The Weekly Observer.

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The Weekly Observer.

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewwelling & Reading.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.

I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

MARKET SQUARE,

MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships *Liberia* and *St. John*, and steamer *Admiral*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of

Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;

An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy BOBES, Printed and Embr'dered MUSLINS, CACHMERES, Delaines, Lustres, &c.

A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of *RIBBONS, PARASOLS*, &c.

Muslin COLLARS, Habits, Under Sleeves;

Printed COTTONS, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinetts, Ticks, Braces, Dinems, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

NEW GOODS,

Per Seame "Cambria."

MORRISON & CO.

HAVE now ready for inspection, suited for the season, the LARGEST, MOST VARIED and MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK of

SILKS, SATINS AND RIBBONS

Ever exhibited in this Province.

MORRISON & CO.,

April 5. PRINCE WM. STREET.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"

CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,

PRINTED DRUGGETS,

Moreens and Damasks,

SHEETINGS,

White and Stiped SHIRTINGS

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.

GILCHRIST & INCHES

ARE NOW OPENING AT THE

GOLDEN FLEECE,

Prince William Street,

PART OF THEIR

Spring and Summer Stock,

Received per Packet Ship *Liberia*.

St. John, April 19, 1853.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square, April 9, 1853.

Per Steamer "Niagara."

A FEW cases of SCOTCH GOODS containing Paisley, Cashmere, and French Barege LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.

Persian and Silk Striped LAINES;

Brocade and Embroidered ROBES;

French Printed CAMBRICS;

Fancy Printed ORLEANS;

HABITS, Chemizettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c.

T. W. DANIEL.

APRIL 9, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer "*Niagara*," from Liverpool:—

A FURTHER supply of BONNETS;

Bonnet RIBBONS;

Plain and Figured Rich SILKS;

SATINETTS, SATINS, SARSNETTS;

Rich black SILK LACES;

Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS;

COLLARS and HABIT SHIRTS;

GLOVES and HOSIERY;

SILK TRIMMINGS, BRAIDS, BUTTONS, TASSELS, &c. &c. &c.

W. G. LAWTON.

VICTORIA HOUSE,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

AND

BRITISH HOUSE,

KING STREET.

Saint John, 8th March, 1853.

First Spring Importations!

PER SHIP "MIDDLETON."

5,000 Straw Bonnets!

Newest Spring Shapes!!

J. DOHERTY & CO.

N. B.—*Further Supply per Steamer* "Cambria," *at Boston, together with RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, and Fancy* DRESS GOODS, *to arrive per "Admiral" next trip.* J. D. & CO.

Porto Rico Sugar and Molasses.

In Store—lately received—

111 BRLS. very bright Porto Rico SUGAR;

25 hhds. fine Porto Rico MOLASSES;

20 hds. good Cuba Sugar—in Bond or duty paid.

May 10. JAS. MACFARLANE.

LONDON MADE IMPERVIOUS REVERSABLE COATS!!!—A large Stock of the above Goods now ready for inspection at the Howard House, King-street.

May 31. MYLES & HOWARD.

Per "Cuba," from Boston:

100 BOXES Bunch RAISINS;

50 bags Java COFFEE.

March 22. FLEWWELLING & READING.

Liverpool and Saint John Line of PACKET SHIPS.

Sailing from Liverpool on the 1st of every Month, with occasional intermediate ships.

Ships.	Capt's.	Tonnage.	To Sail.
Middleton,	H. Nichols,	996,	1st June.
Liberia,	R. Card,	875,	1st July.
John Barbour,	R. D. Robertson,	987,	1st Aug.
Imperial,	D. Bannerman,	1279,	16th Aug.
Eudocia,	S. Vaughan,	1015,	1st Sept.
Middleton,	H. Nichols,	996,	1st Oct.
Liberia,	R. Card,	885,	1st Nov.
Joseph Tarrett,	R. G. Moran,	967,	New Ship.
John Bannerman,	———	1000,	ditto.

These Ships are built of the best materials, sail remarkably fast, are classed A 1 at Lloyds, and coppered, and will be dispatched punctually on the days appointed.

They are commanded by men of the greatest experience and nautical skill, and no expense or exertion will be spared to make this line efficient in every respect for the safe and speedy conveyance of Goods and Passengers.

The accommodations for passengers are superior, either in the Cabin, Poop or Steerage.

Orders for Shipment of Goods by this Line are respectfully solicited.

