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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Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

MAY.		R. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
27	Saturday,	4 24	7 30	3 0 9 59
28	Sunday,	4 24	7 31	3 36 10 39
29	Monday,	4 23	7 32	sets. 11 18
30	Tuesday,	4 22	7 33	9 8 11 56
31	Wednesday,	4 22	7 33	9 52 ev 35
1	Thursday,	4 21	7 34	10 29 1 14
2	Friday,	4 21	7 35	11 2 1 54

New Moon 29th day. 2h. 15m. 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.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, 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: A. W. Whipple, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. 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: Hon. John Robertson.

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.]

SAVING'S 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.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

TO LET.

THE second & third stories of that Brick Building corner of Dock st. & Market Square, at present occupied by the subscriber, being well situated for a Wholesale or Commission Business. Possession given immediately, if required.

April 28. G. T. WILEY.

TO LET,

The Subscriber offers to Let from 1st May next:—

A Three story Dwelling HOUSE, situated near the corner of Prince Wm. and Princess streets, on ground formerly belonging to the Hon. William BLACK, and nearly opposite the *Commercial Bank*. The house contains 16 Rooms with fire places, with Bedrooms, Pantries, frost proof Cellar, &c. On the premises are two wells of water, too wellknown to require description, being so well tried at the late fires. J. O'DONELLY.

February 24.

ALSO—To Let for one or more years:— The Dwelling house and Premises now in the occupation of James T. Hanford, Esq., in Prince William street, with a superior frost proof Cellar, a never failing well of water, with a spacious Garden &c. On the premises is a Three story fire-proof brick warehouse. J. O'DONNELLY.

March 25, 1843.

The above premises would be divided to respectable Tenants, on early application.

TO BE LET.

THREE convenient STORES with Lights and Landing Places in front and rear, situated on the North Market Wharf. The stores can be finished to suit the Tenants if applied for immediately.

April 7. JOHN ROBERTSON.

To be Leased,

And possession given immediately, if required:—

CERTAIN parts of the subscriber's fire proof WAREHOUSES, fronting on the North Market Wharf, with an entrance also from *Nelson street*. Apply to E. L. Jarvis & Co. 31st *March*. R. M. JARVIS.

TO LET,

A STORE in the Brick Building in *Nelson street*, owned by the subscriber.—Possession can be given immediately.

February 10. JOHN ROBERTSON.

TO LET,

And immediate possession given:—

One half of that HOUSE in Water street, South of Mr. James Finn, containing one SHOP with a CELLAR underneath, together with one flat over the whole, having two front Rooms and Bedrooms. ALSO TO LET—*and possession given on the first of May next*—One SHOP with CELLAR underneath, and one flat over the whole, containing four Rooms—now in the occupation of Mr. James Finn; either of the premises are well adapted for a Grocery or Spirit Store.

ALSO.—Several rooms with other conveniences in different parts of the city, and well adapted for small families. ☞Rent moderate.

Apply at the HIBERNIAN HOTEL to

Jan 27. JAMES NETHERY.

TO LET,

AND possession given 1st May next—The eligibly situated STORE and Dwelling House in Prince William street, late in the occupation of THOMPSON & WALLACE. For particulars apply to

1st Feb. W. P. RANNEY.

TO LET,

THE second flat of a house, with Wood house, frost proof cellar, &c.; also, a Work shop if required, situate about four minutes walk from the Market square. Apply at the Chronicle Office. *Feb.* 10.

To Let.

THE upper flat of the subscriber's HOUSE in Prince William Street, Apply to

Jan. 27. WM. MAJOR.

TO LET, from the 1st May next—

THAT pleasantly situated House in St. James Street, at present in the occupation of GEO. HAMILTON SMITH, Esq. of Her Majesty's Customs. The premises have a back communication from Harding street, with the use of a well of excellent water.—Apply to THOMAS RAYMOND, on the adjoining premises. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

February 17th, 1842.

