St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:

12s. 6d. in Advance;—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year;

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing.

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send.

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;

For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, *President.*
J. W. LAWRENCE, ZEPHENIAH KING, } *Directors.*
S. L. TILLEY, S. R. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel—Post Office Building,
State Street, BOSTON.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES W. STOCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co
Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.
CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED!—MORALS GUARDED! *Good Pupils only Retained!! The Incorrigible Expelled!!!*—This School contains three departments—the INFANT, the COMMERCIAL and the MATHEMATICAL. The Infant department, conducted by a female, accommodates pupils of both sexes, from 3 to 6 years of age, in Spelling, Reading, Mental Arithmetic, and Natural History, at 7s. 6d per quarter. The Commercial Department, conducted by two teachers, receives pupils leaving the Infant Department, and furnishes to them a through instruction from Spelling up to Common and Mental ARITHMETIC—the elements of Mathematics, Geography with the use of the Globes, English Grammer, &c., together with Reading and Writing, at fees from 10s to 20s per quarter.—The Mathematical Department, conducted by two teachers, comprises Composition, Ancient nand Modern History, Book Keeping, use of the Globes, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, &c., the Reading Writing, and Speaking of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, and Classics, at fees from 25s to 50s per quarter.
S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
May 10 tf *Manager.*

JOHN HARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate, viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlers and others, furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

For Sale or Exchange
For Property in Town.

THE Subscriber's FARM at Musquash, Parish of Lancaster, 14 miles from the City. It contains 600 acres, 300 of which is cleared, and about 80 acres dyked Marsh. There is a good half acre garden adjoining the House. There are on it a good two story House, containing 7 rooms and a kitchen: Cellaring for 2,000 bushels of Roots, and all necessary outhouses. There are two Barns adjoining the House, and one on the Marsh. There is a good School, an Episcopal Church, and two large Saw Mills in its immediate vicinity. The Railroad if it pass that way will run through the Farm.—Payments will be made accommodating.

This Farm will be devided into two parts, if it should suit purchasers; all the buildings to go with the westerly portion, except one small Barn on the easterly half of the Marsh.
JOHN GILLIES.
St. John, December 19, 1851. *Peter's Street*

ROYAL MAIL STAGE,
BETWEEN St. John and St. Andrews.
DAILY.

THE subscriber having become contractor for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails between St. JOHN and ST. ANDREWS, begs leave to inform the travelling public, that he has provided himself with first rate teams and carriages, for the comfort of passengers, and that careful and attentive drivers will always be found on the route.

Orders left at the subscriber's residence, *Great George street*, or at the St. John Hotel, will receive due attention.
November 5, 1852. W. H. WILLIAMS.

New-Brunswick
STEAM, SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND FACTORY.—*Harding Street, St. John.*

HAVING put up the best Machinery that can be procured for the manufacture of Doors, Sashes, Inside and outside Blinds, Window Frames, Mouldings, and other kinds of Wood Work. I am prepared to furnish to any extent the best and cheapest article ever offered to the people of this Province.
May 9. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF LONDON.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT,
Capital, £500,000 Sterling,
Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner.—Wm. Bayard, Esq., M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus' in the Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in CASH in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting insurance.

CALIFORNIA.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.
Bathurst: Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.,
Chatham: William Carman, junior, Esq.,
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire,
Dalhousie: William S. Smith, Esq.,
Fredericton: J. Henry Phair, Esq.,
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, Esq.,
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.,
Moncton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.,
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.,
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.,
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
St. Stephens: W. T. Rose, Esq.,
Shediac and Quaqme: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.,
Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.
WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. *Manager, St. John, N. B*

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
[*Established in* 1836.]

Capital £2,000,000—in shares of Twenty Pounds.

THE Stockholders of this Company are responsible to the full extent of their property for the liabilities of the Company.

The undersigned hereby notifies the Public of New-Brunswick that the above-named Company have empowered him, by a full and ample Power of Attorney, to open an Office in the City of Saint John, for the Insurance of PROPERTY against loss or damage by FIRE, in any part of the Province, and to sign and issue Policies in the name of the Company; and that in virtue of the power vested in him by the said Power of Attorney, he has appointed Mr. ADAM JACK to act as Agent for the said Company, in the receiving of proposals for Insurance, and the inspection of premises proposed for Insurance, and all other the usual duties of an Agent; and to collect and receive the amount of premium on any policy issued by the undersigned in the name of the said Company, or for the renewal of the same.