For Freight or Passage, apply in Liverpool to Messrs. FERNIE, BROTHERS & Co., 4 India Buildings, or here, to

April 12. J. & R. REED.

FURTHER SUPPLY OF

Cheap and Handsome Room Papers.

THE Subscriber has received an additional Supply of *TWENTY-FIVE CASES* New, Handsome, and Cheap PAPER HANGINGS, which are acknowledged to be by all who have examined the variety, *the Best and Cheapest in the City.* [April 26.—1m.] S. K. FOSTER.

1 EIGHT DAY CHRONOMETER; 1 SEXTANT; 1 BAROMETER; —second-hand, good as new—For sale by

June 7. GEO. THOMAS.

SHIP STORES.

30 BRLS. American Prime PORK;
20 ditto Nova-Scotia ditto;
30 ditto No. 1 BEEF.

June 7. GEORGE THOMAS.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.

St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

Paris Fashions.

MESSRS. LOCKHART & CO. have pleasure to announce to their patrons, that part of their

NEW SPRING STOCK

has arrived per Steamer "*NIAGARA*," direct from PARIS, personally selected by Mr. Lockhart.

Gents' Parisian Satin Velvet HATS;
" best French KID GLOVES;
" " " STOCKS;
" " " Muslin, Satin, and Silk OPERA TIES;
" " " Silk Pocket & Neck Hdkfs;
" " " SHIRTS and COLLARS;
" " " BRACES;
Ladies' French, Leghorn and Straw BONNETS;
" " Morai Antique PARASOLS;
" " Bonnet and plain RIBBONS;
" " Colored KID GLOVES;
" " Dress Silks and Taffetas;
Children's HATS—with a variety of other articles of Parisian manufacture—

THIS DAY OPEN, and ready for Inspection and Sale.

LOCKHART & CO.,

April 9.—8i. No. 17, King-street.

COFFEE! COFFEE!

Per Schooner "LINNET," from Boston—

66 BAGS Java, Laguira and St. Domingo COFFEE—in Bond or Duty paid.

April 16. JAMES MACFARLANE.

BRANDY.

Ex Ship *Liberia*, from Liverpool, on consignment,

14 HDS. 32 qr. casks } Fine old BRANDY.

For sale low from the ship, by

April 26. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

Spring Fashions, 1853!!!

JUST received T. OLIVE & SON'S SPRING FASHIONS for 1853. Subscribers will receive the same by calling at

MYLES & HOWARD,

March 22, 1853. AGEN

Pure Concentrated Flavoring Extracts,

For Ices, Jellies, Custards, Syrups, Pastry, &c

COMPRISING Vanilla, Lemon, Rose, Bitter Almond, Peach Kernel, Ginger.

ALSO—1 Case superior Rose and Orange Flower WATER. Just received and for sale by

THOMAS M. REED,

March 1. Head of North Wharf.

From London, now Landing:

600 BOXES WINDOW GLASS; 5 hhds. Crushed SUGAR;
2½ tons Brandram's White Lead;
15 hhds. Linseed OIL,
2 hhds. miniature bottles of INK,
1 barrel Nutmegs, 1 barrel Cream of Tartar,
5 casks Saltpetre.

ALSO—*Daily Expected:*

One Thousand boxes more of Window GLASS, including all sizes, from 6x8 to 46x50.

JOHN KINNEAR,

May 21. Prince Wm. Street.

SUGAR.

LANDING from Brig *Lucy Ann*—40 hhds. very bright Porto Rico SUGAR.—For sale low by

May 21. FLEWWELLING & READING.

SUGAR & MOLASSES.

Landing ex *Victor* and *Pilgrim*, from Ponce, Porto Rico

206 HHDS. Bright SUGAR; 241 hhds. Muscovado Molasses,
16 Tierces do. do.

All of very choice quality.—For sale by

May 24. JARDINE & CO.

Barley, Oatmeal, Paper, &c.

LANDING ex *Canmore*, from Glasgow:—Pot and Pearl BARLEY, Split PEAS, SODA, OATMEAL, Wrapping PAPER, &c.—For sale by [June 14.] JARDINE & CO.

Literature, &c.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our States and Territories, rivers and lakes, are designated by their names."

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreathed it.
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse,
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Through his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye give the winds their dust.

From the Waverley Magazine.

FANNY BROWN;
OR, THE NOVEL READER.

