St. John Chronicle.

"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

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WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

☞ Archibald M'Allister, is an authorised Agent for the *Chronicle* at Gagetown, and vicinity.

Stephen Wiggins, is an authorized Agent for Grand Lake.

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esqr., *President.*

Directors—J. W. LAWRENCE, S. K. FOSTER, C. H. ESTABROOKS, JOHN ANDERSON. *Solicitor*—J. M. ROBINSON, Esq. *Secretary*—ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire.

☞ Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street. May 23.

WILLIAM H. LESTER,
GROCER and Provision DEALER,
CORNER PRINCESS AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.

Goods sent to all parts of the City free of charge
September 19, 1856.

WILLIAM WEDDERBURN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
No. 13, Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Petitions for Patents, Insurance Claims, and Conveyancing in all its Branches executed with accuracy. May 29, 1857.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
HAS REMOVED to the Office lately occupied by Charles Watters, Esquire, in Messrs. Deveber's building, Prince William Street.
August 22, 1856.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County, trusts from the Public a Share of Business which shall receive his prompt attention, on most reasonable terms. ARCHIBALD McALLISTER.
Gagetown, August 22, 1856.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant
AND DEALER IN DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.
CLEMENTSPORT, N. S.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL State Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.

Rooms per day,	50 cts.
Rooms per week,	$3,00
Lodging	37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day.
January 11, 1856. 1y.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street, next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Ex *Ann Rankin*, and *Courier*, from London:—
1000 KEGS Brandram's No. 1, White LEAD;
230 Kegs Yellow, Red, Black, Green, and Blue PAINTS;
50 Kegs Zinc Paint;
35 Hhds. Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL;
3 Bbls. Copal and Oak VARNISH;
7 Cans Carriage and White Copal do.;
1 Cask Brandram's Liquid Dryer;
5 " do. Patent do.;
50 ddz. Deep GOLD LEAF;
5 " Patent Glaziers' DIAMONDS.
For Sale at No. 1, North side Market Square.
Nov. 14. W. O. SMITH.

Oysters! Oysters!!

JUST received per steamer "Adelaide," from Boston:—12 bbls. Prime OYSTERS—fresh from the beds. Also—On hand, a few barrels of Fresh Shediac Oysters, which will be served up in any style required, at
JAMES KENNY'S
Eating House Water street.
N. B.—MEALS served up at the shortest notice —Day and Evening. J. K.
St. John, N. B., August 29.

COALS.—On hand ex Yard: 100 Chal. Orre COAL; 50 do Newcastle do.; 250 Scotch do For sale low by
Feb. 9. JOHN WALKER.

FUR CAPS—In every variety of Fur—made up on the premises, in the latest styles.
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street.

TEA.—Just received, and imported expressely for Family use:—
10 chests Souchong TEA;
10 catty boxes do. do.;
10 chests Breakfast Oolong do;
10 catty boxes do. do;
10 chests good retailing do.—For sale low.
August 29. JOHN McCOSKERY.

Beans and Shad.

40 BUSHELS N. S. White BEANS; 20 half-barrels good SHAD. For Sale by
JOHN MARVEN,
Feb. 20. Ward-street

RUBBER CLOTHING.

COATS, CAPES, PANTS, LEGGINGS, Caps, &c., &c., of the very best quality just received from the manufactory.
—ALSO—
A new and superior article of RUBBER COATS, *price only 20s.*
THOS. R. JONES,
5, Dock street, one door above
Oct. 3. the Old Stand.

M. N. POWERS, Undertaker, &c.

Fourth Door North Trinity Church, Germain-st ST. JOHN, N. B.,

WOULD inform the public that he has purchased that beautiful and much admired Gothic Hearse from the Messrs. Lawrence, which he will furnish to parties requiring the same, with a careful driver

He likewise attends to Funerals and furnishes every article in the above line in a superior style, and at prices more moderate than any other establishment in this City.

Orders from the Country attended to with care at the shortest notice.

FURNITURE.

M. N. P. will make to order all descriptions of MAHOGANY, WALNUT, BUTTERNUT, and PINE FURNITURE, at short notice, of superior material and workmanship. Prices moderate.

