THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

July.		R. Sun. S.	Moon.	H. W.
3 Saturday,	-	4 34 7 26	rises.	11 46
4 Sunday,	-	4 35 7 25	8 31	0 23
5 Monday,	-	4 35 7 25	8 58	0 56
6 Tuesday,	-	4 35 7 24	9 24	1 29
7 Wednesday,	-	4 36 7 24	9 42	1 57
8 Thursday,	-	4 37 7 23	10 2	2 32
9 Friday,	-	4 37 7 23	10 18	3 13

Full Moon, 3d. 1h. 28m evening.

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: N. Merritt, 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: R. L. Hazen, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, 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: E. DeW. Ratchford, 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.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sancton & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
May 1, 1841. A. G. CROOKSHANK.

☞ NOTICE.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business in the second store, Sands' Arcade, formerly occupied by Faulkner & Wheeler, where he will keep on hand a choice selection of the best *Wines, Liquors, &c., &c.*, Also, *Pastry, Sandwiches, &c.*, may be had at all times by those friends who will favour him with a call. A. COLLINS.
May 14.

White Lead, Oil, &c.

FOR SALE by the subscribers at their Store in Ward-street—A quantity of No. 1 & 2 White Lead, Yellow, Red and Green PAINT; boiled & Raw Linseed OIL, in small packages; PUTTY in small casks and bladders; Barrels COAL TAR; Barrels Wilmington Tar and Pitch; fresh ground OATMEAL; 10 Hhds. Bright Sugar; Hhds. of Molasses.
May 7 1841. CRANE & M'GRATH.

Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his Business to the Wooden Building lately erected on Robertson's Wharf, (heretofore known as Donaldson's Wharf,) where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ship Chandlery, of every description.
May 7. WM. ROBERTSON.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale, that large and well built House in Queen-street, with the freehold estate, being 40 feet on the south side of said street; and running back, the same width 100 feet: lately the property of Mr. Joseph Scammell. Half the purchase money may remain for a term of years, secured by bond and mortgage, and the remaining half in payments of 3, 6, 9, 12, and 15 months, by good endorsed notes, with interest.
May 21.—6w. T. L. NICHOLSON.

Paints, oil, and Sheet Lead.

Per "Sophia," from London:

180 Kegs best London WHITE LEAD,
5 Casks Double Boiled Linseed OIL,
5 " Raw do.
2 Rolls Sheet Lead.—Which with their previous stock of Paints, in all colours, will be sold cheap by
May 28. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

TWO or three Young Men (Mechanics) can be accommodated with Board and Lodging from the First May next, in a pleasantly situated house in Charlotte street, by making early application to Mrs. Dean, at her present residence in St. James' street. *April 23.*

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he still continues to purchase old Silver at 4s. per oz.; old Copper at 6d. per lb.; Brass at 4d. per lb.; old Lead at 1½d.; and old Iron at ½d per lb.—He further states that he will not purchase from any person or persons under the age of maturity, and that they must identify that they are legally entitled to dispose of the same, and give in their names and places of abode.

☞ Constantly on hand,—Cloths, Ready-made new and second hand Clothing, Boots, Shoes, &c.
JOHN G. LEESON.
Saint John, 7th May, 1841.

Public Notice

To Revolutionary Soldiers and Sailors of the American Revolution.

WHEREAS the Subscriber and others have of late opened an Office for obtaining information and collecting such Pensions as are granted by the Congress of the United States, to such Soldiers and Sailors as served in said War at least six months; also to such of their Widows as were married before the first day of January, 1794, and were their Widows on the 4th of July 1836; all such will find it to their interest to apply by Letter to Nicholas J. Thomas, Postmaster, Eden, (Maine,) as no cost will be made for them unless a pension is obtained, as he will collect for those in the Provinces on the same conditions as those in the United States. NICHOLAS J. THOMAS & CO.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of DeWolf & Bent, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.
WILLIAM H. DEWOLF,
WM. F. BENT.
Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

TURNING, CARVING, &c.

