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SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1839.

**The Chronicle.**  
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 Any person forwarding the names of six respectable subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.  
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 All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.  
 Weekly Almanack.

October.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday.
26 Saturday	27 Sunday	28 Monday	29 Tuesday	30 Wednesday	31 Thursday	1 Friday
6 24 4 50 8 1 1 52	6 30 4 58 9 12 3 46	6 31 4 59 10 25 3 44	6 33 4 55 11 27 3 40	6 34 4 54 12 6 6	6 36 4 52 0 47 17 6	6 38 4 50 1 52 8 17

**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, W. H. Merritt, Esq.  
**Commercial Bank.**—Henry Gilbert, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills of Exchange must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week, John Wishart, Esq.  
**Bank of British North America.**—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Linton, Esq. Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesday and Saturday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week, W. H. Sturt, Esq.  
**New Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.**—John M. Wilson, Esq. 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 Tuesdays, Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

**Mary Abree.**  
 BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILLIS LETTON," &c.  
 (Concluded.)  
 Mary had been drying her tears during this noble fight, and as she grew more and more indignant, all her weakness as well as her former situation was forgotten; and finding a man, helpless as I am, she put her arms round his neck, and with a voice that was the power of no man on earth, she said, "Percy, my lord, you have mistaken the woman you are addressing; but the poorest woman in this city, if she has a husband, will not let her husband be insulted by a man who has fallen from his rank, and who has forgotten the delicacy of his sex, and followed in all his actions a man of a different rank. In few words, my lord, I will not hear such proposals; I will employ you never to repeat them. Keep me from your presence for years; take my life, if it is your pleasure; indeed, if Sir John Major be gone, I had rather die than live. But do not, I beseech you, great father, force her—force alone can compel me. My lord, I faint—I can say no more."  
 Here her emotion overcame her, and she fell in a swoon. The duke who in his own furious mood had met with many an easier triumph, could not but understand the right virtue of the more northern clime, caught her in his arms, while he left his pride rebelled and his anger roused by the covered reproaches conveyed in the pathetic appeal she had just made to him. Besides, he was more than gratified by a transient passion, and therefore was determined to shorten the labour while he gained his end.  
 "I have demeaned myself," he cried; "it is for the Duke of Parma to command, not supplicate. You are indeed in my power, and come what will, I must obtain the completion of my wishes. From this palace she shall never stir, and day and night I will never cease to persecute her till a time comes—and what time like the present, if she were but brought to life again! How now, Sebastian! I will not be intruded upon!"  
 "My lord, the enemy has advanced," he cried.  
 "Ha, I hear it! They have opened their batteries. Let them roar on; the walls of Ghent are like iron, and we are victualled for a twelvemonth. We can laugh at them for a month yet, with all their cannon."  
 "My lord," said Sebastian, hurriedly, "they have fired upon us ere we thought it, and the citizens are in a panic. The Spanish council is assembled, and has sent for you."  
 "The citizens!" cried Farnese. "I toil for them day and night, and give up my pleasure to fight their battles; it shall have an end. Look to that girl; she has fainted, or is obstinate—I care not which. Keep her close and see that you starve down her spirit. By the way, is the English captain, Sir John Major, (the girl's lover, it seems,) dead or alive?"  
 "My lord, he was arraigned before the council yesterday morning."  
 "I forgot it; he was condemned as a spy, was he not?"  
 "My lord, the young maiden—"  
 "She knows no more; she is passing around her; speak lower then."  
 "His sentence is death, my lord, but all of our point is strained, and the enemy has cut off our generals, on whom they rely to retreat."  
 "I feel that, and would respect him, but the maiden must be worked upon, and he shall be my instrument. To-morrow, at noon, let the bells be knelled, the drum muffled, all the pomp of a military execution be most solemnly displayed, and let Sir John Major be led to his death, in the Grass Market, before the church of St. Nicholas. I will