The Deed of settlement, and the supplemental Deed of settlement, lies with Mr. JACK, at the Office of the *New Brunswick Marine Assurance Company*, also the pamphlets issued by the office at Liverpool, affording ample details of the mode of transacting business by the Company.

The rates of premium will be as low as any other respectable Company, and the undersigned trusts a fair portion of public patronage will be accorded to the Company.

Losses not exceeding £500 will be settled without referring to the head Office at Liverpool.
EDWARD ALLISON.
Dated at St. John, N. B., 2 4th August, 1851. }

GEO. HUTCHINSON, JR.,
HAS just received per ship "*Olive*" from Liverpool:—An assortment of English WATCHES, JEWELLERY, &c., superior articles, which will be sold low for prompt payment.

SHIP'S CHRONOMETERS for Sale, Cleansed, Repaired, and carefully Rated.

☞ All kinds of Time Pieces and NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS for Sale and Repaired, at the Old Stand of Wm. HUTCHINSON, *Coffee House Corner.*
St John, N. B., July 22 1852.

WINDOW GLASS.—In Store—30,000 feet WINDOW GLASS, following sizes—7x9, 8x10, 9x11, 9x12 10x14, 11x15, 11x17, 12x16, 12x18, 14x16, and 21x25.
Dec. 1. S. L. TILLEY.

PORTER! PORTER!

25 BBLS. Dublin PORTER, 3 doz. each, "Guinness's best"—for Sale by
ROBERT ARMSTRONG,
Dec. 31, 1852. No. 7, Dock Street.

H. CUTBILL,—From London.
(FURRIER.)
UNION STREET, NEAR CHARLOTTE,
All kinds of Furs, made cleaned, and altered to the latest Fashions.
Fur Caps made to order.
St. John, October 1.

WHITE LEAD & COLOURED PAINTS.—Received from London via Liverpool, per *Cathcart* 118 cwt. Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD in 14, 28, 56, and 112 lb, packages 19 cwt. Coloured PAINTS, and 1-2 ton of Putty.
dec. 31. S. L. TILLEY.

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS.

ONE Hundred, consisting of Dining Table, cane and wood seat; Rocking, Cane, and Wood Seat, low back, with and without hole

ALSO:

ROSIN OIL in barrels, a good article for Machinery, especially when mixed with Sperm Oil, it is found to strengthen the latter very much.
JOHN KINNEAR.
St. John, Dec. 10.—(usual papers.)

MORSE'S SUPERIOR HORSE LINIMENT.—The subscriber has recently received from the Proprietor, 4 1-2 Gross of this Celebrated LINIMENT. It is put up in quart bottles of various sizes and prices to suit Customers.

A liberal discount made to the Trade and to Country dealers.
Oct. 15. S. L. TILLEY.

Third Division of Profits
MINERVA
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON,
ESTABLISHED IN **1836.**

AT the Third Quinquennial Meeting of this Company, held in London, 24th June, 1852, a Surplus of £42,400 Sterling, (being four-fifths of £53,000 Sterling) was declared distributable amongst the Policy holders entitled to participate. This sum allows of a reduction of Premium for the next five years, of £9,633 16s. 3d. Sterling, per annum, or an equivalent reversionary Bonus payable at Death, of £68,939 10s. 7d.

The reduction of Premium averages 35,22 per cent. on the Premiums payable during the next five years.

The reversionary Bonus averages 60 per cent. on the Premiums received during the last five years, or 9 per cent. on the sums Assured.

Upon the Policies which had been full five years in existence, the reversionary Bonus averages 2 1-2 per cent. Premium on the sum assured, a result which has been seldom equalled, and will bear comparison with that of any Office.

