St. John Chronicle.

"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

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

☞ Archibald M'Allister, is an authorised Agent for the *Chronicle* at Gagetown, and vicinity.

Stephen Wiggins, is an authorized Agent for Grand Lake.

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esqr., *President.*

Directors—J. W. LAWRENCE, S. K. FOSTER, C. H. ESTABROOKS, JOHN ANDERSON. *Solicitor*—J. M. ROBINSON, Esq. *Secretary*—ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire.

☞ Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street. May 23.

WILLIAM H. LESTER,
GROCER and Provision DEALER,
CORNER PRINCESS AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.

Goods sent to all parts of the City free of charge
September 19, 1856.

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

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
HAS REMOVED to the Office lately occupied by Charles Watters, Esquire, in Messrs. Deveber's building, Prince William Street.
August 22, 1856.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County, trusts from the Public a Share of Business which will receive his prompt attention, on most reasonable terms. ARCHIBALD McALLISTER.
Gagetown, August 22, 1856.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant
AND DEALER IN DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL,
State Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.

Rooms per day,	50 cts.
Rooms per week,	$3.00
Lodging	37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day.
January 11, 1856. 1y.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Ex *Ann Rankin*, and *Courier*, from London:—
1000 KEGS Brandram's No. 1, White LEAD;
230 Kegs Yellow, Red, Black, Green, and Blue PAINTS;
50 Kegs Zinc Paint;
35 Hhds. Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL;
3 Bbls. Copal and Oak VARNISH;
7 Cans Carriage and White Copal do.;
1 Cask Brandram's Liquid Dryer;
5 " do. Patent do;
50 dds. Deep GOLD LEAF;
5 " Patent Glaziers' DIAMONDS.
For Sale at No. 1, North side Market Square.
Nov. 14. W. O. SMITH.

Oysters! Oysters!!

JUST received per steamer "Adelaide," from Boston:—12 bbls. Prime OYSTERS—fresh from the beds. Also—On hand, a few barrels of Fresh Shediac Oysters, which will be served up in any style required, at
JAMES KENNY'S
Eating House Water street.
N. B.—MEALS served up at the shortest notice—Day and Evening. J. K.
St. John, N. B., Aug 1st 29.

FUR CAPS—In every variety of Fur—made up on the premises, in the latest styles.
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street.

TEA.—Just received, and imported expressly for Family use:—
10 chests Souchong TEA;
10 catty boxes do. do.;
10 chests Breakfast Oolong do;
10 catty boxes do. do;
13 chests good retailing do.—For sale low.
August 29. JOHN McCOSKERY.

Beans and Shad.

40 BUSHELS N. S. White BEANS; 20 half-barrels good SHAD. For Sale by
JOHN MARVEN,
Feb. 20. Ward-street

RUBBER CLOTHING.

COATS, CAPES, PANTS, LEGGINGS, Caps, &c., &c., of the very best quality just received from the manufactory.
—ALSO—
A new and superior article of RUBBER COATS, *price only* 20s.
THOS. R. JONES,
5, Dock-street, one door above the Old Stand.
Oct. 3.

GLASS—20, Dock Street.

F. CLEMENTSON respectfully solicits the attention of purchasers to his Spring Stock of GLASS.

On the arrival of the *John Duncan*, the assortment of CUT GLASS will be completed, which will be superior in design to any previous importation. (July 10.) FRAS. CLEMENTSON.

GRASS HATS at 50 each; Best quality Men's Calf BROGANS, at 7s. 6d. per pair.
E. O'BRIEN,
July 24. No. 59 Waterloo House.

A MEDICAL REVOLUTION!

THE WORLD UNANIMOUS.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

THE GREAT COUNTER IRRITANT!

The virus of disease often makes its way to the internal organs through the pores of the skin. This penetrating Ointment, melting under the hand as it is rubbed in, is absorbed through the same channels, and, reaching the seat of inflammation, promptly and invariably subdues it, whether located in the kidneys, the liver, the lungs, or any other important organ. It penetrates the surface to the interior, through the countless tubes that communicate with the skin as summer rain passes into the fevered earth diffusing its cool and regenerating influence.

SKIN DISEASES & GLANDULAR SWELLINGS.

Every species of exterior irritation is quickly reduced by the anti-inflamatory action of this Ointment. Angry ERUPTIONS, such as SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, TETTER, RINGWORM, SCALD HEAD, NETTLE RASH, SCABIES (or ITCH) &c., die out, to return no more under its application. Hospital experience in all parts of the world proves its infallibility in diseases of the skin, the muscles, the joints and the glands.