TO LET,

TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner of North Market Wharf and Dock st.—Rent very low. Apply to

Feb. 10. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,

SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's house, corner of Charlotte and Duke streets. Apply on the Premises to

Feb. 10. E. DURANT.

TO LET,

TWO Front Stores and several Apartments in the house next North of Trinity Church, in Germain street. Rent reduced 30 per cent from former prices. Please apply on the premises to

Feb. 17. STEPHEN HUMBERT.

TO LET.

THE two Upper Flats of the subscriber's house in Church street. Apply on the premises to JOHN HOOPER.

February 24.

STEAM!

Bay Arrangement.

THE new and substantial Steamer HERALD will commence plying on SATURDAY next, the 8th instant, leaving Saint John for Digby and Annapolis on Saturday evenings and Wednesday Mornings, and leaving Annapolis for Saint John on Monday Mornings and Wednesday Evenings,—for Windsor on Monday evenings, leaving Windsor on Tuesday at high water—leaving for Eastport and Saint Andrews on Friday mornings, and returning same evening.

☞Time of leaving in the mornings, SIX o'clock.

April 7, 1843. JAMES WHITNEY.

The STEAMER METEOR

WILL resume her route on the River St. John immediately on the opening of the navigation. In consequence of the expense and difficulty experienced in collecting the debts due this Boat, the proprietor is determined to make all Freight *Cash*. All Way Freight to be paid on shipment, except when the owner accompanies the same, in which case it may be paid on the passage. All Freight to Fredericton to be paid on or before delivery at the wharf, otherwise it will be stored at the expense of the owners thereof. Freight to be accompanied by a Way Bill, or the owner will not be accountable.

☞Rates of Freight and Fares the same as the other River Boats. The days of starting will be named in a future advertisement.

April 7. JAMES WHITNEY.

INDIA HOUSE.

THOMAS S. MAGEE, begs to inform the Inhabitants of Saint John and the Province generally, that he has taken the premises in Dock street, formerly occupied by Mr. MCCONKEY, and known as the "India House," where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment of *GROCERIES, WINES, &c.*, the principal stock of which he is daily expecting to arrive; and as he purposes doing business, as far as practicable, on the *Cash system*, he will be enabled to obtain goods of the best description, and sell them at the lowest prices, and only such as he can with confidence recommend.

The COFFEES will be of the best quality, and being manufactured by the process of the

STEAM MACHINERY,

has no doubt that their heretofore reputation will be fully sustained in the article which will be found at this establishment.

Grocers are respectfully informed that he will Toast and Grind their Coffee, or Grind Pepper for them on very advantageous terms.

On hand—About 60 tons of pure ICE, from Lily Lake, for sale in any quantities at the

GOLDEN ELEPHANT.

April 28. Dock street.

OAKUM.

The subscribers have just received per brig *Palmerston*, from Liverpool:

3 TONS best Parish Picked OAKUM.

C. & W. H. ADAMS,

April 28. *No. 2. North Market Wharf.*

CHAIN CABLES, Anchors, &c.

The Subscriber offers for sale at his Warehouse, Nelson street:—

20 ANCHORS 1¼ cwt. to 18 cwt.; 30 Chain Cables—½ inch, 5-8, 3-4, 11-16, 1, and 1 1-4 inch;
30 tons common and refined IRON—ass'd sizes,
10 do. Bolt COPPER, ⅜, ¾, ⅞, 1 and 1⅛ inch;
20 cases Sheet Copper, 20 oz and upwards;
2 tons composition Spikes, 6 to 10 inch;
5 do Iron; do. from 4 to 10 do.
10 pipes Madeira WINE;
100 qr. barrels F. O. GUNPOWDER;
2 tons Lead Shot—assorted;
10 do sheet Lead from 2½ to 10 lb. per foot;
100 bbls. Medium BREAD;
30 do. American BEEF—in bond: 10 do Pork;
5 tons best London OAKUM;
20 Franklin Stoves; 1 chest INDIGO;
200 boxes Olden Soap; 20 casks Whiting;
100 kegs best London White LEAD;
50 do. do. Black Paint, 14 and 28 lb kegs.
50 do. do. Yellow, do. do.
20 do. do. Red, do. do.

