# St. John Daily Chronicle.

## AND 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.

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

☞ Terms—5s. 6d., if paid within the year, 10s. if not paid until after expiration of the year.

All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

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

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☞ George W. White, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Youngs Cove, Grand Lake.

☞ V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, *is the only authorized Agent* for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rate as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His Offices are:—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets.



### Mutual Insurance Company.

Joseph Fairweather, Esquire, President.
J. W. Lawrence, Zebedee Ring, } Directors.
S. L. Tilley, S. E. Foster, }
J. M. Robinson, Esquire, Solicitor.
Isaac Woodward, Esquire, Secretary.

*Application for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street.*

### THOMAS GOW,

Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MESSRS. PARKS BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles; LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.

July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

SPRING IMPORTATION.—*Assorted Crates.*—250 assorted Crates EARTHENWARE, selected and packed suitable for country trade, and guaranteed free from Breakage—offered very low for Cash, by FRANCIS CLEMENTSON,
April 26 Dock-street.

### DOOLEY'S

MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Post Office Building, State Street, Boston.

Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

### 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,

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

August 29.

WASHING POWDERS.—Received per Packet Liberia, and sold at one sixth the usual prices by FELLOWS & CO.
April 14.

**English Wrought Nails.**

*By the John Barbour, Sea, for sale*

152 KEGS, consisting of Fast, Six, Eight Ten and Twenty-penny Rose and Clasp Head;
Of Five and Six-penny Ox,
Nine and Ten-penny Horse,
One and 3-4 to 2 1-2 inch Boat Nails,
Sheating Nails,
Four and a half inch Spikes.
JOHN KINNEAR.
March 9.

JUST RECEIVED and For Sale—15 doz. Cane and Wood Seat CHAIRS.
GEORGE NIXON,
April 27. Prince Wm -street.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—400 lbs. of Extra Goose FEATHERS; 500 do.; Russian do.;
3 new and handsome Patterns of Cloth Paper HANGINGS.
April 13. GEORGE NIXON.

FASHIONS—Spring 1855.—Now opened, ex *Groveland*, the new Spring Style of French Satin HATS. For Sale by,
March 23. LOCKHART & CO.

JOHN KINNEAR,—Prince Wm. Street,—Is receiving, just landing, and for Sale—50 Kegs Cut NAILS; 4 Bales Taper CORKS; 5 Barrels Crushed SUGAR; 3 Barrels FLUID; 3 Tierces RICE; 13 Dozen assorted CHAIRS.
March 23

**Assorted Crates of Earthenware.**

75 CRATES Assorted EARTHENWARE; packed to suit the Country trade, guaranteed free from breakage, offered low, for sale by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON.
September 14. 29, Dock Street.

CODFISH.—Just received.—200 Quintals of large and small CODFISH; equal to last.
JOHN MARVEN,
September 14. Ward street

**FALL OF SEBASTOPOL!**

TYRRELL'S Great Work on the present War, elegantly Illustrated with Steel Plate Engravings, taken by the most eminent Artists of the day. The First Part just received. In order to secure this valuable Book, Subscribers will please leave their names at the Office, between 5 & 6 P. M. Premium Plate Gratis. Printed by the London Printing & Publishing Co. Terms of Subscription, 6s. 8d. per fortnight—delivered free of charge. Sold by
H. HUNTER,
9 Market Square, over Kemp, Adams & Co.
Oct. 26, 1855.

TURRENAILS.—40,000 Hackmatack TREENAILS, from 18 to 30 inch, in store and for sale. (September 14.) G. M. BURNS.

**Just Received**

80 QUTLS. large CODFISH,
20 do. small do. } in prime order
40 do. POLLOCK,
140 pieces of excellent GRIT GRIND STONES from 15 to 36 inches diameter. JOHN MARVEN.
August 10th. Ward-street.

Brig *Jane*: JOHN BARBOUR from LIVERPOOL

BATH BRICK; Washing SODA;
Cottage INK; Red BRIMSTONE;
Kegs of MUSTARD;
Kegs Yellow PAINT.
For Sale at
JOHN KINNEAR'S,
25th Sept. Prince Wm. Street.

