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NUMBER 10.

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for the Chronicle at Georgetown, and vicinity.

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32, King Street.
Stained Glass and Ornamentation.
By **RECEIVED** in good order, by best clip of steel
from Eastern City, from Boston, a supply of
the following Goods:

GREEN APPLES, DRIED APPLES,
Oranges, Lemons, Sugar Cured HAMS,
CORNED BEEF, and BUTTER.

Which will be sold by the Subscriber cheap for
cash.
April 9, 1880.

NEW BOOKS.
THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, by Vis-
count de Chateaubriand.

The English translation of the Public Work-
shop and Services of the Catholic Church; a
Vindication of Italy and the Papal States, from
the Dublin Review.

John Mitchell's Great Lecture on Thomas Davis
delivered in the Tabernacle, N. York.

Henrick's Conscience's Tales, complete; 20
Nos. 1 to 4 of the Complete Works of Gerard
Griffiths to be completed in 20 numbers;

Jack in Everything, by W. R. Howland;

Charles Lever's Works, 4 vols., octavo, cloth;

Lower after Marriage by Caroline Lee Heston
The English Lover by Elizabeth Barrett;

The Rites of the Science, by Paul Preston;

The Drowned Ship, by Harry Hazel;

Dow's Patent Sermons, new edition;

Reynolds' Complete Works;

Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries for
May, &c.

Harper, Putnam, the Youth, Household Words
New York National, Waverley, and Black
wood for May;

The Testimony of the Rocks, by Hugh Miller.
The Latest "New York Ledger," &c.
May 3.

4 CASES Olive Oil, 300 gallons;
4 CASES TALLOW, 2,000 lbs.;

LONDON OAKUM—16 tons London Oakum,
or sale low.

One Wood Stock ANCHOR—For sale by
JOHN WALKER.

GENUINE SHAWLS—The Subscriber has received
an assortment of GENTLEMEN'S SHAWLS,
of superior quality to those usually imported.

Also GENTS' HATTS, for sale at reasonable
prices, by
D. H. HALL,
Nov. 14,
41, King-street.

FRENCH PAPER HANGINGS—Received per
Steamer "1" case superior French PAPER
HANGINGS, all new styles.

For sale at cost and charges.
July 3
B. O'BRIEN.

NEW GOODS—per Lampedo:
The Subscriber has received by the above packet
ship a part of their Spring Stock of
Woolen and Cotton Goods.

—Also—
10 BLS. Crushed SUGAR—(McFaul's)
1 Case Palm Starch;
Barrels Carbonic SODA;
2 Cases FISHING THREADS;
1 CASE HARDWARE, &c. &c. &c.

For sale at the lowest Market rates, by
L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.
May 7.

S. K. FOSTER'S,
Fashionable SHOES,
New Goods for Fall!

JUST received per Ship *Boatman*, a new and ex-
cellent variety of Ladies, Misses, and Children's
Fall BOOTS and SHOES, of the very best Eng-
lish make.

These Customers who desire a very Superior
Article, and one suitable to the season, can now
have their wishes gratified.

S. K. FOSTER.

CHINA!
For *Wholesale and Retail*—
THE Subscriber has received by the above
Ships, a choice selection of DINNER SETS,
EVENING CHINA TEA SETS, VASES, Stone
FIGURINES, and China Toilette SETS.

St. John, June 20, 1857.
FRAS. CLEMENSTON.

40 BLS. HALF-BARRELS GOOD SHAD, For Sale
JOHN MARVIN.

HAY MAKES—100 Dozen HAY MAKES
of superior quality, for sale at 10s. and 12s
6d. per dozen.
August 7.
THOMAS C. EVERITT.

Hope, Salt Twine, &c.
300 BLS. Bleached GOURK CAN-
VAS, assorted;

100 BLS. Extra long FINE, ditto;
100 do. GOURK Twine ditto;
75 COLS. ROLT ROPE;
32 do. POINT LINE;
1700 three-strand SAIL TWINE.

