guardians and friends! you shall not want, while I have life, a support for your declining years. I will hasten to you and my gentle Emily—she is worthy of my best devotion, and I feel that time will teach me to love her as she deserves."

In a postscript my uncle informed me that there were papers in his possession which it was highly proper should be in my hands as soon as possible, as I had arrived at the age which my father had enjoined for my perusing them. The kind old man also added a reproach for my not having drawn upon my banker more frequently, saying that he was only too glad to see my name even to a bill, when it assured him of my being still among the living.

I went immediately to Prince Maviocordato, and having informed him that my private affairs required my presence at home, a vessel of war was placed at my disposal, to convey me to Corfu, and the prince was pleased to pass a very flattering eulogium on my poor services. I took leave of my late companions in arms with my warmest wishes for the success of the great and good cause I had been engaged in, and indeed we had the satisfaction of now thinking that that was placed beyond doubt.

On my arrival at Corfu, intending to take the most direct route to England, I engaged a passage on board a trabaccolo to Ancona; but, on the day previous to that settled for sailing, Count Vostizza, through whom I received my letters, brought me one from Emily, which greatly shocked me, at the same time removing all necessity for expedition—my kind and generous uncle was no more! He died, as he had lived, happily and tranquily. For some time there had been a gradual decay of nature, and the good old man had declined without pain or suffering; he had never been confined even to his bed. On the evening before his death he had expressed much anxiety for my return; and it was only on the following morning that the affectionate Emily, entering, as usual, her father's chamber, discovered that he had ceased to breathe. By his will he bequeathed a large property in the funds equally between Emily and me. She had gone to reside, she informed me, with a relation of her mother's; and as I thought of the grief and lonely situation of one I felt the deepest regard for, I determined not to alter the arrangements for my departure.

"Surely you will visit Naples on your return homeward?" said Count Vostizza.

I thought of my poor uncle's interdict, and shook my head.

"Well, well," he continued, "you may visit it some other time; and I may as well put this along with these other letters of introduction. In the house of the Marchese de Casteinova you will meet all the best society of Naples."

I warmly thanked the count for this and all his other kind services, and bidding him an affectionate farewell, embarked in the morning on board the trabaccolo. The wind, however, changing round in the night, after a second time encountering a storm in the Adriatic, I was surprised, on going on deck at daylight, to find that we had bore up during the night, and were now running for the Bay of Naples.

It was on a fine sunny morning, that, sweeping past the green promontory of Sorentum and the steep heights of Capræ, we entered the beautiful Bay of Naples, and involuntarily I acknowledged that fame had not been too lavish in its praise. How strange, I thought, was my uncle's exclusion of this beautiful land! and felt assured that his warning against visiting it was only dictated by a wish to preserve me from its well-known dissipation and licentious pleasures; and as I was never the slave of my passions, I landed, confident in my own strength, without apprehension of danger, or one foreboding of evil. After I had settled myself in my hotel, I strolled out, to see about purchasing a carriage for my overland journey, leaving Nicolo Vasi, the only servant I had now with me, to arrange my things. The business of the carriage was soon despatched at one of the principal post-houses, and I settled to start for Rome the week following. After this, I sauntered for an hour or two in the Villa Reale, when I bethought me of Count Vostizza's letter of introduction, justly thinking that I would be able to see all that was deserving of attention at Naples to great advantage under the guidance of such a man as the Marchese de Casteinova. I lost no time in returning to my hotel to procure this letter, and hastened to deliver it. The waiter readily informed me that the house of the marchese was situated a little beyond the top of the Strada Reala, as you go towards the Tomb of Virgil. This allusion, by a waiter, to the Mantuan bard, greatly pleased me; and I set out filled with those delightful and classical associations which Greece and Italy alone call forth. I reached the house of the marchese after a few further inquiries by the way. It was a heavy looking building, surrounded by a balcony, with a courtyard in front and pleasure-grounds in the rear, sloping down towards the sea. On my stating that I wished to see the Marchese de Casteinova, the porter, a servant dressed in a very showy livery, informed me that "his eccellenza was about to go to the levee, but he would send up my card." Saying which, he showed me into an ante-room. I had not waited long when the groom of the chambers returned to inform me that the marchese desired to see me. I mounted a low flight of marble stairs, and entered a handsome drawing-room, where the marchese, dressed in his court costume, was waiting to receive me, which he did with great cordiality, spoke warmly of his friend Count Vostizza, and hearing that I had been engaged in the war in Greece, for the success of whose cause he said he felt deeply interested, questioned me of its progress, and of the names and characters of its leaders.

We were deeply engaged in discussing these topics when the marchesa entered. There was nothing remarkable about the lady of Castelnova, but the same kindness of manner that distinguished her amiable lord. In a few moments I felt quite at my ease with both, and that the reserve and formality of strangers were no longer observed or required in our intercourse.

"I am sorry, my lord," said the marchesa, "that your friend does not purpose staying longer at Naples; there is much to see that, I am sure, would interest him: and Francesca or myself would only be too glad to be his cicerone."

I had not thought till this moment that they had a daughter. The marchese now retired to go to the royal levee, for which purpose, he said, he had only come into town that day from his villa at Portici; and hoping that I would remain with him the rest of the day, left it to the ladies to entertain me till his return.

Shortly after his departure the door opened. "The Lady St. Maurice, Signor O'Dorney," said the marchesa.

