The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1847.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 51.

The Observer,

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

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents,) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

Steam to Fredericton.

THE New Steamer SAINT JOHN, is now plying between this City and FREDERICTON, and while the Freshet is up in the River, her hours of starting will be as follows:—

From Indian Town,		Tuesday at 10 o'clock,
do.	do.	Thursday at 10 o'clock,
do.	do.	Saturday at 12 o'clock,
From Fredericton,		Monday at 12 o'clock,
do.	do.	Wednesday at 12 o'clock.
do.	do.	Friday at 12 o'clock.

This Steamer is very comfortably fitted for Passengers, and is well adapted for Freight, as all Dry Goods, &c. will be placed under cover.

FREIGHT going by the SAINT JOHN, will be received at the Warehouse at Indian Town, at all times, free of expense.

For further particulars, enquire of Captain WYLIE, on board, or ISRAEL MERRITT, Agent, Indian Town

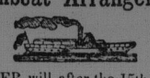
May 4, 1847.

Steamer Meteor for Fredericton.

THE Steamer METEOR will commence on her route between St. John and Fredericton on Tuesday evening, 4th inst., (should the River be clear) leaving Indian Town at 6 o'clock, P. M., and returning next day, leaving Fredericton the same hour in the Evening. She will run her old route, leaving Indian Town every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings for the season, at 6 o'clock, P. M. JAMES WHITNEY.

May 4.—3ins.

Steamboat Arrangement!



A STEAMER will, after the 15th inst. leave for EASTPORT and BOSTON every Tuesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, and return the same evening.

FOR WINDSOR every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS every Saturday at noon, and every Wednesday morning at 7, a. m.: leaving Annapolis every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, and every Wednesday evening at high water.

May 11. JAMES WHITNEY.

Wholesale & Retail Warehouse,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received, per ships Britannia and Maranham, from London, Chester and California, from Liverpool, and Queen Pomare, from Glasgow, part of their SPRING IMPORTATIONS, comprising—

BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, and Fancy Trowserings;
Plain and Fig'd Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cashmere and Marseilles VESTINGS;
A large assortment of Newest Materials for Ladies' DRESSES;
Plain and Fig'd Orleans, Cobourgs & Saxonies;
Cashmeres, Llama Cloths, and De Laines;
Black & Col'd SILKS, Satinetts, & SATINS;
Very rich (new style) Dress SILKS;
A splendid Assortment of LADIES' SHAWLS, SCARFS, & HANDKERCHIEFS;
Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Parasols, &c.
MUSLINS, Muslin Collars, Laces & Edgings;
Fancy Cap Netts, Lace Veils, Fringes, &c.
Gents' Scarfs, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, and Neck Ties;
Grey, White & Printed COTTONS, LINENS, Lawns, Osnaburg, Sheetings, &c.
TICKS, Regatta Stripes, and Homespuns;
TABLE CLOTHS & Covers, Dish Mats, small Wares, &c.
Counterpanes, Dimity, Furniture Prints, &c.
Damask and Watered Moreens, Oil Cloths;
CARPETS, Hearth Rugs, and Door Mats;
Straw and Tuscany BONNETS, by the case.

The above Stock has been carefully selected in the best markets, and will be sold at the lowest Cash Prices.

☞ The remainder expected per *Helen*, from London, *Thomas*, and *Prompt*, from Liverpool, and *Orbit*, from Glasgow.

Prince Wm. Street, May 11, 1847.

English Window Glass.

Landing ex Thomas from Liverpool, and now in Store—

264 BOXES SHEET GLASS, comprising—

2500 feet	7 x 9	
4000 do.	8 x 10	
2500 do.	10 x 12	
300 do.	9 x 12	
1000 do.	10 x 14	
500 do.	12 x 14	
400 do.	16 x 12	
400 do.	18 x 12	
800 do.	20 x 14	
200 do.	24 x 16	
300 do.	24 x 18	

May 25. H. G. KINNEAR.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of SEYMOUR PICKETT, Esq., late of Golden Vale, Kingston, King's County, Cloth Manufacturer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the subscriber, (at Mr. James Agnew's, King street,) within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to call and make immediate settlement.

