The Weekly Observer.

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DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, opposite Sands' Brick Building.
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Weekly Almanack.

November—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
25 Wednesday	7 8	4 25	5 9	11 51
26 Thursday	7 10	4 25	6 4	ev 27
27 Friday	7 11	4 24	7 4	1 4
28 Saturday	7 12	4 24	8 9	1 56
29 Sunday	7 14	4 23	9 14	2 19
30 Monday	7 [illegible]	4 23	10 20	2 59
1 Tuesday	7 [illegible]	4 23	11 26	3 45

First Quarter 2d, 2[illegible] min. morn.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
Lewis Burns, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
Alfred Smithers, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for November,
A. S. PERKINS, JOHN WALKER, R. KELTIE.
☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

PROTECTION
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Connecticut.
Incorporated 1825.
Capital 150,000 Dollars,
With liberty to increase to Half a Million of Dollars
THE whole of the first named sum, $150,000, is invested in securities, and on the shortest notice could be cashed and applied to the payment of losses.
The subscriber having been appointed Agent for the above Company, will issue Policies for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c. &c., against
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,
at as low rates as any similar institution; and will give personal attention to the survey of premises, &c. in the city, on which Insurance is desired.
Application in writing (post paid) from other parts of the Province, describing the property to be insured, will receive prompt attention—The correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.
W. H. SCOVIL.
St. John, N. B. 3d Sept. 1840.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Marine Assurance Company,
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature;)
CAPITAL, £50,000,
With power to increase to £100,000.
THE above Company having been organized, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, on and after Monday next, the 26th instant, on the most favorable terms.
JAMES KIRK, President.
St. John, 20th June. 1837.

Marine Insurance.
AN Association of Merchants having been formed for the purpose of Insuring *Vessels, Cargoes,* and *Freights*, have appointed a Committee of the following Gentlemen for the purpose of fixing premiums, arranging and settling losses, &c., viz:—John Duncan, A. S. Perkins, John Hammond, and John Walker, Esquires.
Application to be made to
I. & J. G. WOODWARD, *Brokers.*
☞ Office, Peters' Wharf,
St. John, 21st April, 1840.

Bank of British North America.
NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Branch is now authorised to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank,—
Jamaica, { Kingston, Montego Bay, Falmouth, Savannah-la-mar.
Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts, Saint Vincent, Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas, Porto Rico, Saint Croix,
For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.
ROBERT H. LISTON, Manager.
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS,
Bookseller, Stationer, and Binder,
West side Cross Street, 4 doors from King Street, St. John, N. B.
IMPORTER and dealer in all kinds of Mercantile Account and other Blank Books; Navigation and School Books, by the most approved authors; Works in the different departments of Literature and Science; Maps, Charts, and Nautical Instruments; Musical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments; fancy Hardware and Cutlery; Fishing Gear; Steel Pens; Ladies' and Gentlemen's fancy Dressing Cases; Work Boxes, Desks, &c. &c.
☞ Books imported to order.

Flour, Meal and Fish.
Ex brig 'Charlotte-Ann,' Vroom, Master, from Philadelphia.—
200 BRLS. RYE *FLOUR,*
150 barrels CORN MEAL,
50 barrels NAVY BREAD,
500 bushels OATS.
—IN STORE—
150 barrels Fine FLOUR.
Landing ex Schr. 'Tripoli':
100 bls. No. 1 Fat Ripped HERRINGS, *(Warranted,)*
150 quintals Pollock FISH.—For sale very low, by THOS. W. ROBERTSON,
Oct. 27.—4w *Ward street.*

