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.*
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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 thorough 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 and 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 30s per quarter.

S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
Manager.

May 10 tf

JOHN BARRY,

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, 100 of which is cleared, and about 80 acres skirted 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 or Plank Road that way will run through the Farm.—Possession will be made accommodating.

This Farm will be devided into two parts, if it should suit purchasers; all the buildings to go with the smaller 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 & St. Andrews.

DAILY.

[illegible] Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and ST. ANDREWS, begs leave to inform the travelling public, that he has provided himself with new Coaches 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 prompt attention.

Fredericton, 3, 1852. W. H. WILLIAMS.

[illegible] BLOOM AND BLIND [illegible] Factory, Water St. St. John.

[illegible] Window Frames, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Window Frames, Sash, Door and Blind Work. [illegible] Orders from the country will receive the best and most prompt attention. Thankful for the past, he solicits a share of the patronage of the people of this City.

JOHN E. TURNBULL.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

ESTABLISHED 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.,
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St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
St. Stephens: W. T. Rose, Esq.,
Shediac and Cocagne: 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., 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, Cleaned, 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 23 1852.

WINDOW GLASS.—In Store—30 000 feet WINDOW GLASS, following sizes—7x9, 8x10, 9x11, 9x12 10x14, 11x15, 11x17, 12x16, 12x18, 14x16, and 21x26.

Dec. 1. S. L. TILLEY.

PORTER! PORTER!

The Subscriber has received—

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 *Corsicer* 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. 3d. S. L. TILLEY.

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS.

ONE Hundred, consisting of Dining Tables, 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.—[Sun copies.]

KENDRICK'S SUPERIOR HORSE LINIMENT.—The undersigned has recently received from the Proprietor, 2 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 Premiums for the next five years, of £9,633 16s. 3d. Sterling, per annum, or an equivalent reversionary Bonus payable at Death, of £68,729 10s. 7d.

The reduction of Premiums 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	53,000	0	0

The Directors consider, an I 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 26 *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 excellent 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 Actaon 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; 130 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 BBLS. 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 packages 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.

☞ All orders left at the Stores of Mr. JAMES McFARLANE, Messrs. FLEWELLING and READING, Prince William Street, or the Factory in Union Street, will be punctually attended to.

JOHN BROWN.

St. John, June 18.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Robert's Poor Man's Friend; do. ass's Scorbutic Pills; Morrison's Pills; Locock's Pulmonic Wafers; Cockle's Antibilious Pills; and many other English Remedies. Sold by

FELLOWS & CO.

CORDAGE.

NOW receiving ex "*Commodore*" from Liverpool—An assortment of Coltart's CORDAGE—For sale by

Nov. 12. EDWARD ALLISON.

MISCELLANY.

GRACE RICHMOND;

—OR—

THE FORSAKEN WIFE.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER III.

Yet often will thought look back and weep over early affection;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Mourning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

It was sunset, the day after Grace Richmond found such kind friends in the Burtons, when a carriage rolled along the broad, gravelled avenue leading to their stately family-seat. The equipage stopped at the front entrance, and before the footman could alight the poor deformed Gertrude sprang to the pavement.

"Wait here till I see you again, John," she said, in a half whisper, and then she glided up the steps, and hastened to the library. The elderly gentleman whom we have once before introduced to the reader, sat in an easy-chair beside a low window, reading the evening paper.

"Uncle," said the lady, laying her white-gloved hand upon his gray head, "I have discovered who this maniac is. You must remember the young singer who sang so gloriously in the opera, last winter; this is Grace Richmond, the only daughter of a widowed mother, who is even now rapily failing in consumption."

"You astonish me, child," said the generous man; "but can you assign any cause for her insanity?" The lady's pale cheek flushed as she said, hoarsely:—

"She has married to obey the command of her dying mother—married one for whom she has no regard. She loves another, and her misery in this bridal has made her insane. In a fit of wildness she fled from her home, and they are searching for the lost one in every direction."

"We should inform their friends where she is," said the old man, wiping the moisture from his gold spectacles.

"Then please, uncle, write to Mrs. Richmond," said the girl, nervously, and a strange glitter shone in her brilliant eyes, as she opened a writing desk and gathered the various materials. Then she folded her arms on the back of her uncle's chair, and stood watching every word he traced.

