

A LEGEND OF HOLYROODHOUSE.

[Concluded.]

"Anima Mia!" cried the Italian, when he saw her. "Mary Glenday here, on the brow of the hill, in the gloom of approaching night! To God! To God! I am well pleased. And now we shall, if it please thee, have some conversation on a subject, which, notwithstanding thy coldness, still lies next my heart. Thou knowest how I love thee, my sweet Mary; and I am well pleased to know that thou hast discarded thy old lover, Connal, who was not indeed, worthy of the love of such a maiden. Thy father I shall yet appease and persuade, if thou wilt but answer to my love." And he held out his hands to embrace her.

"Stand back, Sir," said the indignant Mary. "The power does not exist on this earth that can ever make Mary Glenday love Giulio Massetto; an' heaven winna interfere in sic an affair. I hae tauld ye aften—an' this, I hope, will be the last time—that it is waur than useless to persevere in a suit which I can ne'er gie ony favor or countenance to. Ye may perceive, Sir, that I am ver' far frae being in a good state o' bodily health; the bloom has gone frae my cheek, an' sorrow has flung her gloomy mantle ower the heart whar joy loved ance to dwell. Ye may, if it be yer pleasure, continue to persecute ane wha ne'er wranged ye—ye may shake down the few lingering grains that remain in the sand glass o' my life, an' hasten the end o' a miserable existence. Ye may do a' this, Sir; and when ye hae done it, what will ye hae accomplished? When ye see the green turf lying on the grave ye hae helped to dig, will that be ony cause o' pride, or exultation, or thanksgiving? If it will, or if it can, then I truly say that the heart o' an Italian is no like that o' a Scotsman. Let me gang, Sir, or I will waken the spirit o' this place wi' the cries o' a determined and desperate woman."

"I cry thee mercy, maiden," replied Giulio, perfectly unmoved, except by hurt pride and bitterness. "I osservo—I perceive that something troubles thee, and thou makest that a reason for rejecting my love; but what wouldst thou say if Giulio Massetto, whom thou despisest so much, could tell thee of the cause of thy illness. It is sometimes more easy to take the grief from the heart of an unwilling maiden than to wash the gore from a sword, or from a garment which has been drenched in the heart's blood of a friend."

These words operated like lightning on the unhappy Mary. She intuitively fell on her knees, clasped the Italian's legs, clinging to them with the grasp of death—struggling for breath, and power to speak, and convulsively screamed—"Tak—tak back thee words, and tell me that ye never uttered them—say that ye didna see me wash the sword, and scour it, and hang it up i' my father's room—say that I didna wash the bluid frae my father's coat and dry it at the fire—say that—and—and—Mary Glenday will!"

"What?" said the cold-blooded Italian; "wilt thou become my wife?" These words recalled Mary's wandering senses, but only to consign them to the power of exhausted nature. She felt senseless at the feet of her perfidious persecutor. Approaching footsteps were at this instant heard, which caused the Italian to retreat; and when Mary recovered, she found herself in the arms of her father who led her slowly home.

When examined by her father, Mary pretended that some unknown person had surprised her on the hill. Her father stated that he thought he perceived Giulio Massetto part from her when he came up. To this she gave no very distinct answer, pretending that she was not very sure whether it was Giulio or not. This was not at all satisfactory to her father, because he was aware that she had fainted in consequence of the violence of the person who had suddenly left her on his approach; and if Giulio had been the individual, she could not have failed to know him. He felt unwilling, however, to press his daughter further, because she seemed quite incapable of supporting any lengthened conversation on the subject, which seemed to be one of great pain to her.

The weight upon the mind of Mary increased; for she was now overcome by a feeling of total dependence upon the will of another. The depression of spirits produced by this accession to her disquietude, acted with increased force on her frame, which daily became more attenuated.—It was observed that she now ceased entirely from speaking of Giulio Massetto with disrespect or anger. When his name was mentioned, she was spell-bound and silent. One night a noise was heard at the window, as if some person had tapped at it in a peculiar and concerted way. William Glenday looked at his daughter, and asked what it was; she replied it was rats, and that she had heard the sound often. In a short interval, however, she arose from her seat, and signified to her father that she had occasion to leave the house for a few minutes. The latter asked her whither she intended to go, adding, that in her present weak state, she had better remain in the house. She replied, she was just going to visit a neighbour—and her father not having suspected any connection between the sound at the window and the departure of his daughter, offered no further opposition to her expressed wish.

