THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum ;] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* *[12s. 6d. if paid in advance.*

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Weekly Almanack.

Dec.		R. Sun.	S.	Moon.	H.	W.
25	Saturday,	7 28	4 32	4 54	9	44
26	Sunday,	7 27	4 33	6	5 10	38
27	Monday,	7 27	4 33	7	8 11	27
28	Tuesday,	7 27	4 33	rises.	0	14
29	Wednesday,	7 27	4 33	6	21	0 54
30	Thursday,	7 27	4 33	7	41	1 32
31	Friday,	7 26	4 34	9	2	2 14

Full Moon 28th, 1h. 37m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.-Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.-Director next week: R. F. Hazen, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Mr. R. D. Wilmot.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: E. DeW. Ratchford, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Marine Assurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Brown's Compound Boneset Candy,

MEDICATED.

A REMEDY that has gained a great reputation for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping cough, Phthsic, sore throat, and all diseases of the lungs; also it is in extensive use for clearing the voice for vocalists and public speakers; and in consequence of the extensive sale and wonderful efficacy for curing the above complaints, has caused a number of Druggists and Confectioners to counterfeit this valuable Cough remedy. An imitation has just been shewn me with my name stamped on the candy, evidently to deceive the public. For the genuine you will call for "Wm. Brown's Boneset Candy, Medicated," and see that the direction is signed by the proprietor, and the candy stamped—"Wm. Brown."

☞ The subscriber has just received a supply of the above genuine article from Boston, which he offers for sale at his store, late *Circulating Library*, Germain street. J. ELLIOTT.

24th september.

☞ Notice.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Rev. S. R. Clarke, late of Gage Town, Queen's County, deceased, are hereby notified to hand in their claims for adjustment, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment forthwith to either of the Executors.

N. HUBBARD, *Burton.*
L. H. DEVEBER, *St. John.*

Gage Town, 18th August, 1841.

Furniture Ware Rooms,

DUKE STREET.

THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the liberal support received since his commencing business in this City, and would inform his friends and customers that he has removed his business to Duke street, a few doors West of the residence of Lauchlan Donaldson, Esq. and between Germain and Prince William streets, where he has on hand a general assortment of Warranted CABINET FURNITURE, made of the best materials and workmanship, and inferior to none he has heretofore manufactured, either in style or durability,—among which are SIDE BOARDS; Chiffoneers; BUREAUS; Lounging, Parlour, and Drawing Room CHAIRS; Sofas; Sofa Beds and Couches, covered in hair seating or *Silk Plush*, (a new article in this market,) or to order; Centre TABLES, real Egyptian Marble tops; Pier, card, Breakfast, supper, and Dining Tables, in sets and single; Ladies' Work and Toilet Tables;—all of which he offers for sale at reduced prices for satisfactory payments, and will, for a short time, sell for *Cash* at from Ten to Twenty-five per cent. below his usual prices.

☞ Friends and customers are invited to call and see previous to purchasing elsewhere.

1st *October.* JOHN J. HOGAN.

REMOVAL.

DONALD ROSS, Fishmonger, King street, begs respectfully to return his sincere thanks for the patronage he has experienced since the Fire of 1837, and to inform his Customers that he has removed his Business to his newly erected Brick building in Dock street, at the sign of the Golden Fish, when he will continue his business on an enlarged scale.

His stock will consist of a General Assortment of Groceries, and Fish of every description.

N. B.—Liquor Colouring as usual.

March 26, 1841.

Horse and Cattle Medicines.

THE attention of Gentlemen, Farmers, Farriers and Cartmen, is particularly requested to the valuable stock of Horse and Cattle Medicines on hand, prepared by Messrs. Harris & Co., Veterinary surgeons, London. They are applicable to all diseases to which horses and cattle are liable in this country. For sale by the subscriber.

sept 24. J. ELLIOTT. *Agent.*

WINTER.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Cold Winter has come with his icy clad train,
The grove is unmanted, and russet the plain,
The streams have forgotten to flow—
All nature proclaims his chill presence around,
From the snow covered mount and the leaf bestrewed ground,
To the birds that delight in the snow.

The daughters of gaiety smile on his face;
'Tis the season when elegance, beauty and grace,
In the splendour of ball-rooms unite;
And the maid of the village, as happy as they,
In simplicity's garb is enwrapped in the sleigh,
Not sighs for a greater delight.