☞ Every description of Upholstery, Curtains, Carpets, &c., attended to at short notice. Old Furniture cleared and repaired.

N. B. On hand a beautiful lot of Coffins.

Brandrams No. 1, White Lead and Coloured Paints.

RECEIVED per "Ann Rankin," and For Sale by the Subscriber—
4 Tons Brandram's No. 1 White LEAD;
1 Ton assorted COLOURS;
4 Casks Dry Red and White LEAD;
Raw and Burnt Umber; Raw and Burnt Terra de., Sienna, Drop Black, Ultramarine Blue, &c. &c.;
1 case Deep Gold Leaf; 6 cases Florence OIL.
IN STORE—9000 feet Window GLASS, assorted sizes.
Oct. 24. S. L. TILLEY.

THE SECRET INFIRMITIES OF YOUTH AND MATURITY

Price 1s. sterling, with numerous Engravings and Cases.

NERVOUS DEBILITY: its Causes, Symptoms, and Cure.—An Essay on Spermatorrhœa, and the various forms of premature Decay, resulting from imprudence and vicious indulgence, with plain directions for perfect restoration to health; and practical Observations on a new mode of detecting Spermatorrhœa and other Urethral Discharges by Microscopic examination.

BY SAMUEL LA'MERT, M.D.,

37, Bedford-square, London, Doctor of Medicine, Matriculated Member of the University of Edinburgh, Honorary Member of the London Hospital Medical Society, Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, &c.

Sold by MORTON AND COGSWELL, Halifax, Nova Scotia, and by H. CHUBB & Co. St. John's, New Brunswick

Price One Shilling sterling.

31st March, 1857.

RAILROAD LUMBER YARD,
PORTLAND BRIDGE.

THE Subscribers grateful for the patronage extended to them during the past year, now offer for sale on reasonable terms a varied Stock of Seasoned LUMBER, comprising:—
PINE BOARDS and PLANKS;
Planed and Rough FLOORING;
Spruce and Pine Refuse BOARDS & SCANTLING;
CLAP-BOARDS, Siding, LATHS, &c. &c.
WHITING & PENALAGON.
J. M. F. WHITING, }
J. T. PENALAGON. }
May 1 1m.

French Paper Hangings.

Ex "Zurich" from Havre, thence by "Charles," from New York:—
2 CASES containing a very rich assortment of French PAPER HANGING—all new styles. B. O'BRIEN.
May 1.

NEW HEAT SHOP.

THE Subscriber thankful to his friends and the public generally, for the liberal patronage bestowed on him since his commencement in business, begs leave to inform them that he has taken the SHOP No. 11 Market Street, where (in conection with his Stall No. 4 City Market,) there will always be found a general assortment of MEATS and POULTRY of the best the market affords.

VEGETABLES of all kinds when in season.

☞ All orders left at either place will be strictly executed on the Square.

Jan. 22—1m. WM. C. GODSOE.

Notice.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Andrew Sherwood late of the Parish of Upham, in King's County, (deceased) are requested to present the same duly attested within eighteen months from this date and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to
RICHARD C. SHERWOOD, }
JOHN F. SHERWOOD, } *Executors*
Upham, K. C., March 7th, 1857.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his Entire Stock in-Trade from his old stand, to 27 North side King street, next to Mr. Frost's Shoe Store, and directly opposite Canterbury street; where will be found a general assortment of *HATS* and *CAPS*, Foreign and Domestic.
A. MAGEE Hatter, &c.,
27 North side King street.
☞ The Latest Fashions always on hand.
Feb. 27.

S. K. FOSTER'S Shoe Store.

Just received per steamer from Liverpool:—
A Large assortment of Ladies, Misses, Boys, Children's, and Infants CLOTH BOOTS, of all qualities, suitable for the season.
A great variety of Men's, Women's, Misses, Children's and infants FELT BOOTS, Shoes and Slippers of every quality.
ON HAND—A large lot of Women's Prunella BOOTS, suitable for wearing under Rubber Shoes in Winter—for 3s. to 4s. 6d. a pair.
Oct. 17. S. K. FOSTER.