**Great Reduction Low Rate Short RAIL ROAD.**

THE Undersigned having been appointed a Ticket Agent for the above RAIL ROAD, is prepared to forward Passengers from ST. JOHN to all parts of the WESTERN STATES, via NIAGARA FALLS, and BUFFALO. Persons procuring through Tickets at St. John will avoid the inconvenience of getting Tickets at the different Rail Road Stations, and get their Baggage checked through, thereby avoid the trouble and expence of handling, and save from two to five dollars on their passage, and inconvenience of getting money changed.

☞ Passengers by this route can go from BOSTON to CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, in 48 hours, or lay over at any place they chose and resume seats at pleasure.

☞ TICKETS to be had of HOWARD DIXON at the Office of H. S. Dixon, Nelson street, Saint John, N. B. The Subscriber having travelled in the Western States will cheerfully give any information required.
May 11th, 1855. HOWARD DIXON.

**JOHN KINNEAR,**
**PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,**

IS now receiving, you same:—
300 BOXES 7x9, 8x10, 9x12, 10x12, and 10x15 Window GLASS;
100 Rockin g and other CHAIRS;
50 boxes CLOTHES PINS;
TUBS, PAILS, and other Wood Ware
12 William CABS, falling Tops.
ALSO—In Warehouse and in Store:—
250 tierces Window GLASS, from 12x16 to 18x24;
100 boxes half white, 10x12, a superior article. Aug. 17.

**Hats, Caps, &c.**

Opened per "Eastern City," at the CHEAP HAT, CAP, and FUR STORE, North side of King street, the following descriptions of new styles HATS and CAPS:—
GENTS' Drab Napoleon HATS;
do. do. Gutta Percha do.;
do. do. Wide Awake do.;
do. do. Black Kossuth do.;
do. do. Warrior do.;
do. do. Beauties do.;
do. Silk Glazed Bangor CAPS;
do. do. Ringold do.;
do. Brown Cloth Emperor do.;
do. Black Satin Spring '53 HATS.
For sale at lowest market prices.
April 13. LOCKHART & CO.

**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.

Tankers, Pattens, 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.

*We have obtained the Victory.*

**KENNAY & SCHIRMER,**
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
*South side King Square, St. John, N. B.*

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Square Front Mahogany Piccolo, | £30 0 0 |
| Rosewood D. G. Piccolo, | 35 0 0 |
| Do. Elegant do. | 40 0 0 |
| Cottage, | 42 0 0 |
| Semi-Cabinet, | 45 10 0 |
| Full Cabinet, | 50 0 0 |

Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom. 55 0 0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-8 Octave to A above.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 16th.

**Sweedish Leeches, &c.**

A FRESH Lot received by FELLOWS & CO., Germain street, opposite the lower end of Market Street.

ALSO—*HOOPER'S FEMALE PILLS.*
1 ton Blue Vitriol; 3 do ALUM;
8 do. SALTPETRE; 1 ton COPPERAS;
5 do Washing SODA; 1 ton Epsom SALTS;
5 do Cream Tartar; 4 do SULPHUR;
4 do Brimstone; 4 do Bi Carb. SODA;
1 do Carb. *Magnesia*; 2 tons Whiting, in bbls;
1 ton Paris do. in do. Received direct from the Manufactures in Glasgow.
FELLOWS & CO.
July 20.

**Fish, Oil, Rice, &c.**

Now landing at South Wharf—
250 QUINTALS first quality CODFISH;
100 do. do. POLLOCK;
6 Barrels COD OIL, *good*;
—IN STORE—
80 Qtls. large COD; 50 do. do. small;
3 Tierces RICE; 15 boxes No. 1 & 2 SOAP;
10 Boxes Mould CANDLES—For sale by
*October 5, 1855.* JOHN MARVEN.

