THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1841. No. 43.

THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. DURANT & Co. at their Office in Water Street, over the store of Messrs. Milby & Thomas.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.	R. SUN.	S. SUN.	S. MOON	H. W.
26 Saturday,	4 33	7 27	11 57	5 25
27 Sunday,	4 33	7 27	Morn	6 33
28 Monday,	4 33	7 27	0 20	7 48
29 Tuesday,	4 33	7 27	0 49	8 54
30 Wednesday,	4 34	7 26	1 23	9 47
1 Thursday,	4 33	7 26	2 3	10 32
2 Friday,	4 33	7 26	2 52	11 10

Full Moon, 3d, 1h, 23m 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: Hon H. Johnston.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: John Wishart, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—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: James Kirk, 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 INSURACE.—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 atall 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.

Spring Goods by the Emerald,
FROM LIVERPOOL.

THE subscribers have received part of their Liverpool and Manchester Goods by the ship *Emerald*, which will be opened early in the next week. The remainder with their London Goods daily expected.
May 7. JAMES LOCKWOOD & CO.

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.

SUGAR & RUM.—A few Casks prime Porto Rico SUGAR, casks strong Cuba RUM of *Jamaica flavor*, now landing, and for sale at low est rates by RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

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.

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.

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, Rondelatia 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.

May 28th, 1841.

Just received ex "Sophia"—

AN assortment of common and superfine Writing PAPERS: Pot, Foolscap, Letter, and Folio—plain; do. do. Ruled for Merchant's Account Books; Copying Paper, Blotting Cases, Parchment, Steel PENS—Mordan's Oblique, Gillott's and others; Pen Holders, Lead Pencils—drawing and common; India Rubber, Sealing Wax; Permanent Marking Inks, Writing Desk, &c. &c.

ALSO—Goldsmith's Histories of England and Rome; Murray's First Book, Spelling Book, Introduction and Reader; Dilworth's, and Universal Spelling Books; Hincks' Geography; Tutor's Arithmetic; Wilcolke's and Fryer's Mental Arithmetic; Springer's Hymns, Memorandum Books, &c.

☞ Further supply daily expected per *Sister Ann* and *Abeona*. D. M'MILLAN,
Prince Wm. street, first door south of the Market square.

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.

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*; 20 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.—8w.

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.

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.

LONDON CANDLES.—100 Boxes Sperm, Mould and Dipt CANDLES, of superior quality, landing this day.—For sale by
June 4. JAS. MALCOLM.

Miscellany.

THE GIPSY OF THE ABRUZZO.

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ.,

"All here is quiet," said the baron, after looking about him for a moment; "are you sure it was the Donna Constanza's voice you heard, calling for help?"—'Per certo, signor," answered a domestic, "and when I first listened at the outer door I heard more than one voice whispering in this very room."—'And I," and another, "heard the most fearful scream."—'Scream! several screams you mean, or heaven mend your hearing," added a third.—"Peace, knaves!" said the baron, as he knocked at his niece's chamber. All were silent, but no answer was returned. Repeating his summons in a louder key, he next called upon her within but assure him of her safety—still echo was his only reply. "The girl has not surely been mad enough to attempt her life for love of that foolish boy to whom her father in his dotage betrothed her! Here, Jocope, try thy hammer on this door."