Winter Goods.
J. & H. FOTHERBY
Respectfully annbunce to their friends and the public, that they have received per ship Thetis *and* British American, *from London, an extensive and choice assortment of Goods, suitable for the coming season,*
—COMPRISING—
BLACK, blue, olive, and invisible green Broad CLOTHS,
Superfine, wool-dyed black, and double-milled blue CLOTHS,
Pilot Cloths, Petershams, and Beaver Cloths,
Cassimeres, Buckskins, and black Coffin Cloth,
Plain and fig'd Satin and Cassimere VESTINGS,
Plain and figured GRO DE NAPLES,
Ditto ditto SATINS,
Black and colored SILK VELVETS,
BOMBAZINES, CRAPES, and SARSNETS,
Fig'd and plain gauze, satin and lutestring Ribbons,
Gauze Handkerchiefs, Squares and Scarfs,
Zephyr and Ærophane Crape ditto,
Dice-bordered China Crape SQUARES,
Bordered Indiana Handkerchiefs and Shawls,
Filled do. do. do.
Ladies' and Children's white and colored Lambs wool HOSE,
Ditto ditto ANGOLA and MERINO do.
Men's lambs' wool Drawers and Vests,
Lambs' wool, Angola, and Thibet GLOVES,
Lined Buckskin and Fur ditto,
Men's Sealette, Plush and seal skin CAPS,
Men's Jenett, Musquash and Neutra do.
A few very superior South Sea SEAL ditto—*new patterns,*
Gent's very rich plain and figured satin Stocks,
Ditto ditto do. Neck Scarfs,
Bobinetts, Laces, and Quillings,
Gentlemen's silk, Beaver, and Gossamer HATS, in every quality.
A large assortment of FURS in squirrel, Fitch, black and brown Jenett, Lynx, &c.
A very extensive stock of Ladies' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES of every description.
Also, per 'Portland,' *from Liverpool:*
Grey, White and printed Cottons,
Figured and plain Merinos,
Ditto ditto Orleans and Apalcoes,
Plaid Stuffs and Camblets,
Salisbury Flannels and printed Stuffs,
Hollands, Ticks, Ducks and Osnaburgs,
BLANKETS, FLANNELS, and SERGES,
Horse Rugs, Coverlets, and Counterpanes,
Irish Linens, Lawns, and Diapers,
Regatta Stripes, Homespuns and Checks,
A large assortment of Buttons and Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
The whole of which will be sold at the lowest possible prices *for Cash only.*
Prince William street, Oct. 20, 1840.

FALL GOODS.
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
Per ship British American—
JOHN D. MACINTYRE
HAS just received part of his Fall Supply of GOODS, consisting of Colored and Black VELVETS; colored and black Orleans Cloth; Printed SAXONYS; CLOAKINGS, FLANNELS, Boys CAPS; black and white SATIN SHOES; Winter HOSIERY; and a variety of other articles, all of which will be sold on the very lowest terms for Cash.
☞ The remainder of his Fall Supply expected per ship *Chirk Castle.* Oct. 27.

September 15, 1840.
NEW FALL GOODS.
W. G. LAWTON
Has received per Junius *from London, and ship* Oromocto, *from Liverpool, a large assortment of GOODS suitable for the Fall, consisting as follows:—*
MERINOS, Orleans and Saxony Cloths,
Mouseline de Laines and *Victoria* Cloakings,
FLANNELS, Baizes and Druggetts,
Linens, Lawns, Cambric, Dowlas and Hollands,
Linen and Cotton Sheetings,
Printed Cottons and Furnitures,
Plaid Shawls and Handkerchiefs,
Checks, Stripes and Homespun Ginghams,
Knitting Worsteds and Yarns,
Waddings, Ticks, and Cotton Velvet,
Jacconet, Checked, Book and Mull Muslins,
Buttons and Tailor's Trimmings.
A large assortment Gents. Beaver HATS, &c.
☞ The whole of which are offered at the lowest market prices.

Iron, Steel, Tin Plates, &c.
The Subscriber has in store, and offers for sale the following Goods at low rates, for good payment:
150 TONS common IRON, well assorted,
75 ditto Refined ditto,
10 tons Round ditto, from ½ to ½ inch,
3 do. Cast STEEL, assorted sizes,
3 do. Blister do. ditto,
20 boxes TIN Plates, ditto,
4 tons short link CHAINS, 5-16, 3-8, and ½,
4 Chain Cables, ⅝ in.; 1 do. ¾ do.
2 do. do. 1⅛ inch, second hand,
1 ANCHOR, 12 cwt.,
2 tons Ploughshare Moulds,
20 bundles Iron WIRE, 1 to 15,
40 cwt. Metal WEIGHTS, 56 lbs. each,
20 do. ditto, 1 to 28 lb.
5 do. Sheet BRASS,
100 dozen Miners' Shovels; 20 do. Ballast ditto,
100 do. Farmers' Spades,
20 kegs Irish LARD, in good order,
20 full Register GRATES,
50 half ditto,
3 tons Hollow Ware, assorted, Pots, Spiders, Bakepans, Griddles, &c.
10 dozen Frying Pans; 10 boxes Yellow Soap.
And daily expects per ship Calcutta:
60 tons No. 1 Scotch Pig Iron,
1000 bars 3-4, 7-8, and 1 inch Round Iron,
50 Ploughshare Moulds,
8 tons Oakum; 1 do. Spunyarn, &c.
10 tons CORDAGE, from 6 thread ratline to 6 inch;
40 boxes Belfast white SOAP, 56 lbs. each,
40 do. Dipt CANDLES, 8s. to 10s.,
20 do. IC Tin Plates,
15 puns. *very strong* WHISKY, of superior flavor.
Per Ann Rankin, from the Clyde:
556 IRON POTS, assorted, from ½ to 30 gallons,
320 BAKEPANS & COVERS, 10 to 16 inch,
18 BOILERS, 30 to 50 gallons,
30 very handsome full Register GRATES, assorted sizes.
Nov. 10.—6w WILLIAM CARVILL.