The pensive of spirit too hail his return:
'Tis a solace to see nature languish and mourn,
And droop like their desolate hearts;
The loud pelting hail borne along by the wind,
Is the music they love; it accords with the mind,
And something like pleasure imparts.

Not so the lone widow; she shrinks from the storm
With little to cherish her infants or warm;
Unlike to the days that have passed,
When he her protector, her comfort, her stay,
Still cheered his home at the close of the day,
And shut out the pitiless blast.

And the pale visaged many, where want keeps the door,
With little to comfort or cherish in store,
The solstice of winter must dread—
Sombrous their minds and their trappings of wo,
With scarcely a cov'ring to keep out of the snow—
They creep to a half cover'd bed.

Yet some possess wealth, and can treasure it by,
Or lavish on splendour, to please the vain eye—
Of adamant formed as they are:
What would comfort the hearts of the feeble and old,
The widow and orphan—unused to the cold—
But alas! they have nothing to spare.

Such know not the feeling, the joy it imparts,
To comfort in winter the desolate hearts
Unprepared for the storm of the day:
They mind not the promise contained in the word,
"Who gives to the poor imparts to the Lord,
And I, saith the Lord, will repay."

Who stoppeth his ears when the desolate cry,
Shall cry, saith the Lord,—but I'll make no reply;
His wailing nor call will I hear—
But the bountiful man shall be blessed indeed—
His bread feeds the poor, and his soul I will feed,
His prayer shall abide in my ear.

That promise, ye worldlings, is better than gold;
More precious than all your bright coffers can hold;
That single "I will saith the Lord."
Take you as your pole-star; and on it confide,
And share with the poor what the Lord may provide—
His promise is pledged in his word.

Miscellany.

Reflections on Viewing the Shipping in the Thames.—If we glance towards the bosom of the river, far, far as the eye can reach, from the point where our vessel is now stationed, at the quay, near London-bridge, forests of masts meet the view, and the pennon of every nation flutters in the breeze.—Ships of all dimensions and all species—belonging to all climes, and manned by citizens of all countries—forming a floating Babel in respect to languages, and a Babylon with regard to wealth—may there be seen. They proclaim the power, the might, and the insatiable passions of man—the triumph which he has accheived over the powers of the elements and the grandeur of nature—and the result of those conventional laws which link society together, which compel us to admit and to carry out the belief that we are all dependent one upon the other, and which declare that we are justified in calling ourselves the "lords of the creation." Whether we contemplate the noble steam-ship that defies the tide and triumphs over the wind—the graceful cutter, her form straight, low, unbroken, and offering no obstacle to the breeze—the buoyant schooner that can approach the wind twenty degrees nearer than the best equipped frigate—the heavy brig, sunk deep in the water with the weight of merchandise—the stately Indiaman in tow of a small steam-vessel—or the large American ship, with her poop proclaiming commodious cabins—whichever we consider, or if we contemplate the whole collectively, we still find it difficult to believe that man is the maker of those human habitations that "walk the waters like things of life;" we still feel ourselves at a loss to realise the vast distance between the gigantic oak tree waving in the midst of the forest, the tar confined in the huge trunks of trees, the hemp waving in the fields, and the iron and copper imbedded in the darkest caverns on the earth—add the actual achievement of those miraculous structures: an acorn, a few seeds, a little shapeless ore, and the sap of trees are the principals whence spring the component part of those ships which man, guided by a sublime philosophy, conducts over the wild and impetuous waters at will to every part of the known world.