"Now I will send John with it," she said, hastily, as the note was placed in her hands—and she turned to leave the room. All at once she paused, glanced at her uncle, and then, while a crimson spot flushed into her cheek, knelt at his feet.

"Dear uncle," she gasped, rather than said, "the man whom this girl has been commanded to marry, is Marcus Ashley! God knows I could not believe, till to-day, that he could be so base!"

The old man sprang from his seat, and while a sudden pallor overspread his face, exclaimed:—

"Marcus Ashley! impossible!"

"It is true," said the lady sadly; "true as the fact that I am a wronged, slighted, *forsaken* woman!"

"The false-hearted villain!" blessed the enraged uncle between his clenched teeth, and with muttered threats of vengeance he began to pace hurriedly to and fro.

"I believe you love me dear uncle," said the deformed Gertrude; "and now I ask you to prove it by leaving all this to me. He will come here to-night, perhaps—and I shall see him when he dreams not that I am near. He has never seen you, and does not know that you reside here. And now, uncle, for all the wealth of the Indies, do not betray to him that I am linked with you. Promise me this!" The old man bent down and passionately kissed the white brow of his darling.

"Not for a thousand worlds would I betray it against your wish. Heaven is my witness, that I would not willingly afflict my only sister's injured child!"

The lady touched her lips to that trembling hand, and her tears fell like summer rain. A half hour passed thus, and then the deformed once more stood on the steps of the mansion.

"You may drive away, John," she said, to the coachman; "I shall not come out again to night," then turning to the gray haired porter, she talked to him long and earnestly, while more than once the honest servant drew the sleeve of his coat across his eye.

"Take the note there," she said at last, "but if—if he returns with you utter no word that shall betray me.

"I would give my life to serve you," said the servant; "trust in me, Miss Gertrude." He bowed respectfully, and hastened away to do her biding, while Gertrude again moved to the chamber of the maniac.

Midnight, deep and starless, brooded over earth and sky; the trees around the mansion of the Burtons writhed and groaned, as if struggling with some unseen monster, and the summer wind wailed fitfully and low. Crouching down beside her window stood the deformed Gertrude, earnestly watching the gleams of light from an approaching lantern. A moment more and the watcher's heart thrilled, as in the flood of light from the hall, she saw a tall, well-remembered form, hurry into the mansion. All her senses were sharpened into ten times their usual acuteness, and her pulses seemed to stand still, as she heard his casual remark to the servant who came forward to attend him, and listened to the familiar step, whose approach had once filled her with the wildest gladness.

The footfall died away upon the tufted carpet of the library, and five minutes, that seemed like so many years, passed slowly away, ere she again heard it in the corridor that led to the maniac's apartment. Then she darted from the chamber and was peering into the sick room, where Ashly entered.

Grace was slumbering quietly for the first time since her insanity, and the physician sat silently watching her repose, while an old nurse stood in Lucy's place beside the couch.

"Grace, my own, dear Grace," murmured Ashley, musically, "I am glad to find you, dearest," and he kissed her parched lips, and smoothed back her dark hair as tenderly as a woman; till at last he drew back and stood gazing earnestly upon her face.

"If I could but waken her, to see if she would recognize me," he whispered to the physician. The good Dr. Alden looked up in utter astonishment.

"It will never do, sir," he said, quickly; "this is the first slumber she has had—everything depends upon her being kept quiet. If you wish her to stay yet a little longer on earth, let her rest while she may."

"And is there no hope of her entire recovery?" asked Ashley, with a tremulous sigh.

"It is barely possible!" was the reply; "her case is a pitable one." Ashley brushed a tear from his restless eyes, and said, sadly:—

"She is the darling of a dying mother, and that mother implored me to bring her home."

"It is impossible," interrupted the physician. "Why, sir, it would be certain death to remove her home now! To-night will be the crisis in this terrible brain fever, and then, if she survives, we can talk of other matters."

Once more Ashley gazed long on the sleeper—once more pressed a kiss upon her brow, and then, despatching a messenger to her widowed mother, sat down beside the sufferer to watch her slumber.