The command was immediately followed by a storm of blows upon the door, under which, after a gallant resistance, the stout cedar at length gave way, and the hallowed sanctuary of beauty lay open to the profanation of the vulgar gaze. The domestics hunk back, from a mingled feeling of respect and apprehension, and the baron alone entered the chamber. All within bore testimony to the taste and elegance of the inhabitant, but showed not any sign of violence, or even discomposure. Upon the table stood an extinguished taper, and near it lay the guitar and music, last touched by the fair hand of Constanza. A velvet curtain hung before the recess in which stood her couch; this was lowered, and as the baron gently drew it aside he perceived the bed was occupied. "This," he cried in astonishment, "is most strange, surely the wilful girl is moon-struck. Constanza—answer me, Constanza!" he repeated, striking the coverlid violently with his hand. "Nay, this foolery is too much for patience; therefore bring lights here, knaves. Fair lady, by your leave—for your face I will see, and your voice I will hear, ere I sleep again."—'You must ride hard, or watch long, then, grandissimo," cried the occupant, rising up as the baron laid his hand upon the bed. The attendants rolled back upon each other in affright—even the stout Mirialva recoiled as if he had touched a torpedo. Well might the nerves of the Donna Constanza quail beneath the glance of the Zingaro as he now appeared. His capa was discoloured by the red soil he had so long lain upon; his long elfin locks, escaped from their hraldon during the storm, hung in wild disorder about his face, whilst his eyes, full of the excitement that stirred within him, blazed with an almost unearthly brightness.

"Devil!" exclaimed the baron, after recovering from the surprise of this most unexpected vision, "what has led thy fiend-like carcase to so unfitting a resting-place?"—"The stars," was the prompt reply, uttered with an oracular wave of the hand; "the stars, which govern and decide our destinies, and with whose mighty influence it were as vain to contend as to puff a feather against the raging blast of the maestro, or stay the determined will of woman's first love."—"Dog of a cursed breed! thou shalt find it was an evil star led thee to thrust thy handy-work between me and my will, Where is my niece? Speak! hast thou murdered her?"—"The blood of women never yet followed blow of mine,—nor ever did the lust of gold lead me to thrust my will between her and her heart's choice."—"Peace, slave! Answer thou my questioning, and utter word more or less than to that end, and I'll have thy saucy tongue torn from its foul root. Thou canst tell the course she has taken?"—"Ay, if you once put me upon her track, my eye is keen enough to distinguish the light foot of a lady from the spur of the lynx."—"Who is her companion?"—"At this minute it would be wild to swear that; some time has passed since I last saw her, and women at the best are variable in their fancies."—'Holy Mother! the unblest churl juggles with my patience. Ho, there! drag this foul carrion from out the bed; strip the deer's hide from his back, and lash him till he learn straight speech.' On the gipsy's being hauled from the couch, and placed upright on the floor, his limbs apparently refused their wonted service, and he at once sunk down like a thing wholly bereft of bone and muscle; this dogged and passive resistance being the only opposition he thought fit to offer, he was quickly raised upon the shoulders of four stout fellows, and borne to the hall, where, still refusing to stand, his jerkin was slashed with knives from his back, and with such little care that blood was seen to follow more than one blade. In this work, Jocope, the surley porter, was conspicuously officious.

"We'll make it more difficult for you to stand ere we're done dealing on your swart hide!" whispered the fellow, as he assisted in dragging the prisoner's arms round the marble pillar they were made to embrace. When bound, with the upper part of his body exposed and naked for the lash, Jocope approached him, armed with a heavy whip. "I owe thee my service, son of Satan," he whispered in his victim's ear. "What! thou would'st have tricked me into taking thee under shelter of the Castello, to cut our throats, as well as spirit away my young lady, eh! But for once thou hadst to deal with thy master."—"Thou didst deal wisely in barring me out, truly, Spretato!" replied the gipsy, with a bitter smile of triumph. "Lay on and spare not!" impatiently cried the baron, and he seated himself to see the cruel order fully carried into effect. The stalwart arm of the ruffian porter plied his instrument of torture with such coolness and skill, that a streak of red marked the course of every lash. With eyes and teeth firmly compressed, and without suffering a groan to escape him, the wretched youth bore for a while his punishment; even the fiercely exerted strength of his torturer began to flag, when turning his eyes towards the baron, the sufferer cried, 'Hold!' At a sign the next blow was suspended. 'What, hast thou found thy tongue?' demanded Mirialva.—"And how am I to be benefited by using it according to your will?"—'Thou shalt have a couch of straw, and bread and water till to-morrow; then a strong cord and a fair spring from the top of the castle-gate.'—'Hum! fair offers and tempting! What if I still keep silence?'—'Thou shalt be now flogged as near to thy death as may be done on this holy Sabbath morn,' sternly replied Mirialva, "and on the morrow shall await thee a like punishment, to be continued until thy dark spirit be dismissed to the hell it sprung from."—'Umph! unbind me,' calmly said the gipsy. 'I choose straw and a supper, the long cord and a free spring; but hold! you will not, after squeezing me dry, put me again under the lash?'—'I have promised thee respite until Monday morn—wilt thou not take the word of a Roman baron?'—'As readily as you would take Zengaro oath, sworn on the rood. Touch with your lips the cross of your dagger, and on it swear to keep faith with me, or my lips are again sealed, and for ever?'—'Unbelieving miscreant!' exclaimed the baron, starting in rage from his seat; "I am well enough minded to put thy stoutness to the proof." Prudence, however, and the desire of a nobler victim of revenge, overruled this momentary burst of passion. Making, therefore, the prescribed oath, he again took his seat.