James Lockwood & Co.
HAVE received part of their usual extensive supply of British Merchandize by the *British American,* from London, and *Emerald,* from Liverpool, consisting of a general assortment of GOODS, suitable for the Fall Trade, which will be opened in a few days in their new Brick Store, on the North Market Wharf. —ALSO—
Daily expected by the brig *Arethusa,* from Baltimore, 2000 barrels Wheat, Rye Flour, Corn Meal, &c. Likewise, by the schr. *Gentleman,* from Quebec, a lot of superior Canada PORK, which with their present Stock on hand will be sold on their usual liberal terms. Oct. 27, 1840

The Garland.

EXPOSTULATION TO SUMMER ON HER PREMATURE DEPARTURE.

By Mr. Westwood.

Summer, queen of beauty,
Wherefore didst thou leave us? [us;
Greeting us with sunny smiles, but only to deceive

Scattering all things lovely,
O'er thy bright dominion,
Then with shade eclipsing all from thy departing pinion?

Thou hast left thy flowers
To dull autumn's scorning,
That all tender things doth nip with bitter winds each morning.

See, the rose declineth
From its crimson hue,
And the pale convolvulus hath lost its native hue.

All thy favoured blossoms
On the earth are lying,
Ev'n the lily bends its head, low, as if 'twere dying.

And the vine's green clusters,
That thy care so needed,
Hang upon their wither'd stems, ungathered or unheeded.

What hath won thee from us,
With thy glowing hours,
Is it not a pleasant home, this fair land of ours?

It hath grassy meadows,
Where thou well might'st wander,
And green dells and shady woods, if of those thou'rt fonder.

And clear-flowing waters,
To reflect thy beauty,
And merry birds to whom thy praise is an accustom'd duty.

"Wherefore didst thou leave us?"
Sadly asks the maiden,
Listening to soft tones no more beneath the boughs scent-laden.

"Wherefore didst thou leave us?"
Cries the child, half weeping—
Prison'd, while the heavy rains the cold earth are steeping.

All things, queen of beauty,
Ask, why didst thou leave us,
Greeting us with sunny smiles, that did so deceive us?

ODE...THE LAST SEPARATION.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

We shall not rest together, love,
When death hath wrench'd my heart from thine;
The sun may smile thy grave above
When clouds are dark on mine;—
I know not why—since in the tomb
No instinct fires the silent heart—
And yet it seems a thought of gloom
That we should ever part;—
That journeying through the toilsome past,
Thus hand in hand and side by side,
The rest we reach should, at the last,
The weary ones divide;
That the same breezes should not sigh
The self-same funeral boughs among,
Nor o'er *one* grave at day break die
The nightbird's lonely song:—
A foolish thought—for we are not
The things that rest beneath the sod,
The very shapes we wore foreot
When near the smile of God.
A foolish thought—yet human too,
For Love is not the soul's alone:
It winds around the *form* we woo,
The *mortal* we have known.

Miscellaneous.

FIRST LOVE.

(Concluded.)

About this time it chanced that George Campbell, a young gentleman, a native of a different part of the country, came to reside in the neighbourhood. He was a younger son of a family respectable more from their rank and connections than their wealth. It was of course necessary that he should choose some occupation whereby to maintain himself. His choice had been made; and he had commenced his pursuits high in hope, and with an ardent desire to secure a competency as soon as possible; and then retire and enjoy it. He efforts had been almost uniformly unsuccessful, and he was beginning to sink into gloom and sour moroseness, when a small estate in the neighbourhood of Hillside was left him by a maternal relation. He immediately quitted his unproductive pursuits, wandered over the greater part of Scotland, to satisfy a curiosity which he had long felt; and visiting the little retired estate to which he had so opportunely succeeded, resolved to make it his residence during the remainder of his days.

