SAINT JOHN OBSERVER.

Established in 1818. SAINT JOHN, N. B.: TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1854. New Series.----Vol. I. No. 45.

THE OBSERVER.

Published on TUESDAYS, by D. A. CAMERON at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewelling & Reading.—TERMS: 12s. 6d., per annum.

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*

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal claims against the Estate of WILLIAM PORTMORE, of St. John, deceased, are requested to present the same within Three Months from date; and all persons indebted to the said Estate will be pleased to make payment to the undersigned.

S. HUYGHUE, *Executor.*
St. John, Dec. 10, 1853.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late JOHN CLARKE, Senior, Baker, of this City, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from this date; and all those indebted to said Estate are required to make payment to

THOMAS REED, } *Executors.*
D. A. CAMERON, }
St. John, Jan. 31, 1854.

Spring and Summer Fashions, 1854.

C. D. EVERETT & SON

HAVE been busily engaged for the last month in making up and are now prepared to furnish the the public with HATS and CAPS, of all qualities and prices, of the Spring and Summer styles for 1854. We believe that the Spring style of Hats will be much admired. We have on hand, just made up, a very large and excellent assortment of Summer CAPS.

Our prices are, as usual, low. Notwithstanding the large advance in prices of Goods generally throughout the community, *we have not advanced one penny* on any article of our manufacture.

The remainder of our Winter Stock of BUFFALO ROBES, FUR CAPS, &c., will be disposed of at *extraordinary low prices.*

12, North Side King Street.
C. D. EVERETT & SON.
March 3.

First Spring Importations!

VICTORIA HOUSE,
Prince William Street.

9th March, 1854.

The Subscribers have received per last
THREE BRITISH STEAMSHIPS,
CANADA, ANDES, and ALPS.

THE first part of their SPRING GOODS, comprising—
1000 SQUARE and LONG SHAWLS, of every description;
2000 BONNETS, from 4d. upwards;
Spring Bonnet RIBBONS in variety;
400 Robe DRESSES, newest designs;
800 Pieces CASHMERES and DELAINES, *newest styles;*

A great variety new designs in Fancy DRESS GOODS, suited for the present season.

☞ Remainder of Spring Goods per Steamship "*Asia*," and succeeding vessels. Wholesale and Retail. JAMES DOHERTY & CO

PERFUMERY, &c.

WE have on hand a large assortment of French and English PERFUMERY, consisting of—

Lubin's Extract of New Mown Hay;
Do do " Sweet Briar;
Do do " Patchouly;
Do do " Boquet de Caroline;
Do do " Mille Fleurs;
Do do " Heliotrope;
Do do " Jasmin;
Do do " Musk;
Do do " Violette;
Farina's do " Orange;
Do do " Bergamotte;
Do do " Limette;
Do do " Portugal;
Do do " Citron;
Do do " Cedrat;
Rigge's Vegetable Essence;
Hannay's Rondeletia. *Also—*
Bogle's Hyperion Fluid } For the Hair.
Barry's Tricopherous, }
Lyon's Kathairon, }
Perry's Hungarian Balm. }

GEO. F. EVERETT & CO.,
Jan. 31. No 4 King-street.

Corner South Market Wharf & Water-street.

Mill Saws, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Shot, &c.

Received ex *Joseph Parratt*, and on hand—

280 HOOLE, STANIFORTH & CO.'s Gang Mill SAWS;
60 do. do. Circular SAWS;
48 do. do. Cross-cut SAWS;
2 cases do. do. Hand, Tenon, Pit and other SAWS;
2 cases *Welch & Griffith's* Circular SAWS;
20 pairs Smiths' BELLOWS;
20 ANVILS; 48 VICES;
Stocks and Dies, Screw Plates, &c.
6 cwt. BLOCK TIN;
23 cwt. SHOT—all sizes;
38 doz. Vicker's and other make Mill and other FILES—together with the Stock, comprising an excellent assortment of general HARDWARE, is offered on reasonable terms, by

March 7. W. TISDALE & SON.

CORDAGE.