It was about ten o'clock when Mary went out; eleven struck and she was not yet come home. Wm. Glenday became alarmed, and sent to inquire if she was in the neighbour's house she had mentioned. The servant came back and informed him that she had not called there for many months.—This increased her father's alarm, and he ran immediately over to the house of John Connal, to inquire if she was there. John said that he had not seen her for some days; but his affection for her suggested stronger dread than that felt even by her father; and seizing his hat he rushed out of the house to search for the object nearest to his heart. On going round the King's Park he thought he observed two people standing in the shadow of a house at the corner of the clump of trees, called at that time, the "King's Orchard." On coming nearer he heard the voice of Giulio Massetto, and that of Mary Glenday. He was struck with intense agony. Could it be that he was now, in his turn, the unsuccessful

rival of the Italian? Everything indicated that fact; and his fancy, fired by jealousy, now saw distinctly the reason why Mary would not consent to name another day for their marriage. Her statements about the murder of his father was used as a device to get quit of her obligation and pledge to him, and leave her at liberty to wed his rival. Her bad health was produced by the intensity of a new passion, and the struggle between conscience and inclination. Her distress, on being surprised by her father on the night of their visit to Duddington, was all affectation; for, as the father himself had stated, she had been in the company of the Italian, and wished to conceal it.

Stung to the heart by this supposed baseness on the part of his lover, John went forward, determined that either he or Giulio should die on the spot. Before he came up, however, the pair separated—the Italian going one way and Mary another. John followed Mary and overtook her.

"Is that you, Mary Glenday?" he cried. "What are you doing here at this time o' night?"

"O John, dinna ask me what I'm doing here," answered Mary; "but let me get lame, where I hae meikle mair need to be than in this place at sic an untimely hour."

"Why are you here then Mary?" said John, with asperity.

"Because I have need to be here," answered she. "An' if ye love me, dinna, for heaven's sake, ask me ony mair about it."

"Had Giulio, the Italian, need to be here too?" asked John, significantly.

"I winna answer that question, John," answered Mary, "nor ony ither ye may put to me. I can only say, that if ye wish to add to the misery o' ane wha loves ye wi' a' the force o' a braekin heart—wha is worn down to the weakness o' a silly thing, by what she cannot reveal to mortal—ye hae it in yer power noo to snap it asunder, and send yer ain Mary to sleep wi' yer murdered father, in the Canongate kirkyard. Speak but ain or twa mair o' these sharp words ye hae noo spoken, and ye will hae nae mair to do. I hae only to beg, that, if ye love me, ye will see naething o' what ye hae seen or heard this nicht. The chough and the crow are gone to their rest—gae awa to yours; and, as they were heedless o' what was said and heard by me as I stood yonder under their sheltering tree, be ye equally heedless and equally mute. Nae mair. The life o' Mary Glenday depends on yer discretion!"

As she said these words, she beckoned on John not to go with her. She went in the direction of home; and he, with a heavy heart stung with jealousy—and yet satisfied by her extraordinary conduct that there was something unexplained, feeling himself bound to conceal his emotions and obey her commands—went home also.

In the morning, William Glenday called at John's house to inquire if he had seen Mary on the previous night. She had been, he said, late in returning—her spirits were getting worse—her health fast declining—and everything indicated some mental disease, or secret of an extraordinary character, preying upon her mind. John denied having seen her, and gave a confused assent to what her father stated. This account did not agree with that given by Mary, who had said that she saw John Connal on the previous night. William Glenday became, in his turn, suspicious of John, and now began to think that he was acting dishonorably by his daughter—a circumstance that would, of itself, account for her state of health and spirits. He, however, said nothing, and departed.