**Window Glass.**

Just received from New York—250 boxes GLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 40 boxes | 9x12; | 20 boxes | 9x13; |
| 20 " | 9x14; | 30 " | 10x14; |
| 15 " | 10x15; | 15 " | 11x14; |
| 15 " | 12x15; | 10 " | 11x17; |
| 15 " | 12x14; | 15 " | 12x15; |
| 15 " | 12x16; | 8 " | 12x20; |
| 8 " | 13x12; | 8 " | 14x18; |
| 8 " | 14x18; | 8 " | 14x20; |
| 5 " | 18x21. | | |

GEORGE NIXON.
August 17.

**NEW! NEW!!**

Received per Steamers, at New Number, 4, King Street, a few Cases new style Hats:—
In Young ENGLAND'S;
In Young FRANK'S;
In Young AMERICA'S;
In Young RUSSE'S;
In Young AUSTRIA'S.
For Sale at selling off prices.
July 20. LOCKHART & CO.

**To Close up Small Lots.**

LOT Superior Linnen COATS, only 6s.;
Lot Boys do. do. 3s. 4d.;
Lot Men's Black Alpaca COATS, only 12s. 6d.;
" " Mixed do. do. " 10s. 6d.;
" " Black Russell Cord do. " 11s. 9d.;
GRANITE HALL.
No. 1 Dock-street
June 1.

MONEY WANTED.—I want to sell for money, 1 hhd. Cuba SUGAR, 4 brls. PORK, and 9 boxes No. 1 Cavendish TOBACCO—duty paid. Price nominal.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
March 22. No. 5. Prince Wm. Street.

**MODEL MELODEONS.**

NEWLY improved "MODEL MELODEONS," Sold at the Cabinet Ware-Rooms of the Messrs. J. & C. LAWRENCE, head of King Street. These Instruments have received the approbation of the best judges for the Durability and Beauty of the workmanship and excellent Tone.

St. John, N.B., March 27th, 1855.

Mr. Stevens:

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I make known to you the opinion of myself and many others of the MELODEON, purchased from you a few months ago. This instrument manufactured by Mason & Hamlin, has given the utmost satisfaction, both in Tone, Touch, and Power, and I do freely, and cheerfully admit it is the best I have ever seen. Since the introduction of this instrument in our Choir Practice we find a great improvement, thereby sustaining the Voice, and procuring a perfect Tone to every Note.

I am dear Sir, yours truly,
K. D. McARTHUR,
Conductor of St. Andrews' Church Choir.

M. A. STEVENS, Agent, Teacher of the Piano Forte and Cultivation of the Voice. March 9.

**Teas, White Lead, &c.**

Ex "Achilles" and "Eudocia"—
100 CHESTS Extra Souchong } TEAS;
10 do. superior family do }
25 do. Fine Congou,
5 Tons Brandram's WHITE LEAD;
1 do. Coloured PAINTS;
6 Casks Raw and Boil'd OIL;
1 Ton PUTTY;
10 Bales COTTON WARPS;
25 " ales COTTON GOODS, &c.;
6 Cases INDIGO; 1 case Ladies' BOOTS;
2 Cases Ruled PAPER;
2 Cases NUTMEGS—For sale low by
L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.
St. John, June, 1854.

**HORSE SHOEING.**

[Shop one door north of the Country Market]

WILLIAM GABRIEL begs to Tender his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public for the extensive patronage hitherto received from them; and he takes this method further to inform them that he is prepared at all times to execute orders in his line of business, in the best possible manner, and in the style that is most suitable to this Country.

January 20, 1854.

**CHEAPER THAN EVER.**

R. HUNTER,—Having determined on *Clearing Out* his entire Stock of CLOTHING—has commenced SELLING OFF at an immense reduction—and at such prices as cannot be competed with and must ensure a SPEEDY CLEARANCE, being fully 10 *per cent. cheaper* than can be had at any other house in the trade.

NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE.
Sears' Brick Building,
June 23. King Street.

**YOUNG'S BOARDING HOUSE,**
NEAR THE KING'S SQUARE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the public that he has moved to the premises formerly occupied by J. K. Chipman, nearly opposite Country Market, which he has fitted and furnished in a superior manner, and where the best of attention will be paid to all who may favour him with a call.