In Store, received by late arrivals:—

6 COILS 9 thread RATLINE;
7 " 12 " do.
7 " 15 " do.
8 " 18 " do.
9 " 21 " do.
10 " 2 inch CORDAGE;
14 " 2¼ " do.
13 " 2½ " do.
15 " 2¾ " do.
8 " 3 " do.
4 " 3¼ " do.
4 " 3½ " do.
2 " 3¾ " do.

For sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
April 4. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

EMIGRATION.

PERSONS desirous of having their friends brought out from England, Ireland, or Scotland, can arrange for, and receive Passage Tickets for the Packet Ships leaving Liverpool on the 5th and 20th of each month, by applying to J. & R. REED.
St. John, Jan. 3, 1854.

TO MILLOWNERS.

Gang Saws, Circulars, and Files.

Ex Packet "Joseph Tarratt."

4 CASES—200 "*Hoole, Staniforth & Co's*" GANG SAWS,
2 do.—57 ditto CIRCULARS, 18 to 30 inch
3 Casks—609 dozen Mill and other FILES.

—ON HAND—

200 Hoole & Co's GANG SAWS and CIRCULARS;
100 Dozen *Vicker's MILL FILES;*
India Rubber and Leather BELTING and RIVETS;
India Rubber and Flax STEAM PACKING;
India Rubber Engine, Hydrant and Conducting Hose;
STOCKS and DIES, and patent CHAIN VICES.
500 Dozen VICKER'S FILES, expected in a few days. W. H. ADAMS,
Feb. 28. *Corner Dock st. and Market Square*

Sugar, Tea, &c.

In Store—received by recent arrivals—

5 HHDS. and 20 barrels SUGAR;
25 half-chests fine Congou TEA;
15 boxes best Chewing TOBACCO, (20 lbs. each)
15 boxes London Belmont Sperm CANDLES;
50 kegs ground SALERATUS;

In Bond, for Ships' Stores—

25 barrels Extra Mess PORK, } Spring
50 barrels Prime Pork, } Importations;
30 barrels Rump Pork, }

To arrive ex schr. Eliza, from Halifax—
10 hhds. very bright Porto Rico SUGAR.

Ex schr. Benjamin Franklin, from New York—
25 barrels Extra Mess BEEF.—For sale by
March 28 CUDLIP & SNIDER.

Now offered for sale:

50 DOZ. assorted CHAIRS;
600 Yds. English and American Floor CLOTH;
1250 lbs. Geese and other steamed FEATHERS
50,000 Feet Window GLASS, of every size required in general use;
7,000 Pieces Paper HANGINGS, nicely assd;
700 Looking Glass Plates, with Frames all sizes;
A few Cases of Plate Glass, different sizes.
Any description of Glass or Paper Hangings not on hand can be ordered and cheaper than parties can order for themselves.

Jan. 31. JOHN KINNEAR.

GOTHIC BUILDING,
South side King's Square, St. John, N. B.

S. P. OSGOOD & CO.

IMPORTERS and Manufacturers of MARBLE and STONE Work of all descriptions, such as *Head Stones, Monuments, Tomb Tables, Chimney Pieces, Table Tops, &c. &c.*

S. P. & Co. have constantly on hand the greatest variety and most extensive STOCK in their line to be found in the City, by fifty per cent—all of which will be sold at greatly reduced prices.

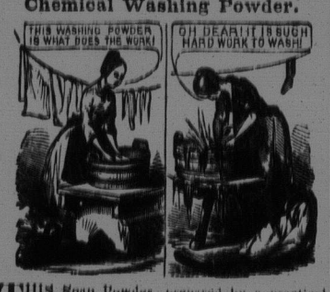
We have in our employ at this time some superior Workmen from the States; and we can offer a long experience in the business, and with our facilities, recommend our work as superior to any thing that can be found in the Province.

☞ Head Stones and Monuments sold at our Manufactory twenty-five per cent. less than at any other Shop in the City.

P. S. Parties wanting any thing in our line will find it a great satisfaction in calling upon us instead of purchasing work from some of the petty shops that are springing up around us, whose proprietors know nothing about the business. October 28.—6mo.