A large assortment of Writing and Wrapping PAPER, Playing Cards, slops, ship's Ensigns, Bunting, signal Lanthorns, Compasses, Log Lines and Glasses, saddling, marline, Houseline, and other Cordage.

March 17. *JOHN ROBERTSON.*

Cheap PAPER HANGINGS.

THE subscriber has on hand a large number of REMNANT LOTS OF ROOM PAPERS—suitable for small Rooms, Entries, &c. which he offers for sale at *Twenty Five Per Cent below Cost Price*, to make room for his new Spring Supply.

☞Terms Cash. S. K. FOSTER,

March 16. *King street.*

Poetry.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure at even,
That soothe the breast, or start the tear,
Are mother, home, and heaven.

A mother—sweetest name on earth,
We lisp it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.

A home—that paradise below,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow
By calm, sequestered bowers.

And heaven—the part of endless peace,
The heaven of the soul,
When life's corroding cares shall cease,
Like sweeping waves, to roll.

O weep not then, though cruel time
The chain of love has riven;
To every link, in yonder clime,
Re-union shall be given.

O, fall they not on mortal ear
As dew drops pure at even,
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
A mother, home, and heaven!

THE BONNY CLYDE.

I've roam'd o'er many a foreign shore,
And sailed through many a sea;
But the Clyde, my boys—the bonny Clyde—
The Clyde's the place for me;
For there 'twas I was born and bred,
And to the sea was bound;
And friendship such as meet me there,
I nowhere else have found.

I've sailed the balmy southern seas,
Through groves of palm tree isles;
I've seen the flowers and oranges,
Where summer changeless smiles;
I've coasted lovely Italy,
And many a shore beside;
But nowhere have I found the charms
I find on bonny Clyde.

The lads of Clyde must sail the seas,
But the further that they roam,
The more they find that true leal hearts,
Are scarcer than at home.
The brightest lands, we've seen full oft,
Through evil minds, made sad,
Whilst sunless dells, with truth and peace,
Are lightsome aye and glad.

Give me a cot by bonny Clyde,
Where the salt waves lave her shore;
There let me moor my battered barque,
When seaward toils are o'er.
There let me skim the rippling sea,
Or range the heather brae;
There let me, by the hearths I love,
Breathe out my waning day.

The Clyde, the Clyde, the bonny Clyde—
Her mountains and her sea;
The Clyde, the Clyde, the bonny Clyde—
The bonny Clyde for me.

January, 1843 ALEX. ROBSER, Greenock.
Greenock Advertiser.

[*From Grahams Magazine for March.*]

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Scold, scold, thump, thump, scold, scold away,
There is no comfort in the house upon a washing day,

Nonsense! I only wish the writer of those lines had been at our cottage by the old bridge on washing days, it would have made him sing other words to the same lively air, or I am sadly mistaken.

Washing-day! why it was the happiest twelve hours of the week to us children. We could scarcely sleep all the night before from fervent anticipations of the frolic which it brought. It is astonishing how our intellects were sharpened, and our ingenuity brought in force to devise ways and means for escaping school on that particular morning. * * * * * *

A nice, tidy old creature was our washer-woman, one that an artist would have sketched in spite of himself, had he seen her wending along the shady path, in the cool morning with a kerchief of brilliant cotton passed neatly over her cap, and tied beneath the chin. Gray or Page would such have taken a fancy to the old woman, even before her sad, mild face came in view.—There was something picturesque about her raiment, and her movements were in fine keeping with the dewy quietude reposing among the dark green foliage through which she was wholly revealed, or seen only by glimpses, as she came towards the cottage.