"St. Maurice!" exclaimed I, recollecting the adventure at Genoa; but I started with great surprise and emotion on beholding Francesca. Her form and features seemed to recall some cherished and almost faded vision of former years—the phantom of my memory in her assumed form and substance; and I entertained for her at once a strange feeling of intimacy, for which I could not account. Words are faint to describe the beauty of Francesca.

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen became a part of sight—"

One of those bright creations that recal all that we have ever dreamt of female loveliness; and which, though rarely met with even there, we only meet with in Italy. Her figure, tall but not commanding, was formed and voluptuous beyond her years, which could not have been more than seventeen; her features, which might have been a model for Praxiteles, were nearly Grecian in their outline; and what they wanted of its perfect regularity, only added to them a more animated expression; her complexion, free from that saturnine tinge that too generally mars the beauty of the Italian, and more particularly the Neapolitan women, though pale, was clear and transparent as the soft marble of her own Carara; her long black eye-lashes contrasted with her cheek, like the dark petals of some snow-white flower; but O! the darker eyes they fringed!—large luminous, penetrating, but, in her softer hour, beaming with all the tender and gentle meekness of the dove—depth of feeling and mind shone forth in their every glance—there needed not words to convey their meaning! Communing with her, we forget her earthly being and our own—we but felt our immortality, and our thoughts seemed indeed the language of our disembodied spirits! Those lovely eyes! O even now I do behold them!—yes, yes!—they gaze upon me with that undying look of love she gave me when I——

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Such was Francesca—such was the being that I loved—and, oh! tell me not of love at first sight being a delusion. As after death our souls shall enter different habitations, prepared for the blest, so when we put on that mortal being, we also were endued with the intelligence that animates it from different fountains, all springing from the one throne of heavenly wisdom: I felt that that of Francesca was derived from the same source as mine; that nature, or some more potent power, had made us kindred beings. Yes, I no sooner saw than I loved her, and, blessed thought! as I then madly conceived it, she soon returned that love.

"You have heard that name before, signor!" asked the Marchesa, with a look of inquiry, as she noted the surprise I betrayed on hearing it.

"True," I replied, "and even more: at the same time I was fortunate enough to render a slight service to him who bore it—the Count St. Maurice."

"My father!" exclaimed Francesca, while her eyes brightened with pleasure, "then you have met my father?"

In answer to her eager inquiries, and fearful of alarming, treating the matter as lightly as possible, I recounted the adventure at Genoa. While I did so, however, I observed such a look of melancholy cloud the kind and expressive features of the marchesa, that I suddenly paused and tried to change the subject; but I had to receive "a world of thanks" from the lovely and affectionate Francesca—she seemed to take a pleasure in calling me, again and again, "the preserver of her dear father."

He was now absent in the north of Italy, but would soon be back, and have an opportunity of showing his sense of the service I had rendered him. "Till then," continued the marchesa, "you must consider yourself as one of ourselves." Thus this fortuitous circumstance quickly ripened acquaintance into regard and intimacy, and this, between Francesca and myself, as quickly ripened into love.

Count St. Maurice still continued absent. Day after day we now anxiously looked for his return to tell our love, and put our fate in his hands. "But I know he will consent," said Francesca, as she observed a look of doubt and anxiety gather on my brow: "when he knows you, he will love you: for the generous and noble must always love each other—is it not so, my Eugene?" And she turned to me with a look so full of smiling confidence, as banished all apprehension of the future from my mind. Her father was, indeed, the constant theme of her eulogy; she looked up to him with all the warm affection and unbounded admiration so beautiful in a child. To her mother she scarcely ever alluded—she had died when she was an infant; but she had almost known her in the likeness and affection of her dear aunt, the marchesa, her mother's only sister.

Did I not think, all this time, of my engagement with Emily? alas! only for a moment: my heart had never been a party to that engagement: and now, under the influence of the most passionate love, the simple beauty and gentle virtues of Emily Weston appeared loveless and insipid, when compared with the commanding loveliness, the genius, and noble enthusiasm of Francesca St. Maurice.

In the mean time, as the marchesa seemed to be aware of and pleased at our attachment, and the marchese only anxious to prove his hospitality, we had full opportunity to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the delightful feelings which love, and first love alone, calls forth. Favoured by this delicious clime, each day was the advent of some new scene of pleasure. Together we wandered along the beautiful shores of Baiæ; or setting out in the evening, our guides provided with torches, after visiting Vesuvius, we would enter the desolate streets of "the Cities of the Dead," the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. There sitting down in "the Chamber of Lords," our congenial fancies would people again those deserted halls with their once thoughtless and luxurious occupants; and when recalled to the actual and present by a chilling sense of that destructive oblivion which seems destined to overtake all earthly existence, we would banish its influence in one fond embrace of undying affection. "And is there, then, nothing real? does man thus perish sooner than his works? And are the feelings that so imperatively sway him—the emotions which agitate the soul, the aspirations which exalt his nature—are they, too, confined to his mortal being? and as vain and fleeting? Does he, as the Psalmist would seem to say, Oh! *does he*, and all his thoughts perish."

"Oh, no, dear Eugene!" replied Francesca, pressing my hand to her heart; "do not entertain such a thought: these very walls but lately were adorned with a conception of that passion, which, like our souls, can never die—that passion, which in its most exalted form rules and governs the universe. Yes, Eugene," said the lovely and high-minded girl, looking up to the starry heavens above us, "the decendence of Nature may assert its power over the forms of those we love, till time well-nigh perfect their annihilation, and leave no trace of their ever having had existence; but their love will not thus perish—it will endure to bloom again in its own proper region, where our souls will once more commune and unite with each other."

MUTILATED ISSUE