N.B.—The Stabling attached to the premises need no comment, being the best in the City, with careful grooms always in attendance.
22d June, 1855.

**New Books.**

CHAMBERS' Edinburgh Journal, for October
The Elder Sister and Ethel, two excellent Novels, by Marian James;
The Match Girl, or Life Scenes as they are;
The planter's victim, or incidents of American Slavery;
Representative Women from Eve, the wife of the first, to Mary, the mother of the second Adam, by G. C. Baldwin, D. D.;
The Schoolboy, and Seven Poor Travellers, by Dickens, 6d. each;
The Newcombs, by W. M. Thackeray, 2 vols., (ill.) 7s. 6d.;
Henry Esmond, by do., new ed., 2s.;
Hanny, by Charles Rowcroft, Esq.;
Susan Wylie, a Tale of Sea and Shore;
Roger's Poetical Works.
A further supply of Bits of Blarney, by Dr. McKenzie.
B. O'BRIEN.
P. S.—Harper's Magazine for October, and other late Publications just arrived. October 5.

**Dr. Noble's Invigorating Balm.**

THIS admirable preparation is the most effectual remedy known for Baldness and falling off of the Hair, giving it a rich glossy appearance, unequalled by anything of the kind. It contains no alcohol or alkaline substance (as all the washes do which are now used,) and will restore the natural colour after those articles have deprived the hair of it. We can refer enquirers to persons, both old and young, many of them who have been bald several years, and have had their hair stored by this preparation. It acts by assisting nature and will in no way prove injurious. Prepared and Sold by FELLOWS & CO.
Germain-street.
October 5. opposite west end of country M'kt.

TAR, TAR.—91 brls. Wilmington TAR,
For Sale at lowest market rates.
G. M. BURNS.
July 20. South Market Wharf

**DANDALION COFFEE.**

*A Novelty! A Luxury!! A Luxury!!*

THE virtues of DANDALION have long been held in high estimation, but the difficulty of obtaining it in all seasons of the year, has impeded the wishes of the public in extending and promoting its more general use.

The above preparation is therefore offered to the public with confidence, as possessing all the properties of the plant, and when used according to direction, it forms a most agreeable drink. It is also used to improve the flavour of Coffee and Cocoa. Sold in packets at 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. sterling, by FELLOWS & CO.,
July 20. Opposite lower end Market-street

LEECHES.—Just received—100 Sweedish LEECHES. Also—Dr. Kennedy's Medical Discovery, for the cure of Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the blood—for sale by S. L. TILLEY,
April 20. No. 15 King Street

PAPER HANGINGS. More new Patterns of PAPER HANGINGS, just received at the new Paper Store—1000 Rolls, all good patterns, now open. For sale low by
GEORGE NIXON,
Prince William Street.
June 16.

WANTED.—A good Cabinet Maker, a steady man, and one that would hire by the year preferred. M. N. POWERS, Undertaker,
St. John, Oct 5. Germain street.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by
FELLOWS & CO
October 26, 1853.

Cane Seat CHAIRS.—Just received and for Sale. 15 Dozen Cane & Wood Seat CHAIRS.
GEORGE NIXON.


### Poetry.

#### THE MOTHER'S BIBLE.

(The morning of the assault after the storming of the Redan, a young officer's dead body was found beneath the walls, a book of hymns was in his breast, and beside him a pocket-Bible, which had fallen from his hand, opened at the 10th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, and with a bloody mark across his own hand at the spot "Oh! grave where is thy victory?" The fly-leaf bore the inscription: "From an affectionate mother for her dear brave boy.")

A warrior youth fell on the field amid the battle strife,
And well he knew his day was done, and sobbing fast—his life;
And there he lay, at Redan's foot, 'mid heaps of slaughtered dead,
No friend was near, his heart to cheer, or watch his parting breath.

And fast and fast the purple stream flowed on from every vein,
And his clenched hand and pallid cheek told of his mortal pain;
And vain he strove again to grasp his father's broadsword brand,
Which he had wielded in the fight, the foremost of the band.