HOLLOWAY'S MEDICINES.—Now landing from the "John Barbour," one case London Holloway's PILLS and OINTMENT, warranted genuine. For sale by
S. L. TILLEY
April 17. 35, King street

WANTED, by a young man belonging to the City, a situation in a Grocery Store, having some knowledge of the business would be willing to make himself generally useful, will give good reference. Apply at this Office. April 17.

Oysters. Oysters.

4 BBLS. Prime Shediac OYSTERS, which will be served up in any style required.
Also—MEALS and LUNCHEONS served up at the *shortest notice*—Day an Evening—at
JAMES KENNY'S,
Sept. 26. Eating House, Water-street

Confectionnary.

THE Subscriber has just received per Pilgrim from Glasgow—150 lbs Choice CONFECTIONARY, consisting of Conversation, Peppermint & mixed LOZENGES, Motto HEARTS, Ginger & Polka *Seals*, Rosebuds, Bracelets, Polka & Princess Rails, Horehound, Acid, Rose Acid, Pine Apple, Pear, Fish, Strawberry, and Alphabet Drops, Almonds, BARLEY SUGAR.
July 11. S. L. TILLEY.

LIVERPOOL OAKUM.—Landing ex "John Duncan"—5 Tons Liverpool OAKUM. For Sale by — JOHN WALKER,
May 22. Ward-street

LIVERPOOL HOUSE COALS.—Landing ex "John Duncan"—60 chals. Liverpool House COALS, which will be sold low if taken from alongside. JOHN WALKER.
May 29. Ward-street.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE DISCOVERY.

The period of our tale is just after the Restoration. The Stoarts are back upon the throne of England. Cromwell is no more. The roundheads are disappearing, with their solemn suite and stern visages. The whole country is awakening from its long trance of puritanical asceticism. Mirth, pleasure, gaiety, hilarity, have burst the bonds under which bigotry and intolerance had so long restrained them, and are plunging into extravagance and licence. London is beside itself with its new freedom. The whole nation appears to have gone into moily manners, and shake its cap and bells with abandoned glee.

Among many of the gentry who came up to London after the Restoration, was Sir Philip Ardent, and his daughter Minnie.

It is not in my power to describe Minnie Ardent. I can say that she had two eyes, dark and flashing which danced a perpetual merry jig, and incessant glances of wit and mirth; brown masses of curls, which fell down over her white shoulders, and with every curl a barbed arrow from Cupid's own bow; her cheeks were rosy, and her lips were red, and upon those lips there came and went smiles, radiant as sunlight; her form, tall and finally moulded, was crowned by a delicate grace. She was all this, and I can enumerate her charms in mathematical order—but still she will remain undiscribed.

Can I paint the bloom upon the peach? Can pen or pencil pourtray the fragrance of the rose.

I will call her beautiful. Let that word suffice for her charms; her buoyant spirits, her merry wit, and the sly mischief that lurked in the corner of her glorious eyes, I have no power to depict.

Minnie was no sharp, shrewd, hoydenish maid. Her wit and her mirth were delicate and sparkling, not noisy and demonstrative, while veins of tenderness and passion underlay the laughing surface. A large soul was here, with wide sympathies, far reachings, and strange depths.

Do not believe that your serious natures have the richest soils and the sunniest fruits. Wit is the sharp edge which intellect gives to sentiment.

Did Minnie love? Love is the touch which gives the complete fullness and last ripeness to the charms of woman. Without love they are fine porcelain, hollow, cold, pretty, and superficial.

But did Minnie love? There was one who asked that question daily—who dreamed of it at night—who lay for hours devising schemes which should bring an answer to the momentous question—who hung upon Minnie's lips daily, with earnest hope, for such chance words of comfort as he could gather up; who fallied her beseeched, her, pleaded with her, quarrelled with her—did everything that lovers do, who pertinciouly torment each other—and yet could not solve the problem.

Remotely allied to her by kindred—Minnie's playmate in their childhood, her companion in youth, her lover now—Edward Willoughby was a handsome agreeable, sensible fellow, who had wit for her wit, banter for her banter—and love for her love, whenever she would make the exchange.

But Edward could neither coax nor force her into a confession. Forty times a day would she shoot a mocking dart from her black eyes into his heart, and run away from him laughing but blushing.