"Where on earth is Fanny?" exclaimed good Mrs. Brown, as she took the rich lumps of yellow butter from the churn, "I haven't set eyes on her since morning; and here I am with baking and ironing to do, and nobody to lift a finger to help me. It's strange what's come over the girl since she got them books to read; I can't see what there is so fascinatin' about 'em, but they've completely turned her head. Fanny! Fanny!" she continued, opening the kitchen door and raising her voice to its highest pitch, "where are you? I want you here this minute."

The shrill tones echoed over the whole house and reached the ears of Miss Fanny, who was seated upon an old chest in the attic, intently perusing a novel and weeping heartily over the sorrows of the beautiful heroine. Her mother's voice broke the enchanted spell which seemed to bind her senses, and she slowly arose from her seat, and very reluctantly laid down the book; not, however, without taking it up again just to finish the page, and when the page was finished, she was so near the end of the chapter that she could not resist the impulse to finish that two. At length she dropped the captivating volume and descended the stairs.

Mrs. Brown was too deeply engaged in weighing out sugar and butter for a loaf of "company cake" to chide her truant daughter, and Fanny sat herself to work with unusual diligence, for she saw a cloud upon her mother's brow; but somehow every thing went wrong. She was so intently thinking of the book in the attic, and of the lovely heroine and her noble lover, that she put pepper in the dough instead of spice, overturned the cream upon the floor, and committed numerous mistakes. Mrs. Brown lost all patience, and told her angrily to leave the room, for she was more hinderance than help. Right gladly she escaped, and once more seizing the novel, she was soon lost in its contents, and did not look up until the last page was devoured. With a sigh that there was no more she laid the volume by, and then she exclaimed to herself—

"How delightfully it closes! They are all so happy after their many trials! O, why was not my lot such as that of Lady Almena? Why was I born a humble country girl?"

Visions of parks, castles, beautiful ladies and devoted lovers filled her mind, and she seemed like one in a dream; she took no interest in the things which were formerly her delight, and grew peevish and melancholy.

"How Fanny is altered?" said Mrs. Brown to her husband, "if she reads many more of them novels it will be the ruination of her. I wish, Mr. Brown, you would put a stop to it."

"Yes, yes, I'll put a stop to that business," replied Farmer Brown, "let me get hold of the books and they'll find a place in the fire, I'll warrant. I wish Mrs. Norris would keep her novels to herself, and not be filling all the young gals' heads with trash. Fanny shan't borrow any more of them if I can help it."

And he did prevent it. His commands were not to be lightly disregarded, and though Fanny wept in secret at being deprived of the delightful volumes, she dare not disobey him. Gradually the impressions which they had made faded from her mind, and she became more like herself again; now she went singing over the house, lightening the burdens of her good mother, and teaching her young brother and sister; and all who knew her, declared she was a sweet girl—a treasure indeed.

Fanny was quite pretty; she had bewitching blue eyes, long auburn curls, and a form like a sylph; she had admirers, and there was one who was evidently a favorite. Charles Willis was called a fine young fellow; he possessed a good education, and was prudent and industrious. Having inherited the beautiful little farm of his father, he did his best to improve it; he planted choice trees about the neat dwelling house, and sometimes ventured to look forward to the time when he should bring there a gentle young bride as his mistress; and then his thoughts would always turn to Fanny Brown. At length, when about eighteen, he proposed to her, and was accepted; but the time of their marriage was not decided upon, for the young girl was not ready to assume the responsibilities of a housekeeper.

Shortly after her engagement, Fanny received a letter from her aunt, who was living in quite a stylish way in a distant city, containing a very pressing invitation for the young niece to visit her. Fanny was in ecstacies at the prospect; she had seen very little of city life, and was extremely anxious to go; so it was decided that she should take the stage coach and visit B. Her journey was safely accomplished, and she was received with much affection by her aunt, a vain showy woman, whose chief end was to make a good appearance in the world.

The first week of Fanny's visit was spent in seeing all that was worth attention; and then followed a long series of rainy days, in which it was impossible to leave the house.

"I believe you are fond of reading, my dear," remarked her aunt, seeing Fanny's listless manner; "if you will come up into my room I think I can find some entertainment for you."

Fanny gladly complied, and saw before her a book-case completely filled with novels of all descriptions. Her heart bounded with pleasure; but she suddenly recollected the injunctions of her simple minded parents, "never to touch one of the wicked things," and turned away.