"She is dearer to me than life itself, and I cannot leave her in this crisis," Gertrude Burton heard him say, and then her eyes grew painfully bright, and her cheek paled and flushed alternately. And so, through long hours of the night, he watched the sleeping Grace, never dreaming that the deformed was gazing upon every movement—listenin to every word. Had that unfortunate one risen up before him, he would have quailed before her presence, and well the lady knew this; yet, wildly as her brain throbed—fearfully as her heart thrilled, she kept her determination. Intently she watched him through the solemn hours till the dreasful crisis was over, and Ashley returned to the sufferer's anxious mother with tidings of hope.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a glorious, mid-summer day, and the golden sunlight, softened by clustering masses of shrubbery, drifted into that old-fashioned chamber in the quiet mansion of the Burtons. An antique chair was drawn to an open window, and amid piles of rich cushions, in which her slight form seemed almost buried, sat Grace Richmond.

Wasted to a shadow of her former self—languid and weary with her long agony—she looked all unlike the regal beauty whom we first saw bidding Percival Clinton farewell in the moonlit glade near her mother's cottage.

Three weeks had passed since the crisis of that fearful fever, and the sufferer was now slowly convalescing. The strange fancies of delirium had ceased to haunt her brain, but instead, a reality of which she could not think calmly, arose before her, and, and made her still yearn for the repose of the grave. During her illness, Ashley, like a devoted lover, had come daily to visit her, but as yet he had not been permitted to enter her room, because the thoughtful physician well knew that his presence would only agitate the invalid, and retard the progress of her recovery.

All this time the sisters had watched over her with the utmost care and tenderness, and the warm impulsive heart of Grace swelled with gratitude as she thought of the great debt she owed them. Now, as she sat by the pleasant window, recalling their kindness to a wretched stranger, she heard a light tap at the door, and before she could find time to speak, the deformed Gertrude came and knelt at her feet. Grace looked down into that beautiful face, linked with such a deformity, and she could not repress her pity and affection for the unfortunate Gertrude.

"God bless you," she murmured, softly; "God forever bless you, dear Gertrude," and her tears fell thick and fast upon the dark tresses of the *deformed.*

"I am grateful for those words," was the sad reply; "none on earth know how much I need blessings," and though she bowed her head, Grace could see the faint crimson that shot over her face.

"You have been kind to me," said Grace. "Oh! how shall I ever repay you?"

"It is more blessed to give than receive," murmured Gertrude, raising her eyes to her companion's countenance—"but *I* have one favor to ask of you.

"Let me hear it then," resumed the invalid; "if I can please or serve you I will gladly do it."

"I have a deep interest in your welfare," said the deformed, hurriedly, and should like to know your history. If you refuse it, I shall not blame you, but if you are disposed to comply with my request, you will confer a lasting favor."

"It is a sad story," replied Grace, clasping the lady's hand; "but you shall hear it."

"I do not wish to weary you with the recital," interposed Gertrude; "your early history I already know. I have been told that your father was a literary man, a professor in one of our colleges that he left you at his death with no resource but your musical talent and skill, and that by your songs you have supported yourself and your mother. It is not this that I wish to hear—tell of Ashley, and him whose name I have often heard you breathe in your delirium."

Grace was too much occupied with the thoughts that came thronging back upon her, to heed how the eyes of the deformed flashed, or how stern her face became as she spoke the name of Ashley.

"Last winter," said the invalid, pillowing her head upon her hand—"last winter, while in New-York, I first met Percival Clinton and Mr. Ashley. Both paid me marked attention—both sought to win my regard, one I learned to love the other I could not even esteem. Percival, the young poet, with his lofty genius and his chivalrous devotion, realized my long cherished ideal. Dear Gertrude, my whole heart turned to him, and we became acknowledged lovers. Soon afterwards, Ashley applied to my mother for permission to address me, and she in her preference for him was filled with disappointment and regret when I told her that my love was Percival's.

"It was then early in spring, and as my mother was in failing health, we removed into the country Thither Mr. Ashley followed us, and continued to press his suit—every day only served to deepen my mother's esteem of him, and dislike of his rival, till at last she began to urge me to give up my love for Percival. At length, in the belief that her death was at hand, she commanded me to wed Ashley, and I obeyed. This, dear Gertrude, was what drove me forth a raving maniac, and makes me now a miserable, broken-hearted wretch." Gertrude Burton touched her lips to the thin, white hand, resting on the arm of the chair.

"You have suffered much," she said, in a half-whisper, "and, believed me, I know how to pity misery. I have had griefs that have well-nigh wasted my life. But no more of this—I have yet to tell you that you are not Ashley's bride!" Grace started, and a sudden, flush swept over her face, but she could not speak.