He was yet young—perhaps not more than twenty-five or twenty-six years old; but the crosses and vexations of his outset in life had given him a distaste for the world and a dislike to society. He accordingly made it a rule to shun intercourse, or at least all approach to familiarity with either his equals or inferiors. The peasantry had of course formed many strange notions concerning him; especially as he had never been seen at the church—a circumstance which, perhaps not very uncommon in towns, and among those who make worldly gain their chief object, struck these simple and religious people as something of an unaccountable, a dark, a horrible nature. It happened, however, that, one fine Sunday morning, attracted by the bright and fervent smiles of promise so peculiar to spring, he had wandered out beyond the limits of his usual walks, and continued to stroll along in a state of dreamy, almost unconscious delight, listening to the sweet song of a thousand happy warblers. His steps were invited by one of those kirk-roads which, in country places are always kept in the neatest order, and are so planned as to lead through the most beautiful and romantic parts in the neighbourhood; and which, by partaking of that sacred character which, in Scotland, is attached to every thing connected with religion, are held to be beyond the power of any proprietor to stop. He had not proceeded far along this footpath, till, by the frequent little parties which he perceived, proceeding along, he became aware that he was near the church. Perhaps he might have turned, but a certain feeling, near akin to curiosity, impelled him to continue on his way and enter the place of worship. There he felt himself, however, a stranger; and, though his property gave him a right to a seat, he knew not where to find it. He advanced into the body of the church, and was near Mr. Maxwell's seat, when he hesitated as uncertain where to go. Fanny Maxwell perceived his embarrassment; and, opening the seat door, beckoned him to enter. Though he had long ceased to practise polished civility, he nevertheless knew its laws and requirements; he bowed and entered, took his seat beside the young lady, and seemed to listen with reverent attention. To say the truth, however, he was far otherwise engaged, his whole powers of observation were secretly scrutinizing the person and manners of Fanny Maxwell.

She had now nearly completed her eighteenth year; and her person displayed all the graceful developement of woman's softly moulded harmonizing form. Her stature was perhaps scarcely what is termed middle-sized; but the delicately rounded and exquisite proportion of her figure made it difficult to estimate her height, and impossible to suppose that any increase or diminution of it could have increased the captivating elegance of her appearance. George Campbell gazed on her with astonishment and admiration. Just at that instant, a sunbeam, streaming through the window of the old gothic structure, fell upon the clustering ringlets of dark auburn locks which shaded her lovely forehead, tinging them with a bright and golden lustre, giving a radiant expression to her fair cheek, where the lily rather predominated over the rose. The congregation began to hymn their Creator's praise; and Campbell heard her voice joining in the hymn, with its soft low, but richly melodious tones, while the sacred spirit of the inspired words awoke a more fervent and kindling intelligence in the dewy glance of her mild but expressive eye. The fascination was complete. Before the service was ended, George Campbell had confessed, in his secret soul, that he had never seen a being so beautiful, and, as his heart durst not but think, so full of purity and goodness.

When the congregation were in the act of separating, he took the opportunity of thanking Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell for their kindness in giving him a seat, mentioned his name and residence, received an invitation to come and visit them, expressed his willingness to avail himself of that opportunity to do himself an honour and a pleasure, and bent his steps slowly homeward.

A new set of sensations and ideas had suddenly taken possession of his mind, and he felt himself unable to rest till he had visited his new acquaintances. A few repetitions of his visits were enough to tell him that nothing on earth could give him such pleasure as to secure an interest in the heart of Fanny Maxwell. This he feared he should not be able to effect; yet he could not help repeating his visits as often as possible and doing all that lay in his power to make himself agreeable. His manners were at first blunt—almost rough and sullen; but that was greatly atoned for by the open manliness of his deportment. His personal appearance corresponded well with such a character. His tall and strongly-built frame, expanded forehead, dark and somewhat stern eye, and the bold cast of his decided and almost harsh features, gave him a noble and commanding air. The powers of his mind were very considerable; and he was possessed of many dignified feelings—rough and uncultivated, indeed, and long uncalled into action—but, though dormant, not departed, and though unseen, only awaiting the excitement of some worthy purpose to call them into operation. Love had given that excitement—had furnished him with a purpose capable of calling forth all the best and most valuable qualities of his mind and heart. Love is indeed the great improver of human nature. The desire to please draws forth and exercises all that is good and honorable in the human bosom; and while, in order to gain the affections of the object beloved, we strive to act nobly and to appear amiable, we insensily acquire those qualities and that character which passion and policy had led us to assume. How beneficial might this refining and ennobling tendency of love be made! how productive of matrimonial felicity!—for thus has woman in her power to make her lover gradually become all that she could wish her husband to be. Pay heed to this, ye fair; and yield not up your undisputed ascendency, till you have drawn forth and made permanent in your lover those qualities which you could wish in your lord!