Two nights afterwards, when William Glenday returned home about ten o'clock at night, he was told Mary had gone out; and the servant said she thought there was some strange noise at the window before she departed. Her father was now satisfied that she had left the house to meet John, and resolved to go himself and ascertain the truth of his suspicions. He went and called at John's house; and having found that he had not yet come in, went away to the darkest parts of the neighbourhood to see if he could discover whether they had gone. He had not proceeded far when he met two men carrying a female. This was his daughter in a state of insensibility. She was supported by John and another person. They conveyed her to the house; and having applied some stimulant, she recovered. William Glenday, with much asperity, blamed young Connal for not acting honorably towards his daughter, whose affections he said he was trampling on. The other defended himself as far as he could, without betraying Mary. He stated he had met the stranger bearing her in his arms, and that he assisted him merely in carrying her homewards. The stranger, on his part, said he belonged to Leith, and that, as he went a ong by the entry from the south back of the Canongate to the Abbey, he saw the young woman standing with a man, that she was supplicating him not to do something which he threatened to do; whereupon he said, in a threatening and angry tone, that, unless she yielded to him within an hour, he would lodge an information the next day; and he swore that he would fulfil his threat. On his swearing, the young woman fell into a swoon; and her companion suddenly disappeared on seeing the narrator come up to her assistance. William Glenday could make nothing of this story, and Mary refused to say anything in explanation.

On the following day, two officers called at William Glenday's house, and showed him a warrant for his apprehension upon a charge for the murder of Peter Connal. Mary heard the statement of the man, and went again into a swoon. When she recovered, her father had been taken to prison. A precognition was now led by the crown lawyers. Giulio Massetto was examined, and stated that, on the night of the murder, he saw Mary Glenday pick up a sword, which she found lying on the ground near the place where Peter Connal was slain; that he afterwards saw her, through the window, washing the blood from her father's sword and coat. Glenday's servant was next examined, who stated that she saw Mary washing the sword and her father's coat, by looking through the key-hole of the door.—Mary was next called; but she refused to say anything against her father; and she was not pressed. Several witnesses, however, were examined, who asserted that a quar-

rel took place between Glenday on the day of the murder, respecting the amount of the tocher which Peter's son was to get from William Glenday with his daughter. This evidence the crown-officers conceived to be very strong, and nothing that the prisoner could say tended to affect it. The gentleman to whom, on the night that the murder was perpetrated, he said he conveyed the hound, was a Frenchman, then living in Leith, who wished to introduce a breed into France, for which country he had departed. He therefore could not prove an *alibi*. In addition to all this, the sword itself was produced, and a coat was found in Mary's cabinet which presented all the appearances of having been washed. It was proved, too, that her father was never seen to wear that coat; and the groom referred to in a previous part of this narrative said that Mary Glenday had nearly fainted one day when he took down the sword to look at it.

As this evidence gradually transpired and came to the ears of Mary, the effect produced upon her was of a character so intense that no person thought she could support life under its operation. A series of swoons for many days seemed to divide her life with death. Her nerves suffered alterations of high excitement and the lowest depression; and at times her screams were heard far from the house, and by passengers going along the street. In quieter moments she cried for Giulio Massetto, and said she would now consent to his conditions. The people around her conceived she was raving, and paid no attention to her wild request; though they could not restrain their tears when they thought of the extraordinary fate of the unfortunate girl. Her early and romantic love for John Connal—the interruption of her marriage by the death of her intended father-in-law—her sufferings under the terror, very far from being causeless, that her father would expiate on the scaffold the crime of murdering her lover's parent—these things became topics of ordinary conversation, and brought tears to the eyes of many; but no one on earth knew all the sufferings of Mary Glenday. Her restless nights—her frightful dreams—her cold shivering fears, real and imaginary—her dependence on the word of a villain for the life of a parent—the conduct she was obliged to pursue towards her lover, for whom her affection had not diminished—and the nervous state of body into which she had fallen, formed a load of misery which would have bowed the head of an ordinary mortal to the grave.