"A draught of water to moisten my parched throat, and my cloak to cover my shame, and then your questions, signor. I am ready to answer."—Water was brought, and the capa was thrown upon his lacerated shoulders. He calmly drew his cloak about him, and bowed slightly, in token of being prepared; the baron began:—

"Who was the contriver and companion of my niece's flight?—'The husband chosen by her father, the Count Lugi Conradini."—'Ha! it is so? And how gained he access to her chamber?—'That service I contrived for him.'—The baron cast a glance of deathful import on the unflinching speaker, then went off. 'Knowest thou where they now be?'—'With willing minds, sharp spurs, and stout steeds, they may now be well nigh across the Pettorano.'—'Then they are bound for Naples?' 'For Naples.'—'Now art thou a lying knave; for mortal man dare not venture to cross the Pescara after the rain of last night.'—'The Count Luigi had already crossed it, though somewhat later than he had looked to do; a delay that had well nigh lost him his fair prize.'—'May its swollen waters whelm them both, and for ever!' cried the baron, as he started and rapidly paced the hall. 'Ho, there! to horse, some of you; hasten to the river, and see if be yet fordable; look close for the new track of horses, and ride upon the spur; a thousand ducats to him who brings back my niece, or can show me a blade dyed with the heart's blood of Luigi Conradini. Take hence that hound, bind him hand and foot, and throw him into the tapestried chember at the extremity of my gallery; let him have bread and water, and straw to lie on. If thy story be true, and the torrent fordable, I will keep faith with thee, and on the morrow thou shalt have a strong cord, and die the death of thy fathers; but if thou hast spoken a lie, thou shalt be whipped until thy false heart be laid bare to the sun, whose beams shall wither it within thee'—'By the star that rules me, I have spoken truly, Baron Mirialva.' The clatter of the departing horsemen was now heard, as they hastily spurred over the paved court.

"Ha, ha, ha! they must ride and spare not, who seek to win back time past, or true lovers flown, continued the Zingaro, as he was led from the hall to his prison-chamber. During the foregoing events time had held on his unchangeable course: and as the prisoner was thrust from his last earthly lodging, he was saluted by the first burst of a bright morning sun, darting its many-coloured rays thro' the stained glass of a narrow window, placed high over head, and indeed the only means of supplying with either light or air this gloomy chamber. The Zingaro gazed for a moment at the cheerful light, half shading his brow with his hand; then, turning to his guards, he requested that they would place him within the influence of its beam.