ULCERS, SORES, AND TUMORS.

The effect of this unrivaled external remedy upon Scrofula, and other virulent ulcers and sores, is almost miraculous. It first discharges the poison which produces suppuration and proud flesh, and thus the cures which its healing properties afterward complete are safe as well as permanent.

WOUNDS, BRUISES, BURNS, AND SCALDS.

In cases of the fracture of the bones, injuries caused by steam explosions, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, RHEUMATISM, STIFFNESS OF THE JOINTS, and contraction of the sinews, it is employed and warmly recommended by the faculty. This marvellous remedy has been introduced by its inventor in person into all the leading Hospitals of Europe, and no private household should be without it.

UNDENIABLE TESTIMONY.

The Medical Staff of the French and English Armies in the Crimea have officially signed their approval of Holloway's Ointment, as the most reliable dressing for sabre cuts, stabs, and gun-shot wounds. It is also used by the surgeons of the Allied Navies.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bunions,	Rheumatism,	Sore Throats,
Burns,	Ringworm,	Sores of all kinds
Capped hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints
Corns,	Skin Diseases	Tetter,
Fistula,	Swelled	Ulcers,
Gout,	Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Lumbago,	Sore Legs,	Wounds of all
Mercurial	Eruptions, Sore Breasts,	kinds.
Piles,	Sore Heads,	

*** Sold at the Manufactories of Professor Holloway, 80, Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London, by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the United States and the civilized world, in pots, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and 1$ each.

☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot.

S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 2, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Bellefisle.

☞ CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "HOLLOWAY, NEW YORK & LONDON," are discernible as a WATER-MARK in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by "holding the leaf to the light." A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

THE SECRET INFIRMITIES OF YOUTH AND MATURITY.

Price 1s. sterling, with numerous Engravings and Cases.

NERVOUS DEBILITY: its Causes, Symptoms, and Cure.—An Essay on Spermatorrhœa, and the various forms of premature Decay, resulting from imprudence and vicious indulgence; with plain directions for perfect restoration to health; and practical Observations on a new mode of detecting Spermatorrhœa and other Urethral Discharges by Microscopic examination.—

BY SAMUEL LAMERT, M.D.,

37, Bedford-square, London, Doctor of Medicine, Matriculated Member of the University of Edinburgh, Honorary Member of the London Hospital Medical Society, Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, &c.

Sold by MORTON AND COGSWELL, Halifax, Nova Scotia, and by H. CHUBB & Co. St. John's, New Brunswick.

Price One Shilling Sterling.

Now landing ex the 'Arthur White' from London.

7 TONS Brandram's No. 1 ground WHITE LEAD, in 1, 1-2, 1-4, and 1-8 cwt. kegs.
2 tons Brandrams No. 1 COLOURED PAINTS;
6 cwt. Dry PAINTS, consisting of Red Lead; Rose Pink; Orange & Lemon Chrome Yellow; Prussian Blue; Ultramarine Blue, &c., &c.
1 Tin Brandram's Patent Liquid Dryer.
20 Bbls. common Whitening; 12 casks PUTTY in Bladders;
6 Casks Raw Linseed Oil; 1 Can White Spirit Varnish.
6 Cases Double Boiled do.; 1 do. Superfine Coach do.;
2 Chests INDIGO; 1 Cask Pipe Clay;
14 Boxes Lescher's Blue Starch; 1 Cask Cream of Tartar;
10 Kegs Coleman's S. P. Mustard; 1 Cask Blue Vitriol;
2 Casks Mixed Pickles; 1 case Spanish Liquorice;
1 Case Black and Red Currant Jelly; 1 do. Orange Marmalade.
5 Bags Black Pepper; 1 Case Nutmegs;
12 Half chests Florence Oil; 2 Casks Saltpetre;
1 Cask Hemp Seed; 1 Case Deep Goldleaf;
And 8 other Packages, containing a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Combs, &c., &c. For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by S. L. TILLEY.
May 29, 1857. No. 35, King-street.