A Good Joke is Good Time.—Here my old friend, Tom Crawley, got the whole of our regiment out of a precious scrape. It was as follows:—Our division was served out with linen bags, made exactly to fit across our knapsacks, and at the same time, three days biscuit (2lbs) in each bag. This biscuit was to be kept strapped on the top of each man's knapsack, well tied, with brigade orders for no man to taste a morsel of it, unless given out in written orders to that effect, as our brigadier expected we should be on short commons while on the Pyrenees, and this was to be, in case of scarcity, our last resource. These bags were examined regularly every morning by officers commanding companies, but, while seen strapped snugly on the knapsacks, were considered by them all right. However, our fellows, who were never at a loss for a subterfuge, devised the following plan to evade the officers' vigilance:—they eat their biscuits except one whole one, which they kept at the top to be seen, and in their place substituted chips. This passed on very well for some time, as the sight of the top biscuit satisfied the officers, until one day Captain Johnson of our regiment took it into his head to see his company's biscuit shaken out, and whilst on private parade ordered them to untie their bags to see their biscuit. The first man on the right of the company was the unfortunate Tom Crawley. "Untie your bag Crawley," says the captain. Tom instantly did as he was ordered, and showed the captain a very good-looking biscuit a-top. "Shake the whole out," said the captain, "until I see if they are getting mouldy." "Oh, faith, there is no fear of that," said the astonished Crawley, looking the captain hard in the face, at the same time casting a woeful eye on his bag. However the captain was not to be baffled, and, taking his bag by both ends, emptied out its contents, which turned out to be nothing more nor less than a few dried chips. Poor Tom, as upright as a dart, stood scratching his head, with a countenance that would make a saint laugh.—"What have you done with your biscuit—have you eaten it, sir?" said the captain.—Tom, motionless, made no answer. "Do you know it is against orders?" "To be sure I do," says Tom;" but for God's sake, sir, do you take me for a South American jackass that carries good and sate straw?" This answer, not only set the captain, but the whole company in a roar of laughter. On further inspection the captain found his whole company, indeed the regiment, had adopted the same plan. Through this our bags were taken away, and we relieved from carrying chips.—*Costello's "Adventure of a Soldier."*

THE THIRD BRIDESMAID.

[Concluded.]

The substance of Mrs. Haverset's remarks was immediately communicated to Mrs. Ronaldson by her daughter, with the preface, "You see mamma, that every one thinks me under obligations to give a party; but here comes the receipts, we can judge of them for ourselves."

Mrs. Ronaldson scanned a few pages of the volume into which the receipts had been copied. "It would certainly be a considerable reduction of expense to follow Mrs. Haverset's plans," said she; "there is a material difference between these receipts and mine. The next question is, are they good for anything."

"Oh mamma, you know that Mrs. Haverset has the reputation of being an excellent housekeeper; she must understand these things. Your receipts are all old. It is a long time since you gave up entertaining company, and in domestic economy, of course, there are changes and improvements as well as in other matters."

Mrs. Ronaldson again yielded her better judgment to the importunities of Harriet, who joyfully proceeded forthwith to make out a list of the company to be invited. During this task, however, while putting down certain names, she could not suppress the thought,—"What will the Silsbees think of such people?" and when she had finished, she found that one half the number were persons that would not be considered presentable by the other. But there was no alterative, her mother having consented only on condition that *her* old friends should be invited as well as her daughters new ones. Yet, she had still one prospect to console her, that of a guest superior in consequence even to Mrs Silsbee herself. This was a Mrs. Brooke, their neighbour opposite, who having for a long time been in the habit of occasionally crossing the street to see Mrs. Ronaldson, could scarcely decline the invitation with propriety. After concluding this occupation, Harriet, who had no engagement for the evening, employed herself in writing invitations, which, distributed the next morning, allowed her three days for preparations. She had determined to get the affair over as soon as she could.

During the first day, Harriet busied herself in collecting the articles necessary for beginning operations, and the second, went to work in good earnest. To be able to make some extra purchases which she thought necessary, and not to exceed the limits of expenditure to which her mother was willing she should go, she kept even within the bounds of Mrs. Haverset's economy, using for her cakes, cheaper sugar, fewer eggs, less butter, and more saleratus than the receipts required. In this she was assiduously aided by Hannah, their elder servant, having long been accustomed to Mrs Ronaldson's frugal management, considered as waste every thing beyond what was a daily requisition. But Harriet soon discovered that Mrs. Haverset's instructions, minute as they were, would have been greatly enhanced in value if she herself had possessed a little more experience. With all her efforts to rival the performances of professed bakers, her cakes had a decided home made look, and that by no means of the best order, and she lost doubly as much by their burning, and bursting, and running out of shape, as she had saved by scant weight and measures. Her fruit cake would not rise, but came out of the hoop a hard, heavy, black mass, of which it would have been difficult to tell the designation; and her bride cake, on which she had bestowed the greatest pains, as the most important of her constructions, was high at one side and low at the other, and widely cracked, through the middle and burnt all over. She was not a little dismayed at what she beheld as the probable loss of several dollars worth of materials, but Mrs. Haverset assured her that no one noticed whether fruit cake was light or heavy, and that the bride cake could be scraped and cut into shape, and when iced would look quite a different thing.