'Ay, to be sure,' was the reply: 'Nicola, toss down that straw there; the poor devil wants to sun himself.'—'He's no judge of astronomy, then,' answered the bearer of straw, 'or he'd have known that the rays of the morning sun will rest but a short space where they now fall: no, no, poor ignorant, if thou wouldst have the sun for company, I'll put thy straw in yonder nook, where he will sleep awhile after mid day.'—'Put it down here,' said the Zingaro, adhering to the same spot; 'tis not his noon-beam I would watch, for that I shall never see again; no, 'tis his earliest light on the morrow I would fain give greeting to, that I may know how near is the hour of my end as I watch my last sunrise.'—'O, that's it,' replied the astronomer; 'then "The blood of women never yet followed blow of mine,—nor ever did the lust of gold lead me to thrust my will between her and her heart's choice."'—"Peace, slave! Answer thou my questioning, and utter word more or less than to that end, and I'll have thy saucy tongue torn from its foul root. Thou canst tell the course she has taken?"—"Ay, if you once put me upon her track, my eye is keen enough to distinguish the light foot of a lady from the spur of the lynx.'—'Who is her companion?'—'At this minute it would be wild to swear that; some time has passed since I last saw her, and women at the best are variable in their fancies.'—'Holy Mother! the unblest churl juggles with my patience. Ho, there! drag this foul carrion from out the bed; strip the deer's hide from his back, and lash him till he learn straight speech.' On the gipsy's being hauled from the couch, and placed upright on the floor, his limbs apparently refused their wonted service, and he at once sunk down like a thing wholly bereft of bone and muscle; this dogged and passive resistance being the only opposition he thought fit to offer, he was quickly raised upon the shoulders of four stout fellows, and borne to the hall, where, still refusing to stand, his jerkin was slashed with knives from his back, and with such little care that blood was seen to follow more than one blade. In this work, Jocope, the surley porter, was conspicuously officious.

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"Who was the contriver and companion of my niece's flight?—'The husband chosen by her father, the Count Lugi Conradini."—'Ha! it is so? And how gained he access to her chamber?—'That service I contrived for him.'—The baron cast a glance of deathful import on the unflinching speaker, then went off. 'Knowest thou where they now be?'—'With willing minds, sharp spurs, and stout steeds, they may now be well nigh across the Pettorano.'—'Then they are bound for Naples?' 'For Naples.'—'Now art thou a lying knave; for mortal man dare not venture to cross the Pescara after the rain of last night.'—'The Count Luigi had already crossed it, though somewhat later than he had looked to do; a delay that had well nigh lost him his fair prize.'—'May its swollen waters whelm them both, and for ever!' cried the baron, as he started and rapidly paced the hall. 'Ho, there! to horse, some of you; hasten to the river, and see if be yet fordable; look close for the new track of horses, and ride upon the spur; a thousand ducats to him who brings back my niece, or can show me a blade dyed with the heart's blood of Luigi Conradini. Take hence that hound, bind him hand and foot, and throw him into the tapestried chember at the extremity of my gallery; let him have bread and water, and straw to lie on. If thy story be true, and the torrent fordable, I will keep faith with thee, and on the morrow thou shalt have a strong cord, and die the death of thy fathers; but if thou hast spoken a lie, thou shalt be whipped until thy false heart be laid bare to the sun, whose beams shall wither it within thee'—'By the star that rules me, I have spoken truly, Baron Mirialva.' The clatter of the departing horsemen was now heard, as they hastily spurred over the paved court.

"Ha, ha, ha! they must ride and spare not, who seek to win back time past, or true lovers flown, continued the Zingaro, as he was led from the hall to his prison-chamber. During the foregoing events time had held on his unchangeable course: and as the prisoner was thrust from his last earthly lodging, he was saluted by the first burst of a bright morning sun, darting its many-coloured rays thro' the stained glass of a narrow window, placed high over head, and indeed the only means of supplying with either light or air this gloomy chamber. The Zingaro gazed for a moment at the cheerful light, half shading his brow with his hand; then, turning to his guards, he requested that they would place him within the influence of its beam.