"Nonsense!" said her aunt, who guessed her thoughts, "they'll do nobody harm; and there's no pleasanter way, I assure you, to beguile away a dreary morning like this. Here's a tale which will enchant you, Fanny; it is written by one of the best authors of the day."

The young girl took the volume and glanced over it; it certainly did look inviting; and without waiting to think whether it was right or wrong she sank upon a lounge and commenced reading.—The hours flew swiftly away, and when the bell rang for dinner she did not hear it, so absorbed was she in the thrilling scenes, which the book presented to her mind. And now, volume after volume was perused with increased eagerness, and her dreams at night were peopled with their imaginary creations. Before her return home the contents of the book-case were all transferred to her memory, and she became a changed being; the feeling of contentment and peace in her bosom had given place to the restless longing for something—she scarcely knew what, and she began to repine secretly at her own humble lot. A union with Charles Willis, and a retired life upon his farm, seemed anything but agreeable; Charles was too plain and unromantic—there was too little romance in their courtship; he had never fallen at her feet and called her his angelic Fanny—he had never declared that existence would be a burden without her. In short, she came to the conclusion that she did not really love him—and a dim presentiment possessed her mind that she was destined for a nobler, loftier union.

When she returned home it was in a melancholy, pensive mood, and her fond parents regretted extremely that she had ever been to B——. Their plain homely ways were quite insufferable to her; and the sight of the dairy gave her nerves such a shock, especially when her mother requested her assistance in the manufacture of butter and cheese. Poor Fanny Brown! She spent whole afternoons in rambling over the meadows, or sitting upon the bank of a stream, thinking herself very unhappy to have been born in such circumstances, and forced to live surrounded by such unromantic homespun people. Her chief delight was to write long, sentimental letters to a young lady, Miss Arabella Atwood, whose acquaintance she had formed at her aunt's, and for whom she had conceived a great friendship; these epistles were filled with all her secret thoughts; and her dear friend in return, communicated all the romantic nothings of her own breast.

It chanced that one of Fanny's letters to Arabella was accidentally dropped in the way of Charles Willis, who perused it with wonder and curiosity, as his own name was conspicuous there. He could not forbear smiling as Fanny confided to her friend her fears that he would never make the kind of husband she desired; lamenting his want of elegance and polish, and contrasting him with the hero of one of her favorite novels, and drawing a comparison between them very much in favor of the latter. Not till now had Charles known the reason of his betrothed's visible coolness, and aversion to naming a period for marriage.

"Foolish girl!" he exclaimed, "it would be but just to leave her to herself and let her marry some fop or dandy who has romance enough to suit her. But no; Fanny is a good girl at heart; it is only the effect of novel reading; I must find a way to cure her diseased imagination, and bring her back to her senses."

A scheme now entered his mind, and he resolved to gain the consent of Farmer Brown and his wife to carry it into execution. They listened eagerly and declared their approval. Charles then procured a wig of curling raven locks, some large dark whiskers and a moustache, and having dressed himself in them, and placed a velvet cap upon his head, from which hung gracefully a drooping plume, he enveloped himself in a light mantle cloak.

"This will do," said he, laughing heartily, "I scarcely recognise myself in this trim: I believe I've read romances enough in my school boy days to play my part successfully. Let me see—my name is Lord Norville—very romantic that; and I am the youngest son of an earl. My father is a very proud, aristocratic old gentleman, and perhaps he won't approve of my making love to a farmers's daughter—but never mind that. Heigho! I am anxious for evening to come, that I may commence my courtship.

The weather was fine, it being the early part of October, and the evenings were delightful; the moon shone with a clear silvery light which rendered every object distinctly visible. Fanny sat at the open window gazing pensively at the sky. All the other members of the family had retired to rest, when suddenly there came a strain of delicious music upon the air; it was very near; Fanny felt sure that the minstrel, whoever he was, was concealed in a clump of bushes close by, and she listened with a fluttering heart.

Presently a manly voice was heard accompanying the instrument, and now and then the words of the song were audible. She distinctly heard the lines

"Beautiful lady, my heart is my own,
I am dying of love for thee!"

A thrill of joy shot through her frame, and she leaned far out of the casement, hoping to get a glimpse of the minstrel who was thus serenading her. The music changed to a soft mournful air and gradually died away, and Fanny saw emerging from the foliage a tall form wrapped in a flowing mantle; stepping forth into the moonlight, he stood as if gazing intently upon the cottage, and then seeing Fanny he placed his hand gracefully upon his heart, bowed low and disappeared.