The friendship which had commenced between George Campbell and the family at Hillside, had continued uninterrupted for some time, and was gradually assuming a more intimate and tender character. The object of his repeated visits could not be misunderstood, and had not attempted to be concealed. He had at length talked of love to Fanny Maxwell, and had not been forbidden. Indeed, his character had become so much improved since the commencement of the intercourse between them, that it was now by no means repulsive. Still manly and frank in his bearing, he had learned to temper the rougher parts of his disposition and manner with much of that yielding, yet dignified kindness, which is at once so flattering and so pleasing. The growing gloom of misanthropy, which had formerly clouded his brow, and shut up the avenue of generous feeling in his heart, was chased away by the mild, soothing, and subduing influence of love; and he was now warmly actuated by a spirit of free and kind benevolence. Such, and so ennobling being the change in his disposition and manner, and knowing that it had been produced chiefly by the influence of his strong love for her, was it strange, that Fanny Maxwell had begun to permit his addresses, nay, to receive them with a secret pleasure? Censure her not as inconstant to the memory of Henry Bruce! She had no means of ascertaining whether he were actually in existence, and, if alive, whether his passion for her, if indeed he had ever felt a passion for her, remained still unchanged.

But why should an apparent inconstancy be deemed a matter of such unpardonable delinquency? If we inquire into it dispassionately, we shall find that, in a great many instances, it is extremely excusable—particularly in woman. How can she know whether the protestations of her admirer be the genuine aspirations of a faithful heart, or merely the common expressions of unmeaning gallantry? It is often impossible: and even when she has no room to doubt his sincerity, she may be beset by a lover at once persevering and respectful; ardent in pressing his suit, yet displaying a winning deference to her, mingled with a manly and a becoming confidence in himself. His frequent and flattering attentions, the consciousness that those attentions are meant as indications of his preference of her to all her sex, and all the thousand indescribable witcheries of love, may insensibly steal away her affections, while her will remains, or endeavours to remain, constant to her former lover. That citadel, the heart, once gained and possessed by a secret friend, feeble is the resistance that can be made by the betrayed will. A change of affection—what the world brands by the name of inconstancy—must take place. If woman would maintain a constant affection to her absent lover, let her avoid as much as possible the company of all, particularly of an ardent and unremitting admirer. It is true she may at first take a determined dislike to the person who annoys her with his disagreeable attentions, and that may increase into a perfect antipathy; but it is no less true that the presence of a fervent lover, and his warm demonstrations of pure and glowing affection, often spread a sympathetic influence around, like the melting and blending power of a mighty flame, and, ere she is herself aware awaken feelings of love in woman's sensitive bosom. Let her, therefore, if she would avoid the stealthily-overpowering influence of that insinuating passion, beware of coming within the range of its attraction.

Nor let woman's censure fall with extreme severity upon man, if he do occasionally relapse from the faith which he plighted. Let her consider the peculiarities which attend his progress through life as man; let her conceive how often he is exposed to the bewitching influence of some most lovely being, when all his heart has been warmed and predisposed to the reception of the sweet enchantment; let her think of the many engagements of mental occupation which must often completely absorb his attention, and prevent all possibility of indulging in the tenderer passions: let her reflect upon the influence, the powerful influence, in weakening the affections, which, in spite of the protestations of the lover, and the songs and romances of the poet, experience tells us that protracted absence and extensive distance have upon the heart even of the most faithful; and let her learn from all to prize, highly prize, as an inestimable jewel, constancy when she meets it; and while she blames inconstancy, to blame it gently, and to pardon it as an unavoidable frailty, incident to human nature.