WASHING

Made pleasant and easy by the use of
BOSTON
Chemical Washing Powder.



THIS Soap Powder, prepared by a practical Chemist, is superior for washing clothes, cleaning paint work, removing grease from woollens and takes the place of other soaps for cleaning purposes. One package with five minutes labor makes two gallons of pure soft soap. Thousands of families have adopted its use and give it the preference over all other saponaceous compounds.

Manufactured by BECK & Co., No. 120 Washington-street, Boston.

Retailed by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Sold in St. John, by FERLOWS & Co., G. F. EVERETT & Co., and G. C. GARRISON.

ASH LOGS.

THE Subscriber is anxious of purchasing during the Winter and early in Spring—1,000 ASH and OAK LOGS, from 8 to 12 feet long and 8 inches diameter and upwards at the small end, for making HAY RAKES and other Agricultural implements. Having now his machinery mostly completed, and experienced Workmen employed, he is in hopes to supply all the HAY RAKES that will be required in the Province, wholesale or retail, at his new *Foundry Warehouse* on Brussels street; and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

THOMAS C. EVERITT.
Saint John, Feb. 14, 1854. (mhkr. 3m.)

14th March, 1854.

Landing for the Subscribers, ex "*Themis*," from Boston:—

100 BAGS Ground SALT;
2 cases finest Eleme Figs, and dried Prunes in jars,
10 dozen Half Brooms and Brushes.

To arrive ex "*Vivid*," from Boston:—
10 tierces Clover SEED.

Ex "*Benjamin Franklin*," from New York:—
100 barrels Mess PORK. For sale by
JARDINE & CO.

MOLASSES.

Landing ex Brig Ætna, from Matanzas—

193 HHDS. } CLAYED
26 Tierces } MOLASSES;
43 Hhds. Muscovado MOLASSES,
(of choice retailing quality.)

For sale by JARDINE & CO.
March 28th, 1854.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, or Medicated Compound.

FOR preserving, restoring, and beautifying the Hair, eradicating Scurff and Dandruff, and curing diseases of the Skin, for which it has *no equal in the World.* Sold in large bottles at 1s. 3d. each, by THOM S M. REED,
Feb. 28. No. 1, Dock-street.

MARCH 14, 1854.

CARPETINGS.

The Subscribers have on hand—

90 PIECES best Superfine and Imperial 3-ply CARPETINGS, which will now be sold at much lower prices than those of the same description expected to arrive.—*Cash only.*

J. & J. HEGAN.

14th March.

JUST OPENED AT

GILMOUR'S
Tailoring Establishment,
KING STREET,

First Spring Importation,

IN
Black Broad, Black Cassimere, and
FANCY DOESKINS.

☞ Call and Examine.

Remainder of *Spring Goods* daily expected.
March 14, 1854.

PERRY'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

For Restoring, Preserving, and Beautifying the Hair.

This elegant preparation is an effectual Remedy for Baldness, or Falling off of the Hair. It prevents and completely eradicates Scurf and Dandruff; strengthens the Roots of the Hair; causes it to grow luxuriantly; gives it a Rich, Dark, Soft, and Glossy appearance, and prevents it turning Gray. The Hungarian Balm is a purely Vegetable compound, scientifically and chemically combined, and is warranted to contain none of those deleterious ingredients which prove so injurious to the Hair. It acts directly upon the skin, cleansing and purifying it from all unhealthy secretions, thereby removing and preventing the accumulation of Scurf, Dandruff, and other impurities, which so frequently cause premature decay, and loss of the hair.