A poet has said that a woman might do a more folish thing to fall in love with a man—and a wiser one than to tell him of it. Minnie Ardent very possibly may have felt some such principle, hrough I do protest that she could not have been indebted to tha aforesaid poet for the idea, inasmuch as he flourished a hundred years or so after our heroine.

Edward and Minnie rode out together, walked together, and read together; and if ever under the inspiration of the love star there was a youth fascinated, enchanted, bewildered, intoxicated, entaptured—feeding on roses in one breath, and upon thorns the playing a perpetual see-saw of hopes up and hopes down—soaring upon the wings of ecstasy only to be suddenly clipped and hurled back to earth again such a man was Edward Willoughby.

But Edward was shrewd enough not to show all he felt. He could affect indifference, and turn the point of the keen taunt with polished retort, and adroitly vex Minnie almost into a betrayal of her real feelings but never quite.—Scheme and devise, and play the actor, as at times he would, Minnie was never enough off her guard to betray the secret of the heart, if any secret she possessed.

They had adventure together, too—the keenest pleasures that love can know. He even saved her life once—plucked her from the boiling eddies of a torrent, and dragged her to the shore insensible, himself exhausted and fainting. There upon the green bank, with her white, stiall face upon his knee, and no eye upon them, he snatched passionate kisses, until a glow began to tinge the pallor of her cheek. She awoke, stared, staggered up, shot a quick, inquiring penetrating glance at him, and burst into laughter.

'You were nigh unto death,' exclaimed he angrily.

'Are you he?' was the quick retort.

'Your danger was desperate, Minnie. You owe thanks——'

'To my valorous preserver. What thanks shall I bestow? He is a brave knight and a modest. He is the herald to his own glory.'

Edward flushed and bit his lip.

'You mistake——'

'It was not you that saved me then? You are here to claim somebody else's honor?'

'It was no honor.

'No?'

'Duty, madam, only. I would have saved a beggar——'

'A good deal quicker, I have no doubt.'

'Yes; for a beggar would have thanked me.'

'Ay, but with a beggar you would not have taken a reward unbidden.'

Edward flushed again.

'You were sensible then?'

'I knew nothing.'

'Then——'

'Oh, Master Edward, I've a quick eye, and can make conclusions.'

'You are offended?'

'At saving my life? possibly—that is, if you think it an offence.'

'No; at the stolen sweets.'

'Now you rave. Don't you see I'm wet through, and shall die yet with a cold? Let us hasten forward.'

'Edward tore off his cloak, and flung it around her shoulders. He wound his arm around her waist to hold it on, and so guided her steps. She permitted it, and he was happy.

He detected, or fancied it, something more hopeful in her manner offer this, and many were the air castles that straightway he built.

But soon there appeared a rival—an own cousin—a splendid town fellow; gay, flippant, of as many colours as the rainbow, with ribbons enough to stock a mercer's; finical, pretty, conceited, and a fool!

It was a biped of the sort that women like.—With his coming Edward saw all hope vanish. The fellow kept Minnie's ear continually—appeared to fascinate her. Edward at first pouted, then raved, then scorned; and many hot battle of words passed between him and Minnie.

One day he walked up to her abruptly and said 'Minnie, you must tell me do you love me or not?' I want an answer—yes or no?

'Dear me, Edward, how determined you look. Of course I love you—and all mankind, I hope.'

'There! there! you are playing with me again.'

'Why do you nibble, then at my hook?'

'Minnie, you are driving me mad. You are making me desperate. I shall leave England—flee to the wilds of America, where amid the terrible forests, the ferocious beasts, the cannibals—'

'Will eat you?'

'That's right; mock me, Minnie! But farewell—you shall never see me again!' And off he rushed.

He stayed away a whole day, and Minnie became alarmed. She flew in a rage at her cousin, Edward's rival, drove him away with angry words, and went to bed that night positively weeping.

The next morning at breakfast there was no Edward. Minnie was sad and did not eat. An hour later she went to his apartment. Its desolate look struck her to the heart. She began to weep again. Her merriment and her wit were all gone.