Notice.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Andrew Sherwood late of the Parish of Upham, in King's County, (deceased) are requested to present the same duly attested within eighteen months from this date and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

RICHARD C. SHERWOOD, } *Executors*
JOHN F. SHERWOOD, }
Upham, K. C., March 7th, 1857.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his Entire Stock in-Trade from his old stand, to 27 North side King street, next to Mr. Frost's Shoe Store, and directly opposite Canterbury street, where will be found a general assortment of *HATS* and *CAPS*, Foreign and Domestic.
A. MAGEE Hatter, &c.,
27 North side King street.
☞ The Latest Fashions always on hand.
Feb. 27.

'Saint John Hotel Building,'
82, KING STREET.

JUST RECEIVED by the subscriber, in good order, per the schooner "Mary Jean," "Wren," "Trident," "Caroline," and "Catherine Brown," the following Goods, which he will sell wholesale and retail at moderate rates:—
20 chests superior Breakfast Souchong TEA;
4 boxes Tomato Ketchup; 3 barrels Beans;
200 lbs Ground Pepper; 5 boxes ground Pimento;
1230 do. green Java Coffee; 1 bag whole do.
10 bladders Scotch Snuff; 3 boxes Yeast Powder;
1 case Olive Oil; 3 boxes Cream of Tartar;
2 boxes Lemon Syrup; 1 do. Sperm Candles;
2 casks Trulls Saleratus; 4 reams Letter Paper;
3 cases American Matches;
30 reams Straw Wrapping Paper;
10 do Crown do do;
4 reams Foolscap Paper; 18 doz Lead Pencils;
5 doz Carpenter's Pencils;
3000 buff, straw, and White Envelopes;
10 gross Leather-headed Tacks;
200 papers Carpet do; 3 bbls Dried Apples;
50 lbs. Cut do; 1014 Cocoa Nuts;
5 barrels Porter's Burning Fluid;
5 doz Whip Handles; 2 gross Fluid Wicking;
3 doz Raw Hide Whips; 3 bales Candle do;
5 boxes Ground Ginger; 2 bales Cotton Batting;
10 " Harper's Diamond 10s. Tobacco, a superior article;
3 " Wine Sap do.; ½ Lumps do., extra quality for chewing;
6 dozen Washboards; 12 doz. Corn Brooms;
2 doz Corn Brushes; 1 do. Patent do;
10 boxes Clothes Pins, No. 1;
1 doz Mincing Trays; 3 doz setts Measures;
10 Children's Willow Basket Carriages, new varieties;
4 gross patent-spring'd Clothes Pins;
2 doz Wooden Spoons; 2 doz Butter Ladles;
2 doz Wooden Fawcetts; 3 doz Alicant Watts;
5 boxes Sullivan's Blacking.

—IN STORE—

60 drums Fresh Figs; 3 Puncheons Alcohol
2 cases pale and brown Sherry Wine;
1 " Port do;
4 hhds Hollands Gin; 1 pun. Scotch Whiskey;
5 pipes Hennessy's Brandy;
6 cases sparkling Champagne;
3 cases Old Jamaica Rum;
3 hhds Nova Scotia Cider;
10 quintals No. 1, Codfish;
1½ Tons Oatmeal;
250 lbs. No. 1 Starch;
ORANGES and LEMONS;

Bed Cords, Clothes Lines, Shoe and Scrubbing Brushes, Nuts, Castor Oil, London Pickles, Chocolate, Broma, Corn Starch, Tripoli, Digby Herrings, Bird Cages, Citron Peel, together with a general assortment of Groceries too numerous for enumeration.

Hourly expected—5 tierces RICE.
may 15 ROBERT STEWART.

DOMESTIC versus FOREIGN.

WE have on hand over 500 of the most approved Railroad BARROW WHEELS, of Domestic Manufacture, and warranted to be of the best material, which (with the different descriptions of Barrow Wheels suitable for any purpose, manufactured by us) will be sold for less than similar articles can be imported for.
HARRIS & ALLAN,
August 7. 17, Water-street.

SEASONED PINE, LUMBER of every description, large and small, SCANTLING, REFUSE BOARDS, and DEALS, LATHS and PICKETS. For Sale at No. 1 Lumber Yard Jeffery's Hill. FROST & CO.
St. John, May 13th.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
SUMMER CLOTHING!

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Summer Coatings,
Personally selected by the Subscriber in the leading British Markets.
☞ GARMENTS made in a superior manner, at LOW PRICES.
May 22. THOMAS R. JONES.

Butter, Oranges, &c.