"You fainted before the marriage rites were concluded," resumed the clear voice of Gertrude—"and then your brain wandered! You are not yet Ashley's bride."

"Thank God!" said Grace, joyfully; but the beam of gladdess passed from her eye like the gleam of sunlight, that now and then flashes amid the storm-clouds. The sacrifice will yet be required," she added, with a low sigh.

"I pray heaven that it may not again be your mother's wish," said the deformed; "but if she does desire it, hope for the best. And now, dear Grace, to-morrow Ashley will come to convey you home. One more favor to the poor hunchback—never mention me to your mother or him. I have a reason for this. Will you promise not to allude to me?"

"If you desire it," was the reply; "I will do anything to oblige you."

The next day the invalid was borne to her own home, and as she bade Gertrude farewell, befor the arrival of Ashley, the deformed clasped her to her wildly throbbing heart, and whispered:—"*Be calm—be hopeful—trust in Providence, and all will yet be well.*"

Beside her mother's death-bed Grace Richmond once more stood up to plight her vows to the dreaded Ashley. A deep and settled melancholy had taken the place of the wild grief which had made her a maniac, and though her heart was still

"Lord as a hung-up lute, that ne er had spoken
Since the sad day its master chord was broken,"—

yet, for her mother's sake, she sought to be calm upon her bridal eve. A white muslin robe fell gracefully around her unemaciated figure, and the fragrant blossoms were wreathed in the coronet of dark hair coiled around her head. Still there was nothing in her countenance to bespeak the happy bride, who seeks the altar with a heart all freshness, and a cheek all bloom; and the few friends gathered around her seemed more like the mourners at a funeral, than guests at a wedding.

While the reverend clergyman was breathing a prayer to heaven, a group of persons stood in the shadow of a tall locust near the cottage, and when he began to read the marriage service, a female figure crept stealthily into the deserted hall. Ashley was just beginning to repeat the responses, when a clear, melodiously voice exclaimed:—

"I forbid you to take these vows upon you, Marcus Ashley."

The bridegroom started; a deadly pallor came over his countenance, and his paternal frame trembled as he saw a dark form in the stranger hall. Summoning all his self possession, he cried sternly—"What means this interruption? Please go on, my dear sir."

"I forbid it!" again exclaimed that sweet voice. "I was not summoned to the bride, but I am here," and with these words, the *deformed Gertrude* glided into the room, and stood before the bridal party—her dark eyes kindling with brilancy, and her cheek burning with crimson; while her robe of white satin and the wealth of pearls in her raven ringlets, contrasted vividly with the simple attire of the bride.

"Proceed with the ceremony," said Ashley, turning to the clergyman, with a desperate effort to be calm—"do not mind this frantic stranger."

"You should not disturb these solemn rites," said the divine, glancing reprovingly at the disturbed; "leave us, and allow the ceremony to go on."

"I forbid Marcus Ashley to utter those vows," said Gertrude; "I am his forsaken wife."

With a piteous cry Grace sallied backward, and would have fallen to the floor, had not Ashley supported her, while a low murmur of surprise ran through the circle of guests.

"I am his bride," continued Gertrude; "I can prove it to you if you doubt my word; and now I beg you to listen to me a moment. I thought my history was henceforth to be locked in the cells of my memory, but compassion for this wretched bride, urges me to reveal it. Years ago, when I was very young and fair, before the unsightly deformity had marred my loveliness—when I was the acknowledged beauty and belle of a southern city, that man, Marcus Ashley, wooed and won my love. I was then the idol of a family whose pride was only equalled by their wealth, and when he ask my hand of my father, his offer was scornfully spurned, because of his *low birth and poverty.*

"Dissappointed abashed, he went abroad; and I, during his absence, cherished his memory as a holy thing. My pride had melted away before the fascination of his manner, and I loved him only too fondly. Time went on, and he returned with stores of gold, and again sought my hand; but my father scorned the idea of linking his daughter with a plebeian, and once more refused to yield to our combined persuasions. Then I fled from my childhood's home, and clandestinely became Marcus Ashley's bride. For his sake I received a beloved father's curse—for his sake I shut myself out from the endearments of my former life—for his sake I gave up all else that I prized on earth!