THE subscriber having engaged an experienced Workman, is prepared to execute all kinds of *Turning & Carving*, at the shortest notice. He keeps constantly on hand *Mahogany* in *Logs, Scantling, Plank, Boards and Veneers*; which, with a general assortment of CABINET FURNITURE, Hair Mattrasses, &c. he offers for sale on favourable terms, for approved payment.
ALEXANDER LAWRENCE.
May 28. *King-street.*

☞ **Notice.**

MR. GEORGE M. BURNS, of the city of St. John, Merchant, having duly assigned to the Subscriber all his debts, claims and effects, of every description—All persons indebted to the said Geo. M. Burns, are therefore required to make payment to the subscriber, who only is authorized to grant a discharge. W. H. SCOVIL.
St. John, May 5, 1841.

Porto Rico Sugar, & Molasses.

50 HHDS. Bright Sugar; 50 do. & Tierces *Molasses*, of *very superior quality*, now landing and for sale at lowest rates.
June 4. Ratchford & Brothers.

PERFUMERY, &c.

Per Rebecca, and Westmorland, from London:

THE subscriber has received a very choice assortment of Perfumery, consisting of—Queen Victoria's Bouquet, Verbena, Rondeletia, Esprit, De Lavande Marechall, Bouquet du Roi, Vegetable Essence, Extract of Flowers, Lavender and Cologne Waters, Rose Oils, Balm of Colombia, Rowland's Macassar Oil, Kalydor, Odonto Tooth Powder, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, and Cloth Brushes, Razor Strops, and very superior Razors, Pot and Roll Pomatums, Atkinson's superior Bear's Grease, Prince Albert's Ambrosial Shaving Cream, Cold Cream, Shaving and Washing Soaps, Old Brown and White Windsor Soap, Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Bosoms; a choice assortment of Stocks; Black Thorn, Oak, Yew, Stick, Grape Vine, Hazel, Holly, Crab Tree, and Fancy Walking Sticks; also—4 large cases, containing every description of Toys, direct from the Warehouse in London. WM. MAJOR.
June 11, 1841.

LONDON CLOTHING, AND **Fancy Warehouse,**

No. 16, King street, St. John, N. B.

THE subscriber has received per *British Queen* and *Sophia* from London, his Spring supply of the best London and Parisian CLOTHING, to which the attention of the Gentlemen of Saint John is particularly requested.

☞ *No Liverpool Slops imported.*
28th may. Cr. 3m. N. W. BUSTEED.

Wants a situation,

AS Cook, House, or Laundry Maid—A person just arrived from Ireland, and who has had several years experience in respectable families there. Address A. M. at this Office. June 11.

INDIGO.—3 Cases received per *Sophia*, from London, and for sale cheap.
May 28. Ratchford & Brothers.

LONDON GOODS.

The subscriber has received by the ship "Mozambique:"

50 PACKAGES of London GOODS—consisting of Silks, Satins, Bonnets, Boots and Shoes, Cottons, Carpetings, Slops Woollens, &c., which are opening at their Establishment on the North Wharf.

☞ The remainder of their Manchester and Leeds Goods daily expected by the barque *Andover* from Liverpool.

Also—daily expected by the Andover:

150 Tons Liverpool *SALT*; 200 do. best Orrel *COALS*; 200 Barrels Roman Cement; 100 do. Coal *TAR*; 200 Coils Jackson's *CORDAGE*; 200 Kegs *PAINTS*.
JAMES LOCKWOOD & CO.
May 21.—Sw.

COALS.—100 Chaldrons Grand Lake Coals, of superior quality, for House or Smith's work, just received and for sale by
June 4. Joseph Fairweather.

United States Pork & Beef.

100 BRLS. Prime PORK, (in Bond) 26 brls. clear do. free for the Fisheries, 10 brls. Mess BEEF, do. do. do.
For sale low by
June 4. Ratchford & Brothers.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!
Cheap Room Paper.

S. K. FOSTER has now on hand about three hundred remnant lots of Room Paper of this seasons importation, which he will sell for cash at less than the original cost, in preference to having them lay on hand through the summer.