The Hungarian Balm is especially adapted to ladies' use; and those who have tried the various oleaginous mixtures, with no benefit, will at once discover the agreeable and beneficial effects produced by this pure and delicate preparation. Instead of matting and tangling the hair, (which is more or less pulled out in the process of combing,) it leaves it free and clean; promotes a natural moisture, and imparts a beautiful dark and glossy appearance. Try it once, and you will be convinced of its superiority *over all other compounds for the hair.*

Much more might be said in favor of this inestimable Compound, but it is deemed unnecessary, as the proprietor feels confident that one bottle will convince the most incredulous of its superior manifold virtues. Therefore,

If you have lost your hair and wish to restore it,
If you are losing your hair and wish to preserve it,
If you are troubled with Dandruff and wish to remove it,
If you have any Humour of the Scalp and wish to cure it,
If you are troubled with Nervous Headache wish to cure it,
If you have Hair Eaters at the roots of the hair and wish to destroy them,
If you have Harsh, Dry and Wiry Hair, and wish it to become Soft, Pliable, and Beautiful as Silk; and if you wish to preserve Rich, Graceful, and Luxuriant Tresses to the latest period of life,

Use Perry's Hungarian Balm.

PRICE—25 and 50 cents per bottle, in large bottles.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston, General Agent for the Provinces, to whom orders must be directed.

For sale in St. John, by G. F. EVERETT & Co., G. C. GARRISON, S. L. TILLEY, FELLOWS & Co. and druggists generally.

Sperm Oil, Churns, &c.

The Subscribers are receiving ex "Martha Greenow" from Boston:—

24 PATENT Thermometer CHURNS, from 4½ to 28 Gallons;
1 barrel Sperm OIL; 5 bales LAMP WICK;
1 bale Mocha COFFEE; 1 do. Guava JELLY.
5 bags Cape COFFEE, in Bond for Ship's Stores.
For sale by [April 4.] JARDINE & CO.

JAMES BURRELL,
Corner of King & Germain-streets,
IS NOW OPENING
AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT
OF
SPRING GOODS,
LATEST STYLES OF
English & American Bonnets, &c.
April 25, 1854.

Copartnership Notice.

HAVING this day entered into Copartnership with Mr. JOHN OYD, of this City, the Business heretofore conducted by me, will henceforth be carried on under the style and firm of

T. W. Daniel & Co.

T. W. DANIEL.
St. John, Jan. 14, 1854.

Salamander Safes.

RICHS IMPROVEMENT on WILDER'S PATENT.

TEN of the above celebrated SAFES, just received per ship *Alexander Edmond*, from New York, of various sizes.

April 4. W. H. ADAMS, *Agent*

MOLASSES.

Now landing per "Oliver Frost" and "Josephine" from Matanzas:—

150 HHDS. } New Crop
28 tierces } MOLASSES.
9 barrels }

FLEWWELLING & READING.
March 21, 1854.

MOLASSES.

Landing at Lovett's Wharf, ex Brig *Oliver Frost* from Matanzas—

76 HHDS. } Bright new Crop
14 Tierces } MOLASSES;
15 Hhds. superior Muscovado do.

March 21. JAMES MACFARLANE.

Corn Meal. Corn Meal.

50 BARRELS fresh ground *per Rosalie.*
JAS. MACFARLANE
March 28.

RECEIVED and on hand—800 doz. Vicker's Mill Saw FILES.
April 11. W. H. ADAMS

Literature, &c.

Spring is Coming---It is Here.

Spring is coming,
Spring and flowers;
Gentle breezes,
Sunny hours;
Wild bees humming,
Birds which sing;
Spring is coming—
Pleasant Spring.

Spring is coming,
Spring and showers;
Reinspiring
Nature's flowers,
Life reviving;
Everything
Welcomes Spring time—
Beauteous Spring.

Spring is coming
To the bowers,
Whispering zephyrs,
Buds, sweet flowers.

Now returning
The day king
Brings the Spring time—
Lovely Spring.

Spring is coming,
Fresh and fair;
Balmy breezes,
Healthful air;
Smiling faces,
Hearts which sing—
Welcome art thou,
Blissful Spring.

Spring is coming,
Spring is here;
Happiest season
Of the year:
Joyous, laughing,
Frolicking—
Well I love thee,
Happy Spring.

New York, April 10, 1854.

[From the Dollar Newspaper—Philadelphia.]

THE SECRET SIN.

BY MRS. M. A. AMES.