Nor was the poor maiden now far from that place of rest. No extenuating evidence could be procured for her father; and the trial was fixed to take place in a fortnight. Every day of this period brought her more near to the termination of her mortal career. She gradually sank to the last stage of life. The medical gentleman who attended her saw that she could not survive the period of the trial. John Connal was continually by her bedside. He had forgotten and forgiven all; though he had not got a proper explanation of her mysterious conduct. A faint glimmer of light, however, found its way into his mind; but any hope produced by it was in a moment clouded by the dreadful thought that she had all along suspected her father to be the murderer of his parent, and had even taken means to conceal it, if she did not, by washing the sword and her father's coat, absolutely approve of it. When these thoughts came across young Connal's mind, he flew from the object of his love, beating his breast in agony; but pity again recalled him; and between so many conflicting passions he was next to being a madman.

One night he had been sitting with her to a late hour. She was too far reduced to enter into anything like conversation—a few words being all that ever passed; and these were of the most ominous character. After a long pause, and when she seemed to be occupied with thoughts of her approaching death, she started up in an instant, and laid hold of John, who was sitting by her bedside. "Ken ye Mary Gray, John?" she cried, with a wild scream—"ken ye that woman that is ca'd Mary's Marion?" "I do," answered John; "what about her, my dear Mary?" "Awa to her," she cried—awa to her! wi' the flicht o' light. A thoelt has come into my head—why has it been saelug o' coming. Ask her if she threw ony bluid on my father's coat on that awfu' nicht when yer faither was murdered?"

With the effort produced by speaking these words she fell back exhausted. John went in search of Mary Gray. She was not in the house; but a young girl told him that she had met her with a man in the Hunter's Bog. He hurried away to that lonely place. It was now dark, but the night was quiet; and, though he could not see far, he could hear with the greatest distinctness. About the middle of the glen, he heard two persons engaged in conversation. "For the twa gowd pieces ye gie to me," said a woman, "for assisting ye in the matter o' fat Peter's death, I dinna thank ye, Giulio, because I wrocht for it! Hang ye, for an Italian dog! do ye think that Scotch lassies are so blate as to forget their bargains? Na, na—I hae got naething frae ye for this last fortnicht, and I'm this nicht in want—so gie me the silver piece ye are awin' me."

"It is neither gold nor silver that insolence will get out of an Italian, Mary Gray," said Giulio. "It is another metal that he gives—at least to a male."

"And did pair Peter Connal," answered she, "gie you ony insolence when ye slew him sae unmercifully wi' William Glenday's sword, that ye got me to steal for ye frae his house, as if ye hadna Lad ane o' yer ain?" "Yes," answered the Italian. "He was insolent to me when he abused my master, calling him an Italian piper, and saying he should be hang'd for his services to our gracious Queen."

"And wherefor did you put the crime on William Glenday," asked Mary, "by using his sword, and gettin' me to throw bluid on the poor man's coat, when he passed my house?" "Because," said Giulio, "he was also insolent to me. He refused me his daughter—taunted me about my money, my speech, and my country. Besides, I wished to stop his daughter's marriage with John Connal, which the suspicion attaching to him could not fail to

doing the... arose from chance, favo... not count upon Mary's secreting the washing her father's coat, which thou know'st has come out in evidence against her."

"An' it is a strange thing, Giulio," said she, "seeing that yer life is in my hands, that ye should treat me as ye are noo doin', denying me the silver piece sae justly due to me. Are ye no feard I gang up the street yonder, to the council chamber, an' make a contract atween ye an' the black knave wha hugs his freens sae closely about the erzie?"

"Thy life would answer it," said Giulio sternly.

"An' what would Mary's Marion," answered she, "care for a spark, whilk only noo throws out a glimmer to show her her shame?"

"Thou jostest, I presume," answered Giulio.

"I will tell ye that," answered Mary, "when I get my silver piece.—Tempt me mair the wrath o' an angry woman, wha has only to say the word that will mak yer feet dance i' the air, to a tune o' yer ain whistling. It winna be Davie Rizzio that will save ye, if Mary says the word."

The Italian struck the woman violently, who fell, uttering a loud scream. As John Connal rushed forward, Giulio fled, pursued by the threats and imprecations of Mary, who, upon returning, was grateful to John for delivering her from his violence.