There is enough in each lot to paper Bed rooms small parlours, entries, and such places. Those who wish to paper their rooms at a very small expense will find great bargains. June 11.

Valuable Building LOTS in Carleton.

THE subscriber holding under Lease from the Corporation, a Block of Lots on Queen's square, containing 20 Lots, 50 by 100 feet each, at the small annual rent of 12s. each, with the usual covenants for renewing, offers the same or any number of them for sale. Terms of payment easy.
April 16. T. L. NICHOLSON.

Miscellany.

Truth is often Stranger than Fiction.—A Captain of a Steamboat lying in our harbor was yesterday reading Shakspeare, when the Timepiece reminded him it was time to start, having some vessels to take in tow. The passage at which he concluded (for he made a mark and left the book open) was, "*If when t'were done t'were well done, why then t'were well t'were quickly done.*" With his mind thus impressed, he did not quite reach the Water Works before he placed the beautiful and heavy laden Barque *Jamaica* hard aground; and there he left her. About half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, however, he began to doubt "*if t'were well done,*" and returned to the rescue; but his strong arm which had been so competent to the mischief, was feeble to do good, and he was again obliged to leave the Barque hard and fast. Soon after three o'clock the Canada and St. George steamers were both made fast to the stranded vessel, when their united efforts, continued for a full quarter of an hour, succeeded in twisting her off the rock into deep water. We can guess the state of her bottom; but how will her insurance stand for the homeward bound voyage?—*Montreal Transcript.*

Mental Difference between Men and Women.—The difference of mental power between the sexes is probably just sufficient to make them divide the duties of life beneficially. It may be a good reason for not exacting from women the same mental exertions as from men, but a very bad one for not fully cultivating the powers that they have. There has been a good deal of fanciful theory upon this subject. Sometimes it has been pretended that the whole difference between the minds of the two sexes was the consequence of education; at other times it has been contended that though there was a natural difference, it was only dissimilarity; the male being just as deficient in some respects as the female is in others; but that she ought not on that account to be held inferior. Rousseau maintained that the mind of man was distinguished by the sole possession of genius, of which the mind of woman was absolutely destitute in every degree. Johnson thought there was a natural want of precision in woman's ideas. An eminent man, lately dead, tried the capacities of his daughters to ascertain the fact; and came to the conclusion that the minds of both sexes were equal, except in respect to patience. Many other fanciful views might be enumerated, were it worth the trouble. The simple truth seems to be, that every faculty in the minds of the two sexes is the same, except that there is less general vigor in those of women. There is no mental exercise in which men have excelled, that women have not also succeeded in extremely well up to a certain point. But whenever the greatest efforts are required, whether of judgment, imagination, attention, perseverence, or any other power, the superior vigor of the masculine mind becomes evident. Hence, as the greater part of the business of life does not require the utmost exertion of even ordinary ability, it is only in the more arduous pursuits that the constitutional superiority of the masculine mind appears invariable. In low stages of civilization it occasionally happens that the advantage is observed to be on the side of the women: for any circumstance in their habits that imposes upon them the necessity of greater exercise and observation and judgment, turns the balance in their favor. But in the complicated and laborious offices of civilized societies no education would give general superiority or even equality to the female sex, the demand for laborious investigation and the highest powers of combination and invention is too constant both in professions and science.—*Woman's Rights and Duties.*

A surgeon at Lincoln having lately been much annoyed by mischievous boys ringing his door-bell, and thundering at the knocker, hit upon a capital expedient for detecting the runaway plagues; getting his electrical apparatus into order, he charged the Leyden jar rather powerfully, and communicated it with the bell-wire. Scarcely had he done so, when the bell rang, and on opening the door a juvenile delinquent was found prostrated all his length by the shock, and calling out lustily. The young rogue was nearly frightened out of his senses, and after a sound lecturing, he was permitted to depart without further punishment.