at that window of the house of the burgomaster Van Rosen which looks into the square, and would have the maiden brought there to me. You take me, Sebastian?"  
 "You would purchase her submission, my lord, by saving the life of her lover."  
 "Even so; I will work upon her feelings till her man nature can hold out no longer. When she is mine, I shall drop my glove from the window, and the prisoner is rescued."  
 "Good, my lord; but if you fail, the signal?"  
 "On to the death, Sebastian, if I will then be revenged. Revenge is as sacred to the Italian as his honour or religion, and richer blood than that of the English murderer must be sacrificed to propitiate it. Let my orders be fulfilled to the letter. Remember, at noon, and in the Grass Market—farewell."  
 CHAPTER IV.  
 For a departing being's soul [knell];  
 The death-bell rings, and the hollow bells  
 He is near his mortal goal.

"The well," said the duke, as he entered a chamber which had been prepared for his reception in the house of the burgomaster Van Rosen; "and now the hour!"  
 "On the stroke of noon, my lord," answered a page who attended him, at the same time bending lowly.  
 "When the maiden is brought hither—I mean the young Englishwoman who was taken prisoner with her lover, about to be conducted here. Till then I would be alone."  
 The page made his obeisance and withdrew, and his destined victim, the unfortunate Mary Abree, stood before him, and he saw her eyes fixed on him with a firm step; her eye was settled, but wild, and from her face, though it was pale, yet, even when she had been the day before, all emotion had passed away, and nothing now dwelt there but calm and enduring resolution. She seemed as a victim led to the sacrifice, certainly without hope, almost without fear. She just bent her head to Farnese as he greeted her, and then meeting his searching gaze, with a quiet look quite as determined, stood before him, awaiting what he would say to her, without either a word or a sigh.  
 "Maiden," said the duke, calmly as he led her by the arm to the window, which looked into the square below, "you are indeed the Grand Master's daughter. And the last murmurs of the knell died hoarsely away, and over it swelled imperceptibly the solemn chant of the canons, now issuing from the church of St. Nicholas, as the organ pealed in accompaniment. A roar from the mouths of innumerable cannon came pealing along the city, and shook every house in the market like an earthquake; and the duke, who had been standing in the doorway, extended from one end to the other of the market, had been roused in a slight barrier, and was now seated by a grand line of Spanish infantry. With him, at the termination of the barrier opposite to the entrance, which opened on the street leading to the Stadium, was drawn up a double file of hussars, and at some paces from them was a spot marked out as the station of the condemned. To add to the impressiveness of the scene, the windows of all the houses round the square were hung with red and white tapestry, and at the front of every door were posted two officials of the government, clad in black and red, and each holding a dim banner of unbleached wax in his right hand, while they stood as rigid and immovable as statues, with their left hand crossed upon their breasts. The space in front of the market, and every street leading to it, were crowded with spectators, all of them anxious and some breathless with expectation; and before the broad and arched doorway of the venerable church of St. Nicholas was drawn up a large troop of the armed retainers of the priesthood and various monastic orders of Ghent, while, in the interior of the church, and between the fair and lofty arches of the central aisle, were to be partially seen, as the dreamy light from the stained windows fell upon them, the proud and lordly canons of the cathedral of St. Bavo, clad in their richest vestments, and drawn up in long procession, ready to issue from the porch, with many a pikeman, banner, crosser, and pastoral, borne before them. On the mantling towers above hung heavy and dripping in the sky the gigantic standards of Castle and Arragon, now for a moment partially unrolled, and rustling as the breeze took them, and then suddenly sinking down again.  
 At this moment the clock struck, and the deep-toned bell of the church began to knell; the clamour of the crowd was hushed, a slight murmur of expectation succeeded it, and then all was quiet, save there swelled solemnly, and only heard by this, as it rolled faintly from the remote choir in the interior of the church, the rich peal of the organ, and the droves chant of the canons singing a requiem for the dead.  
 "Mary Abree knew not what tragedy was to follow those awful preparations, but she felt a faintness come over her, and her heart beat violently against her bosom. She gaped for breath, and she looked, with a convulsive grasp, the cold million arches separated the windows, to support herself; yet she could not withdraw her fascinated gaze from the mournfully serene beneath her, while every bell of the solemn bell, answered, as it were, by a prolonged echo, and the distant thunders of the canon from the beleaguered walls, went bitterly to her soul, telling her, as if in an audible voice, to despair and die."  
 "Now, my chaste maiden," said the duke, bitterly, "yesterday you braved—yes, I was never, in the whole course of my life, so perfectly at defiance before; but a night of reflection, your own good sense telling you that I have it in my power alike to make you happy or miserable, even as you consent to me by submission or proceed to me by resistance, and above all, this present awful display of my authority, the scene beneath you, may have brought you, however tardily, to your senses and taught you to have some little respect for a sovereign when he kneels at your feet."  
 "My lord," answered Mary, "what those terrors are for what they mean—how they concern me—I cannot in my manner receive; but my heart tells me something dreadful is about to be done before my eyes. O great duke, have mercy upon me, as you have mercy shall be shown to yourself; I care not, and do not put a woman to a greater and more terrible trial than human nature can endure. I am to be the victim, I am ready to die; but let me die easily, and do not prolong my suffering by