JOHN ROOF,
Wharf

PER "JOHN DUNCAN"—5000 FIRE
BRICKS, For sale by
FRAS. CLEMENSTON,
29, Dock-street.
Sept. 26.

FAIRBANKS'
CELEBRATED
SCALES,
of every variety,
32 Nifty Street, Boston.
GREENLEAF & BROWN, Agents.

A full assortment of all kinds of weighing appa-
ratus and scales for sale at low rates
Railroad, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of
the Province.

For sale in St. John by **WM. THOMSON,**
Sept 10, 1859. [37]

Building Lots for Sale.
AT THE NINE MILES STATION.
THE Subscriber has laid out a portion of his farm
at the above place in eligible Building Lots,
either for places of business or private residences.
Early application will ensure a preference, as after
a short period they will be offered at auction.

For sale by
JOSHUA SCRIBNER
Sept 10

GLASS—2 Dozen Stock
of attention of purchasers to his Spring
Stock of GLASS.

On the arrival of the *John Duncan*, the assort-
ment of CUT GLASS will be completed, which
will be superior in design to any previous import-
ation. (July 10.) **FRAS. CLEMENSTON.**

FOR SALE at No. 168, Prince William Street—
BEST CUMBERLAND BUTTER.
August 7. **WILLIAM PARKS.**

FOR SALE at No. 168, Prince William Street—
BEST CHEESE from Clark's Dairy.
August 7. **WILLIAM PARKS.**

FOR SALE at No. 168, Prince William Street,
BEST ISLAY MALT. **WILLIAM PARKS.**
St. John, August 7, 1857.

No. Twelve.
A CHOICE LOT OF
FANCY COLORED BROADCLOTHS,
SUITABLE for Gentlemen or Ladies' CLOAK-
ING, RIDING HABITS, &c. &c.

—IN SUPERFINE—
ADELAIDE
BOTTLE GREEN,
MOSS OLIVES,
MULBERRY,
BROWN,
BLACK,
SCARLET.

The above GOODS have been received per
last steamer "Nigara," and for sale from 15s. at
No. 12, King street.

Four, Pork Meal, Tobacco, Fish,
Received per recent arrivals from New York:
100 BLS. Extra Family FLOUR;
40 do. FINE CORN MEAL;
10 BLS. Heavy MEAS PORK;
8 Boxes SANDERS' TOBACCO.

—ALSO ON HAND—
250 qts. good COPPEL;
80 do. POLLOCK;
60 whole and half barrels Gibb's HERRINGS
100 Boxes SMOKED HERRINGS.
October 22. **JOHN MARVIN,**
Wharf-street.

ASHES.
BY **CAROLINE A. MARYON.**

The fire which up the chimney wide
Had leaped and roared in demon mirth,
In transient death flashes died,
Till ashes only crested the hearth,
And thus do we, by strong desire,
Or passion swayed, or nobler aim,
Perish in bitterness and tears,
And then in ashes end the same.

Life is but ashes after all.
For fond delights and golden schemes
But faith remains: through storm and cloud
Her white robes gleam with steady ray:
An eagle guide, serene, pale browed,
Say, what is love but ashes too?

And hope, who to the longing eye
The future shows in crimson decked,
How thickly steers her sails he
Around the hours whose joys are wrecked!
But faith remains: through storm and cloud
Her white robes gleam with steady ray:
An eagle guide, serene, pale browed,
Say, what is love but ashes too?

If faith be ours then will this life
Be filled with aspirations high,
And virtues in the only strife:
Where honors won can never die,
And shall lift off our frail, weak love
From fading things, from vain desires;
If thus fanned by love above
Shall live again in deathless fires.