L. F. PICKETT, *Administratrix.*

St. John, N. B., April 3, 1847.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM RENSHAW, late of the Parish of Hampton, King's County, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to

CHARLES W. STOCKTON, *Sole Administrator.*

Sands' Arcade, St. John, N. B., April 6th, 1847.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square.

MAY, 1847.

THE *Spring* and *Summer* STOCK of this Establishment is now complete, forming a General and Extensive Assortment of

FANCY AND SUBSTANTIAL

DRY GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

T. W. DANIEL.

April 20, 1847.

NEW GOODS.

PER Ships *California* and *Chester*, from Liverpool:—VIZ:—

6 Packages Sundry Materials for DRESSES,
16 " Fancy Printed COTTONS,
13 " Grey Cottons,
10 " White do,
10 " Cotton Warps,
2 " BRUSSELS CARPETING,
2 " Assorted Druggetts,
2 " Hemp and Cotton CARPETING,
2 " Checks, Stripes and Homespuns,
2 " Red and White FLANNELS,
3 " Fancy Trouserings,
2 " Linens, Lawns and Damasks,
2 " Jaconet and Checked Muslins,
1 " White Counterpanes,
4 " Plain and Twill'd Linings,
3 " Moleskins,
2 " Moreens, Damask Fringes and Bindings,
19 Pieces Painted FLOOR CLOTHS, say 3-4, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, & 12-4 widths. ALSO,

Per "Great Britain," from Greenock:

2 Packages FANCY DRESSES,
2 " Cloth CAPS,
1 " Printed Cotton Handkerchiefs,
1 " Fancy Ginghams,
1 " Hollands and Sheetings,
2 " Canvas and Osnaburgs.

W. G. LAWTON.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

JAMES SMELLIE

Has received per Ships California and Queen Pomare, part of his new SPRING STOCK, which he will offer at very low prices for CASH:

CACHMERE, Barege, Lama, Indiana, Satin Crape and Net SHAWLS and HANDKFS, Mous de Laine, Cachmere, Orleans and Barege DRESSES;
Cobourgh, Orleans, Indiana, and Paramatta Cloths, Printed MUSLINS, and Muslin GINGHAMS,
Sewed Muslin Robes, Collars, Habits, Chemizettes, Sleeves and Cuffs, Trimmings and Insertions;
Jaconet, Check, Book and Mull MUSLINS,
Grey, White and Striped SHIRTINGS,
Yorkshire and West of England BROAD CLOTHS and CASSIMERES,
Scotch Tweeds; VESTINGS,
CARPETINGS, Druggets, and Hearth Rugs,
HOSIERY and GLOVES,
Gossamer and Beaver HATS,
LINENS, LAWNS, Damasks, DIAPERS and SHEETINGS.

Prince William Street, April 27, 1847.

MORRISON & CO.

Have received per ships California from Liverpool, and Great Britain from Clyde, part of their

NEW SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting of—

PLAIN and Silk Striped Lustres, Cobourgs & Orleans;
Printed Orleans, Cobourgs, DeLaines & Saxonies;
Fancy Cambric, Muslin & Organdie DRESSES,
Paramatto, Crapes and Crape Trimmings,
CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins & Tweeds,
Cashmerets, Cassinetts, Gambroons & Mogadores,
VESTINGS—in rich French Figured Velvets & Satins;
Do. in Plain & Printed Cashmeres & Quiltings,
An elegant stock of Gents' Silk and Satin SCARFS, Handkerchiefs, De Joinvilles, &c.
Gents' & Youths' White & Coloured Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs;
A large assortment of CRAPE CHECKS, &c. for *Children's Dresses;*
DAMASKS & MOREENS, with *Fringes* and Trimmings to match;
Marseilles & Toilet QUILTS & COVERS,
White and Coloured COUNTERPANES,
Muslins, Hosiery, Gloves, Parasols,
Plain and Twilled Silesias,
Linings & Lining Muslins,
Grey, White and Printed COTTONS;
8-4, 9-4 & 10-4 Plain and Twilled Cotton & Linen SHEETINGS;
Plain & Twilled REGATTA SHIRTINGS,
Moleskins, Cantoons, Drills & Ticks,
Red & White FLANNELS; Baizes.