'Ay, to be sure,' was the reply: 'Nicola, toss down that straw there; the poor devil wants to sun himself.'—'He's no judge of astronomy, then,' answered the bearer of straw, 'or he'd have known that the rays of the morning sun will rest but a short space where they now fall: no, no, poor ignorant, if thou wouldst have the sun for company, I'll put thy straw in yonder nook, where he will sleep awhile after mid day.'—'Put it down here,' said the Zingaro, adhering to the same spot; 'tis not his noon-beam I would watch, for that I shall never see again; no, 'tis his earliest light on the morrow I would fain give greeting to, that I may know how near is the hour of my end as I watch my last sunrise.'—'O, that's it,' replied the astronomer; 'then "The blood of women never yet followed blow of mine,—nor ever did the lust of gold lead me to thrust my will between her and her heart's choice."'—"Peace, slave! Answer thou my questioning, and utter word more or less than to that end, and I'll have thy saucy tongue torn from its foul root. Thou canst tell the course she has taken?"—"Ay, if you once put me upon her track, my eye is keen enough to distinguish the light foot of a lady from the spur of the lynx.'—'Who is her companion?'—'At this minute it would be wild to swear that; some time has passed since I last saw her, and women at the best are variable in their fancies.'—'Holy Mother! the unblest churl juggles with my patience. Ho, there! drag this foul carrion from out the bed; strip the deer's hide from his back, and lash him till he learn straight speech.' On the gipsy's being hauled from the couch, and placed upright on the floor, his limbs apparently refused their wonted service, and he at once sunk down like a thing wholly bereft of bone and muscle; this dogged and passive resistance being the only opposition he thought fit to offer, he was quickly raised upon the shoulders of four stout fellows, and borne to the hall, where, still refusing to stand, his jerkin was slashed with knives from his back, and with such little care that blood was seen to follow more than one blade. In this work, Jocope, the surley porter, was conspicuously officious.

"We'll make it more difficult for you to stand ere we're done dealing on your swart hide!" whispered the fellow, as he assisted in dragging the prisoner's arms round the marble pillar they were made to embrace. When bound, with the upper part of his body exposed and naked for the lash, Jocope approached him, armed with a heavy whip. "I owe thee my service, son of Satan," he whispered in his victim's ear. "What! thou would'st have tricked me into taking thee under shelter of the Castello, to cut our throats, as well as spirit away my young lady, eh! But for once thou hadst to deal with thy master."—"Thou didst deal wisely in barring me out, truly, Spretato!" replied the gipsy, with a bitter smile of triumph. "Lay on and spare not!" impatiently cried the baron, and he seated himself to see the cruel order fully carried into effect. The stalwart arm of the ruffian porter plied his instrument of torture with such coolness and skill, that a streak of red marked the course of every lash. With eyes and teeth firmly compressed, and without suffering a groan to escape him, the wretched youth bore for a while his punishment; even the fiercely exerted strength of his torturer began to flag, when turning his eyes towards the baron, the sufferer cried, 'Hold!' At a sign the next blow was suspended. 'What, hast thou found thy tongue?' demanded Mirialva.—"And how am I to be benefited by using it according to your will?"—'Thou shalt have a couch of straw, and bread and water till to-morrow; then a strong cord and a fair spring from the top of the castle-gate.'—'Hum! fair offers and tempting! What if I still keep silence?'—'Thou shalt be now flogged as near to thy death as may be done on this holy Sabbath morn,' sternly replied Mirialva, "and on the morrow shall await thee a like punishment, to be continued until thy dark spirit be dismissed to the hell it sprung from."—'Umph! unbind me,' calmly said the gipsy. 'I choose straw and a supper, the long cord and a free spring; but hold! you will not, after squeezing me dry, put me again under the lash?'—'I have promised thee respite until Monday morn—wilt thou not take the word of a Roman baron?'—'As readily as you would take Zengaro oath, sworn on the rood. Touch with your lips the cross of your dagger, and on it swear to keep faith with me, or my lips are again sealed, and for ever?'—'Unbelieving miscreant!' exclaimed the baron, starting in rage from his seat; "I am well enough minded to put thy stoutness to the proof." Prudence, however, and the desire of a nobler victim of revenge, overruled this momentary burst of passion. Making, therefore, the prescribed oath, he again took his seat.