memorable tortures. And O, my lord, since I am the only guilty, if any guilt be mine, let my death alone pay the price, and do not unjustly—yes, inhuman—make another—for a horrible crime—let me be there another—suffer, not for his own crime, but for my constancy."  
 "Mary Abree, set a hair of thy head shall be touched, for I love you; but the life or death of another is as you justly fear, with all the avulsiveness of such a responsibility, in your hand. If you still deny me what I crave, no demand, be made; but when you comply with my wishes, be it then within a minute's breath of his fate, that compliance will save him. And now, if your eyes can endure the sight of the man you love, let me not stoop to save, behold your victim."  
 As he spoke, he pointed to a long procession, which, with a melancholy pace from the steep street at the extremity of the left hand of the market, and which goes down to the Stadium. Mary shuddered convulsively as the foremost of the train appeared, but it relieved her, and she breathed freer; she saw that their eyes were fixed on her, and she felt that she was not alone.  
 "O, for some hand, bold, firm, and free, To sweep the living lyre Which might English minstrelsy, With forces of ancient fire! Such hand could glowing truths declare, Might raise the lion from his lair. Sad, silent o'er my harp I bend; I scarce its feeble strings can sound, But faintly, through the sounds sacred, One chord responsive rings, Which tells how dark must be the days When lands like mine a warning raise."  
 Despair not then, my simple lay; It is weakness hath a power; To warn of England's waning day, My country's fortifying hour; 'Tis the old harp that speaks to me, We hear the cry of fluttering bird."  
 "Despair, we think it fortunate—perhaps we should have said presidential—Mr. O'Connell should have put forth his 'Address to the People of England' at the present crisis. The registration is just about to commence, on which we probably depend the issue of the next general election. 'The Protestant Association' has just launched an 'Address to the Queen,' on the late official appointment of Mr. Peel as Secretary of State. It is precisely at such a moment that we could have wished for this open, undisguised manifesto of the projects and designs of popery against our glorious constitution. The sanguine hopes and expectations of Daniel have overruled the points; he has looked out the treason, and it now only remains that we, for our own credit and the credit of the people of England, now called upon to testify their unmitigated abhorrence of popery, and their indignant attachment to the Protestant religion, and their determination to resist the repeated policy of the throne, they should specially regard the injury of its protestant subjects. We think that the address of the Protestant Association is a most timely and patriotic contribution to the cause of the kingdom. But it is of still more importance to secure the interests of protestantism in another parliament, by attending the approaching registration. That our antagonists in England are not a sufficient motive to awaken and suggest our own exertions. Let us remember, above all, that it is not as a protestant, but as a patriot, as of conscience and religion; that we should inscribe our names and votes, not as factious partisans, but as those who are maintaining the cause of Luther and reforming the abuses of the papal hierarchy; that, long after all party questions are forgotten, the civil and religious interests of our children and descendants may depend on our present exertions. Let us, therefore, to save our country from the impending perils of popery. These are the best and truest grounds of patriotism. They elevate politics into piety, and cherish noble sentiments and prejudices by the enduring force of religious and moral obligations.—The Hutchinsonian.