The following Table illustrates the Bonuses declared:

	Average Reduction of Premium.	Average Reversionary Bonus
1st Division—1842	16.833 per cent.	21 per cent
2d. " 1847	31.333 "	53½ "
3d. " 1852	35.22 "	60 "

On the 31st December last, the

Existing Assurances were	£1,099,843	10	2
The Capital Funds of the Company were	230,262	15	6
The Annual Income was	47,721	2	6
The Divisible Surplus was	53,006	0	0

The Directors consider, and trust the Policy holders will agree with them, that the position of the Company is highly satisfactory, and hope that, taking into account the continually increasing competition they have to encounter, the progress of the Company has equalled their expectations, as the benefits actually realized equal, and in most cases surpass, those afforded by the largest established Offices.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and every information may be obtained from
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
July 23 *Agents for New-Brunswick.*

RAILROAD HOUSE,
SOUTH SIDE KING STREET—ST. JOHN

THE Subscriber, in accordance with the fashion of the day, deems it necessary to acquaint his friends and the Travelling Public, that he has Fitted Furnished, and Repaired his House, in a manner that defies rivalry, for the accommodation of PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS.

His Fare consists of the choices delicacies of the season. Clean Beds, good attendance, and (Better yet) moderate charges, are the prominent features of his establishment.

Truly gateful to his former patrons, he solicits a continuance of public favour.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT IS A
LIVERY STABLE,
With Fashionable "Turn-Outs," And excellen accommodations for the Horses of Travellers and Country customers.
May 21. JAMES E. McDONALD.

NEW MATERIAL FOR WINTER VESTS.—We have just introduced a new material for Vests, never made up for that purpose. They look well—colours are generally blue, drab, or black. They keep the chest as warm as if they were fur-lined. ☞ Call and see them.
J. GARRETT & CO.,
Dec. 24. King and Cross-streets.

CAMEL'S HAIR TOP COATS.—The above Coats are generally BLACK, with linings of Black Lustre Cloth, better than Silk, quilted, wadded, &c. They are considered by far the best looking, for a low-priced garment, of any material hitherto introduced for Winter wear. They are not expensive—they only cost from 50s. to 60s.
J. GARRETT & CO.,
Dec. 24. King and Cross-streets.

SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE.—Now landing from France ex *Isabella* via New York, 20 Baskets Finest Sparkling CHAMPAGNE—For sale by
Nov. 5. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO

NAILS, MUSTARD AND BLACK LEAD.

Per "Themis," from Liverpool—

25 KEGS MUSTARD; 224 lbs. Black Lead, in oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. papers;
25 kegs assorted Horse Nails,
40 do. rose-head, ass'd size, board & other Nails.
15 do. clasp-head do.
Oct. 1. 1852. JOHN KINNEAR.

CONFECTIONARY.

THE Subscriber has recently received:—100 Boxes Peppermint, Lemon, Wintergreen, Cayenne, Cinnimon, Rose, and Liquorice LOZENGES, and will sell them by the Package, below the usual market price.
Dec. 10, 1852. S. L. TILLEY.

PURE ZINC PAINT.—Per Achson from London—1 cask Pure White Zinc PAINT.—This article is highly recommended for indoor use, and will be sold at the same price as the best description of White Lead. S. L. TILLEY.

Pork, Tea, MOLASSES, SUGAR.—100 Brls. very superior Mess PORK, packed in the city; 150 half chests TEA, various brands;
75 Hhds. MUSCOVADO MOLASSES;
40 Hhds. SUGAR. For sale by
January 21. EDWARD ALLISON.

OATMEAL! OATMEAL.

The Subscriber has received:
25 BLS. OATMEAL, "fresh ground."
10 hds. CIDER, superior quality.
For sale by,
ROBERT ARMSTRONG.
Dec. 31, 1852. No. 7, Dock Street.

RAW AND BOILED LINSEED OIL.—Per ship Olive—30 Casks of Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, a part of them are convenient packanges of 30 gallons each. S. L. TILLEY.

Soap and Candles.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE
Union-street, St. John.

JOHN BROWN begs to inform his numerous and daily increasing customers, and the Trade generally, that he is now prepared to supply them with the above articles.

Interior to none Manufactured.