And now he thought of Erin's shore, and all he held most dear;
He thought of boyhood's blithesome day, and dropped a silent tear;
He thought of home, and all the joys that he had tasted there;
He thought of one who had pledged her vows, and he kissed the maiden's hair.

And memory led to the sacred spot where his mother used to kneel,
The Church where oft she loved to pray, and wept her little soul's weal;
And he thought upon the sacred gift, his mother's parting word,
As she asked her soldier boy, with tears, to think upon the Lord.

And now he spies the sacred book he ne'r had pondered o'er,
Her words, her tears, were ne'er forgot, amid the battle's roar;
And in this hour he felt the power of God, and of God's truth,
The stay for man's declining years, the guide for early youth.

The cannon roars, the war-tide bursts, like ocean's maddening wave,
The strife goes on, and the gory plain is many a soldier's grave;
But he heeded not, for he did fight a deadlier combat far,
And he must grasp the shield of faith, in unearthly war.

And now the battle thunders, shouts proclaim the sallies sway,
Once more he glanced, with glassy eye to, view the fatal fray;
He saw the Russian tyrant yield, he saw his myriad flee,
He heard the British war-cheer ring, and France's voice of—Victory!

But he heeded not, for he could see a more transporting sight,
Oh! he heeded not, for he seemed to hear songs from the realms of light;
And, lo! with one sweet thought of home, his heart in prayer he bends,
With one more look upon the book, his last farewell he sends.

The warrior fell, but he had fought the goodlier fight of faith,
And he had won the conqueror's crown, and triumphed over the death;
"Where is thy victory, O grave? thy sting, O death?" he cried,
And with his life-blood, as it flowed, he marked the word and died.

### Literature.

#### THE TURKISH GENTRY AT HOME.

Review of a new Book "The Crescent; with Pictures of Harem Life: or the Turks in 1854."—By Gordon, C. L. Gordon Tenery, Esq., London." By the Editor of Chamber's Journal

If travellers contradict each other flatly in matters of fact—in matters depending on the testimony of their own eyes and ears—it is no wonder that they should take opposite sides in the question either of individual or national character.—But here is something that puzzles us. If we were told that the Turks, like other people, had redeeming qualities, we could understand; but when an author gravely assures us that they have no positively bad qualities to redeem, we do not know what to make of it. Mr. Tenery is that author. With him, the sole drawback of a Turkish gentleman is the want of what he calls spirituality; while a Turkish lady would be perfection itself, were it not that her higher nature is obscured by a little ignorance. His book describes the life of the haem—the Turkish gentry literary at home; and if his pictures are coloured with rosetints and gold, they are at least novel and amusing in no common degree."

The Turkish gentleman, being a person of exquisite taste, has of course a dwelling-house constructed on strictly æsthetical principles. The one into which we are first introduced is the property of a certain Mustapha Effendi, a quiet gentlemanly Osmanli; it is on the edge of the Bosphorus, and is built in "the pure, but exceedingly picturesque style of Turkish architecture." On one side, the walls rise out of a lake hollowed in white marble, the material with which, likewise, the surrounding courts are paved; and in the midst of these is a fountain, with its thousand jets, and its multitudes of gold-fishes. The buildings are environed with orange trees, palms, limes, and terraces of all sorts of gorgeous flowers. The morning-room is lighted by windows that open upon a terrace of flowers, interspersed with marble walks. In the centre of the terrace is a lofty ledge of artificial rocks, with a stream escading over them, and falling from basin to basin to the number of twelve, the waters widening as they fall till they expand into a large sheet. "Through the spray formed in the descent, the sunbeams shone; thus creating a perpetual rainbow, within whose fairy circle, you sat on a bench, surrounded by a carefully arranged group of shrubs and blossoms—all bathed like yourself, in softened sunshine and prismatic colours." The drapery of the room, covering the walls as well as the furniture, is of rich white satin damask; and the roof is of pale blue, ribbed with gold, and studded with gold stars. The saloon is a much longer room, hung with orange velvet, worked and fringed with gold; cushions of silk *crape*, purple bro aded with gold; tables covered with cloths woven throughout of gold and silver threads; carpets of orange ground, through which run wreaths of pink, and green, and purple flowers; sofa cushions and pillows of white satin; walls of plate-glass and gold carving."