On the final day, Harriet found that her labours were redoubled. The cakes were to be iced, the jellies and ice-creams made, the parlours put in order, and a score of things done, which she had been obliged to leave to the last, and to add to her cares, the young servant girl, on whom she had calculated as an efficient assistant, had been attacked in the night with such a violent headache that she was disabled from leaving her bed. She ran to Mrs. Haverset to beg her to procure her a substitute, and made a beginning at arranging the parlours herself. While she was thus engaged, Mrs. Gillingham stepped in, on a return from an early shopping, and after a survey of the rooms, exclaimed, "What a pity your mamma has not got the new carpets she has been so long talking of! I had mine lifted and dusted yesterday, and if I were not afraid she would think me officious, I would send them to you for the occasion."

Harriet snatched the offer gladly. "How good you are, Mrs. Gillingham!" she replied; "I have felt troubled about these old shabby carpets all the time; yours would just fit the rooms, and would look so beautiful! I am sure that mamma, instead of misconstruing your offer, would be very grateful for it."

"Very well, then, my dear, I will hurry home and send them, and in the meantime, you can have every thing in readiness for putting them down."

Mrs. Haverset in promising to find a servant, had said that if she could do no more, she would pick one off the street, as the poorest would be better than none. Accordingly, a coloured girl obtained from that quarter, made her appearance, and Harriet set her at taking up the carpets, whilst she went herself to complete making the jellies, and to prepare the ice-cream for freezing. Black Hetty's two boys also came by Mrs. Haverset's orders, and she sent one of them for ice, and the other for oil to fill her lamps, of which, besides their own, she had a pair of astral, and a set for the front parlour mantel borrowed from her obliging neighbour.

The time wore round. Mrs. Gillingham's carpets came, and at the advice of Mrs. Haverset, were put down with as few tacks as possible. The glass and china, also, were got ready. Mrs. Haverset superintended in person the conveyence of her's, which was really fine, and in doing so, she suggested to Harriet to put no more wine and lemonade in the glasses than would look decent.

"You have not got your wine yet, my dear;" said she; "wine is very expensive; take my advice and get the cheapest as possible. It will go further than the best. Indeed, cooking wine answers every purpose. The ladies seldom drink any, mostly preferring lemonade; and the gentlemen, if it is very fine, might drink more than would be proper in female society."

"I hardly know whom to send for it;" said Harriet. "Jerry or Dick would be sure to make a mistake."

"Oh, never mind, tell them to get the cheapest, and they will do it right."

Mr. Middleton was coming down stairs at this juncture, and while Mrs. Haverset stepped into the other room, he came up to Harriet, and said in a low tone, "I have a large quantity of very choice wines, if you will allow me to supply you, I shall be much gratified;" and before Harriet could make up her mind as to the proper answer to give, he had left the house.

"Really, that was very kind in Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Haverset, who had been listening, "but these old bachelors are generally thoughtful. Demure as he looks, he always has his eyes open. He has taken notice, I am sure, of every thing that was going on, whenever I have been in. I wonder if he will come into the parlours to-night, of course, you gave him an invitation? I don't know any body that can be more agreeable when he chooses. It is quite provoking that he is not a married man; he is so much respected, and so rich,—and, indeed he is quite handsome as men go."

"I am afraid the oil won't do for the lamps; said Hannah, whom Harriet had directed to fill them; "it is a great deal thicker and darker, than what we have been using."

"I told Jerry not to get the finest winter strained oil," said Harriet, "now that the weather is so warm, it is not absolutely necessary. The best best burns quite well, and in getting the quantity required for so many lamps,—they are entirely empty except two or three,—I did not think it worth while to pay the highest price for it,—particularly as it is for only one night."

The truth was that Jerry, on being told that the best was not wanted, presumed that the quality was a matter of indifference, and concluded to make a speculation out of his errand, which he did by getting very coarse oil, and keeping the change.