Amusement.—People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures, by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.—*Dr. Channing.*

The sick Man's need.—Oh, wretched is he, who, in that sick-room, which may be only the ante-chamber of the grave, is yet wholly unfurnished with the medicine of the mind; who has never thought of his nature, his prospects, his duty, his God; who has never applied himself to the enriching his intellect with important truth, to the cultivation of his heart for holy affections, to the formation of his character in righteous habits! Wretched is he, whose religion, however sincere his faith, is but a mysterious and terrific superstition, whose God is rolled in the thunder cloud, and his sceptre the destructive lightning; who gropes for evidence of the mercy of heaven in unfathomable speculations, or the wayward changes of frames and feelings; who sees the grave yawning for him, and in that gulf a deeper still of never ending anguish! Wretched is he, who, disgusted with the credulity that devours any absurdity, has flown to the scepticism that admits no truth; who deepens the shades of futurity by the blacker darkness of his own mind; who, because it is not the illumination of noon, quenches the only torch that could light his steps through the gloom; the neglect, the perversion, the rejection of religious principles, alike rob the soul of the best security against that trying season. Then it is that faith triumphs. I mean by faith, not the mere mental act of credence in a proposition, but a firm trust in God, our Creator, our Father. This is the one thing needful for religious consolation. To know that all events are ordered by him, and that his love is enough for man for his support and hope. Give us but these principles, (and Nature, Providence, and Christianity, teach and demonstrate these,) and you give us all.—Death is destroyed, and the grave becomes a passage to a better life. —When Jesus taught us to call God our Father in heaven, he poured a flood of consolation on the world.

The folly of Pride.—After all, take some quiet sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, a creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness.—Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul fleets from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heaven, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make to himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, and to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.—*Sidney Smith.*

Young Men, Persevere.—I recollect, says Sir J. Barrington, to have seen in Queen's County a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter; and when making a bench for the session justices at the Court House, was laughed at for taking such peculiar pains in smoothing the plank for the Judge's seat. The carpenter, nothing disconcerted, continued his work with especial attention; and as a reason for being so nice in finishing the seat, jocosely expressed his intention of one day occupying that very seat himself. Time passed on, and the carpenter, ever assiduous and attentive both to business and to mental culture, was afterwards seen as presiding judge on the very bench which he had a few years before been so nice in planing.

A Horrible Mystery.—The National Intelligencer contains the following letter from a private correspondent, giving the particulars of the discovery of a ship deserted and stained with blood, near Balize.

New Orleans, June 6. 1841.

A dreadful act of either mutiny or piracy has been committed off the Balize, which ought to be known forthwith to the Department, and I therefore hasten to address you the present, though I have but a few minutes for the mail.

The ship Charles cleared a few days since for Havre, and on Friday, the 4th inst. was fallen in with by one of our tow boats, about 40 miles from the Balize, without any body on board, and fresh traces of blood on her deck and cabin. She had twenty three cabin passengers, (some of them ladies,) principally our French shop-keepers, going to make their annual purchases in France, and all of them, as usual, no doubt, with considerable sums of specie, and I presume not less, altogether, than $100,000 probably much more. The long boat was missing, but the jolly boat was alongside, with a dog in it, and a box of sardines. These circumstances, and the fact that all the sailors clothes were missing, lead some to think it was mutiny and piracy by the crew.

There is, as you may suppose, great excitement in the city. The ship has just come to the levee, and I have not time to ascertain further particulars. She is not injured, and was left even with her sails set. The revenue cutter at the Balize I presume has started in a pursuit.—And it is suggested here to arm two or three steamboats and obtain volunteers to proceed out and sweep the Gulf round the neighbourhood.

THE GIPSY OF THE ABRUZZO.

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ.,

[Concluded.]