In an open drawer lay a miniature. It was his own. Minnie seized it with avidity, and cried over it, as what woman would not, and ended by putting it in her bosom. She felt more relieved after this and began to hope that he was not going to America after all.

Still the hours passed without his return, and she grew more troubled. She even thought of going to her father, and confessing all—and urge him to prevent Edward's rash purpose.

Almost resolved on this, to her, desperate step, she was entering the drawing room, in an abstracted manner, when suddenly she became aware of Edward's presence. He was seated in a cool, indifferent manner, toying with his cap. For a moment Minnie flushed and an exclamation of pleasure almost escaped her lips; but in less than a second's duration she had assumed her usual manner.

'Dear me, you here! I thought we were rid of you. I was contemplating the pleasant feast the cannibals had in store; and congratulating the world that at last you were likely to prove of some use to mankind.'

'I have concluded that the best way I can be of use to the world, is to stay and torment you into a consumption.'

'You do torment me into a good appetite.'

'And mean yet to torment you into love—!'

'Into marriage, possibly, so that I can be rid of you!'

'Do you know what brought me back!'

'No and am quite indifferent.'

'Because you sent away your cousin, Sir Charles.'

'Then I'll have him back in ten minutes.'

'No, you won't!'

'Won't!'

'No, for in less than ten minutes I shall have a confession from those lips.'

'Are you mad?'

'Madly in love, once; now mad with joy, for I see victory.'

He was reclining carelessly on a divan, and Minnie was standing near.

'You are a fool, Edward! What do you mean?'

'Mean! That you love me, and I know it.'

'Love *you?* I love nobody. What's love to me? I am happy as I am, I ask for nothing more.'

'You refuse to confess?'

'Yes.'

Edward seized her hand.

'And do not love me?'

'When I've lost my wit, and am hopelessly a fool then I'll think of it.'

'And will not marry?'

'Not the king himself, if he were marriageable, and at my feet.'

'I believe you, for your choice would be nearer home.'

'I have no choice. Have done with this absurd talk, Edward. I love no one ——'

'Then what does this mean?'

He snatched the miniature from her bosom, the cord of which he had detected almost the moment she entered the room, and held it up exultingly before her face.

Minnie was all confusion. Her usual coolness and ready wit forsook her. She turned her head, and tried to break from him, while blush upon blush, in rosy waves, rushed up over her cheek and brow.

'Look! look!' exclaimed the elated Edward, leaping to his feet, and clasping her waist. 'Look! am I not victorious? You love no one, eh? Look! look!'

He forced the miniature before her gaze; then, with a loud laugh, caught her struggling in his arms, and snatched a kiss from her blazing cheek.

Minnie was fairly conquered. She could do nothing but yield. Edward did not release her, until she confessed her passion; nor did they part before they solemnly pledged their loves, and were betrothed.

'It was those American cannibals that did it,' exclaimed Edward, when all was settled.

'You never intended to go, you provoking wretch,' said Minnie.

'It was a plot, I confess,' replied he.

'What, the miniature left exposed and all?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, if I had but suspected it! To think I have been outwitted! I could hate you for it, Edward.'

'Not hating me—what then?'

'Way, the next thing to it—I'll marry you for it!'

WOMAN'S HATE.

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."
—*Congreve.*

CONCLUDED.