Also, per Queen Pomare, from Clyde:

An extensive assortment of

SHAWLS AND SCARFS,

in Newest Designs of Satins, Silk, Crape, Cashmeres, Indiana, Barage, Thread, Shetland, Maude, and Plaid Wool;

An immense variety of

Fancy HANDKERCHIEFS, TIES, &c.
Black & White Lace VEILS & FALLS,
Sewed Muslin *Collars*, Habit Shirts, Robes, &c.
Rouches, Lappets, Rolios, Puffering,
Gents' Gingham & Muslin Cravats & Hdkfs. &c.
Linen Drills, Duck, Canvas & Osnaburg,
Linens, Lawns, Diaper, & Damasks, in 6-4, 7-4, & 8-4;
Woollen Yarn, Worsted, Threads,
White & Coloured Knitting & Darning Cotton,
Silks, Twists, Buttons, Small Wares, &c. &c.
Youths' & Men's Tweed, Cloth & Glazed CAPS, and Cap Covers.

—ALSO—

Daily expected, per Maranham, from London, a large supply of BONNETS, RIBBONS, Laces, &c. &c. all of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. April 27.

Cabinet-Making.

THE subscriber respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that he has fitted up a Shop on the South side of *King's Square*, where he intends carrying on the CABINET and UPHOLSTERY BUSINESS, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. All Work made by the subscriber will be warranted.

☞ UNDERTAKING attended to.

May 18. CHRISTOPHER BROWN.

MOLASSES in Bond.

36 PUNCHEONS Bright RETAILING MOLASSES, for sale very low.

FLEWELLING & READING,

May 11. 10, *King Street.*

The Garland.

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

(From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.)

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumines and the heart of man cheereth;
Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the distance appeareth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee;
Muse not for ever on that which annoys;
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind it is true,
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly;
But why on their faults thus concentrate thy view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart
Sweet peace, and contentment, and grateful emotion,
Reflecting its own brilliant hues on thy heart,
As the snubeams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side!—nor yield to despair;
If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee:
And when the world seems mournful colours to wear,
Oh, look from the dark earth to heaven above thee.

Robert Bruce Crowned by the Countess of Buchan.

The Bruce is on his bended knee—a king without a throne;
Of Scotland's realm the rightful lord, yet not one rood his own;
His altar—the few faithful hearts that gather round him there;
His anthem—the lone orphan's cry, the childless widow's prayer.

There steps a noble lady forth, and cries, "The right is mine,
My fathers for long ages past crowned Scotland's royal line;
My craven brother loves to stay 'midst English pomp and glee;
'Tis I will crown the Bruce, and send him forth to victory."

She placed the circlet on his brow—her hand nor shook nor quailed;
She said the consecration prayer—her firm voice never failed;
"Thou fightest not for thirst of fame, nor fell ambition's laws,
But for our fair and weeping land, and for a holy cause.

"A wailing from our ravaged homes, cries, 'Set the country free!'
The voices of our little ones call loud, brave Bruce, on thee;
In counsel wise, in purpose firm, in battle armed with might,
Be thou! Go forth and fight for us, and God defend the right!"

The right has won! The Bruce now sits upon a royal throne;
And far and wide his eye beholds the fair realm, all his own.
The noblest king that ever yet held sway in Scotland's land,
Anointed was with woman's prayer, and crowned by woman's hand.

Miscellaneous.

READING THE WILL.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A FORTUNE-HUNTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

(From Sharpe's London Magazine.)

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley-street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. I had really begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was going to remain perpetually on the earth, like Mrs. Norton's "Undying One;" he was always on the point of death and always cured, and better than ever in the course of a few days; last month the cold water system seemed completely to renovate him, but he suddenly relapsed, departed from the world, and left fifty thousand pounds and a will behind him. Though Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance, I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived; he had frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence at something or at nothing in her behaviour, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, prison, or lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Graham's housekeeper, had given me information that, only an hour before her master's death, he had told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my policy to remain ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic, and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing-room in Harley-street,—the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, looking as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had ever worn crape and bombazine; Constance's mother looking stiff, cross, and uneasy; an elderly female cousin, and a stripling nephew of the deceased. I feared none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the servility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the frolics of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest my affection and disinterestedness. "Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said; "I have every reason to conclude that I shall hear you are disinherited; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says—

'Still fixed in my heart be it never forgot
That the wealth of the cottage is love!'"