The smoke became dense, even to suffocation: nevertheless, stretched at full length with his face close to the floor, the Zingaro continued for a long time to endure this suffering, as he carefully fed and directed the flames, which, to his hopes, gave promise of freedom; but at length the heat and smoke combined might no longer be borne with life. Thus made reckless of the consequences, he suddenly started up, and seizing the vessel which contained his supply of water, he aimed it against the lofty window: the immediate shiver of falling glass which followed, bespoke the success of his effort, whilst the huge mass of smoke, lifting itself quickly upwards, left the floor comparatively free for breathing. The dangerous consequences which had made him so long defer this moment, as he foresaw, almost immediately followed. First was heard the buzz of many mingled voices, gathering in the court below, to mark the thick smoke as it rolled through the broken window: then followed an eager cry for the keys of the tapestried chamber. Not an instant was to be lost; and no sooner did the prisoner hear these sounds, than gathering together the stout cords which had bound his feet and hands, he with their aid firmly secured the door inside; a work barely accomplished before he heard the quick tread of feet, and the hasty withdrawing of bolts; the heavy lock next turned in its wards, and an attempt was made to thrust open the door. 'Santa Maria! 'tis fast within,' cried a voice the prisoner recognised for Nicola's: ''tis the body of the poor Zingaro, doubtless, that has fallen against it—push stoutly together, lads'—but the door again withstood their united efforts. 'Get axe and hammer quickly some of you," continued Nicola; 'the fire is certainly here; 'twas never a spark from my lamp surely when I took the lad his supper. Ring out the great bell; call up my lord the baron, or he will be burned in his bed else, like the poor heathen within, whose flesh I can plainly hear sputtering like chestnuts a-roasting.' A succession of sturdy blows rebounded from the entrance, and immediately the Zingaro tried with his feet to force the crackling wainscot, but it refused to give way.—How to gain more time? already the door was rent from its hinges and had been down, but that the assailants had retreated from the first burst of smoke, calling loudly for water. The Zingaro saw at once that now or never came the decisive moment—gathering therefore the remainder of his straw and other fuel, he quickly heaped it before the forced door, and just as this was falling inwards, he flung a blazing mass upon the ready pile—a wall of fire, in an instant supplied the place of the barrier just beaten down, and the terrified water bearers ran from the spot, with cries of horror, as they caught a glimpse of the dark form beyond which appeared to move calmly and untouched amidst the blaze.—In a few moments the fallen door began to add fresh fuel to the fire: the great bell, too, rung out the awful sound of flame. Drunk with the smoke, and maddened with the pain of his half-burned hands, the Zingaro also prepared for his last desperate effort. He covered his head and shoulders with thickened folds of his cape, retired a few paces from the now smouldering wainscot, then, rousing his whole force for the attempt, he rushed forward and dashed himself sideways against it. The half burned boards burst before his weight, and whelmed amidst the blazing ruin, he rolled into the next apartment. Shaking the burning embers from about him, he hurried across the unoccupied and unfurnished room, and opening the door, entered the passage beyond. On the instant a voice arrested his step.

'Who art thou?' demanded a man, advancing hastily from an adjoining door, holding high a lamp —'why am I thus rudely aroused, and whence this peal of wild alarm?' The Zingaro turned upon the inquirer, and the light flashed upon his face.—Had the master-fiend himself, clothed in all his terrors, met Mirialva's sight—for he was the speaker—he could not have looked more dismayed than he now did as he gazed upon his late prisoner, blackened with smoke, and with garments glowing from the sparks of fire which still clung to them.—'What demon art thou?' again demanded the baron as he stepped back towards the nearly closed door of the room just left by his sentenced prisoner, 'speak!'—Demoniac indeed was the look the gipsy cast upon his proud foe as with a voice of thunder he shouted,—'Lo Zingaro!' Then bounding forward with a tiger-spring he dashed the bewildered baron into the apartment, already half filled with flames, and closing the door quickly drew the bolts. He then turned into Mirialva's now vacant bedchamber, tore from the sumptuous couch and windows the silken cords which draped the curtains, and by their aid descended with speed and safety into the private garden of the castello. Already flames were bursting from the closely barred windows of the room, which held the wretched Mirialva. The Zingaro paused for a moment, and look'd upwards—a wild scream for 'help!' burst upon his ear—a roar of curses and loud laughter followed. This last was the domestics in the gallery, who thus mocked what they took for the cries of the suffering Zingaro. A yet wilder and more piercing cry of agony again filled the air and again was it echoed by fresh yells of savage mockery.