This is the reception of the visitors: "Our cafiques drew up in the shadow of a row of plane trees, where a path from Mustapha Effendi's house descended to the water. A slave saw our approach, and immediately ran indoors. A moment more, and Yasumi Haneum, Mustapha's young wife, came running down the terrace to the caique. My sister rose, and stepped on to the landing-place. Yasumi took her hand, and kissed the hem of her dress; the two being the greatest marks of affection which an Eastern lady can exhibit.

"Sheiker Al'lah!—God be praised!" you say? Yes, I am!" said she, in those soft melodious tones which make the voice of an Osmanli woman seem almost music. "You are very kind to come here to see me. I love you very much! and hope you will be able to love the simple Osmanli. May I love you?"

"How glad I shall be, if you will! I hope you will love me dearly," said my sister, smiling affectionately upon her.

"And you will love me, too?"

"I shall only love you *too much*;" and she threw her arms around Yasumi's neck fondly, then raised her hand to her lips.

"You are very good. You shall have all my heart. Now, come; my husband will be impatient, if we do not haste."

Here is the portrait of this young wife: "Yasumi—Jasmine—Haneum was a beautiful Circassian of scarcely seventeen years. Her complexion was unsullied as the daylight; with a lovely pink on each cheek; and her skin was soft, as the interior of a violet's leaf. Her nose was long, straight, and nobly formed. Her features were exceedingly lovely; but the best of all was the expression of the soul's glory that shone through them so exultingly. Her head was formed after the most magnificent Caucasian type, which few need be told is the same as—rather, it is the parent of—the English; and is the very highest organization presented by the head of the human race. The forehead was wide and lofty; its flowing line was of genius and of grace, and expressed a real dignity that stamped her one of nature's queens. Her hair was thick, dark, and glossy; but, after the fashion of Osmanli women greatly disfigured by being cut short and square just below the ears."

In another room still, more gorgeous than the rest, the master of the house appears sitting on a soft, almost hid in its cushions. On each side of him is one of his womankind, perhaps his pipe, and presenting coffee to him. In the corner of the room is a young Greek singing to the accompaniment of her mandolin, while two dancing-girls keep time with their graceful movements and their castanets. The Selictar Aga had gone in before us to announce our arrival, and also that we were on the way to the apartment in which our host sat. As we pushed aside the drapery from the door, he rose to a sitting posture, and fixed his eyes straight upon the carpet before him. Yasumi walked on, still leading my sister by the hand. When we had advanced about one-third of the length of the room towards him, he looked up with a sweet smile, which smile did not relax until Yasumi reached the cushion; then falling on one knee, said:

"I bring you your old friends again, my lord. Did them welcome from their beautiful Frangistan!"

"Sel'lah Al'ah—praise be to God!" said Mustapha. "Bourum—you are welcome—quite welcome. "Tihat l'ahein itt'ar goxum—look graciously, and sit, my eyes!" said he to my sister.

The host is very hospitable in offering a pipe to his lady-visitor but confesses his ignorance of the manners of Frangistan. The strangers are frankly permitted to introduce two of their friends, Mrs. E—— and her husband; and soon dinner is announced by a young Circassian, who comes tripping in, and falls on her knees before Mustapha.

"Mashal'lah: I am told that your ways in Frangistan are peculiar," said Mustapha, rising. "How you eat on such an occasion in England, I know not; but in Roum—Turkey—all we do is to walk into the room one after another, the men taking precedence, as it is good and seemly to do.

"Will madam allow me?" said Mrs. E——'s husband to my sister, at the same time presenting his arm with a bend as stiff and formal as his own cravat."

"Al'lah ukbur!—God is great!" cried Mustapha: "what am I to do?"