☞ All orders left at the Stores of Mr. JAMES McFARLAND, Messrs. PEWESLING and READING, Prince William Street, or the Factory in Union Street, will be punctually attended to.
JOHN BROWN.
St. John, June 18.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Robert's Poor Man's Friend; do. anti Scorbutic Pills; Morrison's Pills; Leacock's Pulmonic Wafers; Cockle's Anti Bilious Pills; and many other English Remedies. Sold by
Feb. 18. FELLOWS & CO.

CORDAGE.

NOW receiving ex "*Commodore*" from Liverpool—An assortment of Colfart's CORDAGE—For sale by
Nov. 12. EDWARD ALLISON.

MISCELLANY.

GRACE RICHMOND; OR, THE FORSAKEN WIFE.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

——The hope is crushed
That lit my life, the voice within me hushed
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return,
To lay my youth, as burial urn. HEMANS.

CHAPTER I.

"No, it can never be Percival! It has been a beautiful dream, but it must pass away. There is a duty in this sacrifice, *or*," and here that rich voice became a melting strain of wild pathos, "or, God knows I could never have spoken thus. Fare thee well!"

Gloriously beautiful looked Grace Richmond, as she uttered the thrilling words that crushed her dearest hopes. Ay, *gloriously* beautiful was she, and with her dilated form, her flushed cheek, her burning eye, filled with enthusiasm of high resolve, she realised the classic descriptions of an inspired priestess.

Yet, as she murmured her "farewell," "that word, which must be and hath been—that sound, which makes us linger ere we part," the warm affections of her woman's nature gushed up and choked her utterance. Her dazzling eyes became dewy with tears, and her red lips trembled like the summer roses when the soft wind breathes into their fragrant hearts.

Percival Clinton saw her emotion, and all his rising anger passed away—he drew her gently towards him, and parting the dark tresses from that Pindian brow, gazed with mournful tenderness into her fair, but troubled face.

"Grace," he murmured, in tones modulated to the sweetness of her own—"you are agitated and nervous with grief and anxiety; you surely do not mean that I must give you up! Oh! no, dear Grace—you cannot mean this!" The maiden did not reply at once; for a moment she stood, silently reading the sorrowful eloquence of her lover's glance, while her cold hand trembled in his grasp, like a frightened dove in its nest.

"Be mine!" continued the young man; "certainly no sense of *duty* ought to urge you to make your life falsehood." One moment with a low moan she nestled close to his side, and sobbed in a paroxysm of uncontrollable grief—the next, she withdrew herself from his embrace, and, dashing away her tears, said, mournfully:—

"It has taken a world of suffering to fortify myself for this ordeal, and you sweep away my courage with every word. Oh! Percival, you cannot wish to add another burden to an already breaking heart!" There was such utter despair in her look and tone that the generous Clinton reproached himself for having grieved her, and yet she was far to dear to be given up without a struggle.

"Grace," he said in a husky whisper—"I would not willingly cause you *one* pang of sorrow, but I cannot calmly hear you say that we must part forever. You do not love Ashley—why should you marry him?"

"Because, Percival, it is the last wish—the last command of my dying mother; she cannot die in peace if I do not obey; and her spirit would come back from the grave to haunt me if I refused," replied the maiden, with returning energy. "If you had stood beside her, when she bade me become Ashley's bride, you would not wonder that I have schooled myself to this trial. No, no,—I can never be yours—so, farewell!"

"And thus you turn away from me!" was the thrilling reply—"thus you forget all the dreams we have cherished, all the hopes and plans that have cheered us. Grace, you could not do this if you had ever loved me." The maiden staggered back a few paces, and the moonlight, flickering through the branches of the acacia, fell full upon her blanched face, her tearful eyes, her shrinking figure.

All the courage and enthusiasm which at first had made her seem like an inspired priestess, had now entirely vanished, and Grace Richmond stood there, a pale, suffering woman, whose spirit sank, as she sought to sever the ties which linked her to Percival Clinton.

"I love you, Percival!" she said, in a voice choked by fast falling tears. "Heaven only knows how well, and could feel a tithe of the agony it costs me to say this for the last time—" She spoke as if every word sundered a heart-string, and with that last, faltering sentence, the sweet, sad tones died away on her lips, as if some careless hand had broken a lute chord.