RECEIVED per Admiral from Boston—
10 Tubs Prime New BUTTER;
15 Boxes of ORANGES;
500 COCOA NUTS;
1 Brl. Cucumber PICKLES, in Vinegar;
2 Boxes new Goshen CHEESE;
500 Lbs. Sugar Cured HAMS.
W. H. LESTER,
June 5. 3i. Bustin's Corner.

For City and Country Trade!!!
GOOD CLOTHING,
OF THE BEST QUALITY, AND AT LOW PRICES.
The Cheapest and largest Stock of Ready-made CLOTHING,
is at Granite Hall, No. 5, Dock-street.
Every article warranted to what it is represented, or the money returned.
☞ GARMENTS made to measure at low prices, and in a superior manner.
May 29. THOS. R. JONES.

Per Arthur White, from London.

100 CHESTS Souchong TEA;
5 tons Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD;
1 ton Brandram's Coloured PAINTS;
Casks Boiled and Raw OIL;
3 do. PUTTY; 1 cask STARCH;
4 cases INDIGO;
1 case Ladies' BOOTS;
1 do. STATIONERY.
For Sale at the lowest market rates.
June 12. L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

LIVERPOOL OAKUM.—Landing ex "John Duncan"—5 Tons Liverpool OAKUM. For Sale by JOHN WALKER,
May 22. Ward-street

MACINTOSH
Reversible Rubber Coats!

GOT up expressly for London Retail trade, in Silk and Alpaca. The same article that gave so much satisfaction to my customers in 1854—Patronised by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, Judges of the Supreme Court, &c. &c.
August 7. THOS. R. JONES.

HAY RAKES.—100 Dozen HAY RAKES, of superior quality, for sale at 10s. and 12s. 6d. per dozen.
August 7. THOMAS C. EVERITT.

CHINA!

Per *Middleton* and *Alemode*—

THE Subscriber has received by the above Ships, a choice selection of DINNER SETS, Etruscan CHINA TEA SETS, VASES, Stone PITCHERS, and China Toilette SETS.
FRAS. CLEMENTSON.
St. John, June 30, 1857.

Gents. Dress Shirts.

A Few Dozen London made Gents. Volkomen Dress SHIRTS, superior to anything made in the City, as regards style or durability.
August 7. THOMAS R. JONES.

BRANDY,—20 cases of old vine growers' Case BRANDY. Just received and for sale by
T. & F. McMACKIN,
16, Dock-street.
ALSO,—1 cask Fine Old Jamaica RUM.
August 7. T. & F. McM.

Miscellaneous.

HELENA MATHEWSON!

(*Conclusion.*)

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Sir Edward was like a flash of lightning striking across my quiet path. Everything in my daily life lost its brightness. We saw a good deal of him, and soon I began to feel those days which passed without meeting him, long and dreary. Each day I liked his free better; and the look of passion, that I had at first noticed in it, seemed, by degrees, to give place to gentleness and kindness. Gradually, too, tales of recent kind deeds amongst his tenantry took the place of the reports which had been rife in Lichendale before his return, of his dissipation at Rome. I sometimes wondered if my few words were the cause of his kindly intercourse with the poor people; but I checked myself quickly in this presumptuous supposition, and attributed the change to natural good feeling. At any rate, it could hardly be to curry favor with his constituents; for, all chance of a speedy dissolution of Parliament seemed past.

He seemed, to my astonishment, to care to talk to me even more than to Paul, whose prejudice against him never quite wore off. Paul—if ever I ventured to express any of my boundless admiration for Sir Edward's wit or genius—checked me, and reminded me of all we had heard against his character.

"I can believe him passionate, Paul; but surely he is nothing worse."

"Passion is a fearful thing, Helena," Paul would reply; "and I believe Sir Edward to be selfish—more from habit than disposition perhaps; but still inexcusably selfish."

"He has no motive for self-denial, most likely," I urged.