These reflections have been drawn forth by a desire to show that Fanny Maxwell, in giving way to a second love, was not acting a part of rare and inexcusable inconstancy. Nor am I relating a fiction; where, for the purpose of producing effect, some gentle fair one shall remain plighted in heart to her absent lover, while the sickening of hope deferred sinks and deepens over her like winter, till that bosom which never harbored one unkind or faithless thought, is laid to rest beneath its kindred clay—cold to love only when cold to life. I must relate the truth, Fanny Maxwell was not an immaculate heroine of romance. She was only a young, lovely, and amiable woman; and consequently susceptible of being gained by the persevering and kind attentions of one who now appeared truly deserving to be beloved. She had given her consent to bestow her hand upon George Campbell; and it only remained to appoint the day when the ceremony should take place.

It was yet early in autumn. The afternoon was mild, calm, and soberly majestic, as autumn, with all its profusion of mellow richness, its luxuriant and happy associations, and its more pensive anticipations, most frequently is. The wind scarcely stirred the many-tinted leaves; yet even its whisper, though low and calm, was sadly plaintive. The abrupt and pillared fragments of the clouds, or their massy and voluminous ranges, slowly flowing or sleeping in stately repose, and beginning to reflect the colouring rays of the descending sun, gave an air of solemn magnificence to the expanded arch of heaven. A warm admirer of nature's ever-varied, ever-delighting beauties, Fanny Maxwell had wandered forth to yield her wrapt soul to the thoughts and feelings awakened by the sublimity and grandeur of such a scene. Unconsciously she bent her steps towards that secluded glen which had been the frequent resort of her earlier years. A solitary footpath, untrodden save by a few, passed through it, and opened up a more direct communication with the highway. As she proceeded along the path, pausing oft, and gazing round her, then resuming her walk, she perceived, at a little distance, some person approaching. A slight tremor passed over her frame; for she supposed it might be George Campbell come to urge her to fix the day of their union; and, though she meant one day to do so, yet with that sweet and maidenly delicacy so charming in woman, she trembled but to think of it, and always endeavoured to get it postponed. As he came nearer, however, she perceived that he was not the person she feared yet hoped to meet. The stranger seemed to be in the elastic entrance of manhood—youth was still about him. He was dressed in a rich military uniform; a medal depended from his breast, and bearing the impress of a sphinx, and the word Egypt. His step and air spoke a man who had been used to command, to meet and despise danger, and to undergo peril, toil, and privation with indifference. The sun and the wind of the desert had browned his cheek to a hue darker than his natural complexion, as appeared by his light blue yet keen and intelligent eye, and the shade of his thickly clustered locks. Fanny Maxwell, absorbed in her own thoughts, had but slightly noticed him when he accosted her, and inquired the way to Hillside. She pointed it out, and seemed about to continue on her aimless ramble, when the stranger hesitated, stood still, gazed on her a moment, then exclaimed, "Fanny Maxwell! my own Fanny Maxwell! do you remember Henry Bruce?" and then clasping her in his arms, held her to his throbbing bosom. Overpowered with a sudden rush of tumultuous feelings, she remained for some time breathless, and nearly fainting in his arms. As she recovered she gently disengaged herself, and looking upon him with a tender and mournful expression of countenance, burst into tears.

Thinking that this was but the natural expression of pleasure at such a meeting, he would have renewed his endearments, in order to sooth her agitation; but she gently repelled him and in a low, faltering voice, said, "Henry, we never thought to have seen you more."

"But I have returned, my dearest Fanny—returned from many a scene of peril—once more to see my dear sister, as I fondly called her in my boyhood, and to try if I might win her permission to address her by a still dearer title."

"That title, Henry," said she in a faint tone, "is the dearest by which you may ever address me. Induced by your absence, and the want of any information concerning you, I thought that you were——that you would return no more; and I have listened to the addresses of another. I am, though not his wedded, his betrothed bride. I have plighted my faith—my honor is at stake—I will and must redeem my pledge."

He shrunk and staggered as if he had received a deadly wound, leaned against a tree, pressed his hands forcibly upon his heart and head, and fixed his eyes upon her with a gaze of wild and frenzied astonishment; while a quivering thrill of mortal agony shook his whole frame, and writhed the convulsed features of his manly countenance. At length he spoke, and his words were low, broken, and full of a melancholy tenderness.