"I have wronged you, my own Grace," resumed her companion, sorrowfully. Forgive me, and in this parting hour forget my reproaches! It was the thought of the miserable life before me that made me utter them, Grace."

"I have nothing to forgive," moaned the girl, sadly—"I dare not think of the future," she added with a convulsive shudder; "it makes my thoughts so wild; but, Percival, I would rather lie down in the grave than become his bride. And yet, I must obey my dying mother;—now, while I am calm, I must leave you! Again I say farewell, and may God help us both!"

She had spoken firmly, but her graceful head drooped, and the rushed tears glittered like ocean pearls amid her long, silken eye-lashes. Once more, as in her days of happiness she pressed her dowy lips upon the high, pale forehead of the young poet, and glided away. All around her lay the glory of the moonlight, sparkling in the dewdrops—dancing among the rustling leaves, silvering the path beneath her feet. The balmy south wind kissed her brow as gently, as when, six months before, in that very glade, its light pinions had fanned her crimson cheek, while she listened to the first avowal of Clinton's love; the little brook laughed and babbled as pleasantly to the overhanging willows, as when its music mingled with the tones of the beloved one.

But all this beauty and repose failed to soothe the distracted girl; the summer breeze seemed wailing in her ear.—the streamlet's melody sounded like a dirge, and the heavenly hosts, so serene and changeless, appeared, to her excited fancy, to mock her with their unfading brightness.

At length she paused beneath an old oak, where she had often kept a tryst with Clinton, and the sacred memories of the past came thronging back upon her with startling vividness. As they flitted before her, like shades of departed joys, irresistible impulse impelled her to see him once more—to utter yet a few more words, ere it would be a *duty* to forget him, and the next moment, Percival saw her crimson robe flitting through the shadowy grove, like the rich plumage of a bright-winged bird. He still stood beneath the tree, where she had left him, and as Grace saw the expression of anguish in his face she bounded forward with the speed and grace of a young fawn.

"Percival," she said, "let us not part in anger. Forgive me and try to think as I do of this sacrifice. 'Life is but a fitful fever, and beyond this world there is a better land. Father in Heaven, guide us to that brighter shore!'"

"I cannot be angry with you," was the hoarse reply. "Forget my upbraidings, and forgive me, as I have forgiven you; dear Grace, it was a pleasant dream!" and now for the first time the dark eyes of the poet grew dim and misty with tears.

"Blessings on you!" faltered Grace, and for a moment her burning cheek was pillowed on his shoulder—her white arms wreathed about his neck, and those large, mournful eyes looked the final farewell, which the maiden had no strength to speak. The next instant Percival Clinton was alone, and Grace was gliding along the path that led to her home.

The young girl's breath came faintly as she tottered over the mossy pavement, and her brain whirled with the thought, that every step brought her nearer the dreaded Ashley. Often she glanced wishfully back at the spot, where she could still see Percival Clinton hurriedly pacing to and fro, and more than once she began to retrace her steps toward him; then as the tones of Ashley's sonorous voice fell upon ear, she would turn and walk on, as if she were sauntering to her tomb.

She stood, at length, on the door-stone of the old cottage with plume-like lilacs, nodding close to her cheek, and the golden-hearted pansies, glancing up from the greensward with their reproachful eyes, while the over-ripe petals of the syringa came showering over her like a fall of fragrant snow-flakes.

Poor girl! only one little week before she had lingered on that threshold and watched the receding form of Clinton with glorious hopes and dreams; now she stood there mourning over those blighted joys, and shrinking from the sacrifice which she had vowed to make. Knowing that every thought of irresolution rendered her duty more irksome, she fled into the cottage, and in a moment more stole into the room where she was to yield up all the dear hopes which had hitherto made life a blessing.

It was a pleasant, tasteful apartment, with light modern furniture, delicate India matting upon the floor—clouds of white drapery floating around the narrow, lancet windows—graceful chairs and sofas, and various articles of vertu, all looking dim and shadowy in the twilight shed by that shaded night lamp. In a downy fauteuil, near an open casement, reclined a pale, dark-eyed woman, who, in contrast with Grace Richmond, looked like a blighted rose, beside a half unfolded bud. She had the same regal style of beauty that rendered the young girl so peerless, but her fine form was emaciated, and the deceptive hectic, together with the unearthly lustre of those sunken eyes, told that the sands of her life were well-nigh wasted. Her head lay on the sill of the window, and every breeze wafted in the flower-petals to die on her faded cheek.