One beautiful evening—it was then the month of June—I set out to walk by a short cut through the park, to see a woman who was ill, and to whom I was taking some things. I hurried along; for I was late. Paul had set out some time before to the church, where there was service that evening, and I knew he would be vexed if I were not in time for it. I had got into a way of always looking out for Sir Edward; and that evening, altho' I had to walk quickly, I could not refrain from stopping every now and then to see if he was in sight. I met the curate hastening to the church. I quickened my steps, and determined not to stop again till I reached the cottage. Nothing startles one so much as the sudden fulfilment of some present dream that hope has conjured up. And, as I walked along, fancying what I should do and say if Sir Edward were to appear, I was startled by the well know canter of his horse. My heart beat wildly. I thought it would have burst. The hoofs struck louder and louder on the grass, as the horse bounded towards me, but I felt that I was scarlet, and I bent my head under my hat, and tried to hide my blushes. Sir Edward sprang from his horse and stopped me. I do not know now exactly what he said. Even then I caught at its meaning from his face rather than heard his words; for my brain reeled—the trees seemed to rock, and the light to quiver and fade before my eyes. Faint and dizzy, I thought I must have fallen to the ground at his feet; but Sir Edward saw how white I grew, and passed his strong arm round me. I think he did not dislike my weakness; for as we stood there, he told me how, from his first look at my face he had liked me, and cared to see me again, and that he now loved me dearly, and wanted me to promise to be his wife. It was strange to me, and yet very sweet, to be spoken to with such loving tenderness. It brought back to my mind the days when I had my father and Lawrence to caress me; and, mistily, there uprose a dim remembrance of one, holding me tight in her dying grasp, pressing long, soft kisses on the little cheek she had wetted with her tears; for, with such gentle words and ways as a mother might use to a frightened child, did Sir Edward strive to soothe me, till my faintness passed, and he had gained my answer.

The church bells stopped.

"I must go, Sir Edward, or Paul will be so vexed?"

"You shall neither go to church nor call me Sir Edward," he said smiling; and detaining me with playful force, he made me sit down on a low ledge of rock that pierced the grass close by, cushioned with soft, purple thyme, and golden-starred money-wort. "Helena," he continued, his eyes pleading more earnestly than his words, "can you forgive the wild, wicked youth that I spent? Will you strive to forget what I have been and learn to think of me only as I now am: pardoning all that I have done wrong for the sake of my true, deep love?"

I did not answer. I hardly heard his last words. A sudden doubt had filled my mind that cast a dark shadow across the sunshine of my happiness.

"When you ask me to be your wife, Sir Edward," I said, trying not to dread his answer, "do you remember the shame that Paul says attaches to our name? Do you remember that my youngest brother died in a duel?"

Sir Edward started.

"These are your brother's rigid notions, Helena—very orthodox no doubt—but they are not mine. In this peaceful place, perhaps duelling seems a terrible thing; but it is nonsense of Mr. Mathewson to talk of it so. No stain inflicted on your name from that—though if it did—still I would marry you."

"I have always thought Paul judged Lawrie too harshly," I said, "and I am glad you think the same. Did you first like my face because it reminded you of Lawrence's, Sir Edward?"

Sir Edward answered me with a gay laugh; but his voice trembled.

I wished the church bells to ring again, with their peaceful, beoning sound. There seemed something half unholy in the light careless way in which he had spoken of duelling; although intended to quiet my doubts. It felt to me—yes! I am sure that it is not my present fancy—it felt to me at that moment as if Lawrence stood unseen between me and Sir Edward. The wind, chill and damp, rustled through the trees, with a dreary, shuddering sound. Sir Edward rose and walked apart for a few minutes.

"Go home, dear little Helena," he said, at length; "I shall come and see your brother to-morrow."

I got home quickly, and sat in the twilight waiting for Paul.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

I had half feared that Paul might refuse his consent to our engagement; but I was mistaken. His opinion of Sir Edward had that very day been greatly improved, by something he had heard in the town—some kind of honorable deed, I forget exactly what; and, with many admonitions as to my future conduct, and not a few reproofs for past misdemeanors, he gave a slow solemn consent.

The few weeks of my engagement were perfect happiness to me. Before, I had no one to sympathise with me in all my daily joys and sorrows, or in my deepest feelings; but, now, Edward would listen with untiring patience and ready sympathy to anything that came into my head. Only about Lawrence he never talked to him. Paul's opinions—although I could not accept them—had yet sufficient power, by their firm persistency, to shake my confidence in my own; and I dreaded lest Edward's pride should ever turn and rebel at the remembrance of what Paul called our tarnished name, and felt glad that Sir Edward himself never alluded to the subject, of which I feared to remind him. Paul's grave sullen manners hardly vexed me now; for I knew it was but to leave with them for an hour or so, and in the next Edward would be at my side. He awoke my interest in a thousand new things. To be his fit companion, I felt I must read books which I had never even seen, and these he gladly lent me from the library at the Hall. One day when I was there, and he was hunting up some volume for me, my eye was attracted to a drawer that was partly open. I looked into it. It was full of beautiful gems, delicate enamels, and mosaics, that he had brought from Italy; and, in the farthest corner, glittering in the darkness, lay some quaintly carved pistols.