"A draught of water to moisten my parched

were stipulated that he should be left master of this domain for so many years. Luigi and Constanza were too far gone in love not to have agreed readily to his wishes; but not so the elder Conradini; he, with the prudence attendant on his age, and the indignation natural to a high mind, replied by spurning the unworthy proposal in no measured terms. An open and violent rupture was the immediate consequence, which threatened, in the end, to sunder the lovers for ever; for Constanza was but seventeen, and the laws left her at her uncle's disposal until she should attain the age of three-and twenty, a century in true love's calendar. Many months had elapsed since this disagreement, and rumerous were the suitors introduced by the baron for his own purposes, and rejected by Constanza with a firmness well worthy her name.

At length the festival of the Annunziata enabled Conradini, in the disguise of a mendicant palmer, to communicate to her his wishes, and his plans for their execution; and so well did he describe, in his letter, the present misery of separation, and the risks he had run in vain to see or communicate with her, and in such bright colours did he contrast the happiness and security awaiting them in flight, and in the fulfilment of a marriage already plighted before Heaven, and sanctified in their hearts, that Constanza, on that very night, heedless of the storm which raged without, had frankly obeyed the directions of her lover, and, like another hero, placed a light in her turret window, at once to be the guide to his steps, and the token of her own readiness to follow them. It has already been told how the swollen Pescara detained her eager deliverer, until mortified and wearied, she, two hours after midnight, withdrew her beacon, and abandoned herself to grief—grief soon changed by the embrace of her long banished Luigi. This retrospective detail will at once explain the baron's cause for rage, and his eager thirst for vengeance, not only on the Conradini, but on the humbler agent of his loss, the luckless Zingaro, whom no laws of the time either acknowledged or protected. His wretched race were left, like the wild animals of the rude country they inhabited, to roam at large through their desert, and like them too, were liable to be hunted to the death by any noble sportsman who might choose, at his own proper peril, to follow such diversion.

Anxiously did the Baron di Mirialva count each minute of that Sabbath morn, that holy Sabbath, ordained as a day of repese both from the toils and passions of frail nature—a day wisely sanctified and set apart for reflection and repentance. But far otherwise were employed the thoughts of Mirialva; intensely did he listen to each sound, eager to catch the footfall of returning horse; constantly were his strained eyes fixed on the approach from the banks of the Pescara, whilst his heart was consuming within him, fired by the demons, Avarice, Anger, and Revenge. A horseman at length appeared, whose hard-spurred, jaded steed could hardly bear its rider up the steep. The baron flew to the gate to meet him—with the hellish hope in his heart, and the wish on his lip, he demanded,—'Well, have they been tracked? have ye overtaken the runagates? is *he* dead? Say yes, and boldly claim the promised thousand ducats, and more, thy lord's eternal favour."—The vassal hung his head in silence. One by one the wearied riders returned, with no better success, till at last but one remained out, on whom to rest a hope. But the baron knew well the nature of the hound that still hung upon the track; and whilst Jocope returned hot, he did not entirely abandon his demon-like hope. Right well this worthy servant merited the confidence of such a master; patient, wearaless, and true to the scent of blood, as the hound of whose savage nature he so largely partook, he, though outstripped and baffled, still hunted on, a dogged instinct his guide, and the promised gold his spur.

CHAPTER III.