But there was sometimes another object which almost every young man of taste, even though not an artist, would have fancied—for Lida was possessed of a beauty so soft and delicate, that it seemed natural to the green woods, almost as the flowers that spring to life and perish there. Lida—sweet pretty Lida—as we always called her, was a girl of some ten years old when I could remember her coming to the house with her mother—and she is almost the first object that I can remember—for she was just the creature to fasten herself on the mind of a child whose instinct it was to love the beautiful, and be grateful for the kindness. Lida came with her mother every week for many a year; and it was to her that our washing day owed half its cheerfulness. The old woman brought her girl to 'take care of the children,' she said; and such care as she took to make us happy, was never so successfully exerted by mortal being before or since.

* * * * * * *

A change fell upon our washing days, the old woman came as usual, but alas! Lida, no more helped us to gather sticks from the drift heaps, or allowed her ringing laugh to set the birds a chirping, from sympathy in the pine woods. Lida was an apprentice now—learning a milliner's trade on Falls Hill.

But sometimes the young girl would start early, and come with her mother for a few moments Monday mornings; but she seemed more thoughtful even than her pure, bird-like laugh. Her complexion settled into that clear, pearly white, which carries the idea of mental purity with it while it indicates perfect health quite as truly as the richest bloom, her eyes were very changeable and shaded by the longest and most jetty lashes you ever saw; while her little mouth was bright and red as a ripe strawberry. When she smiled much, a dimple settled on her cheek and round her mouth, like the shadow of a honey bee when hovering around a lily; and when Lida was seventeen, and had begun her apprenticeship it was pleasant to observe how lovely the child had become as she approached the threshold of womanhood.

The milliner's shop where Lida worked, was in the second story of a dry-goods store, near the Episcopal Church. There were two rooms in front, separated by a narrow entry; and as Miss Smith, the milliner, always took a remarkable fancy for fresh air whenever lawyer Gilbert was in the opposite room, and insisted that the door should be left open, Lida was sometimes hours together that she could not lift her eyes without knowing that a young man rather handsome and with singularly fine eyes, sat within the adjoining room, though she never looked directly at him or could see the least indication that he took any advantage of Miss Smith's liberality regarding the door.

Miss Smith was a town-bred, dashing milliner, rather social, and ready to impart information regarding former conquests in town, even to her apprentice girls, so long as they were content to listen and wonder at a respectful distance; but amid all her condescension she never once allowed 'our Lida' to forget the immeasurable distance that existed between a bleach-box and a washing-tub.—She sat before her two apprentice girls, with one foot resting on a bonnet block, twisting up little bows of ribbon, and admiring the effect like Calypso among her nymphs—that is, supposing the goddess had ever *condescended* to become useful without the least shadow of necessity, as Miss Smith affirmed was the case with herself. Sometimes the lady would quietly steal a glance through her black ringlets to observe if the lawyer was remarking the elegance of her position; and as the girls seldom lifted their eyes in that direction, it was easy to indicate the force of her charms by exclamations of Dear me! I wonder why Mr. Gilbert is always looking this way! What can he find so interesting? I really wish he would not sit so exactly against the door!

Had the girls looked towards the lawyer's office at such times, they would have seen him tranquilly poring over a new volume in paper binding, with his back toward the door, his chair balanced on two legs, and his feet resting on the edge of a table covered with law books in sheepskin backs, perfectly untarnished, a pair of boxing gloves, a flute, quantities of writing papers, and pens without number. If Mr. Gilbert was attracted by the bold black eyes which were so often bent upon him, or the beauty of a neck more than usually exposed warm enough, for doors to be left open, he was enough of a lawyer to avoid the observation of witnesses to his delinquencies; and though Miss Smith's evidence passed very well before her elder apprentice, and dear, dear, unsophisticated Lida, it was good for nothing in a court of law, and no damages were likely to follow.

