

but the minit she ketched sight of the working gal, she gin her head a toss, and reaching out her hand to the 'pothecary, walked off to her seat in a fit of outraged dignity that was raly beautiful to look at it. Arter this, Miss Josephine Burges said she wouldn't try to dance among sich low critters; and so she and the 'pothecary sidled about, eat peppermint drops, and talked soft sodder to one another—always taking care to turn up their noses when the handsome working gal come within gun shot of 'em.

"Who can that gentleman be, that's a eyeing me so through his glass?" sez Miss Josephine Burges to the 'pothecary; what handsome whiskers he's got—did you ever?"

"I don't see any thing over genteel in him, any how," sez the 'pothecary, a looking sort of uneasy.

"But how nicely he's dressed," sez she.

"I aint over foud of them vests and checkered trowsers," sez the 'pothecary.

"Dear me, he's a coming this way," sez the milliner, all in a twitter—"I hope he wont think of speaking."

"I hope so too," sez the 'pothecary, a looking as if he'd jist eat a sour lemon, without any sweetening.

The chap come along sort of easy, and independent, and stood close by 'em.

"Shan't we go to tother end of the room?" sez the 'pothecary to the milliner, kinder half whispering; and a eyeing the strange chap as savage as a meat axe. "Not yet," says the milliner, giving a sort of look at the strange chap. He wasn't a feller to be sneered at in the way of good looks any how; nor a man that was likely to lose any thing; for it warn't more than three minits afore he asked the milliner to dance, and led her out as crank as could be, right afore the 'pothecary's face. Didn't the poor leetle chap look womberopped when he seed that. There he stood, all alone in a corner, feeling as sick as if he'd swallowed a dose of his own doctor stuff, and there he had to stand; for arter the tall chap and Miss Josephine Burges had got through dancing, they sot down together by a window and begun to look soft sodder at one another, and talk away as clippier as two birds on an apple tree limb in spring time. It didn't do no good for the 'pothecary to rile up and make motions to her—she didn't seem to mind a bit; so he stood still and grit his teeth, for it seemed to him as if the milliner, and the red velvet, beside the account books, the stock in trade, and the hard chink too, was a sliding out of his grip like a wet eel.

Arter he'd bore it as long as he could, he went up to Miss Josephine Burges, sort of humble, and asked her if it wasn't about time to be a going hum?

The milliner said she wasn't in any hurry about it, and went to talking with the tall chap agin.—It was as much as the poor love-yeer could do to keep from bursting out a crying, or a swearing, he warn't particular which; he felt all struck up of a heap, and went off to his corner agin as lonesome as a goose without a mate.

By-and-by the milliner she come up, and told him she was about ready to go hum; the tall chap he went down stairs with them, and stood a kissing his hand to her till she got into the street.—The 'pothecary raly felt as if he should bust, and he gin her a party decent blowing up as they went along Chatham street. She didn't give him much of an answer though, for her head was chuck full of the tall chap's soft sodder, and she didn't know anore than half of what he was jawing about.

The leetle 'pothecary went hum and hurried up to bed, but all he could do he couldn't git a wink of sleep. He got up only in the morning, but he hadn't no appetite for his breakfast, and kinder hung about his shop door, a keeping a good look out to see if any body went to the milliner's, and a wondering if it was best for him to go over and see how she seemed to sit arter what he'd said to her the night afore. So he brushed up his hair and was jist a taking his hat to go over and try his luck, when a handsome green buggy waggon hauled up agin the milliner's, and out jumped the tall chap with the whiskers.

The 'pothecary he turned as white as a sheet, and begun to fume like all natur. He had plenty of time to let his wrothy feelings bile over, for it was more than three hours afore the green buggy wagon driv away agin. The minit it was out of sight, the 'pothecary snatched up his hat, and scooted across the road like a crazy critter. Miss Burges was a sitting in her leetle back-room, dressed out like any thing. This made him more wrothy than he was afore, for she never dressed out when he was a cuning, so he went straight up to her, and sez he sort of wrothy—

"Miss Josephine Burges, what am I think of this 'ere treatment?"

The milliner looked up as innocent as a kitten, as if she hadn't the least idee what he meant.

"What treatment?" sez she, as meely mouthed as could be.

The 'pothecary felt as if he should choke; he gripped his hand, and the words came out of his mouth like hot bullets.

"Oh you perfidious critter you," sez he, "how can you look in my face arter you've been a sitting three hull hours with that nasty tall coot that you danced with all the time last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean more than nothing. I danced with a gentleman last night, and he has been here this morning; but I raly don't see why you should trouble yourself about it," sez Miss Josephine, a taking up her work and beginning to sow as easy as she did in her life.