SILVIA MAZZANI:
THE TUSCAN SISTERS.
BY **STEVENS COBB, JR.**

In the southeast corner of Tuscany, in a small
hamlet among the mountains of Siena, lived a
poor shepherd named Antonio Mazzani. He had
two children, both girls, Lucretia and Silvia, the
former having seen her eighteenth birthday, while
the latter was two years younger. The season
had been a disastrous one for Mazzani. A fatal
disease had made fearful ravages among his flocks;
the small patch of oranges and figs, and the little
vineyard, had been subject to a killing blight;
and when autumn closed, he found himself, not
only without sufficient sustenance for the winter,
but deeply involved in debt, for the amount of
which he had previously pledged his cottage, his
pastures and his tillage. Mazzani's creditor was
the Count Nicoletto del Brin, a middle-aged
man, of a most decidedly repulsive appearance,
and who had, moreover, the reputation of being
a hard-hearted, wicked man.

It was early in the afternoon. Mazzani, over
whose forehead features the lines of trouble were
visibly drawn, sat within his humble dwelling,
and near him sat the Count del Brin.
"Count," said the old man, with an expression
that showed how much pain he suffered from the
statement he had to make, "it is utterly impos-
sible that I should pay you this debt at present.
My flocks have been thinned, and my crops have
failed me. You surely can wait another season."

"You tosses to much upon my kindness,
Mazzani!"
"It is not me that trespasses, Sir Count,"
said a power higher than mine has brought this about."
"But that is no reason that I should be the
loser. Our bargain had no such provisions. I
rented you land and sold you flocks, and you were
either to pay me in money, or by giving up to me
this estate. It's all simple, isn't it?"

"The contract is surely simple," returned
Mazzani, in faltering accents.
"And so is the settlement," ironically added
del Brin.

"The thing resolves itself into this," said the
old man with a strong effort at calmness; "you
must either wait till the next season, or I must be
cast out from my home, and myself and my
children made beggars."
"I cannot wait."
"No, it cannot be settled in another manner."
"Ha!" uttered Mazzani, while a beam of hope
shot across his countenance.

"Yes," continued the count, in a low, half-
whispering tone. "You remember a circum-
stance to which I have before alluded? The
old man gazed inquisitively into the face of
his interlocutor, but he did not speak, for he
seemed afraid to do so.

"I once asked you for the hand of your daugh-
ter Lucretia," continued del Brin.
"And I refused it," said Mazzani, in a tone
more calm than he had before exhibited.

"Yes; but now the case is different. Give me
her hand now, and I will not only wait your own
time for the payment of the debt, but I will
release you from one half the amount."
"And would you make my child honorably
your wife?"
"Yes. She is fair."
"But you are a count, and she is a poor girl's
daughter."
"Never mind that. Her beauty turns the scale
in her favor."
"I will call my daughter, Sir Count."
"If you please."
The old man went to the door and called his
daughter's name. She soon entered, but when
she saw the count she stopped, and a sudden pal-
lor overtook her features.

"Lucretia," said her father, the Count del Brin
has asked of my hand in marriage. He pro-
mises to make you honorably his wife. Can
you ever consent?"
She was a beautiful girl to whom this question
was put, fair and beautiful in form and feature,
and possessed of the expression that marks the
true and ardent maiden. She started with a
shudder, and gazed into her father's face. There
was something in the strange, calm tone of the
old man, something in the firm-set expression of
his face, that struck terror to the poor girl's heart,
and quelled her tongue in silence.

"My child," continued Mazzani, "could you
ever be happy as his wife?"
"No, no; I should be wretched, miserable"