'Ha!' exclaimed the listener, 'these shrieks should have been mine, and such the laughter that would have greeted my agonies! Ha! ha! ha!—roar on, ye accursed, let your shouts of joy ring in the ears of your unheeded burning lord: and may the fiends of Eblis redouble your cries, as his black soul is hurled amidst their eternal fires!'—Dashing the hot sweat from his scathed brow, the gipsy made for the olive grove, and with great difficulty held his way, until, exhausted, he sunk upon the welcome margin of the calm waters of *Gli Fonti d'Amore.*

CHAPTER IV.

On a gentle eminence, at the foot of the Vermero, stood the palace of the Conradini, in the midst of luxuriant vineyards, and immediately encircled by a private garden of some extent, beautifully laid out, and evincing a more careful superintendance than is usually bestowed in Italy upon such preserves. For in this favoured climate nature has showered so generally on every verdant spot her beauties of tree and flower, that the wealthy have little inducement to enclose for private luxury exotics which may be enjoyed by the meanest serf who cultivates his native fields.

To the palace of his ancestors the Conde Luigi had at once borne his youthful bride, for such he had legally made her. Fast as the church could bind them, they were now one: and although his father would not become a party to an unworthy bargain to obtain a daughter-in-law, he was not in his heart sorry to find that the happiness of his son was secured without such a compromise; and although Luigi's attempt would, had it been known to him, have been met by his fixed opposition, the die being fairly cast, he received his son with forgiveness, and his new-made daughter with a cordial welcome and a father's blessing. Letters were immediately despatched to the Baron di Mirialva, to suggest to him the necessity of fulfilling the contract entered into by his deceased brother, or otherwise preparing to abide the king's judgment and probable displeasure; for to the foot of the throne, immediately upon a refusal, Conradini resolved to bear the claims of his son, and appeal to the justice of his sovereign. The messenger dispatched with the above demand had now been absent the full time necessary for his journey, and hourly expecting his arrival, the Conte Luigi and his bride sat beneath a veranda that commanded an ample view of the lovely bay. The moon was slowly rising in her fullest majesty, and had already silvered with her light the edges of the lofty cliffs, rising high over the picturesque Castle d'Ovo, which was itself lost in their deep shadows. The classic isles beyond just showed in the extreme distance like globes of silver floating on the dark bosom of the glassy sea. Not far removed might be heard the cries of the fishermen, as they hauled their boats above the reach of the waters, accompanied by the hoarse, low roar of the surf rolling in round the long continued line of beach. Nearer the palace, all was thrown into deep shadow by the stately silver pines, which, planted in thick rows, covered it in front like a noble guard, whilst many clumps of sweetly-scented shrubs were made to encroach to within a few paces of the window where sat the lovers.—Constanza listened with a charmed ear to her lord as he pointed out the various beauties of the scene, with all the enthusiasm of a poet with the love of a patriot for his native Naples.—'But the night air is freshening, and you, love, must be wearied with my legends of the past glories of Naples, and of imperial Capri and its horrors. They are twice dear to me, for they are associated with my every childish joy and sorrow. They first stole on my wondering, eager ears in all the exaggerated detail of my good old nurse, and were in after days made the reward of well-doing, as on this very spot they were described in the grandeur of simple history, made still more noble by the glowing eloquence of my aged preceptor, the excellent Carlo Mattei—Come, we will enter the apartment: see, the lamps are already lighted—come, and you shall shame my tediousness by playing one of those wild mountain airs we have so often sung together as we saunter'd through your sweet valley of Salamona.'—'Ah!' said Constanza, with a sigh, the recollection of her own birth-place rose fresh upon her memory,—'loved valley shall I ever again behold thee? ever again wander by those clear waters, where I have so often bounded on the light foot of childhood?'—'And in the young days of our love too,' whispered Luigi. 'Oh, fear not, dearest; your uncle will scarce dare abide the sovereign's command, which he knows must follow my father's appeal. He will yield to strong necessity, doubt not: and soon again shall you sit in the antique hall of your castello, and sing to me the country's gentle songs in praise of love's own poet and Salmona's pride." Together they now entered the apartment, throwing wide the casement, which opened to the ground. Constanza seated herself opposite to it, and in a tone of anxious melancholy, continued—