'Finding it essential to the success of my plan, that my existence should be suppo ed terminated, I actually wrote a farewell to Velasco, in which I stated my intention of setting fire to the little cottage and all that it contained myself and thee. This I did, and the night of the day on which I had despatched my letter, beheld our humble habitation in flames. During the developement of this event I concealed myself with you in the neighbourhood. The event created but a slight sensation; I had been avoided by all when living, and my supposed death was a matter of regret to none. But I cared not for sympathy—my plan was better assisted by the absence of it;—had I been an object of strong interest, it is probable a longer and stricter search might be made for my remains; as it was, a very superficial one must have been instituted, or distrust would have been awakened. How, he, your father, felt I had no means of ascertaining; but that he suffered little or nothing I may infer, as he mingled at the period in all the diversions of the city nor manifested any anxiety to prove the falsehood of the current opinion that we had perished together in the condagration. One evening when the thick-spreading shadows of approaching night favored the disguise I wore, I ventured a visit to the ruins of what had been my home of love. What was it now a scene of black desolation! I gazed on the little garden, whose fragrance used to perfume the cottage, but the blossoms were withered, the bloom was fled. I beheld it as the emblem of my own destiny. Where was the sweetness of the flowers? And where was my spirit's balm? Gone, gone forever! The elements of destruction had passed alike over each, and quenched them in their consuming wrath. One plant (and I fancied it a type of thee, dearest child) alone survived, and smiled amidst the darkness that surrounded it—yet some of its leaves were scorched and withered, the parent sap was corroded; and when next I was passing that way it was lying lifeless, faded and dead, with its once beautiful associates. Shall it be so with thee, Sebastian?—Previously to commencing my retributive operations, in order to disencumber myself of every tie of affection and divest myself by degrees of every tender sympathy, I had resolved to part from thee. I prevailed on Theresa Gomez a young person who had been a favorite playmate of mine, to take charge of your existence until such times as I should come again to claim you, I left with her my minature, and, as the only valuable I possessed, a splendid diamond cross, the last relic that remained of your father. As it was my wish to absent myself from Cadiz for some months, I accepted, through the recommendation of Theresa, a situation as attendant on an invalid lady travelling to Gibraltar. Thither we repaired, and had remained for near a year, when myself and Donna Olivia, the name of my mistress, were seized with an infectious fever, that proved rapidly fatal to her, though I escaped with life. After her death, finding from the legacy that she had left me, I was not under the immediate necessity of further servitude, I resolved on my return to Cadiz. I kept you in strict concealment, nor even ventured near the spot where my only child lived, from the fear of recognition—though I might have dissmissed such apprehension; for who that looked on me and beheld the wreck which sorrow, sickness, and the constant brooding over the darkest passions of our nature, had made could believe that I was the same Zidonia whose beauty had been gazed on as a wonder! My very parents had they lived, could not have known their offspring. I wandered one day to the castle of Velasco, and there saw him with his Senora, still in all the pride and bloom of youthful loveliness, in the gardens; they were fondling their infant heir, and the sight of the child who usurped thy rights in the affection of thy father, was madness to me. It was my wish and aim to obtain establishment in their house, in any capacity, however servile; this I had some difficulty in effecting, but by perseverance and stratagem at length accomplished I was admitted, and I trod the same rooms, and breathed the same air with Velasco. Little did he imagine, that the poor, pale haggard menial, who flitted occasionally before him, was to be the instrument to hurl him, despite his pride and luxury, to a level with herself in that lowliness and desolateness of spirit. Some of the more immediate attendants of the Marchioness aroused her curiosity respecting me, by a recital of some of my travelling adventures with which I was wont to entertain them She ordered me into her presence to amuse her during the temporary absence of Velasco on a foreign mission. I obeyed her mandate, and stood before her—I conversed with Velasco's wife! Oh! those four letters comprised for me a circle of torment beyond the extent of imagination. On dismissing me from her, she very kindly expressed her intention of *promoting* me to assistant attendant on herself—to robe her for the feast, the mosque, and the dance, and contribute to make her still lovelier in his eyes, whose devotion to her already only added a fresh stimulant to my purpose. On Velasco's return, a brilliant ball was announced to be given at the castle in honor of the christening of the infant heir. The splendid decorations were completed, and the night at length arrived. I assisted in attiring the Marchioness and her child in the magnificent habiliments selected for the occasion. The sight of their unclouded happiness wrought me to madness, and determined me to the execution of my design The lady whom I had accompanied to Gibraltar, as I have before stated, died of a contagious fever, and so excessive had been the virulence of the disease, that all her apparel was directed to be destroyed.