It would have been a very unprincipled thing in the young lawyer, had the deep flounces and pretty caps, which Miss Smith set for him, taken effect—for he was already engaged to a young lady who had just returned from a boarding-school in New Haven; and the fine old homestead, which stood a little back from the church, embowered in a grove of oaks, and with an old fashioned flower garden attached, was at that very moment tumultuous with the noise of workmen who were busy preparing it for the reception of a bride—lawyer Gilbert's bride.

Once or twice, Mr. Gilbert did actually lift his eyes from the paper bound volume, when his position admitted of the effort without too much trouble, and look earnestly into the milliner's room; but as Miss Smith leaned her head, and cast a side glance through the interstice thus made between two of her longest curls, she saw that his eyes were fixed, not on her, but on the drooping lids and dark lashes of Lida, the wash-woman's daughter.

He might well gaze on the innocent picture of that young girl, as she sat on a low stool, bending over her work with her dark hair twisted in a single massive braid around her finely moulded head, her tiny foot creeping out from the folds of her calico dress, and her small hand fluttered about the rose-coloured silk she was sewing, like a bird coquetting with a flower. And the milliner might, indeed, experience an uncomfortable sensation as she turned her kindling eyes on the unconscious possessor of so much loveliness—especially as the lawyer Gilbert never turned a page that afternoon without stealing a look at the gentle girl from over the top of his volume.

The next morning Lida was banished to a front window directly out of range with the door. The prettiest prospect imaginable lay before it; and the poor girl was delighted with the change. Bred to the fields as she had been, it was so pleasant to look up from her work now and then, and rest her aching eyes with a glance at the green trees, and the cool, blue sky beyond. She was very grateful for the change in her position, and thanked the milliner so sweetly again and again, that the lady really began to applaud herself for having done a kind action—a sensation which, from its extreme novelty, must have been exceedingly agreeable.

Directly before Lida's window was a closely trampled greensward, divided by the highway as it curved up from the valley. Opposite stood a huge willow tree, with a profusion of delicate foilage dropping over its heavy branches on the ground. Behind this tree was a two-story house, white as a snow-drift, and surrounded by rose thickets; a light portico was over the front door, and around one of its slender pillars a single honeysuckle-vine had twined itself like a wreath. The house was so near that Lida could almost count the crimson blossoms from her seat by the window, and when a young girl would come into the portico with a book, which she never read, or an embroidery-frame which she never used, Lida would ply her needle with great diligence, and blush to be so earnestly regarded by the most accomplished and haughty girl in our village. She knew that this young lady was the intended bride of Mr. Gilbert, but never dreamed that it was his presence near a window, with his flute, that drew Miss Warner's attention to the building. Poor Lida! in the innocence of her heart, she was beginning to think that the boarding-school graduate had taken a fancy to her, and was desirous of an acquaintance.

In order to interest lawyer Gilbert, Miss Smith had already exhausted all positive means of an attack. She had sent to his room for a volume of Byron, she doted on his poetry, it was so soft, and would be so obliged if Mr. Gilbert favoured her by the loan of Childe Harold, or Manfred, or his comedies.

Mr. Gilbert returned answer that his copy of Byron was sent to Miss Warner, across the way.

Miss Smith's compliments again. Would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by playing that lovely air once more—Miss Smith was so delighted with it.

Mr. Gilbert unscrewed his flute laid it on the table, and then returned his most respectful compliments to Miss Smith, but the physician had forbidden him to practice more than fifteen minutes at a time, under any circumstances.

The milliner could hit on no other device, so she gave an additional flounce to her dress, let down a ringlet of more subdued length from her hair, moved her work table decidedly opposite the door, and had resolved on a seige, the success of which must depend on her own personal attractions; when Lida became an apprentice, and was banished to the window.

During the four days that followed the punishment intended for Lida, Miss Smith was in fine spirits. Mr. Gilbert not only looked towards her more than twenty times a day, but on one instance he paused in the entry passage, and took a step toward the door, as if tempted to enter. But he changed his mind, and in a few minutes Lida saw him cross the highway, enter the white portico opposite, and sit down by the young lady who was loitering away the morning in its shade.

