

Terms—15 shillings per annum. Vol. V. No. 9. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1840.

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VESSELS FOR SALE. A NARRATIVE of the following Tonnage, or thereabouts: One Brig, 310 Tons, 1 Copper Fastened.

IRON AND COALS. The subscribers are now having on hand, a quantity of the following: 7093 BARS and 300 bundles common iron.

SAINT JOHN HOTEL. The subscribers having leased the above named establishment from the Company, and put the whole in a thorough state of repair, they respectfully beg to announce that the House will be re-opened on Monday next.

EXTRACT FROM DELAVAL O'DRONEY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. (Continued.) "The voice of public opinion could not be altogether stifled. I was given to understand, in a manner which not even all the art and polish of official politeness could divert of its deep offensiveness."

supportable, I left Pisa, and upon doing so, I assumed, instead of my proper title, the exalted name of Count, for some years after these dark events, and resided in different parts of Italy, but seldom for any length of time in one place.

My thoughts were now directed to the education and future happiness of my daughter—she grew up like a father's fondness wishes could desire, the image of her benignant and unfortunate mother; her society softened my sorrows, and, supported by her, I looked forward to spending the evening of my days in serene and quietude.

The morning of that dreadful interview found me the victim of a delirious fever. My recovery was long and doubtful, and a fortnight had rolled away under its burning influence, before I awoke to a full sense of my desolation and misery.

I will pass over a recital of my sufferings. A letter was brought to me—it was from Francesca. With what a conflict of unutterable feelings did I obey and peruse that fond testimony of a hopelessly loving heart, and eloquent memorial of unshaken love!

My mind was too fully occupied with my own gloomy thoughts to pay much regard to the scene, however lovely, through which we passed; but, towards the evening, we entered a secluded valley, so beautifully situated that involuntarily I was withheld away from my dark meditations.

As the ride ascended passed the last and most important of the mountain passes, I was struck by the beauty of the scene which opened upon me. Beyond the heights which confined the valley, the scenery was of cloud-capt Etna, and setting out for the villa of Lord Warremore. My mind was too fully occupied with my own gloomy thoughts to pay much regard to the scene, however lovely, through which we passed; but, towards the evening, we entered a secluded valley.