Henry Mowbray was a merchant in one of our Eastern cities. Upright and generous, and possessing the choicest business capacities, he was highly esteemed by those of his own sex who were honored with his acquaintance; while a pleasing address, a remarkably handsome person, and reputed wealth, made him no less an object of regard and interest to the other. But, fastidious in his taste, he had remained heart-free, or at least hand-free, until he reached his thirtieth year. A thorough man of the world, he had been enabled to detect almost at a glance any manœuvre that was made to inveigle him into the silken net of matrimony. Open and frank himself, he heartily despised deceit in others; nor did he omit any opportunity, where good-breeding would allow of it, to express his abhorrence of all that savoured of chicanery and deceit.

"We shall see!" whispered the wise ones; "Henry Mowbray will yet be caught in a mantrap, and wedded to a hollow bundle at last."

But the croakers owned themselves mistaken, and envy herself was silent, when he led the girlish and unassuming Avis Sidney to the altar.

She was the daughter of a clergyman officiating in the city, and his was the only love and care she had known, as her mother had died when she was but an infant, and her father had since then remained unwedded, devoted to his clerical pursuits, and to the happiness of his only child, the beautiful Avis. She was a delicate child, and at the age of fifteen was prostrated by fever, which left her in so debilitated a state that much fear was entertained that she would never rally from it. But she survived it, and eventually became quite well, with the exception of a slight derangement of the nervous system, and which displayed itself by an irregular flow of spirits, and at times an unnatural inclination to sleep. Her father thought little of it; he felt that more active duties than her girlhood's home required would regulate what seemed illness; that once in a home of her own, with domestic cares to absorb her thoughts, she would cease to revel in day-dreams, and be to another's heart what her mother had been to his own.

Two weeks have passed since the marriage of Henry Mowbray, and he and his young wife are seated in an elegant apartment of their princely mansion. He had just been telling her how much he despised duplicity, and how fearful he had been at times that he should never find one who could appreciate the sentiment with him, and who was entirely free from its debasing influence.

But Avis seemed listless. The large eyes were languid, the waxen lid drooped heavily, and the nostrils were contracted, while the beautifully-moulded cheeks and lips were too pale for perfect health.

"You are sad this evening, Avis," he said, in an inquiring tone, as his companion laid her head wearily on the arm of the luxurious sofa they both occupied.

"Oh no, I am not sad," she replied, hastily raising her head, and throwing back the rich, dark curls that had fallen over her face.

"Nor ill?"

"No, am perfectly well. Shall I play for you?"

"Do if you please," and as she arose, her husband threw his arm around her slight form and accompanied her to the piano.

She touched the instrument artistically, and as her fingers glided over the keys to a gay waltz, her companion gazed and listened with all a lover's fondness. But gradually her execution became less animated, and finally with an impatient gesture she arose from the seat. Mr. Mowbray was surprised and grieved; but just then, company was announced, and the young bride exerted herself to entertain her visitors. But one there, beside herself, knew that it was all exertion, and his noble heart grew heavy as the conviction was forced upon him that Avis Mowbray, all ingenuousness, as he had proudly thought her, had at least one secret unshared with him. He looked back thro' the few short days of their wedded life, and examined with the strictest scrutiny to see if he could recall a word or act of his own which could have offended or grieved her. But he could think of nothing, all had been tender and affectionate.

It was late before the guests departed, and immediately after they were gone, Avis complained of weariness, and they sought her chamber. She retired to her dressing-room, and Henry seated himself by a table to await her return. He took a book, but it was more from habit than inclination, for his own thoughts were more than he could fathom. Half an hour passed and Avis did not return; her husband went to the door and knocked gently; no answer; he knocked again, and then, alarmed, he opened the door. There sat his wife, half unrobed, with her head leaning on a dressing-table and fast asleep. He approached her, and taking hold of her shoulder shook her gently; still she did not awaken, and at last he was obliged to raise her to his feet, before she became conscious of his presence; and even then, when a vacant look at his face, she would have sunk back to her resting-place, had he not supported her.

"Avis! Avis! for Heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter."

His excited tone seemed to arouse her, and straining open her eyes, she replied—

"Nothing, only I am uncommonly sleepy, I shall be well enough in the morning."