Next day it rained, and everything looked dull and miserable. The water-drops pattered ceaselessly against the windows, and the old willow stood on the green with its branches drooping to the earth, like the plumage of a great bird that could find no shelter. The work room was cold and cheerless. Miss Smith sat by her table, disappointed and cross. The moist air which swept in from the entry, took the stiffening from her silks, and if she closed the door, all hopes of seeing the lawyer were at an end for the day. She would have submitted to the faded lustre of her goods, but when the damp had taken her ringlets out of curl, and began to chill her neck, she flung a shawl over her shoulders, tore up a bonnet pattern to roll her hair in, and putting on the worst of tempers with her altered looks, ordered the doors closed, and determined to make a miserable day of it.

A knock at the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Smith; 'Lida, go and get the black crape bonnet you altered yesterday, the boy has come after it, I suppose.'

Lida had scarcely time to lay down her work, when the door opened and Mr. Gilbert walked quietly into the room.

Miss Smith blushed crimson, dropped her shawl, and seemed tempted to commence depredations on the curl-papers forthwith. Lida took up her work again, and Mr. Gilbert sat down amid a torrent of compliments from Miss Smith, and began to turn over a volume of Byron, which he had brought in his hand.

He had done himself the pleasure of bringing the book which Miss Smith desired.

Miss Smith was delighted—would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by reading a few pages, if he was not too much engaged—she had been informed that he read beautifully.

Mr. Gilbert would be too happy, but the light was so dim that he must sit by the window—so moving his chair with the self possession of a man accustomed to have his own ways—he sat down within a few paces of Lida. She did not look up, but the most delicate of all blushes broke into her cheek and the young man saw that her fingers were a little tremulous, as she bent diligently over her work. He seemed busy searching a favorite poem, and Miss Smith took advantage of the opportunity to let down a quantity of black hair, which the mutilated pattern had failed to render more than wavy, and giving her flounces a light shake, she drew her chair to the window, ordered Lida to place a block for her feet, and fold her arms with a graceful languor composed herself to listen.

It would be quite superfluous to say how many times the sensitive Miss Smith lifted her hands, and exclaimed—'Beautiful!—Exquisite! Oh! how sweet!' while the reading of Childe Harold went on; or to give any description of the color which glowed and deepened in the cheeks of our Lida, and the pleasure which filled those soft eyes till they sparkled like gems beneath their drooping lashes. But it is quite necessary to inform the reader that after this rainy day, Mr. Gilbert was a constant visiter at the milliner's shop—that he read Childe Harold quite through, and when Miss Smith solicited some of the shorter poems, he looked at Lida and answered no—he would read them to Miss Smith, but not there. Miss Smith was delighted with this indication that her neighbor desired a *tete a tete*, and Lida, who had heard Byron for the first time—though she had read more than most girls of her age—was quite unconscious of the compliment paid to her purity of character in the denial. The lawyer had a large library, and there was no lack of books for perusal. Lida seldom spoke while he was reading, but it was pleasant for an indolent and refined man like Gilbert to study the changes of her sweet face. It was like a volume of 'unwritten poetry,' which no one could read but himself. In less than a week his easy chair was wheeled into the milliner's room every day, and he was quite domesticated among straw trimmings, scraps of satin, and pasteboard chips, that littered the floor.