Harriet now went to work to ice her cakes, in which she proceeded with more satisfaction than in any of her labours. Having cooled the cooking-stove properly, and put them in to dry, she went up stairs with Hannah, to arrange her mother's apartment for the ladies' dressing-room, Mrs. Ronaldson having proposed to vacate it for that purpose. She was detained a considerable time, and on returning to the kitchen to look after her cakes, she discovered, to her horror, that Dick, having left the ice-cream churn, to warm his fingers, and found no fire in it, had heated it nearly red hot! She threw it open, and beheld her cakes, as she apprehended, black and smoking ruins. She attempted to snatch the bride-cake from its fiery furnace, but misfortune on misfortune, in catching hold of it, she did so with too little caution, and after burning her hand severely, it fell from her grasp, and broke into fragments on the floor. The poor girl flew up stairs to Mrs. Ronaldson's room, and sobbing with pain and vexation, threw herself on the bed, unable for many minutes to explain to her alarmed parent the cause of her agitation.

What was now to be done? to bake another cake was out of the question, and to buy one might, in all probability, be little less difficult. Besides that, Harriet herself could not leave her business to look for one. Mrs. Ronaldson at length thought of sending for Sophy, who was at school with the other children, and who being an active child, could be trusted with the duty. This accordingly was done, and after a long search, Sophy returned, reporting that she had seen but one cake of sufficient size that was not bespoken, and that though it looked very nice, the people hesitated about selling it, on account of its being a show cake, and not fresh. She thought, however, that she could persuade them to let her have it, and at a reasonable price. There was no other resource, and she was allowed to order it home. The fruit cake had been rescued by Hannah before entirely too late, Mrs. Haverset concluding that as it was not absolutely necessary for fruit cake to be sent in whole, it might be cut up when cool, after the burnt icing had been scraped off, and put into baskets.

Night had now come on, and after ordering deaf Joe to attend the street door, and the new girl to wait on the ladies' dressing room; the former having made his appearance with a bit of faded red velvet basted on his coat collar for livery; Harriet dressed herself to be ready for her company. On coming down she was overtaken by Mr. Middleton, and she could not help looking at him with surprise, his person being so much improved by a handsome new suit, which he now had put on for the first time. He escorted her into the parlours, and she felt not a little gratified at having been able to prevail upon one of such high standing to break through his well known rule of never going into large companies.

Some of the guests had already assembled, and in a short time one of the rooms was filled, but it was only with those she had invited as a matter of necessity. A moisture rose upon her face as she glanced over them. Not one of them presented a full dress, and many to her improved taste, looked decidedly ungenteel. She anxiously hoped that Mrs. Brooke, "the neighbour opposite," in her usual splendid attire, would make her entrance before the bridal party arrived; but Mrs. Brooke was too fashionable to be seen any where much before the last. Mrs. Gillingham, however, soon came, and as she always dressed well, and was known to most of those whose opinion she held of the greatest consequence, Harriet felt her presence, with that of Mr. Middleton, a relief. The looked for arrivals at length were made, and though her two supporters exerted themselves to assist in entertaining her new guests, she saw, or fancied she saw, many glances of surprise cast by them at the older ones. After all the others, Mrs. Brooke stepped in, arrayed in a plain dark dress, and a morning cap. She led one of her children with her, a spoiled girl about six years old, and apologizing to Harriet for having done so, by saying that, of course, she did not make a practice of taking her children out with her, but as Sarah Elizabeth begged so hard, she thought she might as well gratify her now, as it was only to a neighbour's house.

The bride's cake was brought in and being ornamented with great skill, it looked really a fine one, but our heroine noticed that every one who had got a piece, instead of taking a second bite, seemed to have difficulty in swallowing the first. On helping herself she soon detected the cause. Having been made as a show-cake, that is, one to stand uncut in the windows, the interior was only intended to support the frosting. It was of a dark brown colour, stale, and so strongly perfumed with lard and rancid butter together, that she could hardly summon courage to raise it to her lips.