"And is it thus we meet, after an absence so long, so full of griefs and dangers? I left thee, Fanny, and my tongue had not uttered, could not utter, what my heart so deeply felt; yet I fondly supposed that you could not but have perceived and understood my emotion. I joined the British army," continued he, feeling a melancholy satisfaction in tracing his progress, and mentioning his feelings and his hopes, though those feelings seemed now all unrequited, and those hopes all withered for ever—"I joined the British army; and our march was soon in foreign lands. I saw their beauties, but I saw them only to despise them. My heart was in the land of my fathers. Often our steps were on the fields of slaughter; and at times, too, disaster pressed us hard. But dangers or sufferings moved me not—there was a mounting spirit a warm hope within me; and I shrunk not from the combat, nor drooped beneath privation. Uncertainty was around us, and our communication with Britain was unfrequent and interrupted! yet though far distant, thou wert to my soul like its hopes of Heaven, and it would not resign thee. Our course was bent to Egypt, and a new world of strange, mysterious, and awful objects was around us; but there amidst the ruins of temples, of obelisks, of sphinxes framed in the infancy of the world—beneath the shade of those majestic pyramids whose enduring strength seems to mock at time—upon the brink of the broad magnificent Nile, with all its associations of the wondrous times and actions of countless antiquity:—even there I could not refrain, in the midst of my excited wonderment, from thinking upon my native Caledonia, her heathy hills, the quietude and happiness of her woody glens, the wild music of her brawling mountain-streams, and oh! dearer than all! the beautiful, the gentle being whose smile had shed bliss upon all my previous existence. When the simoon of the desert smote upon us, hot as the fiery breath of a furnace, I thought of the cool invigorating breeze of my native mountains. And in that glorious day," continued he—his warrior spirit kindling within him as the scene rose bright upon his memory, and making him, for a brief moment, forget his sorrows in the high excitement—"in that glorious day, when we ploughed through the foamy surge in the bay of Aboukir, till the keels raised the yellow sands, while shot and shells rained around us, fierce and frequent as hail in a winter storm—when we mounted the rugged heights, in stern unanswering silence, till our bayonets, resistless as the red gleaming lightnings of heaven, burst and destroyed the astonished bands of France; or in that more glorious and bloody day, on the heights of Alexandria, the gallant Abercromby's latest field, when the Highland claymore drank deep of France's bravest blood, and the tartan was richly stained in the gore of those presumptously styled Invincibles:—in the midst of the indiscribable horrors and wild headlong frenzy of victory, and of pursuit—thy image shed a softening ray into my heart, and withheld my hand from the feeble and unresisting foe.

But why enumerate my feelings and hopes? In the midst of all my scenes of danger and of horror, my only source of support and consolation was to think of thee and my hoped return to the land of my fathers. And now to have returned, and to have found thee thus—the betrothed of another! O Fanny, Fanny! amidst all my wanderings there never ceased to dwell within my heart a longing desire for that pure domestic bliss, the fruit of reciprocal affection; and I ventured to hope that it might have been found in thee, the innocent playmate of my childhood. That hope has left me too. Now, I——But why should I disturb the happiness of one who is dearer to me than my own existence? I shall leave you, Fanny, at once and for ever; and may he whom you love be to you all that I could have joyed to have been!"

Again he bent on her one long and impassioned look; but its character was indeed different. It spoke of the interminable attachment, the soft regard, the tender affection, and the deep devotedness of one who regarded not self, so that he might minister to the happiness of her whom his whole heart loved so fondly. That one look passed through her whole frame like a warm glow of young life; it awakened at once, in full power, all the pure fervor of that affection which had formerly quickened the trembling pulsations of her youthful heart. Though years had passed, and a considerable change had taken place in her situation and in her mental capacities, yet had her first love remained in the innermost recesses of her bosom, pure as the elemental fire in the rays of the sun. It was indeed hidden for a time by one of a less celestial nature; but it mingled not with it, nor could it be extinguished—it was the love of the soul. That look of pure ethereal love, beaming from the expressive eyes of Henry Bruce, had rekindled its sleeping embers; and she felt that George Campbell held but a very secondary place in her affection. A throb of unutterable anguish swelled her heart as she reflected upon her present circumstances. But her high sense of honor pointed out her line of conduct.

"Leave me, Henry!" said she with a sad but resolute voice; "leave me, for I cannot now be yours; and to listen to you in that strain is improper in the destined wife of another. We must meet no more; but, wherever you go, or whatever may be your fate, if it will console you in any manner, know that Fanny Maxwell would have died a thousand deaths rather than done what she has done, had she known that her first lover still survived."