Sleep fled from the pillow of pretty Fanny Brown that night. It was already morning when she sank into a doze, and then the form of the cavalier was in her dreams. Who could he be? Was he some unknown lover? Were her beautiful visions about to be realised? O for a friend to whom she might impart her emotions! A long letter to Arabella was the first employment of the day; and then she waited as patiently as possible, for the shadows of evening, hoping again to see the unknown; but disappointment was her lot; he did not come to serenade her. The next day, however, as she was taking a solitary ramble, a boquet of wild blossoms fell at her feet, and she caught a transient glimpse of a pair of beaming dark eyes, a pair of superb whiskers, and a bewitching moustache, then their owner vanished into the forest. She took up the flowers in silent wonder; there was a slip of paper twined among them, upon which was written—

"FAIR GIRL! Your beauty has won my heart. I am a stranger—alone in a foreign land. I have seen you but to love you. Will you not allow me the pleasure of an interview, in which I may explain to you the circumstances in which I am placed? Meet me to-night on the banks of this stream, and fill with joy the bosom of

NORVILLE."

Scarcely believing her senses Fanny read this note again and again. What should she do? Her visions of romantic love were evidently about to be realised, and she had now a lover such as her heart had long sighed for,—but Charles Willis! what would he say to this? was she not engaged to *him*? Should she comply with the request in the note and meet the stranger? O, no! she could not do that; he might, perhaps, have evil designs—she could not venture upon such a step. But as the evening drew near she could not help feeling sad; he was there waiting for her appearance, and wishing her presence; however, she could not summon courage to seek alone the society of a stranger. Several days passed, and she saw nothing of the unknown. At length she met him one day as she was walking, and he respectfully asked permission to join her. In silence they rambled on, both, seemingly, embarrassed; he sighed deeply, and fixed his eyes with a sad expression on Fanny's downcast orbs.

"Gentle lady," said he, "you behold one who amid these rural shades seek to dissipate the sorrows of his heart. I have tried the delights of the vain world, but find still an aching void in my bosom; I have sought pure affection, but it has ever eluded my grasp. Not till I saw you, however, have I known the reality and power of love; your sweet simplicity (for I have watched you when you were not aware of my presence), your goodness, and beauty have won my heart. I am the younger son of a nobleman, and am poor; my father will perhaps disapprove of my seeking a bride among the humble maidens of this land, but I must follow the dictates of my own soul in this respect. Will you not, sweet girl, allow me the pleasure of your society? may I not hope for a blissful interchange of thought—for the sweet communings of our spirits?"

Fanny blushed deeply. He took her hand, but she drew it away, faltering something about his being a stranger, and such language improper in her circumstances.

"Ah, 'tis ever thus!" he murmured sadly, "the formalities of society have reached even this secluded spot! and because I am a stranger unknown and uncared for, you will look upon me with doubt and suspicion, and will suffer me to wander in solitude, when your voice and smile would fill my heart with joy."

He fixed upon her face those beaming eyes, with an expression so sad, yet so tender, that she could not turn coldly away. He drew her gently to a seat, and a long conversation followed—on his part winning and persuasive, and Fanny felt her affections inclining toward him. There was something about him which constantly reminded her of Charles Willis, yet he was so different; his manners were more elegant—his language so like the heroes of her charming books, that she admired him exceedingly. Before they parted he gained a promise from her to see him again; and henceforth their meetings were frequent, whenever Fanny could steal away unobserved.

How romantic they were—those clandestine interviews—and her lover was so noble, so graceful and gentle, that Fanny's heart was quite bewildered with passion. It is not strange then that when he proposed an elopement, and a speedy marriage, that the infatuated girl consented. She knew that it would be no use to seek to gain her parents approbation, for they were too fond of Charles Willis to allow her to break her engagement with him. An enlopement was very romantic—and with an English Lord too! What would her friend Arabella say to that? and would not all her young acquaintances envy her her good fortune?

A carriage was in readiness at midnight near the garden gate, and Fanny quietly slipped from the house; she was met by her lover, and they were soon rolling away from the village. At dawn they stopped at the house of a clergyman, and the marriage rite was performed. It was nearly noon when they reached the place of their destination—a large, solitary, old building, which looked to Fanny like a ruined castle; the only inmate was an old woman whose aspect was not at all prepossessing.