A sense of aristocratic distinction is a remarkably pleasant feeling, but in order to enjoy it perfectly, there must be some companionship. It was very pleasant and agreeable for Miss Warner to return home from a four years' residence at school, to be the richest and most accomplished belle of a country village. It was pleasant to be engaged to a wealthy and handsome young man like Gilbert, but as she did not care for books, had no one but a widowed mother, to bestow the flattery which schoolmates barter one with the other, as she detested all useful employment, it was to be expected that her time must pass somewhat heavily, especially after the first objects that presented themselves when she went to lounge away her mornings in the portico, where the sweet face of our Lida bent over her work, by the opposite window, and just beyond, the dark locks and white forehead of her own affianced husband. Miss Warner was not absolutely jealous, but she was very idle, and so, naturally enough, began to think it just possible that the country milliner might have receive something worth looking at from town. One morning, she was seen crossing the highway, elaborately dressed, with delicate peach blossom gloves on her pretty hands, and a deep fringed parasole guarding her face from the sun. There was a great deal of artificial grace in her step as she glided over the green sward, and the little affected knock which she gave to the milliner's door was eloquent of high breeding. Then there was the patronizing bend to Miss Smith, the gracefully extended hand to Gilbert, and the quiet stare at poor Lida, who sat blushing like a guilty thing by the window. Gilbert touched his lips to the peached blossom glove, but when he saw the supercilious look fixed on Lida, he dropped it again, and a dash of color swept over his forehead. Miss Smith was full of delight, exhibited all her finery, and distilled more flattery into a conversation of fifteen minutes, about blue ribbons and leghorn flats, than was ever bestowed in the same time on those ladies who purchase it by the year, in the form of 'an humble companion.'

Miss Warner's dignity was not of an order to withstand this incense to her vanity, and even if her affianced husband had not been a constant visiter, it is doubtful if the honeysuckle portico would not have been abandoned for the milliner's room and its gossiping freedom.

In less than a fortnight, the peach blossom gloves were soiled by constant use, and if Gilbert was a feature in the milliner's shop, his lady-love haunted it almost as regularly as he did. She thought Miss Smith 'such a nice creature—such a clear, good soul—so very tasteful in her bonnets and fancy caps.' It was beautiful to see how condescending the stated Miss became, how useful she made herself in snipping up little bits of satin, and how prettily she would ask Gilbert if he did not think *she* would make a good milliner, if she should not learn the trade, and other important questions, which must have diversified the passages of Milton and Young which he was reading, with an agreeable variety.

The jealousy which springs from affection painfully aroused, cannot be divested of generosity; but that which arises from mortified vanity, is bitter and implacable.—It was not long before Miss Smith became convinced that the gentle girl who sat listening with such intense interest to every word that dropped from the eloquent lips of lawyer Gilbert, was his sole attraction to the room, and a few adroit words to his affianced bride were enough to arouse her attention to the damask color that came and went in the poor girl's cheek whenever Gilbert addressed her.

'Artful wretch!' muttered the future bride, setting her pearl white teeth passionately together as she spoke; 'she think of attracting him!' and with a slight scornful laugh, in which the milliner joined, she began practising her step in a distant corner of the room.

Gilbert went home that night with his affianced bride, and the next day he sent in a book for Lida, but avoided the milliner's room altogether. The young apprentice only saw him as he crossed the green toward the building; his countenance was very serious, and he seemed to avoid looking toward the window.

Just at night Miss Warner came in. She took the milliner into a distant part of the room, and as they conversed in low voices, a scornful laugh now and then reached the apprentice, who had become nervous and sensitive, she scarcely knew why. Miss Smith followed her visitor into the entry.

'It is well I mentioned it in time,' she said, in a confidential whisper.

Miss Warner tore her glove as she attempted to draw it on.

'A pretty speculation for a washerwoman's daughter!' she said, with a curling lip.

'But he cared nothing about her!' rejoined Miss Smith, a little anxiously.

'No indeed; he was quite angry at the charge, and consented to stay from your room forever, if I desired.'

'She would have made a splendid mistress for the homestead up yonder,' rejoined Miss Smith, with another low, disagreeable laugh; it is almost a pity she failed in her aim upon it.'

'Splendid!' exclaimed the bride, with a light mocking laugh; 'but no, no—I should not so much regard seeing him the son-in-law of a washerwoman, but it would break my heart to know that any but myself was mistress of the homestead and property.'