AN APOLOGY.  
 BY M. A. STONOR.

Ye bid me stay my rapid hand,  
 And check my rising strain;  
 So themes, ye say, high powers demand,  
 And mine are wild and vain;  
 When loud thunders voice is heard,  
 The lightning, ye say, the warning bird!  
 I know, I know that storming words  
 Are not for hand so weak  
 And yet if all should mutes remain,  
 The stones would forthwith speak:  
 Tempests, we see, are gathering round;  
 Why hush a faint, but faithful sound?  
 I glance on England's sons of song  
 With feelings still'd and deep;  
 But gazing on the laurel'd throng,  
 Silent they stand, while perils lour  
 Silent in England's darkening hour.  
 O, for some hand, bold, firm, and free,  
 To sweep the living lyre  
 Which might English minstrelsy,  
 With forces of ancient fire!  
 Such hand could glowing truths declare,  
 Might raise the lion from his lair.  
 Sad, silent o'er my harp I bend;  
 I scarce its feeble strings can sound,  
 But faintly, through the sounds sacred,  
 One chord responsive rings,  
 Which tells how dark must be the days  
 When lands like mine a warning raise.  
 Despair not then, my simple lay;  
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 My country's fortifying hour;  
 'Tis the old harp that speaks to me,  
 We hear the cry of fluttering bird."

to Mr. Stobbe, of Newburgh, near Perth, the gentleman who owned the vessel at the time she was supposed to have been lost. On recognizing the vessel, Mr. Gowland, who knew that she was considered to be lost, went on board, and inspected her very minutely; he afterwards took with him a person who had piloted the vessel in and out of the harbour frequently, and they were both perfectly satisfied that it was the same vessel. On the following Mr. Stobbe arrived at this port; he was immediately informed that he had been in the harbour; he went on board, and examined her particularly, and was also satisfied that it was the same vessel, with the difference, that she had now a new window, fore-cabin, and head. He consulted the present captain of the vessel, and was allowed to inspect her papers. She is now under a certificate of register which in every particular corresponds to the original officers of her majesty's Customs, who have written to Liverpool respecting the vessel's register, &c. The agent for the vessel who she had been insured, and from which Mr. Stobbe had received his insurance, has also been informed, and has written on the subject. As yet, however, no answers have been received. The most probable supposition on this mysterious affair is, that during the storm that arose after the vessel was wrecked, the vessel was picked up, and taken into some small port, and sold for a very short time on board of the vessel, and cannot tell under what circumstance the present owner came into possession of her. The particulars were communicated to the principal officers of her majesty's Customs, who have written to Liverpool respecting the vessel's register, &c. The agent for the vessel who she had been insured, and from which Mr. Stobbe had received his insurance, has also been informed, and has written on the subject. As yet, however, no answers have been received.

St. Cecilia! I could no longer contain my desire to display my smattering in criticism, and began to contend that Pope's Ode was, as it appeared to me, far from an example of severity in writing. I soon perceived what I had done, but here am I writing *Talbot's* in consequence. Alas! I knew as little of the world then as I do now. I never could understand anything beyond an abstract definition—*Huzitt*.

**Iron, Soap, Fork, &c.**  
 The Subscriber has one landing, on ship Atlantic—  
 90 T. and 120 Bbls. English Iron, ass'd.;  
 500 bars refined Iron, ass'd.; 10 boxes DC Font-  
 pine TIN, 20 cwt. Rock Plates;  
 60 bbls and 20 half bbls. Irish Prime Mess Pork;  
 400 boxes Yellow SOAP; 50 do. White do;  
 20 do. Dipped Candles;  
 Which he offers for sale at low prices.  
 WILLIAM CARVILL,  
 sept. 13.