"He took me to New-Orleans, and for a time I basked in admiration and gaiety. A year after my marriage, while on an equestrian excursion, I was thrown from a horse, and taken up for dead; but life was not extinct. I lived, but with this deformity to render me repulsive. Six months passed, and Ashley grew each day more stern, more sullen and morose. More than once he bitterly taunted me with my misfortune, and yet, in my unbounded love, I forgive it all. At last he coldly told me that I was a continual burden to him, and that he could no longer endure to hear his wife pointed out to as a hunckback. In vain I pleaded our love,—he sneeringly replied, that he had never entertained any warmer sentiment for me than admiration for my beauty that he had wedded me more from a desire to humble the pride of my hated father, than from love to me, and that he would no longer be burdened with a deformed wife.

"He deserted me, and I, a weary, forsaken being, set out for the north. My parents were dead; their wealth had wasted away, and my sister had found a home with a bachelor uncle in New-York. Thither I bent my steps, and pouring out my sorrows at my uncle's feet, I found in his peaceful home a refuge, where I could find kindness and repose. Last winter, in a stage-box, curtained from the careless gaze, I first listened to the songs of Grace Richmond, and afterwards learned that Marcus Ashley had learned to love her with all the devotion of which his nature was capable. Two months ago, a raving maniac, wandering to and fro, she was befriended by my sister, and thus I learned to love her.

"I would save her from a fate she dreads;—see, her are my certificates of marriage," and she handed a roll of papers to the clergyman.

"It is true, all true," said a solemn voice; and a venerable man, in whom the officiating minister recognized a brother, joined the group. "I married Gertrude Burton and Marcus Ashley."

Astonished, confounded at this unexpected disclosure, Ashley knew not what to say; he was beginning to speak, when Percival Clinton rushed forward and exclaimed:—

"Go! go, Ashley, before I forget my promise to your wronged and forsaken wife not to harm you,"—and the young poet clasped the astonished Grace in his arms.

"Go! go!" said the now pale and trembling Gertrude. "I do not wish to see you again; and but for your base efforts to win this girl, you would never again have met your *forsaken wife.*"

"Begone!" cried the indignant uncle; we will not stoop to upbraid you!"

Then, as the foiled deceiver stole away, the feeble mother called Percival Clinton to her side, and, in a faint whisper, said:

"Forgive me, Percival; but this wretch poisoned my mind against you, till I believed you so vile a being, that I wished to save my daughter from your influence. I now know that all this was false, and as a proof that my doubts are swept away, I will to-night give you that hand now clasped in yours."

A few moments more, and with Gertrude and Lucy as bridesmaids, Grace Richmond uttered the vows that bound her forever to Percival Clinton.

A few days after that strange bridal the mother passed away from earth like one who draws the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dream," and the first waiting blast of her love for the designing villain effaced from her heart.

The sisters are now residing in that quiet family-seat; and now, dear reader, should you glance into their pleasant parlor on any of these winter evenings, you may see, gathered around the ingle side, the kind old uncle, gentle, loving Lucy, and the fair and "FORSAKEN WIFE."

OIL FOR MAHOGANY FURNITURE.—Linseed oil half a pint—vinegar a quarter of a pint—butter of antimony one ounce—mix it in a bottle and well shake every time of using. Have carefully dusted the furniture, apply little of this oil, and rub with a soft linen rag or an old silk handkerchief, and it will soon acquire a mirror-like polish.

N. B. As the antimony is poisonous, the bottle should be labeled "poison" and not to be put among others, lest it should be used in mistake as medicine.

Nothing packs society together so well as for some one to be hollow, just where some one else bulges. Be receptive therefore, to the man of science, enjoy the joker without a struggle for supremacy, and play conductor for the electricity of the wit; then if there is anything in the fellows, you'll get it out of them, and contribute best to the enjoyment of the company; and besides, if there is nothing in you, (which is barely possible, but still possible,) you won't expose yourself and annoy other people.—[Dr. Elder.

At the Australian gold mines the sale of liquors is positively forbidden and the government officials have authority to burn to the ground all shops or shanties used for the purpose vending the interdicted article.

M. Eugene Sue states that in Savoy, all the farm work of ploughing and threshing, instead of being done by horses or oxen, is performed by milch cows. Milk cows eight or ten hours a day, without the slightest deprecation of the quality or quantity of milk.

An Irishman Wrote:—"Whenever I think I may have to indite, I hope I shall never experience a trial by jury."