Chagrined, and anxious to remove the impression of her first course, Harriet hastened out, and ordered her head waiter to get ready some of the articles she regarded as the pride of her entertainment, those she had ordered from an eminent confectioner. Dear Joe, like many others afflicted with a similar infirmity, was accustomed to concealing its extent as much as possible, and to every half sentence responded "yes Miss," or "certainly, Miss," so unhesitatingly, that, apprehending no misunderstanding, she returned to her place in the circle about the bride. She found several of the party caressing little Sarah Elizabeth with great devotedness, as a matter not to be overlooked in the presence of her mother, a person of such high fashion as Mrs. Brooke. In a short time Joe approached attended by one of his subordinates, but instead of the elegant *bonbons* she expected, he had the trays filled with the cakes of her own manufacture. The company having been disappointed in the previous supply, now helped themselves with readiness, but after choosing from the variety, few seemed to find their selection more tempting than the bride cake. Harriett's vexation was increased, and to add to it, little Sarah Elizabeth, who had snatched both hands full of a kind particularly well impregnated with saleratus, petulshly exclaimed, loud enough to be heard over the room, "I can't eat this nasty cake! I'll just go home; I thought people got good things at parties, and this nasty cake tastes like soap!"

During the progress of the waiters, Mr. Middleton had endeavoured, by amusing those around him, to assist the mastication of their unpalatable fare, and now proposed music. A young lady was led to the piano-forte, which, though old fashioned, was a good one, and in excellent tune, and after one or two performances, Mrs. Brooke, who had been extolling the musical abilities of her daughter to Silsbee Egerton, dragged her towards the instrument to give proof of them. The little prodigy gave a stare of disdain at the piano, and breaking away from her mother, whimpered out, "I won't play on such an ugly old thing! it has legs just like a kitchen table!" Trifling as this circumstance was, Harriet could not help feeling disconcerted. Mr. Middleton perceived it, and quietly leaving the room, he sent up a request that Mrs. Ronaldson would permit one of the little girls to come down, thinking that a more suitable companion would prevent the juvenile guest from proving a further annoyance. Sophy was permitted accordingly to come into the parlours, the other children being in bed.

But our heroine was not to remain at rest. The rooms began gradually to grow dusky, and she directed Joe to screw up the lamps. He did so, but scarcely had he got round when the first again required his services. At last some of them died out entirely, and Harriet remembered with dismay, Hannah's complaints about the oil, and rightly conjectured that her able assistant in economy, had, to save wicks, allowed the old ones to remain in the lamps, where many of them had been drying for months. She hastened out to order candles, but there was no sperm ones at hand, and indeed, no shops in the neighbourhood at which they might have been bought. Mrs. Ronaldson preferred lamps for the parlours, and all the candles to be found were common ones, intended for kitchen use. Besides, there were but few candlesticks in the house and those very ordinary ones, and Harriet had to cut paper to put around them. Mrs. Haverset was called out, but in this difficulty was at a stand. She also used lamps and was scarce of candlesticks. But it was necessary that lights should be supplied, and such as they had were got ready. Joe, who took them in, came back with a demand for more, as the rest of the lamps were going out. Mrs. Haverset's candlesticks were therefore sent for, and some plain neighbours were roused from their beds to assist in furnishing the compliment. Harriet could readily have cried at the appearance the mantelpiece and tables made with their array of yellow-dipped candles, in sticks of such various sizes, hues, and patterns; and her mortification was not lessened, when her pyramids of fruit and spun sugar went round that the dimness of the rooms prevented their beauty from being appreciated.

The time came for the entrance of more refreshments, and Harriet left the rooms to send in the jellies and ice-creams. Notwithstanding Mrs. Haverset's assurance that as they had been made on her plan they must succeed, she had several times looked at them with not a little apprehension, and now she found that, when emptied into the elegant glass dishes of her stand-by, the jellies completely lost the shapes of the moulds, and the ice-creams were mere slush. But it was too late for remedy, and again in a tremor, she returned to her guests.

In the mean time Mrs. Haverset, who had a sort of nodding acquaintance with Mrs. Brooke, availed herself of it to take a seat near her and enter into conversation, when Mrs. Silsbee, who really was on the visiting list of that lofty lady, made an approach.

"Mrs. Silsbee, indeed! I really did not recognize you, not knowing that I had as old an acquaintance in the house!" said Mrs. Brooke. "But then, there is so little light, that it is hard to distinguish any one;" and she made room for her on the sofa.

"True enough,—I though we were to be left in total darkness, a few minutes ago;" replied Mrs. Silsbee.