The 'pothecary was so mad, he couldn't but jist speak out hold. "Look a here Miss Burges," sez he, a speaking sort of hoarse,

"aint we as good as married? didn't you engage yourself to me? and wasn't the day cenajist sot afore that consarned ball?"

"Not that I ever knew on," sez Miss Burges, a pinning a pink bow on to a silk bonnet she was to work on, and a holding it out to see how it looked, "I raly dont know what you mean?"

The 'pothecary begun to tremble all over, he was so mad to see her setting there as cool as a cucumber.

"You don't know what I mean, don't you?" sez he. "Look a here, marm, haint I been to see you off and on for more than a year? Haint I footed up your books and made out bills, and done all your out-door business, this ever so long? Haint I give you ounces on ounces of jujube paste, emptied a hull jar of lemon drops, and more than half kept you in pearl powder and cold cream?"

"Wal, you needn't talk so loud and tell every body of it," sez the milliner, a going on with her work all the time; but the leetle chap had got his grit up, and there was no 'who' to him. On he went like a house afire.

"Don't make such a noise," sez the milliner.—"It wont do no good, I can tell you."

"Wont it, though? wont it? I rather guess you'll find out in the end, I'll sue you for a breach of promise—if I don't, jist tell me on it, that's all."

The 'pothecary was a going on to say a good deal more, but jist as he begun to let off steam agin, some customers cum into the front shop.—Miss Josephine Burges put down her work and went out, as if nothing on arth had happened.—The 'pothecary waited a few minits a biling over with spite, and then he kicked a bonnet block across the room, upset a chair, and cut off through the store, like all possessed. The milliner was a bargaining away with her customers for dear life—she looked up and larfed a leetle easy as the poor feller streaked through the store, and that was all she cared about it.

The poor coot of a 'pothecary went over to his shop and slammed the door to hard enough to break the house down. \* \* \*

Every day for three weeks that green buggy waggon and the tall man with whiskers stopped before Miss Josephine Burges's door. The 'pothecary grit his teeth, and eyed the pison with an awful, desperate look every time the buggy came in sight; and when he heard that Miss Josephine Burges was a getting her wedding frock made, and was raly a going to be married to a foreign chap, as rich as a Jew, that had fallen in love with her at the Tammany hall, he filled the tumbler agin brimming full, and then chucked the pison in the grate, and said he wouldn't make sich a fool of himself any longer; the critter wasn't worth taking a dose of salts for, much less a tumbler brim full of pison. Arter this, he bore up like a man; and one day, when he saw the green buggy come a trifle arlier than it ever did before, and saw the tall chap jump out all dressed off to kill, with white gloves on, and a white handkercher a streaming out of his coat pocket, he jist put his teeth together and looked on till he saw Miss Josephine Burges come out with a white silk bonnet on and a great long white veil a streaming over it, and see her take a seat in the buggy waggon with the tall man in whiskers. It wasn't no news to him when he heard that Miss Josephine Burges was married, and had sold out her shop; but when he heard that the overseer of her work room had got some relation to buy out the stock for her, the 'pothecary brightened up like any thing; and he was heard to say, that arter all the young gal that took charge of the work room wasn't to be grinned at in a fog; for his part, he thought her full as handsome as Miss Josephine Burges.

There was no two ways about it.—Miss Josephine Burges was raly married to the tall man in whiskers, and she had sold out all her stock in trade to the young gal who had taken charge of her work room. About three days arter the wedding, the tall man with whiskers sot in the leetle room over what had been Miss Josephine Burges's store; she that had been Miss Josephine Burges herself, sot with one arm around his neck. \* \* \*

Wal, arter this soft sodder, the tall man in whiskers took hold of the chain that his bride had on round her neck, and sez he, "my dear love, I raly can't bear to see you rigged out in these 'ere old fashioned things. When you was only a milliner, they did well enough, but now you mustn't wear no jewelry that aint at the top of the notch; jist pack up all on 'em, that are watch of your'n and all, and I'll go and swap 'em off for a set of mosaic work.—When I take you hum among all my folks, they'd larf at these awkered things."

With that the bride begun to look streaked enough: so she sot to work and lugged out all the gold things she had; her watch, and great heavy chain, and ear-rings, and ever so many gim-cracks. So the tall man put them all in his pocket, and took up his hat, and sez he, "I'll soon git rid of these 'ere things, and bring you something worth while."

Miss Josephine Burges, (that was,) said there never was so kind a critter, and jist to let her see that she wasn't much out in saying that are, he cum back from the door, and sez he—

"Seeing as I'm a going out I may as well take that are leetle sum of money and put it in some bank for you. Of course I don't want any thing of it, but it raly don't seem jist safe here, among all these sowing gals. Miss Josephine Burges, (that was,) went to her chest of drawers, and took out a heap of bank bills, and give them to him.—The tall man in whiskers put the bills in his trou-

sers pocket, buttoned it up tight, then give the pocket a leetle slap, and was a going out agin.