And she resumed her arrangements for retiring. This was soon accomplished, and no sooner had her cheek touched her lace-draped pillow, than her heavy breathing told that she was again asleep.

Mr. Mowbray once more sat down by the book-covered table, and a horrid suspicion crept snake-like into his heart. Twice before had she exhibited these symptoms—only in a slight degree—since their marriage; there were liquors on the sideboard—could it be? He hated himself for the thought—but it would come! It was like the odour of drunkenness! He wrestled with himself to drive out the unholy thought, but it might not be. His beautiful, his almost perfect wife!

He arose and approached the couch on which she was sleeping, and gazed for a moment on her fair face, so placid in its deep slumber. The full lips were parted—a thought struck him—there must be proof in that heavy breath, and he stooped to inhale it. But no foul breath came from between the pearly teeth. He stooped again; her breath was sweet as an infant's, and with it hope came back to the heart of the strong man who had been so fearfully shaken a few minutes before. And then again he reproached himself for his base suspicions, and more than ever wondered that he had for an instant harboured them.—"This lethargy was constitutional, perhaps; or it might in each case have arisen from excessive weariness!" He would question her about it in the morning.

Breakfast next morning was a cheerless meal to the young couple. Mr. Mowbray was dreading to speak to his wife, as he had resolved to do the night before, while she trembled with undefined dread as she caught the expression of his troubled look.

"Avis," he at length said, "are you subject to such sudden fits of drowsiness as came over you in the dressing-room last night?"

"No—yes—that is occasionally," she replied hurriedly, while her face glowed and her eyes sought the floor.

"Can you account for it in any way?" and again the suspicion of the night before knocked loudly for admittance.

The wife made no reply, but still sat with downcast eyes.

"I have told you, Avis, that I would keep nothing from you; nor will I, not even a suspicion. You appeared as if passing from under the effect of a stimulant; although I tried to think it was not so."

He waited for a reply, but as she did not answer, he came nearer to her and then asked—

"Had you been taking any kind of ardent spirits last night, Avis?"

Then she looked up, and her look of injured innocence was like a gleam of sunshine to her husband's heart.

"No, Henry Mowbray, normust you ever dare to—"

She stopped short, and turning her face from him arose to leave the room.

"Do not leave me in anger, Avis!" he said, imploringly; "say that you forgive me!"

She turned, and placed her hand in his, which was held towards her.

"I have nothing to forgive, Henry; but much to be forgiven. But all I ask now, is that you will never revert to this subject again; or at least, until months—nay even years, perhaps—have passed!"

"Certainly! never, if you wish it to be so," and the subject was dismissed by both of them.

Days passed on, and Avis appeared extremely ill; she complained of nothing, nor did she seem to enjoy anything. She shunned all society, even that of her husband, and with a strange pertinacity refused to see a physician. She would weep at the merest trifle, and Mr. Mowbray was fearful that she would throw away a life that seemed odious to her. Her father, whom she dare not refuse, spent much of his time with her, and entreated, nay commanded, her to arouse herself from her sinful and unwonted repinings! But she would only weep, and insist that she could not, and that there was no happiness for her in the wide world.

One day her father had been telling her of her mother, and how good and amiable she was, and what messages she had left for her only child when she should be old enough to comprehend them.

"Oh! that she had lived to have given them!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Had my mother but have lived, you would never have seen me in this wretched condition!"

Her refusing to see a physician did not deter her husband from consulting one. But his anxiety was by no means relieved by the injunctions of the medical man, to avoid all chances of exciting her, either to grief or to anger, and to keep her as quiet as possible. And then he questioned closely of her family, and whether there had been any cases of insanity, either on the father's or the mother's side. Mr. Mowbray ascertained that there had not been at least, for many years. The physician advised him to make it as public as possible that she was too ill to receive visitors, and thus relieve her from that annoyance; "and," he added in a sympathetic tone, "if, as I fear, mental aberration should occur, we may yet keep it from your large circle of friends."

Weeks passed before the husband or father could perceive any change for the better in Mrs. Mowbray. Her form was sadly wasted, and death itself would hardly have added to the pallor of her face. But at last she began slowly to rally, although it was months before she fully recovered her health and spirits.