"I fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking excessively sneering and shrewish, "that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, Madam?" I replied, with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any surmise was hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazarded," sharply interposed the elderly cousin, "that Mr. Graham was not in his senses when he made it."

"The mind must be both base and weak," retorted Constance's mother, "which could give credence to such a rumour." And forthwith a sparring dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done into prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham; he was a handsome young man, and had presumed at one time to lift his eyes to Constance; he opened the will, and we all became mutely attentive. Oh, what a disappointment awaited us! Three thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance, (this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome provision!) Five hundred pounds to the elderly cousin, ditto to the stripling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to found a cold water establishment for the reception of those who are not rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half drowned. Temple read the names of the attesting witnesses, and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits. As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be disputed," said Constance's mother, looking very red, "I do not believe Mr. Graham was in his senses when he made it."

"I thought," said the elderly cousin, with a sneer, "that the mind must be both base and weak which could give credence to such a surmise."

"Dear mamma!" said Constance, "do not be discomposed; I am very well contented—I shall not be quite a portionless bride." Constance here held out her delicate white hand to me—I affected not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham," I said, "do not believe me so cruel and selfish as to wish to plunge you into poverty."

"I thought you said that your income was sufficient for every comfort," remarked the stripling nephew.

I did not condescend to answer him, but continued: "No, Constance, though it breaks my heart to do so, I give you back your freedom, saying, in the pathetic words of Haynes Bayly, 'May your lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!'" I was just making to the door, leaving Constance looking more like Niobe than Hebe, when Temple said, "I think the party had better remain till I have read the codicil.

I resented myself in amaze, and Temple forthwith read that the testator, being convinced that he had received no benefit from the cold water system, revoked and rescinded his legacy to it, bequeathing the same to his beloved niece, Constance Graham.

"Constance! dear Constance!" I exclaimed, in the softest of tones. But Constance looked neither like Hebe nor Niobe, but as stern and severe as Medea. I then attacked Temple, "Is it legal," I said, "only to read part of a will?"

"I read every word of the will," he replied, "and, having greatly fatigued myself by so doing, I trust that it was perfectly legal to refresh myself with a glass of sherry before I read the codicil."

I was going to utter some further remarks, when Constance's mother said, "Good morning, Mr. Chilton!" in a tone of voice which left me no alternative but to echo her leave-taking, and I descended the stairs, pursued by a smothered laugh from the party in the drawing room, returned home in very low spirits, and entered my adventure or rather misadventure in my diary, deducing either from this valuable piece of advice to gentlemen in search of fortune: "Never believe that a will is concluded till you have inquired whether there is any codicil to it."

THE LITTLE SISTER.

Harriet Martineau, in her excellent essays upon Household Education thus describes the sensations of a child of nine years of age, upon the introduction of a little stranger into the family, to gladden the hearts of the domestic circle:

"I well remember that the strongest feelings I ever entertained towards any human being were towards a sister, born when I was nine years old. I doubt whether any event in my life ever exerted so strong an educational influence over me as her birth. The emotions excited in me were overwhelming for above two years; and I recall them as vividly as ever now when I see her with a child of her own in her arms. I threw myself on my knees many times a day, to thank God that he permitted me to see the growth of a human being from *the beginning*. I leaped from my bed gaily every morning as this thought beamed upon me with the morning light. I learnt all my lessons without missing a word for many months, that I might be worthy to watch her in the nursery during my play hours. I used to sit on a stool opposite to her as she was asleep, with a Bible on my knees, trying to make out how a creature like this might rise "from strength to strength" till it became like Christ.

My great pain was (and it was truly at times a despair,) to think what a work lay before this thoughtless little being. I could not see how she was to learn to walk with such soft and pretty limbs; but the talking was the despair. I fancied that she would have to learn every word separately, as I learned my French Vocabulary; and I looked at the big Johnson's Dictionary till I could not bear to think about it. If I, at nine years old, found it so hard to learn through a small book like that Vocabulary, what would it be to her to begin at two years old such a big one as that! Many a time I feared that she never could possibly learn to speak. And when I thought of all the trees and plants, and all the stars, and all the human faces she must learn, to say nothing of lessons—I was dreadfully oppressed, and almost wished she had never been born. Then followed the relief of finding that talking came of itself—word by word at first, and then many new words in a day.