"Be my escort, Effendi," said Mrs. E——, resting his arm on her rich pelisse.

"Then I will take Yasumi," I said; "with a proviso, that her husband shall not be jealous," I whispered aside.

"That, I am sure, he will not be!" said Yasumi, with sparkling eyes. "He has a soul purer than the light, and more loving than the daffadoil for its own shadow. I love him for he is good."

"And times are changing, even in Turkey, Hanoun."

Changing indeed! Upon three silver trays, each placed on a stand eighteen inches high, the meal was to be served. Cushions of the most delicate pink and sky blue satin, embraidered with gold and silver, and colored silks were strewn around them. Beside every cushion lay two napkins of the finest white muslin, exquisitely wrought with silks, and golden birds, and flowers. A row of slaves, reaching from the furthest tray to the door, passed the dishes from hand to hand, up to the last one, who presented it to Yasumi, meekly kneeling on the carpet.

We all were led to a cushion, each by one of the of the attending slaves. The napkins were carefully spread upon our knees; warm rosewater was poured from a golden ewer over the hands of all. Then the repast commenced, every one hoping himself from the dish in the centre, by taking from any part of it that was most pleasing to the eye.

The Osmanlis are very fond of variety in their food. The number of courses at a private dinner is generally fifteen, yet it does not last so long as the like meal in England. Seldom does any one take from the dish twice. The slaves remove them as fast as they are done with, and put the next course upon the table. During the evening, the time is filled up at intervals, as elsewhere, with conversation. The sipping of coffee proceeded, the dances were kept up in full spirit, the music continued, and the nussaaljis still kept us laughing at their tales. Then the hour of repose came on, and all the household was hushed in sleep. Our beds were formed in the Osmanli fashion of cushions of orange colored silk, embroidered with gold, and filled with the softest down. Over us was lightly drawn a sheet of blue silk gauze, brilliantly marked by crimson stripes, and a coverlet of pale violet silk, worked with azure and golden flowers. Everything was made of the richest materials; and the beautiful silk gauze, airy as the rainbow, spiritual as an Italian summer-cloud, claimed our especial admiration, of its truly Oriental luxury and magnificence.

Such is a glimpse of the Osmanli gentleman at home. We come now more especially to the ladies. The Osmanli ladies do not all dress dressed as is often supposed. The legs are folded beneath them, after the fashion of a person kneeling, and then sitting down upon their heels. The toes of the feet are turned inwards, and touch each other. Never do you see an Osmanli with her legs dangling over the edges of the cushion. To expose these parts of the person whilst sitting is considered indelicate. The lady who calls forth this passing explanation now begins to ask the usual questions of an Osmanli woman on your first introduction to her at home. And the two legged


"Look on me. Do you love me?" asked she.

"Not to love you would be to confess a very indifferent taste, or no taste at all."

"It is enough, and you are very kind to say so. Light of my soul returned she. "Am I not pretty? What do you think of me?"

"You are lovelier than the daughters of Paradise: your beauty is more glorious than the noon day sky: your cheek is softer than the first flower of spring: your face is fairer than the snow flake upon a mountain: your hands are like pearls: your eyes are like moons: your lips are like rubies, newly washed in the Bosphorus: your teeth are like diamonds from the valleys of Nilapore: your smile is softer than the light of the evening star: and your presence is sweeter than the light of the morning-star: and your voice is sweeter to the soul than a sunbeam breaking through a dark cloud: I love you, Cadoudi."

And I smiled a quiet smile in her innocent eyes, quite convinced that I had flattered strong enough to please even an Eastern lady.

"Inshal lah!—I trust in God!—You are no Giaour!" exclaimed she; "else where did you learn to speak so like a good Moslem?"

"Have you never heard how wise the Giaours are? That they leave no love untouched?"

"Mashal'lah! And I like to hear them talk, too! Admire us! It is wonderful! I am told that the books they write are more beautiful than music, and fill the soul with love, till it enters the seventh Paradise. Is that true, sir?"

"In spirit, it is very nearly so."