Next day Mary Gray was examined by the procurator fiscal. She gave a detailed account of Giulio's having bribed her to steal William Glenday's sword; and afterwards, when he had killed Peter Connal, to throw blood on Glenday's coat, as he passed her door. John Connal gave next his account of the conversation he had heard between the Italian and Mary Gray. Other witnesses were examined to prove Giulio's quarrel with Peter, and also with William Glenday; and one man stated that when Giulio joined the people who were rushing out of the palace, to see the fray, he seemed to come to them at an angle, as if he had not come direct from the palace. In addition to this, Mary Glenday, who was examined in bed, gave a satisfactory account of her actings, as they have been already detailed.

The aspect of matters was now changed. William Glenday was now liberated, and the Italian put in his place. He was afterwards tried, condemned, and hang'd. Mary Glenday recovered, and explained every thing to the satisfaction of her lover, to whom she was afterwards married.

CONTRACT FOR GAOL.

SEALED Tenders will be received by G. J. DIBBLE, Esquire, Clerk of the Peace, until Friday the 10th day of January next, at 12 o'clock, from persons disposed to enter into Contract for the erection and enclosure of a GAOL, including doors and windows, in this Town, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Office of Messrs. BERTON & DIBBLE, where every requisite information can be obtained regarding the nature and description of the Building.

SEALED Tenders will be received at the same time and at the same place for finishing the interior of the same, agreeably to the plan and specification. The building to be enclosed and roofed by 1st July, 1841, and completed by 1st July, 1842.

All the materials used in the construction of this Building, to be of the very best quality, subject at all times to the inspection and approval or the rejection of the Committee, or of such persons as may be appointed by them to superintend the erection of the same. Good and sufficient security will be required for the faithful performance of the contract. Frederickton, Dec. 27, 1839.

FOR SALE OR LEASE, For One or a Term of Years.

The whole or a part of the following Property. THE Valuable SAW and GRIST MILL at Lake George, with a Dwelling House, BARN, &c., together with the LAND formerly owned by J. MORRIS containing 550 acres, of which about 25 acres are under mowing ground, well fenced, and the residue well covered with TIMBER and LOGS. ALSO.—The Irvine and Donnell lot, so called, of which 40 acres are cleared, and can readily be made a Good FARM, the residue of these lots containing 400 acres are plentifully covered with TIMBER and LOGS—there is a lease also of 8000 acres of LAND on the borders of Lake George, all of which afford ample supply of Logs for this Mill.

Also for Sale or Lease, the new SAW MILL at M-Gundy Stream, with 300 acres LAND called the West Lot. 400 do. do. Gertly Lot. 100 do. purchased of Government adjoining the West Lot, which are all well covered with Logs and Timber, yielding a plentiful supply for said Mill; there is on the Gertly Lot about 40 acres under Grass, well fenced, with a good Dwelling House and BARN, in which a family could be immediately accommodated with a comfortable residence—the whole or any part of the above property will be Sold or Leased in small parts, or the whole, on the most liberal terms, and payments made easy. Apply to MARK NEEDHAM.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That any person removing any Logs or Timber from the above premises until the Stoppage is paid, will be prosecuted as trespassers, and any persons cutting Timber or Logs on said Lands, will be prosecuted as the Law directs. MARK NEEDHAM.

ALSO ON SALE.

The Marsh FARM, about 9 miles from Frederickton on the post road to Woodstock, containing 540 acres, about 90 of which are under Grass cultivation, with a good Two Story Dwelling House, Barn and several Out Houses.—The property is valuable and so well known, it needs not a particular description, the price and terms liberal, and as the owner intends to sell it, a good bargain may be expected. Apply to MARK NEEDHAM. Frederickton, Dec. 26, 1839.

INDENTURES for Sale at this Office. Feb. 1.

Tave for the BOAT, to ply at... The best Plan and accepted, and security require... pletion in a workmanlike manner, by... ing of the River.