In a remote corner of the room stood a tall, distinguished-looking man, listlessly turning over the gilded leaves of a prayer-book. Both started, as the door opened, and Grace Richmond glided into the apartment. The girl moved forward a step, and then recoiled, as she met the serpent-like gaze of Ashley.

"*Grace,*" said the invalid, faintly, come to my side, darling," and the words were scarcely spoken ere the miserable maiden was kneeling at her feet.

"Oh, mother," sobbed the girl, clasping the hand that had been placed upon her head,—"Oh, my mother, save me from this! I have seen Percival once more, and all my heart is his. Would it not be a sin to promise love and honour, when I have none to give? I would rather die with you, than to marry your choice. Oh, my mother, by all your hopes of heaven, I conjure you to release me from my promise!"

"Grace, my own daughter," said the woman in a tone of reproach that thrilled the excited nerves of the maiden, "it is to save you from Percival Clinton that I require this, for I dread his influence, and would turn aside from him as from a viper. My darling child, I should deem it a sin to release you," and again and again that mother passionately kissed the upturned face of her idol.

The maiden wrung her hands together, and shrieked wildly in her irrepressible agony—her features worked convulsively—her forehead grew damp with beaded dews, and her heart throbbed painfully and slow, like the beating of a muffled drum. Ten minutes passed, and then the terrible struggle was over.

"I will obey, and oh! God help me!" were the only low words that came from those quivering lips, and then, with an unsteady stop, Grace Richmond moved away to her own room.

An hour later the moon was shedding her mild radiance upon a strange scene in that shadowy chamber. Half-reclining among the cushions of the fauteuil, her cheek flushed, like the red leaves of autumn, sat the invalid, nervously watching her darling child. With a fixed, stony stare in her dark eyes, and a sad smile, that seemed frozen on her white lip; with her damp crimson robe, yet falling in crumpled masses around her form, and her raven tresses still unbound, the wretched bride stood listening to the solemn marriage service of the English Church.

Silent, stern, almost rigid in her fearful composure, she leaned on Ashley's arm; not a nerve thrilled, not the slightest tremor convulsed a muscle, but the little hand, prisoned in the bridegrooms, grew colder with every fleeting moment, till it rested there like a fragment of sculpture. At length, uttering the impressive words, "With this ring I thee wed," Ashley held up the wedding ring; then the miserable girl shrank back, as if it had been a fetter of burning iron, and ere he could place it upon her icy finger, with a cry she fell senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER II.

But though light came, it came but partially:
Enough to show the maze in which thy sense
Wandered about—but not to guide it thence.
MOORE.

When Grace Richmond again awoke to partial consciousness, she found herself in her own dimly-lighted chamber, with the breath of her pet flowers stealing into the room like incense, and the cool night air fanning her brow so lightly, that she fancied a cherub-wing was waving amid the shadows. With the caution and craftiness of insanity, she crept stealthily from her couch to the window, and looked anxiously forth; everything abroad was peaceful and lovely as a vision of fairy-land, and in the hush of the awe-inspiring midnight, all around her was wrapped in tranquility and repose. To that poor delirious girl the "blossom-haunted," moonlit glade seemed a Paradise, where she might chase away her horrid fantasies, and, forgetting her terrible heart-ache, find quietude and rest.

With a sudden thought she peered around the apartment; her old nurse, weary with her long vigils beside the sufferer, was slumbering in an easy-chair, and save the sound of her low and regular breathing, the cottage was silent as a chancel. Five five minutes had flown the girl had donned her bridal attire, and fled out among the singing rills, the fragrant blossoms, and the smiling stars.

Tossing her white arms aloof, with a shout of maniacal triumph, she sped along the green lanes, brushing the dew from the tall grass with her crimson robe, and drenching her satin slippers in brooks and fens—crouching down in the shrubbery like a timid hare, at every sound, and laughing in insane glee when she fancied that she had eluded the Argus eyes of Ashley.