"So did I," interposed Mrs. Haverset, without waiting for an introduction: "I was quite astonished to see the lamps going out, as the greater number of them are my own, and I never had an accident of the kind to happen to them myself. But I suppose it was because Miss Ronaldson had them filled with such coarse oil. There is no getting along with cheap oil."

Mrs. Silsbee looked surprised, but presuming her to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Brooke's, answered with much graciousness.

"Ah! here are some ice-creams, I hope they may prove relishable, as they are my favourite refreshment;" said Mrs. Brooke.

"They are of Miss Ronaldson's own make;" returned Mrs. Haverset.

The ladies were helped, and Mrs. Brooke, and Mrs. Silbee, after each had a taste, let their spoons drop, and exchanged looks of disgust.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Haverset, "it is as salt as brine!—those two heedless boys have let the salt ice get into it, and ruined it entirely."

"Very little else could be expected of such servants, judging from their appearance," said Mrs. Silsbee. "I asked the man, a while ago, for a glass of water, and after I had repeated it a dozen times to make him understand, he came back and said there were no oranges left. I wonder that any one would depend upon a deaf servant at such a time."

"Oh, one can't expect to get the best of servants at half a dollar a night," said Mrs. Haverset.

"Come here, Sarah Elizabeth! come here, love!" called Mrs. Brooke to her daughter, who was running across the room spitting and grimacing, with her saucer in her hand; but Sarah Elizabeth, bent upon getting rid of her ice-cream, paid no attention, and ran against Jerry, who with the loaded waiter, was passing between the folding doors. The boy, careless as the child, turned to look what had occasioned the shock, moving forward at the same time; and in doing so, his foot caught in the half fastened carpet, and he was precipitated, with his burthen upon the floor.

"My cut glass! my beautiful cut glass!" almost screamed Mrs. Haverset, who, unpractised in fashionable self-possession, forgot, at a loss of such magnitude, to restrain her feelings; and several young ladies who chanced to be in the way, jumped aside with loud ejaculations, and drew their dresses around them, to avoid the sloppy ice-cream and half-formed jelly.

"Every article of it is broken, and I suppose there is no chance of it ever being replaced," continued Mrs. Haverset, standing up to survey the ruins.

Mrs. Silsbee offered a word of consolation, after having been particular to discover that it was all borrowed, and remarked,—"The carpets will be injured very much, and that in such a conspicuous place!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Haverset; "and what is the worst of it, they are borrowed carpets."

"Borrowed carpets!"

"Yes, ma'am; Mrs. Gillingham lent them for the night, and I suppose she will be sorry enough for it. If it had been Mrs. Ronaldson's old faded ones, it would not have mattered so much; but that is the way; when people who have not the means, attempt to make a show, their friends must be the sufferers. I wonder that Mrs. Ronaldson would ever pretend to give a party."

"She is, then, in restricted circumstances?" said Mrs. Silsbee.

"She has little enough for the necessaries of life."

"But it is singular that, on such an occasion, Mr. Middleton should not have assisted her."

"Mr. Middleton! he gave them their wine, and he could not be expected to do more. I thought that very kind in him."

"But considering he is so near a relation. He is Mrs. Ronaldson's brother, is he not?"

"Not the least connection in the world—he only rents a room of her," replied Mrs. Haverset; and too much vexed and grieved to enjoy any thing more, even the conversation of such important personages as Mesdames Brooke and Silsbee, she made her exit. Harriet followed her, and with tears in her eyes, bewailed the accident; but Mrs. Haverset was too much soured by her loss to reply civilly, and prudently walked into the kitchen to look after her spoons before leaving the house, having lent a supply. Harriet assisted her; and after examining the collection, a set of very handsome ones was missing. Hannah was called for, having a few minutes before left her post as guard, to attend to the sick girl up stairs, but could give no intelligence of them. Joe and Jerry, on coming out from the parlours, where they were clearing the carpets, were questioned with no better success, but Dick remembered having seen Dorinda, the new colored girl, handling the things on the table after Hannah had left it. Dorinda accordingly was sought for, but had disappeared from the house.

'Oh, the wretch!—the thieving black wretch!—she has stolen my spoons—my elegant tea-spoons, that cost twenty dollars a dozen!' cried Mrs. Haverset, nearly in hysterics from this additional misfortune; and Harriet, scarcely less agitated, could offer her no comfort.