"Shut that drawer, Helena," said Sir Edward, fiercely, turning round suddenly, and seeing where I stood.

I obeyed, and laughingly asked if it was a second Blue Beard's cupboard. But I got no answer, and when I looked round, Sir Edward was fixedly watching me, all color gone from his cheeks—all tenderness his eyes.

Did you again stand between and part us, Lawrence?

Edward had promised to walk with me on the sands, on the evening of the day but one before that fixed for my wedding. I was punctual to my appointment. The stable clock at the Hall rung out eight as I reached the bridge which, crossing the river, leads into the park, and which was our usual trysting-place; but no Edward was there. I waited till nine o'clock, and then, frightened at his not coming, ran to the Hall with beating heart and dark misgivings.

Sir Edward was in the library, but very busy, the servant said, in answer to my inquiry. He could not be too busy to see me, I thought, so I heeded not what else the man said, but went quickly to the library.

"Colonel Peterson is dead!" said Sir Edward eagerly when I burst into the room, "I am sorry I have broken my appointment, but these gentlemen," and he bowed to two whom I recognized as leading people in our little town, "have already honored me with a request that I shall supply his place. You had better go home now."

I felt sad as I walked home. It was wrong, however, I knew, to mind that Sir Edward seemed engrossed in this sudden prospect of entering the political field, where he longed to distinguish himself; and I made many resoultions not to think of my own claims, or to mind how I, for a while, might be discarded.

Our marriage was put off. Sir Edward was fully occupied with the chances of his election. Paul went up to London, and I begged him not to hasten home; for I determined to conquer the old feeling of loneliness which was creeping over me, and not to own its power by requiring him as a companion. Two or three days after he left me, I was sitting in the evening reading in the drawing-room. The morning of that day had been sunny and bright; but, in the evening, a heavy grey mist had closed round the dale, and sad feelings of depression had come over me. Edward had been only once to see me in my solitude; and, in that short visit, he had seemed abstracted and half-longing to be gone. I knew that, fair as his chance was, there was yet need for exertion, as two other candidates had come forward. I knew that he was much occupied; still it was difficult to keep my resolution of not minding how much he might seem to neglect me. The wind and rain sounded so dreary, and my heart was so heavy, that at length I buried my face in my hands and sobbed.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A ring at the door startled me. I wiped away my tears. It must be Edward. How hasty and unjust I had been! I rose to meet him, but instead of Edward I saw Paul. "Helena," he said, before I had even time to exclaim at his sudden appearance, or almost to notice his wet, disordered dress, "I have heard some dreadful news in London, and I have hastened straight home to tell you it—to warn and save you."

"Oh! tell me quickly, Paul," I gasped; "what is it? Do not stop to break it to me, but tell me. Anything is better than suspense."

"Bear it bravely then, Helena," he said; but he himself was pale and trembling, and as he continued his voice sank to a low, hoarse whisper—"Sir Edward Stamford is Lawrence's murderer."

I uttered a fierce contradiction; and I felt defiantly indignant.

"Alas, Helena!" said Paul, "the person who told me—a Signor Corti—stood beside Lawrence as his second in the duel; but he promised him, as he lay dying, never to reveal by whose hand he fell; for the challenge had been tauntingly given, and the offence politely avenged. The quarrel arose about some girl they both admired—a Miss Graham—and Lawrence knew, I suppose, what shame would clog his adversary's steps were his crime known."

"Yes, Lawrence's generosity would be true till death."

"He showed me the letter, Helena, in which Lawrence asked him to be his second, and in which Sir Edward's name was mentioned. Nay, he had even the pistols with him in London, which had been Sir Edward's, and bore his crest and initials, for they had changed weapons before fighting. Lawrence's must be in Sir Edward's possession, no doubt; they were that clumsy old pair that father had mounted up for him."

"I have seen them," I said. Alas! I could no longer doubt Paul's statement; for, with fearful distinctness, the scene in the Hall library flashed back upon my mind—the open drawer, the bright pistols, Sir Edward's face, rigid and white with alarm—and I wonder how even my trustful love could have blinded me to the truth so long.