**POLLOCK, HERRINGS, &c.**—250 cwt. prime Pollock; 50 barrels pickled Haddock, 50 bbls. No. 1 Fat Herrings—gibbed.  
 For sale by  
 RAYBURN & BROTHERS,  
 27th sept.

**SUGAR, MOLASSES, &c.**  
 NOW LANDING—7 Hhd. Bright Porto Rico Sugar; 10 Pans. Prime Refining Molasses; 50 bags Java Coffee; 2500 Pure Havana Cigars. In store—32,000 Cigars. For sale by  
 Oct. 4  
 JAMES MALCOLM.

**BUTTER.**  
 27 F. TER. just received, for sale by the subscriber.  
 J. FARWATER,  
 Sept. 29.

**Sands Remedy for Salt Rheum.**  
 MESSRS. A. B. & D. SANDS—It gives me no pleasure to inform you that I am entirely cured of the Salt Rheum by the use of your valuable Remedy. I had been afflicted with the disease on my arms, and at times on my head, for six years, which frequently caused much pain and distress. I had tried every medicine, but without success. I was at length cured by the use of your Remedy, and entirely cured by the Remedy in three weeks' time. I can confidently recommend all who are afflicted with this or other similar diseases, to use your medicines, and fully believe they will obtain a perfect cure.  
 Yours, very respectfully,  
 JOHN PARKER,  
 Staten Island, July 29, 1839.

Numerous verbal testimonials of a similar character, as daily received, thus proving in the most satisfactory manner the great medicinal virtues of this valuable medicine. It is a certain cure for other diseases of the skin, such as Ring Worm, Tetter, scald Head, Itch, &c. &c. I have been afflicted with the disease on my arms, and at times on my head, for six years, which frequently caused much pain and distress. I had tried every medicine, but without success. I was at length cured by the use of your Remedy, and entirely cured by the Remedy in three weeks' time. I can confidently recommend all who are afflicted with this or other similar diseases, to use your medicines, and fully believe they will obtain a perfect cure.  
 Yours, very respectfully,  
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**IRON SPIKES.**—5 tons ass'd. received 1 per Cheater, from Liverpool. For sale low by landing by  
 RAYBURN & BROTHERS,  
 August 20.

**Canada Prime Mess Pork.**  
 50 BBLs. Canada prime Mess Pork, received per schooner *Prudent* from Quebec, for sale low if applied for immediately.  
 JOHN ROBERTSON,  
 Oct. 4.

**THE SUBSCRIBER**  
 Has just received by the sch. "Prudent" Capt. Billingsly from Quebec:  
 50 BBLs. Mess Pork; and 200 barrels Prime Mess Pork.  
 Which will be sold at moderate prices by  
 Oct. 4  
 JAS. T. HANFORD.

**TIMBER.**  
 FOR SALE—300 tons White Pine TIMBER, average 14 inches, for sale on reasonable terms. Apply to  
 August 30, 1839.  
 GROESBEAK & WALKER.

**CORDAGE.**  
 Per Corporation, from London, the subscriber has received the following consignment:  
 100 Coils Cordage, assorted sizes,  
 3 Coils Ribs, Working and Spunray,  
 4 Hawsers, 7, 6, 5 and 4 inch,  
 10 Coils White MANILLA,  
 4 Bala Twines, Lines, Deep sea Lines, Log Lines, House-lines, Marine and Harbour Lines. The above will be sold at low cost and charges, if applied for while landing.  
 W. P. RANNEY,  
 sept. 20.

**New Brig For sale.**  
 A substantially built and fast sailing craft, of 185 tons old measurement, now lying at Pennington's wharf, will be ready for sea in a few days, and if applied for immediately, will be sold on moderate terms, on application to  
 RAYBURN & BROTHERS.