"You'll come right straight back, dear?" sez Miss Josephine Burges, (that was) "you will, wont you?"

"Sartainly, my sweet love," sez the tall man in whiskers, a stopping on the stairs, and kissing her hand over the railing.

"By-by," sez Miss Josephine Burges, (that was).

"By-by," sez the tall man in whiskers.

Miss Josephine Burges (that was) set by the window, and looked arter the tall man till he got cenamost down to Chatham square. She waited a hull hour, and he didn't come back; then she waited two hours; then all night; and the next week, and the next, till she'd been a waiting three hull months—and arter all, the tall man in the whiskers didn't seem to hurry himself a bit.

About a year arter the Tammany ball, the leetle 'pothecary was a sitting in the back room of what once was Miss Josephine Burges' milliner-store; his wife, the young gal that used to take charge of the work room, stood close by; and the 'pothecary was a look-over his wife's day-book. Jist as he was a adding up a long row of figures, one of the hands come down stairs, and was a going out.

"Look a here, Miss Josephine Burges, or Mrs. What's-your-name," sez the 'pothecary, "if your detarmined to go home jist the minit your hour is up, these hurrying times, it's my idee that you'd better look out for some other shop to work in."

The colour riz up in the poor woman's face; but it was her turn to be snubbed and grove about, without daring to say her soul was her own. So instead of riling up, she spoke as meek as could be, and sez she, "I aint very well; I've got a dreadful headache."

"Can't help that," sez the 'pothecary; "we pay you twenty shillings a week, fast rate wages, to work, so you may jist step back to the work room with your head ache, or I'll dock off fifty cents when it comes Saturday night, if you don't. Go—I'll have you to know you aint mistress in this shop, or master neither."

Miss Josephine Burges (that was) had a temper of her own, but she owed for her board, and so choked in and went up stairs as mad as natur.

The 'pothecary's wife was a good-hearted critter, and it raly made her feel bad to see her old boss used so.

"Don't speak so to her," sez she to the 'pothecary; "she raly looks tired and sick,—dont hurt her feelings."

"I was a sewing gal once," sez the 'pothecary's wife.

"Yes—and how did that stuck up critter use you?—tell me that?" sez he.

The 'pothecary's wife didn't answer; but the minit her husband had gone out, she went out into the kitchen, and took a bowl of genuine hot tea up to the work room. Miss Josephine Burges (that was) sot on a stool, looking as mad as a March hare; she begun to sow as soon as the 'pothecary's wife come in, as grouty as could be; but when the kind critter gin her the bowl of tea, and told her it would be good for her headache, the poor sewing gal boo-hooed right out a crying.

#### SKETCH,—COAST OF NOVA-SCOTIA AND NEW-FOUNDLAND.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

When the shadows of evening fell upon our prospect, as we lay quietly at anchor over against a fine fort in Halifax harbour, a scene of awful grandeur burst upon us. It was not new to me, for I had looked on it during a whole day's inland journey; but its effect was incalculably heightened by the darkness of night, and the position which we occupied. The woods were burning, to what extent I know not; but the track that sent up that continuous sheet of flame could not have comprised less than fifty miles. It had burnt for more than a week, and was blazing still, presenting a ridge of blazing forest-ground along the hill-side, as far as the eye could reach. These fires generally take their rise from some spark unintentionally allowed to fall among dry brushwood, which rapidly communicates the fearful element to all within its reach, and thus the conflagration acquires a power that sets the efforts of man at defiance, proceeding along the country until an open space of land, a wide river, or a heavy fall of rain, stays its progress. The effect is magnificent, but the contemplation very painful, when the extent of animal suffering and individual loss is considered. The Indian's wigwam, the settler's log hut, and the little patches of cultivation he has succeeded in rearing amid the wilds, all are consumed, together with the fox's covert, the elk's retreat, and the fragile nest of the affrighted bird. Alas, that the only certainty we can predicate of any earthly thing should be that that it will perish!

On the following morning we bade a last adieu to the beautiful harbour, and pursued our course northward.—A dark canopy of smoke, reddened towards its base by the still raging fire, overhung the line of coast; and I watched with wonder its seemingly interminable stretch, as long as we continued within ken. Two days pleasant sail brought us within a distant view of the majestic cliffs of Newfoundland; but here a dead calm fell upon us, and for twenty-four hours we endured that most annoying visitation, consisting in one incessant lazy roll, or rather rocking of the vessel, which remains perfectly stationary, only swinging round with each turn of the tide. The weather was sultry, the sky, unrelieved