The shades of the evening had once more fallen upon the valleys of the Abruzzo, before the Zingaro was re-awakened to a sense of pain and hunger. As he slowly turned upon his straw, he cast his eyes upwards on the now almost darkened window; suddenly a gleam of wild and unrestrained joy lighted up his pallid and worn features—his sight became rivetted to the object, as he cried aloud—

"'Tis there! 'tis there! It shines bright and dazzling upon me, unclouded and serene the star of my birth and the guide of our race. I saw it twinkling thus in my past dream of freedom. Hail to thee, herald of hope! Thou didst shine thus lightly upon me, as, but now, in sleep, I sat again by our mountain stream, with Zea by my side; and once more listened to her sweet voice, as it rose in thy praise, attuned to the guitar she best loves to hear! Thou art still above me, shining star, and I am not forsaken! Thou art still unclouded, and I will not despair, for never wouldst thou rise so brightly at eve, were a son of thy people to die the cruel death ere thy setting.'—With the spirit of new-born hope did the captive now await the approach of his jailer, as he heard the massy bolts withdrawn; for, true to his promise, Nicola again stood beside him, bearing a fresh allowance of bread and water. 'Why, how's this,' said the man, observing the former supply still remaining, 'thy food and drink untouched! Mass, but thou art somewhat dainty in thy fare, or hast a marvellous gift of long fasting. Why hast thou not broken bread, Zingaro? thy hanging to-morrow will be none the more agreeable because thou art some pounds the lighter; why, man, thou'l be as hard to die as a cat; eat and drink, and prepare for thy ending as like a good christian as one of thy doomed breed can.'—'How can I do either?' bitterly replied the prisoner; 'your food is left but as a mockery, when my lips might parch for a drop of water, ere I, thus tightly bound, could moisten them. What fear you, that you thus pinion me? Escape were impossible, unless I had wings like a bird, and no more bulk than a shadow; for otherwise I could neither reach nor pass out of yonder window.'—'Why, there is some reason in that,' rejoined the jailer, glancing round: 'and though the baron ordered thee to be bound, he also intended thou should'st eat, or else he had ne'er promised thee food—so, by our Ladye, I'll strain my warranty and loose the cords a trifle—and more, thou shalt have the bottom of my wine flask to give a whet to thy appetite. There! with two feet between hand and hand, a man may do much, with a hungry stomach and good will—thou need'st not thy feet to help thy feeding, so will let them be; and if they feel somewhat tight-laced, why console thee, 'tis but a few hours and thou may'st kick away with them like an unbroken colt—ha, ha, ha! Nay, never lour at my joke, man—thou relishest the smack of the wine though, ha! Well, finish it then, and welcome, for now we're alone, between thee and me and the wall, I owe thee no ill-will for helping the lady Constanza to the man she liked, and am not sorry the young birds have shown them such strong wing.'—'The horsemen have then returned?' demanded the Zingaro.—'Aye, come back empty-handed; all but one, and he'll get little but wrung withers and dirty boots for his ride, I guess.'—'Who is he that still hangs on the track of his lord's daughter?'—'Who but Jocope, the porter,' said Nicola; 'and as for hanging, by the mass, for the gold that's promised he'd hang a slip knot round the neck of the brother that twined at birth with him.'—While the jailer thus indulged his grossiping propensity, the Zingaro eagerly continued to eat and drink; and as from time to time his dark eye flashed upwards, it would kindle with hope revived, and reveal a thousand thick-coming fancies of liberty and vengeance. In a few moments Nicola rose to depart.

'Adieu till morn, Zingaro,' he said; "eat thy last supper, and sleep soundly; fear not to be awakened in *hanging* time—ha, ha, ha! Nay, no anger at my jest! thou would'st like well enough to list to it this time to morrow.'—The door again closed; the bolts again jarred on the ear, and the Zingaro was once more alone. But he was no longer the inanimate log that for so many hours had lain without exhibiting one sign of life or motion; but alert, active, and stirring, with a glance like the hawk, and with vigour and ingenuity equal to his will. First, with the assistance of his teeth, he managed to spread before him his capa, and then, from a secret pouch within its folds, he drew forth the hidden implements for procuring light, which ever formed a part of his *materiel*—quickly and skilfully using his