"Here must be our residence for the present, love," said Lord Norville, as he led Fanny into the mansion. "I told you I was poor. I must, if possible, keep our marriage a secret, or my wealthy relative, upon whom I depend, will disinherit me."

A few days passed happily with Fanny; but one morning her husband received a letter which he said was from his father who had arrived, very unexpectedly to him, in New York, and was taken alarmingly ill. He wished the presence of his son, and Lord Norville must instantly depart. Fanny gained a promise from him that he would write often; a letter came soon after his arrival in New York; his father was confined with a lingering illness, and he could not hear of his son's departure. Long, dreary days passed before another letter came. Fanny did not find it very agreeable living in that deserted place with no companion but the old lady, who was petulant and unsociable.

Weeks and months passed, and Fanny's letters were few and far between, and breathed less and less of pure romantic love; at last they ceased altogether. The old woman added to Fanny's sorrow by telling her that no doubt her husband had found some lady whom he loved better—that such a country girl could not expect to retain the affections of a nobleman, who had only been charmed by her pretty face. "No doubt," continued the old woman, "the marriage was only a mock one; and he expects you to go back to your parents, or else you will always live in such a solitary place as this, for he will never think of introducing you to his high-born relations" Poor Fanny! she spent days and nights in tears, and wished more than once that she was back again at her father's house. At length her husband returned; but did not evince any remarkable joy at seeing her. He did not exhibit the warmth of devoted love that she wished; he was kind, but her society seemed to have lost its charm for him; he spent much time away from her, engaged, as he said, in hunting; at last his neglect increased to absolute coldness. Fanny's romantic love too had subsided; she wept bitterly as she thought of home and of Charles Willis, whose affection was always true.

"O," she exclaimed aloud, wringing her hands in anguish, "O that I had never read those seducing books? it was their influence which led me astray! I might have been happy but for my own folly! O, Charles, Charles! how have I grieved your trusting heart! your love would have been unchanging! but my punishment is just—I deserve it all!"

"Would you like to return to your parents—would you like to be restored to your Charles?" said the voice of Lord Norville.

"Yes, I confess it," sobbed Fanny, "but it is too late!"

"Look up," said he gently. She complied, and Charles Willis stood before her. Upon the floor lay wig, whiskers and moustache; a wet handkerchief removed the dark hue of his complexion—he was himself again. Fanny fainted from joy and surprise; when she recovered, she found herself in the arms of Charles.

"O, it was only a dream—a sad dream—was it not?" she murmered, looking earnestly up into his eyes

"No, not a dream, dearest, but a reality, which I hope will result in much good to you, he replied; you are cured of all romantic ideas, I trust. Our marriage, however, was a real one; and now we will leave this dreary place, for my pleasant home."

Humbled and gentle, Fanny returned to her native village, and received the embraces of her parents. She was soon installed in her new abode—a happy and loving wife.

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to arry.

The Late Sultana.

The death of the Sultana Bezur-Aalem, mother of the reigning Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, has been announced. A letter dated Constantinople, May 5, gives the following account of this remarkable woman:—

"The deceased princess was of Christian origin, and in 1811 was kidnapped by Circassian freebooters from a village near Ananour, in Georgia. Her father was a wealthy peasant, and was killed fighting valiently for the protection of his daughter. The girl, Mariam by name, was embarked at Sotcha for Trebizonde, and from thence was conducted to Constantinople and sold for $150 to the celebrated Kosref Pacha, who gave her the romantic name of Bezur-Aalem, (assembly of the world) and on account of her beauty even in an education to fit her for the imperial harem. She learned to read and write, to play the guitar, to sing, and to dance, and she acquired these accomplishments with astonishing facility. At the age of 14 she was presented by the Pacha to Heibetullah Sultana, Sultan Mahmoud's eldest sister, with whom she remained until she attained the age of 17, when, on account of her capacity and beauty, she was given to Sultan Mahmoud, who at once acknowledged her as one of his wives. She had but one son, the present sovereign, Abdul-Medjid, but she always maintained a superiority over all the other women, and was the preferred favorite. The monotonous life of the harem is easily imagined. It is a focus of intrigue and jealousy, and the princess had no occasion to display the talent and benevolence that has since rendered her so popular.