'I know not, my Luigi, what so oppresses me, but my heart is ever and anon seized with a throbbing which threatens even to burst it; my mind, too, has all this day been filled with dismal fancies. 'What can chill thee thus?' answered the conte, as he fondly pressed with his lips her marble brow.—'Thou art happy, my own Constanza?' Beaming with tenderness, she fixed her gazelle-like eyes upon her lord, as she replied—'Happy! Luigi, am I not with thee? Am I not thine own Constanza? But would that this tardy courier were returned: you know not the fierce nature of Carlette di Mirialva. When I reflect on his hatred, on his daring, on his vengeance—oh! Luigi, can I speak it? but at this hour your life is perhaps only held at the will of the most profligate, the most reckless of men.'—'Tush, tush! this is indeed wild dreaming. What! do you think Mirialva has no fear for himself?—Too well he knows my father's vigour and our house's power, to tempt, by any evil wrought on me, his own assured destruction. I would I were but half as certain of the safety of my poor Zingaro ally; but he, I fear me, was allowed brief law. I would give, this very hour, the best horse, hound, and hawk I own, to save him from jeopardy—and that is higher pricing than was ever before put on him or on any of his kind.'—'They are, indeed, a wayward, but also a sore-suffering-race,' replied Constanza; 'but if ever I am again restored to the seat of my fathers, you, Luigi, must look to their better ordering, even for the sake of him who read my fortune by the springs of the Gli Fonti d'Amore.' 'And died to have that fortune fairly sped,' added the conte. 'Even the lynx may be taught to love, and I will waste some kindness on that rude race, but I will mend their sad condition, even for his sake who helped me to the sweetest bride Salmona ever saw, or Ovid sung; that is, provided she belie her sex, and change not.' A look of love and pride beamed from the eyes of Constanza, as, striking her lyre, she prettily echoed the word 'change,' and sang—

"For ever thine this heart—
Feel how it beats for thee,
And whilst it beats, this heart of mine
Will answer every throb of thine
With truest sympathy;
Thine, thine alone!
"For ever thine this heart—
All else may change, and be;
But this, thy heart, no change can own,
For thee it beats, for thee alone,
And breaks, cast off by thee;
Thine, thine alone!"

The conte rose in delight from his lady's feet, where he had thrown himself to listen to her melody. The last tones of her sweet voice had not yet melted into the air, when a slight movement was heard at the window—the words "Die, coward and fool!" were articulated in tones clear and piercing, though hardly uttered above a breath; one deep groan and a heavy fall followed—and all was silent as before. The conte started, and passed hastily to the window, close to which he at once observed the body of the fallen man. He stooped over the form—he pressed his hand upon the heart, but it beat no more—life had fled with the last sound. He was just opening his lips to call for aid, when a low hiss, issuing from the thick clump of shrubs close in his front, caused him to raise his head. What was his surprise when, full in the light of the moonbeam, with head uncovered, he beheld the well-remembered features of the Zingaro!