**TO LET.**  
 A HOUSE, lately occupied by Major Richardson of the 11th Regiment situated in Lower Cove, opposite the Ordnance Office. For particulars apply to Mr. JAMES M. COCKELL, on the premises.  
 A large quantity of Fish Barrels and other Cooperage, on hand and for sale on reasonable terms.  
 June 14.

**TEA WAREHOUSE.**  
 JAMES MALCOLM offers for sale at his Establishment in Prince William Street:  
 125 Chests Tea Company's TEA; 55 Bbls. Biskah Leaf tea; 15 do. something extra; 15 do. Biskah 10 do. Twankay and Young Hyson; 35 do. Buba in Congo Packages; with an extensive assortment of Raw and Refined Sugars, Molasses and Java Coffee, Fruct. Spices, &c.  
 The quality of the above Goods are all warranted to be what they are represented.  
 The very superior quality of J. M.'s ground Coffee is now generally admitted, and all who are in the above may be had wholesale or retail at his usual prices.  
 sept. 30.

and the duke who in his own furious mood had met with many an easier triumph, could not but understand the right virtue of the more northern clime, caught her in his arms, while he left his pride rebelled and his anger roused by the covered reproaches conveyed in the pathetic appeal she had just made to him. Besides, he was more than gratified by a transient passion, and therefore was determined to shorten the labour while he gained his end.  
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 "Maiden," said the duke, calmly as he led her by the arm to the window, which looked into the square below, "you are indeed the Grand Master's daughter. And the last murmurs of the knell died hoarsely away, and over it swelled imperceptibly the solemn chant of the canons, now issuing from the church of St. Nicholas, as the organ pealed in accompaniment. A roar from the mouths of innumerable cannon came pealing along the city, and shook every house in the market like an earthquake; and the duke, who had been standing in the doorway, extended from one end to the other of the market, had been roused in a slight barrier, and was now seated by a grand line of Spanish infantry. With him, at the termination of the barrier opposite to the entrance, which opened on the street leading to the Stadium, was drawn up a double file of hussars, and at some paces from them was a spot marked out as the station of the condemned. To add to the impressiveness of the scene, the windows of all the houses round the square were hung with red and white tapestry, and at the front of every door were posted two officials of the government, clad in black and red, and each holding a dim banner of unbleached wax in his right hand, while they stood as rigid and immovable as statues, with their left hand crossed upon their breasts. The space in front of the market, and every street leading to it, were crowded with spectators, all of them anxious and some breathless with expectation; and before the broad and arched doorway of the venerable church of St. Nicholas was drawn up a large troop of the armed retainers of the priesthood and various monastic orders of Ghent, while, in the interior of the church, and between the fair and lofty arches of the central aisle, were to be partially seen, as the dreamy light from the stained windows fell upon them, the proud and lordly canons of the cathedral of St. Bavo, clad in their richest vestments, and drawn up in long procession, ready to issue from the porch, with many a pikeman, banner, crosser, and pastoral, borne before them. On the mantling towers above hung heavy and dripping in the sky the gigantic standards of Castle and Arragon, now for a moment partially unrolled, and rustling as the breeze took them, and then suddenly sinking down again.  
 At this moment the clock struck, and the deep-toned bell of the church began to knell; the clamour of the crowd was hushed, a slight murmur of expectation succeeded it, and then all was quiet, save there swelled solemnly, and only heard by this, as it rolled faintly from the remote choir in the interior of the church, the rich peal of the organ, and the droves chant of the canons singing a requiem for the dead.  
 "Mary Abree knew not what tragedy was to follow those awful preparations, but she felt a faintness come over her, and her heart beat violently against her bosom. She gaped for breath, and she looked, with a convulsive grasp, the cold million arches separated the windows, to support herself; yet she could not withdraw her fascinated gaze from the mournfully serene beneath her, while every bell of the solemn bell, answered, as it were, by a prolonged echo, and the distant thunders of the canon from the beleaguered walls, went bitterly to her soul, telling her, as if in an audible voice, to despair and die."  
 "Now, my chaste maiden," said the duke, bitterly, "yesterday you braved—yes, I was never, in the whole course of my life, so perfectly at defiance before; but a night of reflection, your own good sense telling you that I have it in my power alike to make you happy or miserable, even as you consent to me by submission or proceed to me by resistance, and above all, this present awful display of my authority, the scene beneath you, may have brought you, however tardily, to your senses and taught you to have some little respect for a sovereign when he kneels at your feet."  
 "My lord," answered Mary, "what those terrors are for what they mean—how they concern me—I cannot in my manner receive; but my heart tells me something dreadful is about to be done before my eyes. O great duke, have mercy upon me, as you have mercy shall be shown to yourself; I care not, and do not put a woman to a greater and more terrible trial than human nature can endure. I am to be the victim, I am ready to die; but let me die easily, and do not prolong my suffering by