And then she found courage to confess to her husband, her fearful delinquency. For three years she had been in the practice of taking opium daily, and not unfrequently twice within twenty-four hours. It was first administered to her during the debility that followed an illness when she was fifteen; and she had never had the courage or firmness necessary to cure herself of the wretched habit previous to her marriage; and perhaps, even then, she would not, had it not been presented to her in a new form. She felt her heart swell with indignation, when her husband had presumed to ask her if she had been taking ardent spirits. But instantly she had asked herself if her habit was less reprehensible? And from this had sprung her resolve to conquer it, cost what it might.

It was a desperate struggle, and she admitted that there were times when she had held the drug in her hand until the perspiration would start from every pore, and then, throwing it from her, she would weep the most bitter tears she had ever shed. But she had triumphed now, and she humbly asked to be taken back to her husband's heart and confidence; and thus the shadow of evil departed from their household hearth, and Avis has nothing so bitter in the memory of her past as her "SECRET SIN."

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

(FROM THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.)

At this season of the year, when people are called upon to subscribe to papers, the excuse, "I can't afford it," is very frequently made; which, being interpreted means, "I regard other things of more consequence to myself and family than a newspaper." Rightly considered, there are few influences which tell more immediately and effectually upon the improvement of the family circle than a well-conducted and high-toned paper. Judge Thomas, of Worcester, Massachusetts, in a recent lecture before the Young Men's Association in this city, said: "The newspaper press is destined to be the chief instrument of popular culture. It is, intellectually, the daily bread of the people. The power of the press, great as it is, is continually increasing, and will draw to itself and demand for its service more and more of the learning and talents of the country. The eloquence of the bar, of the assembly and of the stump, creates a stronger immediate impression, but their sphere is too limitted to compete with the wide-spread influence of the pen. An instrument for swaying the popular mind, they all yield to it. The pen is the true lever of Archimedes, and in the newspaper press has been found the place for a fulcrum."

The man of business "can't afford" to do without his paper. He must know the condition of the markets, the financial prospects, and the passing events of the day. It teaches him when to buy, and when to sell, and he often finds a single paragraph worth its thousand dollars to him. The mechanic "can't afford," to dispense with his paper. There are suggestions in it which his brother mechanics have made by which he can profit; or it contains some new labor-saving invention which enables him to make the same article in less time. The farmer "can't afford" to carry on his farm without his paper. There is that in it, which if properly studied and practiced, increases the income of his farm, twenty, thirty, or even one hundred per cent. He learns from it what are the best varieties of grain, what fruits are the best suited to his soil and climate, what crops have been the most profitable, what implements are the best, and last, not least, he may learn the value of careful observation and accurate knowledge. No man can afford to be without all the means of information which are within his reach. No one can afford to live in darkness when the world is full of light, to plod on in ignorance when it is the mission of truth to instruct and elevate the mind.

Least of all can a man afford to deprive his family of the advantages which a journal affords.—What are a few dollars and cents in comparison with right views, sound principles, and generous feelings! A word in season fitly spoken, may change the whole tone of life, and like the seed sown in good ground bring forth an hundred-fold in noble living and energetic acting. It is a short-sighted policy that consults only immediate effects, while it overlooks the far-reaching results which the most trivial causes often develop in character. If persons would only take a second thought we are sure they would never say, "I can't afford" to subscribe to a paper which contains practical suggestions with regard to making this life, with all its varied interests, what it should be. But in papers as in every thing else, it should be an invariable rule to provide the best. It is better to be ignorant than to be led astray—better to read nothing than what is pernicious in its tendency.

One thing is certain, we "can't afford" to live without the effort to become wiser and better as we grow older—we "can't afford to act as though there were no future, no life beyond this life, no eternity beyond time, for our attainments in knowledge and excellence in this world will be the measure of our happiness in the next.

Omer Pacha's Domestic Life.