Among it was a Persian shawl of curious and rare manufacture; this so attracted me by its beauty, that I resolved to preserve it for the sake of making it profitable by selling it—reckless that the purchase of it might prove fatal to the life of the wearer. This shawl I now hastily snatched from its remote concealement, and as the Marchioness having added the final adornments to her dress, stood admiring her noble figure in the spacious mirror, I respectfully tendered it to her, to throw over her neck, urging my fears, that in her light costume she might take cold from the dampness and chilliness of the evening air. She availed herself of my offer, and passed many encomiums on the warmth and exquisite texture of it—nor cast aside until the moment for entering the ball-room. I then seized the opportunity of closely wrapping the infant heir in its envenomed folds. I retired to a lone room in the castle, and whilst the revellers were feasting below, I banquetted my soul with the dark food of revenge! Not one compunctious throb wrung my breast—it heaved with wild intoxicating joy; the object which so long induced me to bear with the galling load of a wretched existence, was about to be attained;—I should witness Velasco bowed down and humiliated by sorrow, as he had seen me, nor sympathised in my distress. The hours flew by—the guests departed. The castle was silent. All slept but myself. I watched by the kindling flame of vengeance, and fanned its embers with the retrospect of my past wrongs. Suddenly the Marchionness's bell sound! The peal sent the first note of joyousness to my heart that had vibrated there for months. I awakened her attendant, and made my alarm and curiosity an excuse for accompanying her to the door of her lady's chamber. The cause was soon communicated—the Marchionness and her child were seized with strange and dangerous indisposition. Medical aid was summoned, only to confirm the worst fears of Velasco, and realize my best hopes. They were pronounced to exhibit symptoms of incipient plague! I will not waste my precious moments by detailing the affliction of the household, the sufferings of the sick, the agony of the husband. Enough, that despite the united efforts of the ablest professional assistance the Cadiz afforded, the close of three days beheld the consumation of my scheme—the death of the Marchioness and her child, and the distraction of Velasco. Suspicion had never attached to me. All were in horror and surprise at the suddness and malignity of the disease. I might have escaped untainted and innocent in the eyes of all, had such been my desire, but this never had been my intent; it seemed as though my deed were incomplete, if I ratified it not with the seal of my avowal, and acknowledge myself to Velasco the avenger of my own injuries. I paused a few days to let the tempest of his grief subside, that the double pleasure might be mine of awakening the storm again. On the evening before that appointed for the obsequies, when I knew he was in the chamber of the dead, I softly entered the apartment. He was standing absorbed in grief by the side of the coffin, nor perceived till I drew close to him that his affliction had a witness. On observing me he started, and demanded the cause of the intrusion. I replied 'the artificer beholds with satisfaction the work of his ingenuity when it is finished, and I would fain gaze once more on the effort my genius has achieved, ere the dark tomb hides it from my view forever.' He looked at me inquiringly for a moment, as if to ascertain whether I spoke under the influence of mental aberration, then ordered my instant departure. 'When the errand for which I entered is despatched,' I exclaimed, 'I will depart. Let me remain a while, I pray, in the room which contains the remains of my beloved mistress.' The tone of sarcasm in which I repeated the last words roused his indignation, and he again peremptorily insisted on my quitting his presence. I still refused, and on telling him that I had an important communication to make to him relative to the death of the Marchioness, obtained permission to state it immediately. He listened to the details in silent and almost incredulous horror. Having asked me whence I gained my information, and the name of the individual whom I charged with the deadly crime, I answered with a loud and bitter laugh of triumph, 'She Velasco, who was once as fair and as adored as the woman you mourn—she whom you found in innocence, and left in guilt—he whose heart was once incorporated with thine, and who, while one link of the chain of affection existed in thy breast, would have clung to thee in doom, despair and death—she whose love you sought with months of devotion, then spurned and despised, her for bestowing it—she who, when you have fared in luxury and profusion, has been almost wild with want, and even not known where to satisfy the cravings of hunger of her first born infant, and thy infant, thy first-born son!—she now stands before you, not, as she has sued, in supplicance for your bounty and love, but as I declared, the fatal enemy of thee and thine; who has robbed you as you deprived her of all of her earthly bliss! You have forgotten me! My memory is more tenacious. I have blended thy image with every passing moment. Away and distant, I swore daily that I would yet meet thee again—aye! here, in this situation, by the bier of thy wife and child. My oath is fulfilled, and Velasco and Zidonia have met once more in this lower world!'

'Zidonia!' You say false—she perished in the flames of her cottage!'

'It was believed so [illegible] in plotting [illegible]