Just as she finished speaking these words, and before the fervor of her meaning and utterance had left her quivering lip, George Campbell advanced and stood beside the lovers. His face was deadly pale, and his fixed features and compressed lips betrayed the emotion which he was evidently struggling to suppress. He had seen the first meeting and embrace of the lovers; and thinking that he had a right to know who dared assume such familiarity with his affianced bride, he approached unseen, so near as to overhear all their conversation. This he was easily able to do, from the nature of the place and the engrossing power of their feelings, which rendered them insensible to all around them. He soon learned that, though he should claim and obtain the hand of Fanny Maxwell, it was no longer in her power to bestow her heart.

It would be superfluous to say that this discovery agonized his bosom more keenly than all that had ever befallen him. But his heart had learned that there was more real gratification in the exercise of a noble and generous virtue and self-denial than in all the pleasures that could flow from life's dearest blessing. His love for Fanny Maxwell had taught him generosity; and her words, when she knew not that he heard the sacrifice they vowed to make, for whom that sacrifice was about to be made, confirmed him in his purpose. He took her trembling hand in his, pressed it fervently to his lips, and spoke:—

"Heaven knows, my dearest Fanny! with what sincerity I have loved you, and how fondly I would have made you mine. My heart, before I loved you, was a deadened selfish thing. If it now has any virtue, any sense of generosity, it is to you that it owes them. Let me prove my gratitude. I have heard all that has passed since your meeting with your first lover. To him I resign any claims which I might have conceived that I had upon you. Receive, sir, this highly gifted hand from me. May you both be as happy as your brightest hopes can picture, in the auspicious return and the steady continuance of that purest, sweetest of human passions, 'First Love!'"

Damascus.—The following account of Damascus will be read with interest:

"Damascus, probably the oldest city in the world still occupies the place it occupied in the days of Abraham; and though it has, no doubt, seen many vicissitudes, its population is still very considerable, and its trade is extensive.—Damascus is called by the Orientals 'a pearl surrounded by emeralds.' Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon, from the Desert to the east, or by the high road from the north from Aleppo and Hamah. For many miles the city is girdled by fertile fields, or gardens as they are called, which, being watered by the rivers and sparkling streams, give to the vegetation, consisting principally of olive trees, a remarkable freshness and beauty. Though the trade of Damascus is very considerable, it has no English establishment within its walls. More than one has existed, but it has not been found to answer; and the trade that has been carried on for English account is done either by French, Italian, or native houses. Of all the cities of the East, Damascus is probably the most original—the city which has undergone the fewest changes. The European costume is scarcely ever seen; and with few exceptions I believe the Frank settlers have adopted the Syrian dress. There is at Damascus a tribunal of commerce for the settlement of business disputes. It consists of twelve persons—namely, nine Mussulmen, two Christians, and one Jew. The proportion is not very fairly arranged with a reference to the numbers of the population of the different religious bodies; but one of the principal Christian merchants assured me, that on the whole they were tolerably well satisfied with the decisions of the tribunals, and it was seldom the Mahometan majority showed any disposition to act unfairly to Christian litigants.

Prince Albert.—He is one of the most handsome and amiable young men we have ever seen. He is tall and singularly well-formed, and the features of his face are remarkably regular and pleasing. We have rarely seen a more intelligent countenance, while nothing could be more calculated than his manner to win the affections or inspire the respect of her Majesty's subjects.—Never have we witnessed anything approaching the enthusiasm with which the illustrious Prince was received a few months ago, when presiding at Exeter Hall, over one of the largest and most respectable meetings ever held within the walls of that place. He possesses exquisite taste in the fine arts, and devotes much of his leisure time to drawing and historical painting.—*Grant's London Journal.*

Sir Robert Peel.—Sir Robert has now much of a care-worn appearance. Everybody in the habit of seeing him must have observed, in this respect, a marked change in him of late. His hair is also beginning to exhibit symptoms of approaching baldness. When walking, his head leans very much to the right side. Sir Robert is a tall and otherwise well-proportioned man. Those who know him intimately are quite aware that he has lately evinced a decided disinclination for office. He is in about the fifty-fifth year of his age.—*Grant's London Journal.*

Strength of Iron Pillars.—At the late meeting of the British Association in Glasgow, a paper was read by Mr. Hodgkinson, describing a series of experiments made by him on the strength of iron pillars. It appeared from these, that a pillar, square at the top and bottom, is about three times as strong as one rounded at the ends; that if the pillars are not placed perfectly perpendicular, at least two thirds of their strength is lost; and that they are one seventh stronger when swelled in the middle, like the frustrum of a cone, with the base in the centre of the pillar.