Thus she held her weary way till the distant town-clocks struck the hour of three, and then she sat upon the parapet of an old bridge, watching the waters as they flashed around the mossy piers, and the fitful gleam of the moonlight through the heavy, black clouds that came drifting across the sky. How pleasant it looked down amidst the silvery ripples, curling into curcling eddies, and dashing in misty spray over the bald, gray rocks! Would it not be better to die in the depths of that beautiful river, and ever have the bright waveless dancing over the paleless heart—would not this be far better than to bear the burden of a life which was henceforth to be one long agony, or, to find a grave in the churchyard, and know that careless feet would tread upon her own dust?

Thus reasoned the bewildered sufferer, and with a fearful impulse she drew nearer the edge of the parapet, and looked longingly down upon the stream. The waters murmured musically and low as the fabled song of the sirens, and, quick as thought, the young girl stood poised on a projecting ledge of stone, like a bird ready for flight. Was it *an angel's* whisper, more potent than the voice of the tempter, that drew back the wandering brain to a sense of its responsibility to God, and bade the worn heart do and suffer all his will, till he should call it to the spirit's home? It may be, for with sudden movement she withdrew from that perilous position, and again seated herself upon the parapet.

Just at that moment a faint glimmer of moonlight played over a plain, golden circlet upon her finger, and the frantic girl fancied that it was the seal of Ashley's vows. With a shriek of blended rage and defiance she drew it off and hurled it into the stream; then shouting as if she had buried Ashley with the ring, she resumed her seat, and, striking up a brilliant, operatic air, sang like the nightingale that warbles most sweetly with the "thorn against her heart."

The hours wore on—the moon went down amid the wavering clouds, like a luminous bark upon a stormy sea—the wind moaned and sighed through the tall pines, as if a restless spirit were wailing in their branches—the rain fell in torrents—yet still the young girl sat sighing in her frenzied woe.

Morn came, with rosy sunbeams that played along the edges and in the openings of the frowning clouds, like the gleams of heavenly light, which irradiate the dark valley of death—the west wind swept the fleecy vapours from the river—the air grew vocal with bird-music and redolent with perfume, and the flowers awoke and looked up, as if to gaze upon the mellow radiance that rested like a halo of glory upon the far off mountains.—But, alas! all this aroused no responsive thrill in the maniac's heart, save that her song became a tithe more sad and sweet, till it might have been likened to the melting strain sung by the swan when he is "floating down to his nest to die."

It was ten o'clock, perhaps, when a handsome equipage came dashing along that unfrequented road, and, as it approached the bridge, a pair of soft, violet eyes glanced through the carriage windows. The next moment the coach stopped, and a tall, slender woman alighted, and bent over the suffering Grace. The stranger was neither young nor beautiful, but a pale, gentle lady, with bands of fair silked hair parted smoothly away from her brow, and a countenance that would remind one of the lovely faces that look down from the niches of the Italian churches.

"My poor girl," she murmured, in her low, sweet tones—"what has befallen you?" and drawing off her dainty glove, she placed her white hand on the maniac's burning forehead. Grace looked up with a vacant stare—

"Ha! ha!" she muttered, "I am a bride—a bride!" Then in a tone of indescribable sadness, and with tears glittering in her wild eyes, she added—"I told Percival that it could never be—I told him the beautiful dream was over, and we parted forever. Do not speak of it any more."

There was such unspeakable agony in her look and words, that the generous hearted lady was moved at once.

"Uncle," she said, turning towards the carriage, "dear uncle, see this raving girl—come here one moment. As she spoke, an elderly gentleman, with visible compassion upon the wanderer.

"I shall not go back!" cried the miserable maniac, in a moment of sanity; "no, no, I will never go back!" and her large, brilliant eyes seemed blazing with fierceness. "No," she moaned again, her paroxysm of wildness passing away, "you are happy and can never know how I suffer. You are fair and gentle," and she smoothed back the stranger's soft hair. "You cannot wish to make me more miserable. Do you know that they have made me a bride, and broken two hearts forever?—a broken heart! yes," she added with returning frenzy, "I threw mine in to the river with my wedding-ring. It has gone down with the current, and I am chanting its dirge!" Once more she began to sing a plaintive, solemn strian, with words as wildly sad as the strange music with which they blended.