"Corti would never have broken his promise, Helena, if it had not been necessary to do so, to save you from marrying your brother's murderer. Report had told him what you were about to do."

"To save me from it, Paul," I exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Is it possible, you misunderstand me?" he said. "I mean that your duty and your natural affection ought to strengthen you to renounce Sir Edward. I can hardly believe you will find it a difficult task," he added bitterly, "not to love your brother's murderer."

'I cannot take back my love, Paul. I never gave it for any definite reason; it was sent like some blessed instinct, and now, though I shudder to think what he is, I cannot—cannot part with Edward. It may be wicked and unnatural of me; but I cannot!' Paul groaned aloud with horror. 'Why did I ever allow this engagement?' he muttered to himself.

'Only think of the terrible remorse he must have suffered, dear Paul,' I pleaded, trying to be calm.

'I cannot count, Helena, his so cruelly deceiving you, as remorse. No; you must and shall break off this engagement. His guilt has cancelled any promise you can have made him.'

'I am stronger hearted than I seem,' I said; 'and although the whole world cry out and condemn me, I will stand by him, comforting him, and strengthening him to a right repentance. I know you can tear and keep me away now; but, when I am of age, I will spring free from you and return to Sir Edward.'

I stood there firm and resolute. A deep pain was at my heart, and terror struggled with my love; but still it lived imperiously strong, bound up, as it seemed, with my life. Paul was silent.

'Good night,' I said, and moved towards the door. He detained me by the arm.

'Hear!' he said, and his voice was cruelly calm, 'the determination to which your obstinacy forces me; and from which no earthly power shall make me flinch. If you persist in your refusal to break off with Sir Edward, I will make known his guilt in every home around. No child but shall point at him, and cry, "Murderer!" no mother but shall pray that her daughter may not live to love like you. Do you think, Helena, that the people of Lichendale will then choose him, his name blood-stained and blackened, for their representative? They will not—they shall not—if my words have power to move them. Murderer—deceiver as he is, what should it matter to him who has lost heaven, if this chance of earthly success escape him? I place it in your power to prevent this; make your choice.'

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I staggered up to my own room, and threw myself on the bed. I lay sobbing in the darkness till Paul heard me, and came to me. I would not listen to him; but turned away with angry dread. When he had left me, I rose from my bed, went to the open window, and, leaning out, strove to see through black vacancy to the Hall, where Sir Edward was sleeping, ignorant of my wild despair. The night-air cooled my burning cheeks, and the peaceful silence, only broken by the roar of the distant tide, stilled my passionate grief. I knelt down and prayed. I prayed that my love might be unselfish, and that I might, if necessary, be strong enough to sacrifice my own happiness for his.

Slowly but surely the conviction stole upon me that, to do right, I must give him up. I tried to to resist it. I grappled with it; but in vain. It mastered me. The impetuosity of his love had been trampled down by his ambition. I did not love him the less for this. It merely made me long that, when his ambition was gratified, I might be taught how to win back his first great love. Paul had acted with cruel and unerring foresight, when he made the alternative of my refusing to give up Sir Edward the almost certain loss of his election, and he had rightly guessed the conclusion I should work out in my own mind. For I felt that Sir Edward, triumphant in his election, and carried by it into new scenes and society, would soon forget me, and any pain resigning me might at first cost him.

The dawn crept slowly on, and the great white lilies that I had planted out in the garden to make it gay for Paul when I should be gone, grew into distinctness, pointing with their golden fingers towards heaven. I still knelt by the window, praying that I might not shrink from the sacrifice.

What Sir Edward answered, when Paul wrote to him to tell him of my determination to break off the engagement, I was never told exactly; but I fancy his reply consisted chiefly of thanks for the assurance, which I had made Paul promise to give, that his secret should not escape through us. I had asked Paul to write, because I could not have bone to do so without giving any explanation, and the only true one would have bound Sir Edward in honor to hold to his engagement.

'Is it my wedding-day to-day?' I asked, as I sickened back into half-consciousness.

'Oh, Miss Helena!' said Jane, who had watched with Paul by me, 'I am right glad to hear your voice again. It's no wedding. The bells are ringing for Sir Edward, miss.' She guessed rightly that that name would rouse me. 'He's won the election, and he's given the ringers a power o' money.'

A flood of recollection was let loose. It was all too true! I turned my face to the wall. I wept bitter tears. Oh! that I had a mother to com-