"You are good, and I like you!" and, with a sweet frank solicity, she went through the usual and graceful alamet, as I made the temins in acknowledgment of the compliment."

One curious effect of the seclusion in which the Turkish women, whether married or unmarried, usually lives, is, that love-advances must always come from her. The man would not presume to notice her—and, besides, it would be vulgar to do so. Hence the language of flowers of which the following specimen is given by our author:—

"Am I not pretty?" and she holds up a white lotus.

He holds up a flower of Paradise. "You are lovelier than the houries in Corkbasa—Paradise."

"Do you love to look upon me?" asked by presenting a blush-rose.

"As the tiger-lily loves to gaze upon its own shadow."

"Can you love me?" and she shows a caldoil

"As the daisy loves the sun!" and he turns towards her the flower in question.

"Would you die for my sake?" and she pulls a tosebud in two parts.

"I would submit my neck to the bowstring without a murmur!" and he pulls off the head of a yellow geranium, or a violet.

"You are good, and I love you!" and she shows him a jasmine.

He makes the temins with the rapidity of lightning.

"Will you be my husband?" She pulls a hair from her head, and winds it round the jasmine.

He picks out a rose, and holds it with the flower pointing downwards to the ewer.

"I cannot live without you; but if you refuse to have me, I shall die."

She takes a sunflower, and holds it by the side of the jasmine.

"Meet me to-night, at twilight!" now a lily is quickly added; by the fountain!" a grape-tendril or a moss-rose; "in the kiosk!" a peach, or any deliete fruit that is in season; "near the wall!" or if she holds up a single green leaf plucked from one of the flowers, she says, "the kiosk is on the banks of the Bosphorus;" or, if she gathers her flowers into a bunch, and points the tip of her finger to the centre, it means, "the kiosk is in the midst of the garden." If she removes her finger, and then points a second time, "surrounded by trees." Then a lavender-bud, "there is nothing to fear." But a white rose is, "be as careful as you can." And then she readjusts her yashmak, which is, "There will be a mark where you should climb."

The mystery of the harem, however, is now fast disappearing, and with it, we trust, will disappear the unspirituality of the men, and the ignorance of the women. "One Osmanli allows his wives to come to meals with him in the salemlick [mens apartments]; or he, and his children also, go to the harem, and take them there. Another Osmanli permits them to live in the salemlick, or harem, indiscriminately; only, they must remember to make their hastiest flight on the announcement of that spectre—a man. But other Osmanlis are learning to sneer at all this nonsence, and suffer their wives or their daughters—after the fashion of those worthy Turks of whom I have written—to appear in the salem-leik, and talk to any of mankind who may come there, whenever they will; only requiring that they shall never enter our presence without having their yashmaks strictly arranged, and being careful to see that some other person—a slave at least is in the room.


#### A LION IN THE PATH.

From a record of sporting adventures in South Africa, recently published in an English magazine, we make the following extract. It is thrillingly graphic as anything we have met for some time:

Whilst breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a path, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night might have muddled it as much for that. However I resolved to try, and throwing my Minie into the hollow of my arm, and cocking my wide awake over my eyes, I wended down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of men and horses. The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as flies would in treacle, but as the water looked uncommonly cool, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a cleaner spot; and so climbing a short steep, covered with long grass and underwood, I pushed aside some branches which intervened between me and a small clear space of shorter turf, and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must say at that moment to my dismay, I was so used to the sight of them—found myself within a few yards of one of the finest male lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of the most patriarchal interest in watching the gambols of the lioness below—doubtless his spouse—on the best breakfast. Have you ever seen Landseer's picture of the lion, in the old Water Colour Gallery? It is exactly the same attitude, and had we been by, and a model statue, stood this gentleman at bay, and for a few seconds, I remained really lost in contemplation of the grand beauty of the "tableau," so presented.

It was however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not stay where I was all day, and to advance was to run the risk of him pitching into me, and though I might possibly aim pretty straight with one shot he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without an ugly brush. Surely this was a case in which discretion would be the better part of valour; and, as he was so absorbed in the contemplation of the