The domestic life of Omer Pacha, the Turkish commander on the Danube, who is a Croatian by birth, and has passed through every subordinate grade in the army to his present proud position, is very far from being tainted with the debauchery that is generally attributed, and often falsely, to the private character of the Moslems. He has had no more than two wives, and although he was allowed to have them contemporaneously, he did not marry the second until after his divorce from the former. This was a Turkish woman, daughter of an Aga of the Janissaries, who died in 1827, and was a pupil of his protector, Kosrow Pacha.—Emancipated from the severe restraint of the harem to the liberty of European customs, she abused it, and forced her husband to a separation.—The second is a European, and was a very young maid, of a mild and virtuous character, when he saw her first, and married her at Bucharest, where she was exercising, at fourteen years of age, the profession of a teacher of the pianoforte. She is from Cronstadt in Transylvania, and her name is Anna Simonich. He has no offspring, but a natural daughter, born of an Arabian slave in Syria. A male child, the fruit of his new marriage, died at four months of age, crushed under a carriage, upset in the passage from Travnich to Saraieve. He has, therefore, as yet no probability of being remembered in his adopted country but by his deeds.

PASSING AWAY.—General Houston's recent speech recalls some interesting personal reminiscences concerning men with whom he had been associated in times gone by:—"Mr. President," said the senator from Texas, "I came into public life under the auspices of this compromise. More than thirty years ago I occupied a seat in the other end of the capitol. Since then I have seen much, and have not been unobservant. I have seen great changes take place in this government; and but one memorial remains of the period when I was first acquainted with it in an official position—Mr. Pleasanton, the fifth auditor, is the only officer left of all who were then attached to the federal government. Even the porters of the public buildings have disappeared; new generations have succeeded; ten presidents have filled the executive chair. Out of nearly three hundred representatives in the Senate and House of Representatives but three remain. A distinguished member of the other House from Missouri (Mr. Benton), who was then a senator on this floor; the distinguished senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Everett), who was then a member of the House, and myself, are all the memorials left."

WELL SAID.—The New York Courier and Enquirer remarks that "it is impossible for any American, with American spirit and feeling, to be in favor of Russia and against England. It would be favoring intolerance, arbitrary power, the dark iron-bound autocratic principle, barbarism; and opposing religious freedom, liberal institutions, popular enlightenment, the progress of civilization."

COLT REVOLVERS.—Col. Colt, it is said, has received an order from the British government to furnish their Baltic fleet with five thousand of his navy pistols as soon as possible; and he is notified that the entire fleet is to be furnished with them.

Homely Truths for Wives.

Although your husband may neglect to give you a good dress, do not seek revenge by giving him a good dressing. Do not hesitate between the choice of an expensive mantle and you husband's affection; the former may be dear to your back, but the latter should be dearer to your bosom. Should your husband bring a friend home to partake of the remains of yesterday's beef, do not be churlish, but let a warm smile season the cold repast. Prefer country rambles to town lounges; the colors of the rose are brighter than the hues of silk, and the dewdrops outshine the jeweller's gems. Be careful in brewing "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates;" strong tea is better than weak arguments. The hand which was pledged at the altar is not disgraced in sewing on a button; and, remember—as you sow, so shall you reap.

ANGLING.—Every one who is acquainted with the habits of fish is sensible of the extreme acuteness of their vision, and well knows how easily they are scared by shadows in motion, or even at rest, projected from the bank; and often has the angler to regret the suspension of a successful fly fishing, by the accidental passage of a person along the opposite bank of the stream; yet, by noting the apparently trivial habits of one of nature's anglers, not only is our difficulty obviated, but our success insured. The heron, guided by a wonderful instinct, preys chiefly in the sun—fishing in the dusk of the morning and evening, on cloudy days and moonlight nights. But should the river become flooded by discoloration, then does the "long-necked telon" fish indiscriminately in sun and shade.

DEBTS OF EUROPE.—The funded debt of all the European States is, in the aggregate, about $9,500,000,000, or $10 for each inhabitant. Switzerland is the only European country out of debt. As a war is imminent, all these countries are in the market as borrowers, some with and some without credit, so that the people have the prospect of a considerable addition to their already burthensome taxes.

Set not too high a value on your own abilities.