When in June, 1839, Sultan Mahmoud died, and his eldest son, Abdul-Medjid, at the age of 16, buckled the sword of Osman, the Princess Bezur-Aalem became valide sultana, and took the reins of the State in hand. Things went on thus far for many years. The son consulted his mother for every affair, and the mother's injunctions were religiously obeyed. We must slur over the intrigues of the sultana with Riza Pacha, they are of too notorious a character; but up to the last week she was engaged in the public business. She was naturally parsimonious, but her acts of benevolence are innumerable. She never forgot her Christian origin, and protected the followers of her former faith on all possible occasions. She was often to be seen *incognito* at the *lokaf* (tribunal) inquiring if justice was done to cases she had decreed, and more than one judge has been dismissed for acts of intolerance. She often visited the poorer quarters of this city, and gave aid to the sick and needy, without making known her quality. The treasury allowed her a monthly stipend of £7727, but she expended double that sum, chiefly in acts of charity. She built and endowed the only Turkish civil hospital in Constantinople, and gave her name to it. She built and endowed the free school on the Lancasterian principle, under the direction of Kemal Effendi. She has also contributed towards the building and repairing of a great many public fountains. The Turkish Steam Company was established through her influence and interest in the concern. The coal mines of Hereke are worked for her account. In fine, most of the enterprising commercial transactions have seen her among the chief shareholders with a view to encouragement. It is strange that she has not endowed a single mosque or Mussulman institution, and it is universally believed here that she still adhered to her Christian faith. She had repeated inquiries and researches made for the members of her family, but they were ineffectual. It is probable that the civil commotions and wars in the Caucasus have long since annihilated and dispersed her relatives."

STRAWBERRIES.—Those who are most familiar with the markets, say that strawberries were never so aboundant, fine and cheap as this season. It is estimated that at least two and a half million baskets will be consumed in this city during the five or six weeks of strawberry time. There are about thirty wholesale strawberry dealers in Washington market alone. The making of the baskets employs hundreds of persons. They are made of chip and are worth about six cents a dozen. The amount of strawberries sold in this city last year is estimated at $120,000. This season the sum will reach much higher, as everybody is indulging to the full. The milk and sugar consumed with the strawberries would make a respectable sweetened ocean.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE CELESTIALS.—It is no rare thing on the wharves of this city, to encounter one or more representatives of the Celestial Empire, with their comprehensive inexpressibles, eyes turned up edgewise, and little, greasy looking skull-caps. A few of them are employed as sailors, but they are generally cooks or stewards on board vessels in the China trade. They are rather diminutive in stature, with dried-up physiognomies, but are said to be very industrious, patient and good-natured. They preserve a uniform indifference to objects with which they are surrounded, working with their eyes directed to the ground,—seeming to regard themselves as wanderers in a strange land, among outside barbarians.—[N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

AN OLD SETTLER.—In 1804, Ruel Warriner of Agawam, then a lad of tender years, found a box turtle in the woods at Agawam, which he caught and after carving his own initials and the year upon his shell, let him at large again. Twice since, at long intervals, and yesterday for the third time, has Mr. Warriner fallen in with his early acquaintance. On this last occasion he again made a captive of him, brought him to this city and introduced him to the notice of the distinguished gentlemen who cater to the literary tastes of the twenty thousand readers of the Republican, and afterwards restored him to his native woods again. The old fellow bears his years well, and the inscription given him fifty years ago by Mr. Warriner, with a fidelity that furnishes a striking contrast to the frailty of human impressions. May he live a thousand years.—[Springfield Republican.

WEALTH AND WIDOWHOOD, when united, are dangerous things to encounter: money, when in large quantities, may be called the "widow's might," as, in poverty, it is the "widow's mite."

COCKNEYISMS.—Witness: "This here feller broke our win er with a tater, and hit Isabeller on the elber, as she was playing on the pianer."—Magistrate: "The conduct of the prisna' and his general characta' render it propa' that he should no longa' be a memba' of society."

SHIRTS, SHIRTS, SHIRTS.—Gentlemen in want of good well made SHIRTS, will find a splendid assortment at the Howard House,

May 31. MYLES & HOWARD.

LONDON ZINC PAINT.

2 TONS, in 14 lbs. to 15 lbs. Kegs.—Received by the *Miramichi*, and for sale.

The manufacturers of the above, in London, say that it is *unparalleled in whiteness, clearness and brilliancy of colour*—permanent, and unaffected by bilge-water—not poisonous, as Lead Paints.

May 17. JOHN KINNEAR.

CORN MEAL.—Landing ex *Fanny*, from Philadelphia—200 brls. Kiln Dried CORN MEAL. For sale by

May 31. JARDINE & CO.