memorable tortures. And O, my lord, since I am the only guilty, if any guilt be mine, let my death alone pay the price, and do not unjustly—yes, inhuman—make another—for a horrible crime—let me be there another—suffer, not for his own crime, but for my constancy."  
 "Mary Abree, set a hair of thy head shall be touched, for I love you; but the life or death of another is as you justly fear, with all the avulsiveness of such a responsibility, in your hand. If you still deny me what I crave, no demand, be made; but when you comply with my wishes, be it then within a minute's breath of his fate, that compliance will save him. And now, if your eyes can endure the sight of the man you love, let me not stoop to save, behold your victim."  
 As he spoke, he pointed to a long procession, which, with a melancholy pace from the steep street at the extremity of the left hand of the market, and which goes down to the Stadium. Mary shuddered convulsively as the foremost of the train appeared, but it relieved her, and she breathed freer; she saw that their eyes were fixed on her, and she felt that she was not alone.  
 "O, for some hand, bold, firm, and free, To sweep the living lyre Which might English minstrelsy, With forces of ancient fire! Such hand could glowing truths declare, Might raise the lion from his lair. Sad, silent o'er my harp I bend; I scarce its feeble strings can sound, But faintly, through the sounds sacred, One chord responsive rings, Which tells how dark must be the days When lands like mine a warning raise."  
 Despair not then, my simple lay; It is weakness hath a power; To warn of England's waning day, My country's fortifying hour; 'Tis the old harp that speaks to me, We hear the cry of fluttering bird."

to Mr. Stobbe, of Newburgh, near Perth, the gentleman who owned the vessel at the time she was supposed to have been lost. On recognizing the vessel, Mr. Gowland, who knew that she was considered to be lost, went on board, and inspected her very minutely; he afterwards took with him a person who had piloted the vessel in and out of the harbour frequently, and they were both perfectly satisfied that it was the same vessel. On the following Mr. Stobbe arrived at this port; he was immediately informed that he had been in the harbour; he went on board, and examined her particularly, and was also satisfied that it was the same vessel, with the difference, that she had now a new window, fore-cabin, and head. He consulted the present captain of the vessel, and was allowed to inspect her papers. She is now under a certificate of register which in every particular corresponds to the original officers of her majesty's Customs, who have written to Liverpool respecting the vessel's register, &c. The agent for the vessel who she had been insured, and from which Mr. Stobbe had received his insurance, has also been informed, and has written on the subject. As yet, however, no answers have been received. The most probable supposition on this mysterious affair is, that during the storm that arose after the vessel was wrecked, the vessel was picked up, and taken into some small port, and sold for a very short time on board of the vessel, and cannot tell under what circumstance the present owner came into possession of her. The particulars were communicated to the principal officers of her majesty's Customs, who have written to Liverpool respecting the vessel's register, &c. The agent for the vessel who she had been insured, and from which Mr. Stobbe had received his insurance, has also been informed, and has written on the subject. As yet, however, no answers have been received.