and as she thus murmured, she buried her face in
her parent's bosom.
Mazzani gently raised her head, and placing his
hand upon her brow, he looked for a moment into
her pain-dimmed eyes. The whole expression of
his features changed as if by magic, and turning to
the count, he said:
"Sir Count, you have your answer."
"Do you refuse me her hand?" asked Nicoletto
del Brin, his face turning darker with rage and
chagrin.
"You hear what she says!"
"Then you refuse me?"
"Yes."
"Nicoletto del Brin," returned the old man,
with his hand still upon Lucretia's head, "my
responsibility, my hands and my feet, I am not re-
sponsible for. If blight and disease fall upon me,
they must go, and somewhere upon earth I may
find a new home; but God gave me my children,
and I might make them happy. I have no right
to make them miserable, nor does the wish dwell
in my heart. This sweet flower, once withered
beneath the blight of lasting misery, can never be
restored to me. You may take all else of mine,
but you cannot have my child!"
"I mean you must give up this place to me," said
del Brin, rising from his seat, and gazing angrily
upon his debtor. You have had your choice, and
you must now abide the consequences."
"Oh, sir!" cried Lucretia, starting from her
father's side, and raising her hand towards the
count, "let us have time to think of this. I can
never love you, for you know that my heart is
already given to another; but yet I cannot see
my poor old father cast homeless upon the world."
The decision may rest with you, returned del
Brin, a beam of sensual hope springing to his
face.
"Only give me time. Let me see Francesco."
"Hush, my child!" interrupted her father, while
a bright tear glistened in either eye. "I am now
an old man, and I believe I never enjoyed a
happier being, and now, I cannot commence by so
deeply wronging my own child. No, no; the
sacrifice shall not be made."
"But you, father, I should do wrong to see
you turned a beggar upon the cold world. You
who gave me life, and supported me through
helpless childhood."
"Lucretia, God has stricken my flock, but he
has not called upon me to bend my back under a
heavier load. From honest poverty we may rise
again, but from the yoke this man would place
upon you, you could never be redeemed. No;
my mind is made up. We will yet remain
together."
"You have chosen your own road, and now you
may travel it, muttered del Brin. "I will give
you one week in which to vacate these premises.
And let me tell you," he continued, turning to
Lucretia, "that you will have but a sorry husband
in young Francesco Biscali, for I have a hand
upon him too."
There was a bitter reply upon the lips of the
old man, but he repressed it, and motioned for his
daughter to leave the room.
"You will regret this," muttered the count,
between his clenched teeth.
"An honest man need never repent of having
done his duty," proudly returned Mazzani. "In
one week, sir, you shall have the fulfillment of
your word."
Count del Brin scowled upon the unfortunate
old man, and muttering a curse he left the cottage.
"It is not me that trespasses, Sir Count,"
said a power higher than mine has brought this about."
"But that is no reason that I should be the
loser. Our bargain had no such provisions. I
rented you land and sold you flocks, and you were
either to pay me in money, or by giving up to me
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with his hand still upon Lucretia's head, "my
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they must go, and somewhere upon earth I may
find a new home; but God gave me my children,
and I might make them happy. I have no right
to make them miserable, nor does the wish dwell
in my heart. This sweet flower, once withered
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restored to me. You may take all else of mine,
but you cannot have my child!"
"I mean you must give up this place to me," said
del Brin, rising from his seat, and gazing angrily
upon his debtor. You have had your choice, and
you must now abide the consequences."
"Oh, sir!" cried Lucretia, starting from her
father's side, and raising her hand towards the
count, "let us have time to think of this. I can
never love you, for you know that my heart is
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"Only give me time. Let me see Francesco."
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heavier load. From honest poverty we may rise
again, but from the yoke this man would place
upon you, you could never be redeemed. No;
my mind is made up. We will yet remain
together."
"You have chosen your own road, and now you
may travel it, muttered del Brin. "I will give
you one week in which to vacate these premises.
And let me tell you," he continued, turning to
Lucretia, "that you will have but a sorry husband
in young Francesco Biscali, for I have a hand
upon him too."
There was a bitter reply upon the lips of the
old man, but he repressed it, and motioned for his
daughter to leave the room.
"You will regret this," muttered the count,
between his clenched teeth.
"An honest man need never repent of having
done his duty," proudly returned Mazzani. "In
one week, sir, you shall have the fulfillment of
your word."
Count del Brin scowled upon the unfortunate
old man, and muttering a curse he left the cottage.
"It is not me that trespasses, Sir Count,"
said a power higher than mine has brought this about."
"But that is no reason that I should be the
loser. Our bargain had no such provisions. I
rented you land and sold you flocks, and you were
either to pay me in money, or by giving up to me
this estate. It's all simple, isn't it?"
"The contract is surely simple," returned
Mazzani, in faltering accents.
"And so is the settlement," ironically added
del Brin.