'Ha!' exclaimed the conte, 'thou alive and here? How means all this? Speak!'—'Pianissimo, signor mio,' whispered the gipsy; 'it is ill speaking too loud of a death done, where one's confession may be overheard by more than the priest. But fear nothing now: first assure thy lady's silence; for, if you remember, my face was not altogether after her liking when she last saw it, and I promise you it is not much improved in comeliness since; a cry from her lips now might peril me to the full as much as it did before, and by my life I have no mind for another such adventure." The Conte Luigi turned into the chamber where Constanza sat as if spell-bound: she had heard the groan, had seen her husband's movement towards the sound, but at that moment her over-excited nerves failed beneath the shock, and she remained without the power of speech or motion. "Be no longer alarmed, dearest Constanza," murmured the conte, trying to reassure his gentle wife; "'tis nothing—only a faithful varlet, who is now without, and whose appearance hitherto has ever been to us a harbinger of joy. Come, cheer thee, to hear the marvel of his coming; perchance thy uncle has relented, and so released this trusty knave as a true pledge of his wish to conciliate."—"Trust not, oh! trust not to the baron," exclaimed Constanza wildly, drawing the conte nearer to her, "for there is danger, my husband, and the presence of the Zingaro speaks it. That fearful groan, too. Oh! said I not my soul foreboded evil? Luigi, rely not too firmly on the faith of this strange being; many and fearful are the tales told of his people's treachery, and few and bold are they who place deep trust in them."—"Nay, be not unmindful of his true service, love. Remember I owe to it all my present joys, and even those joys I'd freely pledge upon his faith. Be not alarmed, and he shall himself speak out his errand." Luigi beckoned the Zingaro to advance: with a glance of bitter scorn he planted his foot upon the corse stretched in his way, and at once stepped into the apartment. Constanza shrunk within herself, as doubtingly she gazed upon his features. He was, in truth, much changed; his face and neck were in many places disfigured by blotches of deep red; these contrasted but ill with its natural hue. His once luxuriant hair, too, was almost gone; in some places it was shorn quite close to the blackened scalp, whilst here and there a stray lock remained, no longer flowing gracefully as before, but shrivelled and bristling from his head. His eye alone retained its native lustre, and bespoke that, though all without was altered, the ardent soul within still remained unchanged. Bending low to the lady, he calmly stood as if waiting question.

'When,' demanded the conte, 'didst thou leave the Castel di Mirialva?'—'On the eve of your past Sabbath.'—'By good leave, or ——?'—'Even by the way you entered it—the window; no bad way either, when a man needs more haste than help.'—'How! You escaped from durance, then, and without the baron's knowledge?'—'Not so, either, signor; the baron learnt, though somewhat at the latest, I was about to quit his hospitable keeping.' 'Thou speakest somewhat in riddles, Zingaro. I have a courier despatched to the baron—knowest thou his present humour? how will my servant find him?'—'He may not well find him, conte, without first quitting your service.'—'How so?'—'Because he whom he seeks no longer lives.'—'Ha!'—Constanza sprung from the couch—'my uncle dead.'—'Start not, lady,' coolly replied the Zingaro, 'and speak not over loud for I stay not your questioning on roses. In brief, you are now, thanks to my fortune, once more in safety; may return to your fair domain, and live free and fearless, for your worst enemy is no more; he has died the death that best may fit him for the after-life. He was burnt—burnt within that very house he withheld from his brother's child; he was swept from life planning the misery of her to whom he should have proved a sworn protector.'—'Merciful God, assoil his soul!' fervently prayed Constanza.—'The fire was accidental?' demanded the conte, closely regarding the man as he spoke. He smiled grimly as, lowering his voice, he answered with fearful earnestness—'The flames were lighted by me, to aid my escape from bondage and from certain death. What! did the slaves think to keep the falcon and not hood his eyes? Did they leave to the Zingaro one glimpse of the clear light of heaven, and look to have him yield without a struggle the life that made light dear? Scourged like a hound till my very bones lay bared to their lewd mockery, I was bound and thrown aside to wait till their pleasure served to hang me. Was I to bide their coming? No: I fired the detested den that held me, and broke once more to freedom from its blazing ruins as they crumbled round me. Thus at liberty, I had, perchance, contented me with my escape, but the ill spirit of the baron threw him in that wild moment across my way. Smarting from the fire I scarce had hoped to live through, I saw my pain, my hopes, made by his presence in an instant void, and fresh tortures awaiting me. One instant effort promised both safety and revenge. I boldly, madly made the venture. Behold I am safe—I am revenged. Even now his shriek from that smouldering chamber of death sounds again in my ear, and more than answers all my sufferings. He is no more; and you, Conte Luigi, are not until now free to live. —Return to your castello, lady; 'tis the little worse for the airing I have given it. I read you a fair fortune, and you have found it; may it ever bide with you. Signor, I owed you a life: we are now freely