'Hark! did you not hear some one moving in his office?' said the milliner, listening apprehensively.

Miss Warner listened a moment, and then answered, in a faint voice—

'No; it cannot be. I saw him going toward the house just as I came in.'

'Let us move away from his door, there is no harm in that,' whispered Miss Smith, and they walked down the entry conversing together. After a little while, the sound of their but half-suppressed laughter filled the little apartment.

'It would be a capital joke!' said the milliner.

'Just the punishment she deserves, presumptuous creature!' was the reply.

'But can you persuade him to join us?' was the next question.

'*He shall!*'

Concluded in our next.

ORIENTAL WIVES.—There are few things relating to eastern manners concerning which we Europeans entertain such erroneous notions, as the degrees of authority and influence exercised by the regularly married woman, especially among the Turks and Persians. A distinction, it must always be borne in mind, and a very marked one, exists between the duly married consort and the "slave of the right hand," as Mahomet designates the mere concubine, or odalique of the harem. The number of the latter altogether depends on the station, and wealth, and temperament of the possessor. From the effect of the climate, females attain maturity in those regions much sooner than amongst us; from the same cause, as well as from their sedentary habits, their indolence, and their excessive indulgence in the luxuries of the bath, they, in fact, often assume all the symptoms of old age at a period when the English woman exhibits the full display of her charms. Allowance being made for these circumstances, it will still be found that the number who take advantage of the plurality system is by no means so great as we usually imagine. Of a thousand Persians, for instance, not a dozen have more than two wives; not thirty have more than one; and where this is the case, the best informed travellers agree that the routine of domestic life does not differ very materially from that which we behold in every well-regulated family at home; that is to say, the real substantial head of the administration is the lady of the mansion.

There is a popular story in Persia which clearly establishes this point:—A wealthy nabob had a very pretty daughter, named Hosinee, who, being an only child, was spoiled at an early age, and grew up with a temper that often marred her beauty of the most beguiling attractions; she choose to fix her affections on Sadik Beg, a young soldier of a good family, who however possessed no other portion than his sword. The father yielded to her wishes in every respect, and Sadik; upon learning the good fortune that awaited him, hesitated not to avail himself of the lady's condescension. But he respected, at the same time, that in accepting her hand, he should not as she appeared to expect become her slave. The ceremony was performed, apartments were assigned to the "happy pair" in the nabob's palace. It happened that whilst they were sitting together the first evening of their marriage, a favorite cat presented herself, purring to the notice of the bride. Sadik attempted to play with it, but the animal, jealous, perhaps, of his novel and superior claims to the lady's attention, scratched him, where upon he deliberately drew his sword, and severing its head from the body, flung both in a moment out of the window. Hosinee saw at once that, instead of a slave she had obtained a master. The effect was magical, she became one of the most submissive and charming wives in the world.

Amongst Sadik's friends was a little hen-pecked fellow of the name of Merdek. Talking together one day of their domestic affairs, Merdek was astonished to hear of the change wrought in Hosinee's character by the decision which Sakik evinced on the first day of their marriage, and remembering that his wife aslo (a termagent of the first water) had a feline favorite, he bethought him that it was not too late to recover, by a similar act of heroism, his proper station as the ruler of his own family. Forthwith returning home, he girded himself with his scimiter, and entering my lady's chamber with a swagger that very little became his ordinary position, he beheld "Tabby" approaching him in her usual familiar manner. The meditated sacrifice was consummated in an instant; but whilst poor Merdek was stooping to execute the window act of the tragedy, his wife who was already apprised of the story, gave him a box on the ear which laid him prostrate on the floor. "Take that, you booby," said she, with an air of ineffable scorn, "you forget that Hosinee's cat was killed on the wedding-day."

The tale, however, goes on to inform us that the nabob's daughter by no means lost rank in consequence of her early submission. Having discovered that she was not to rule in one way, she with the ready instinct of her sex, soon availed herself of another. Sadik was not to be commanded, but he