The whole of the materials will be placed on the spot. The machinery for propelling to be taken from the old Boat, and re... Payments will be made satisfactory, as the proceeds.

JAMES NIXON.

St. Mary's, Dec. 30, 1839.

TO LET.

THE SAW MILLS belonging to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company at Stanley, together with a valuable Logging Privilege. The MILLS are in good working order and will be let at a low rate to a responsible tenant.

One hundred acre lots of Land on the Royal and Stanley Roads, having small clearances and Log Houses thereon, are offered for sale on most liberal terms to actual Settlers.

For further particulars apply at the Company's Office Stanley.

R. HAYNE, Commissioner.

N. B. & N. S. Land Company's Office, Stanley, 12th Dec., 1839.

TOBIQUE

MILL COMPANY.

ANNUAL MEETING AND SALE OF STOCK.

THE following Shares in the Tobique Mill Company being forfeited for non payment of assessments, will be sold to the highest bidder at the Store of JAMES TAYLOR, & Co. in Frederickton, at two o'clock on Wednesday the 15th day of January, 1840, the purchaser to pay all arrears.

Richard Dunn, 10 shares, £1 5 due on each, £12 10 0
E. N. Kendall, 100 " 2 0 " 200 0 0
E. N. Kendall, 200 " 3 15 " 750 0 0
Z. B. Heywood, 100 " 3 15 " 375 0 0

410 shares, £1367 10 0

The Annual Meeting of Shareholders in the said Company, will be holden at Frederickton on the 14th day of January, 1840.

At which Meeting a Resolution will be presented to abolish the fictitious Stock.

R. GOWAN, Treasurer & Secretary.

Property in Gagetown

FOR SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, (if not previously disposed of by private sale,) on the 15th February, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, A. M., at John Glass's Tavern, eleven acres of LAND, in the Town Plot to which are two dwelling Houses, one of which is large and commodious, has attached to it a Barn and other out Houses, and has been heretofore occupied as a boarding establishment to the Queen's County Grammar School. If required, the Houses will be sold separately with a suitable portion of the land attached to each. For further particulars apply to L. H. DEVEBER, Esquire, Saint John, or to B. WOLFAUER, Esquire, Frederickton. 11th Dec. 1839.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who have any demands against the estate of the late FREDERICK PHILLIPS, of Rushagoanis in the County of Sunbury, deceased, will render their accounts within six months from the date hereof, and those who are indebted to said Estate will make immediate payment to THOMAS O. MILES, & THOMAS PHILLIPS, Executors. Dated at Margerville, 2d October, 1839.

NOTICE

THE subscriber intending to bring his present business to a close in the ensuing Spring, offers his extensive Stock of SADDLERY, HARNESS, HARDWARE, Dry Goods, and Groceries, at reduced prices for Cash, until the first day of March next, when those remaining on hand will be disposed of at Public Auction, without reserve.

J. WILLOX.

HE OFFERS FOR SALE:

THE HOUSE and Out Houses in Queen Street, opposite the Central Bank, well known as a good stand for business and a very pleasant residence; the COTTAGE newly erected on the corner of Regent and Charlotte Streets—viz' half an acre of Land, a good Garden, and Well of Water; 25 acres of LAND on the Maryland Road, about one mile from Town, covered with a good growth of Soft Wood; 300 acres of LAND in the Harwell Settlement, about seven miles from Town, the newly opened road to St. Andrews, passing in front; 100 acres of LAND, being the Eastern half of Lot No. 4, in the fifth tier of Lots in Richmond Settlement, County of Carleton.

All the above Property is unencumbered, and will be sold low for approval payment.

Also—10 Shares of the Central Fire Insurance Stock, and 7 Shares of the splendid Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK. 6th November.

FOR SALE

SEVERAL lots of LAND advantageously situated at the Restook Falls and adjoining the Disputed Territory.

Also—A valuable and extensive Mill Site at the same place. For particulars enquire of R. EGGER, Frederickton.

N. B. Abundance of Limestone in the neighbourhood of these Falls. Any person desiring to establish Limestone Kilns on any part of the above places, will be charged only a nominal price for the first five years, with other advantages.