The tears gathered in the mild eyes of Lucy Burton, and the old gentleman turned aside to conceal the emotion which he could not repress.

"She has been married against her inclination," he said hastily, "and she has fled from her new home, doubtless. Ask her about her friends Lucy."

"And have you no wish to return to your mother?" murmured the lady, tightly disguising such a question she might call back the wandering fancy; and not for the first time since her fare well to Percival Clinton, Grace wept in hysterical anguish.

"My mother!" she faltered in a broken voice "she bade me marry Ashley—it was her dying command, and for her sake I obeyed Ashley's bride! Oh! God pity me!" and with a shrill cry she clasped her hands convulsively over her throbing forehead.

"It is as I surmised," said the old man. "Poor maniac! She is broken-hearted!"

"She ought to be cared for," whispered Lucy; "we will take her home, uncle;" then turning to Grace she pleaded, soothingly:—

Come home with me—not to your home but to mine! We will be kind to you, we will cure for you—we will never send you back, without your consent."

For a few moments the wanderer looked searchingly into the stranger's face, as if to assure herself that she was not a deceiver, but at length she clasped her arms around the lady's neck, and wept again like a weary child.

Very gently Lucy Burton led her charge to the carriage, and sat soothing her excited brain till the equipage stopped at a fine old family seat. But the frantic Grace was too wretched to heed the green lawn, with its rippling stream, its tall trees and odor breathing shrubbery; or to glance at the stately country house, with its turreted roof, its high, arched windows, and its shady porticoes and balconies. The bewildered girl nestled closer to her benefactress as they passed the basalt lions couchant on the stone steps, and the grim pictures in the hall, for they seemed frowning on her, and she was rejoiced, when she at last found herself in a pleasant chamber, with that fair and lovely lady.

Two hours afterwards Grace Richmond was lying in a lethargic slumber, in that stately room. It was a lofty, spacious apartment, with dark wainscot and heavy cornices and pillars, in a style of ancient and massive architecture. The damask drapery, which muffled the windows, subdued the sunbeams into moonlight softness, and even the broad day, rich purplish shadows hung around the antique furniture. The dark, polished wardrobe, the quaintly carved tables, scarcely concealed by their costly coverings—the high-backed, old fashioned chairs, with their embroidered cushions and footstools, and the downy couch with its purple canopy floating around it, and the snowy pillows gleaming among the luxurious drapery like a white cloud in a sunset sky; all these angel decorations made the room seem like a picture of the olden time. Through the open casement a soft air stole gently in, wafting on its unseen wings the perfume of summer-blossom and the low murmur of a chiming fountain, while around the sufferer, fair Lucy Burton hovered like an angel of mercy.

The flush had gone out on the maniac's cheek—the large dark eyes open through the half-closed lids, looked dim and vacant, and the parched lips uttered no word or moan. Overwhelmed with heart-sufferings, exhausted by her weary wanderings, the young girl lay for a time in "statue-like repose." But this lethargy did not last long; for in the afternoon she began to toss restlessly to and fro, and to rave again in wild frenzy. The usually pompous physician grew silent with foreboding as he gazed upon the stranger, and Lucy Burton's tears again flowed as she vainly sought to soothe the wretched maniac.

Night-fall was coming on when a light step was heard pattering in the corridors, and then the door opened noiselessly, and a slight, fragile figure came fluttering into the room. She stole to the table, beside which her sister was mingling a cordial, and the dim light fell softly upon her countenance, revealing its surpassing loveliness.

I would that I had the pencil of Titian to paint the unearthly beauty of that fair face, with its black, kindling eyes—the complexion, clear and early as the petals of the juponica, without the slightest tinge of bloom—the broad forehead, so transparent that you might count the azure veins that traversed it—the rosy mouth, so dewy and so bright—and the wealth of raven tresses of that rich, purplish tint, of which the old poets sung. And yet to this face, so matchlessly beautiful,