St. Cecilia! I could no longer contain my desire to display my smattering in criticism, and began to contend that Pope's Ode was, as it appeared to me, far from an example of severity in writing. I soon perceived what I had done, but here am I writing *Talbot's* in consequence. Alas! I knew as little of the world then as I do now. I never could understand anything beyond an abstract definition—*Huzitt*.

and the duke who in his own furious mood had met with many an easier triumph, could not but understand the right virtue of the more northern clime, caught her in his arms, while he left his pride rebelled and his anger roused by the covered reproaches conveyed in the pathetic appeal she had just made to him. Besides, he was more than gratified by a transient passion, and therefore was determined to shorten the labour while he gained his end.  
 "I have demeaned myself," he cried; "it is for the Duke of Parma to command, not supplicate. You are indeed in my power, and come what will, I must obtain the completion of my wishes. From this palace she shall never stir, and day and night I will never cease to persecute her till a time comes—and what time like the present, if she were but brought to life again! How now, Sebastian! I will not be intruded upon!"  
 "My lord, the enemy has advanced," he cried.  
 "Ha, I hear it! They have opened their batteries. Let them roar on; the walls of Ghent are like iron, and we are victualled for a twelvemonth. We can laugh at them for a month yet, with all their cannon."  
 "My lord," said Sebastian, hurriedly, "they have fired upon us ere we thought it, and the citizens are in a panic. The Spanish council is assembled, and has sent for you."  
 "The citizens!" cried Farnese. "I toil for them day and night, and give up my pleasure to fight their battles; it shall have an end. Look to that girl; she has fainted, or is obstinate—I care not which. Keep her close and see that you starve down her spirit. By the way, is the English captain, Sir John Major, (the girl's lover, it seems,) dead or alive?"  
 "My lord, he was arraigned before the council yesterday morning."  
 "I forgot it; he was condemned as a spy, was he not?"  
 "My lord, the young maiden—"  
 "She knows no more; she is passing around her; speak lower then."  
 "His sentence is death, my lord, but all of our point is strained, and the enemy has cut off our generals, on whom they rely to retreat."  
 "I feel that, and would respect him, but the maiden must be worked upon, and he shall be my instrument. To-morrow, at noon, let the bells be knelled, the drum muffled, all the pomp of a military execution be most solemnly displayed, and let Sir John Major be led to his death, in the Grass Market, before the church of St. Nicholas. I will

at that window of the house of the burgomaster Van Rosen which looks into the square, and would have the maiden brought there to me. You take me, Sebastian?"  
 "You would purchase her submission, my lord, by saving the life of her lover."  
 "Even so; I will work upon her feelings till her man nature can hold out no longer. When she is mine, I shall drop my glove from the window, and the prisoner is rescued."  
 "Good, my lord; but if you fail, the signal?"  
 "On to the death, Sebastian, if I will then be revenged. Revenge is as sacred to the Italian as his honour or religion, and richer blood than that of the English murderer must be sacrificed to propitiate it. Let my orders be fulfilled to the letter. Remember, at noon, and in the Grass Market—farewell."  
 CHAPTER IV.  
 For a departing being's soul [knell];  
 The death-bell rings, and the hollow bells  
 He is near his mortal goal.

"The well," said the duke, as he entered a chamber which had been prepared for his reception in the house of the burgomaster Van Rosen; "and now the hour!"  
 "On the stroke of noon, my lord," answered a page who attended him, at the same time bending lowly.  
 "When the maiden is brought hither—I mean the young Englishwoman who was taken prisoner with her lover, about to be conducted here. Till then I would be alone."  
 The page made his obeisance and withdrew, and his destined victim, the unfortunate Mary Abree, stood before him, and he saw her eyes fixed on him with a firm step; her eye was settled, but wild, and from her face, though it was pale, yet, even when she had been the day before, all emotion had passed away, and nothing now dwelt there but calm and enduring resolution. She seemed as a victim led to the sacrifice, certainly without hope, almost without fear