After Mrs. Haverset had left the room, Mrs. Brooke found it necessary, on Sarah Elizabeth's account, to retire also, and Mrs. Silsbee was left in possession of the sofa. She beckoned to her nephew, who happened to come near, and inquired how late it was.

'Within a few minutes of the time at which you ordered the carriage,' he replied.

'Thank my stars!' said Mrs. Silsbee, "I am literally almost starved; I have got nothing fit to eat the whole evening, except a macaroon and a piece of candied orange. Did you ever see such a miserable entertainment?'

'Wretched enough,' returned Mr. Egerton, seating himself beside her; 'but the wines were capital though.'

'Yes—Mr. Middleton's pocket supplied them; but how under the sun, Silsbee, did you happen to tell me that he was the uncle of this Miss Ronaldson?'

'Why, I either heard it, or conjectured it from circumstances. I have met him in the bank, attending to business for her mother; he lives in the house, and this evening he has been doing the honours like a near relation. He must be so.'

'He is no such thing. I have a notion never to forgive you, Silsbee Egerton, for misleading me so. He merely hires a room from them. I knew that Mr. Middleton was rich and of good family, and was expected to remain single for life; and seeing that you were disposed to be attentive to Miss Ronaldson, I thought I could do no less than to show her some civility for your sake, and now see what an outre set of people your blunder has brought me among. I feel excessively mortified.'

'Well, my dear aunt, I have reason to be quite as much so. Miss Ronaldson was thrown in my way; and though she is a pretty little girl, I should never have waited on her as I did, had I not been under such a confounded mistake. I thought I might get on Middleton's right side by attention to his neice. There is not a better name in the city than his to have on a note. Niece or not, he seems to think a good deal of her.'

'But were you never in the house before? You might have seen how they lived. Why, the very lamps and carpets are borrowed, as were all the things that were broken.'

'Not possible!—but this is the first time I have ever entered the door. On escorting the young lady home, it was always too late to come in, and when I called in the morning, she always happened to be out. The exterior is genteel enough, however.'

'Well, now that you know what they are, and what sort of society they have been accustomed to, you can cut the girls acquaintance—your wedding engagements are over, I suppose; and I shall do so forthwith. But do go and see about the carriage I am quite nervous.'

The carriage had come, and Mr. Egerton conducted his aunt from the room, neither of them having perceived that little Sophy Ronaldson was sitting on a cricket at the end of the sofa. She had been permitted by her sister to remain in the parlour, on condition that she would keep her seat; and having heard the commencement of the dialogue, was too much frightened to show herself.

Mrs. Silsbee's departure broke up the company, few of whom had had more enjoyment than that lady herself; and Harriet, having discharged her servants, hastened, wearied and dispirited, to her mother's room. Mrs. Ronaldson had been informed by Hannah of the various disasters of the night, but forbore to ask any questions, and advised her daughter to retire to rest. She accordingly went to her room, and, whilst undressing, received from Sophy a full repetition of the conversation she had overheard between Mr. Egerton and his aunt. This was the unkindest cut of all: and poor Harriet, after sending the child to bed, crept into her own, weeping as if her heart would break. She could not get a moment's sleep the whole night, and in the morning had a high fever. Her mother, in alarm, sent for a physician, who pronounced it the effect of over-excitement; and finding, towards evening, that she grew no better, Mrs. Ronaldson wrote a note to Julia, saying that Harriet would be unable to resume her services. Julia stopped the next day in a carriage to ask how she was, but did not even express a wish to see her; and Sophy told her sister that she had heard one of the larger girls school say, Mrs. Waterford Gray was quite offended because Miss Ronaldson, after going so much with her as bridesmaid, had put herself to so little trouble and expense in getting up a party for her.

Harriet's indisposition lasted a week, during which time most of those who had attended her party, left their cards. Mrs. Silsbee and Mr. Egerton, however, were not of the number. Mrs. Gillingham came regularly every day to see her, and, with delicacy, forbore to make any allusion to the cause of her illness until Harriet was able to talk about her many failures. She was then loud in her exclamations against the Silsbees.

'After all,' said she, 'I am glad it is no worse. If you had been foolish enough to heed all the non sense I said to you, I would have had you over head