Never did I feel a relief like this, when the dread of this mighty task was changed into amusement at her funny use of words, and droll mistakes about them. This taught me the lesson, never since forgotten, that a way always lies open before us, for all that is necessary for us to do, however impossible and terrible it may appear beforehand. I felt that if an infant could learn to speak, nothing is to be despaired of from human powers, exerted according to God's laws. Then followed the anguish of her childish illnesses—the misery of her wailing after vaccination, when I could neither bear to stay in the nursery nor to keep away from her; and the terror of the back stairs, and of her falls, when she found her feet; and the joy of her glee when she first knew the sunshine, and the flowers, and the opening spring; and the shame if she did anything rude, and the glory when she did anything right and sweet.

The early life of that child was to me a long course of intense emotions, which, I am certain, have constituted the most important part of my education. I speak openly of them here, because I am bound to tell the best I know about Household Education; and on that, as on most subjects, the best we have to tell is our own experience. And I tell it the more readily because I am certain that my parents had scarcely any idea of the passions and emotions that were working within me, through my own unconsciousness of them at the time, and the natural modesty which makes children conceal the strongest and deepest of their feelings; and it may be well to give parents a hint that more is passing in the hearts of their children on the occasion of the gift of a new soul to the family circle, than the ingenuous mind can recognize for itself, or knows how to confide."

Queen Pomare of Tahiti.

In answer to our earnest requests to see the Queen, we were now conducted to an edifice, by far the most spacious in the inclosure. It was at least one hundred and fifty feet in length, very wide, with low eaves, and exceedingly steep roof of pandannas leaves. There were neither doors or windows—nothing along the sides but the slight posts supporting the rafters. Between these posts, curtains of fine matting and tappa were rustling all round; some of them were festooned, or partly withdrawn, so as to admit light and air, and offered a glimpse now and then of what was going on within. Pushing aside one of the screens, we entered. The apartment was one immense hall; the long and lofty ridgepole fluttering with fringed matting and tassels, full forty feet from the ground. Lounges of mats, piled one upon another, extended on either side; whilst here and there were slight screens, forming as many recesses where groups of natives—all females—were reclining at their evening meal. As we advanced, these various parties ceased their buzzing, and, in explanation of our appearance among them, listened to a few cabalistic words from our guide. The whole scene was a strange one; but what most excited our surprise was the incongruous assemblage of the most costly objects from all quarters of the globe. Cheek by jowl, they lay beside the rudest native article, without the slightest attempt at order. Superb writing-desks of rosewood, inlaid with silver or mother-of-pearl; decanters and goblets of cut glass; embossed plate; gilded candelabras; sets of globes and mathematical instruments; the finest porcelain; richly mounted sabres and fowling-pieces; laced hats and sumptuous garments of all sorts, with numerous other matters of European manufacture, were strewn about among greasy calabashes half-filled with "*poee*," rolls of old tappa and matting, paddles and fish-spears, and the ordinary furniture of a Tahitian dwelling. All the articles first mentioned were, doubtless, presents from foreign powers. They were more or less injured; the fowling-pieces and swords were rusted; the finest woods were scratched; and a folio volume of Hogarth lay open, with a cocoa-nut shell of some musty preparation capsized among the miscellaneous furniture of the rake's progress, where that inconsiderate young gentleman is being measured for a coat. While we were amusing ourselves in this museum of curiosities, our conductor plucked us by the sleeve, and whispered, "Pomare! Pomare! aramai kow kow." Just then a curtain near by, lifted; and from a private building a few yards distant, the queen entered, unattended. She wore a loose gown of blue silk, with two rich shawls, one red and the other yellow, tied about her neck. Her royal majesty was barefooted. She was about the ordinary size, rather matronly; her features not very handsome; her mouth voluptuous; but there was a care-worn expression in her face, probably attributable to her late misfortunes. From her appearance one would judge her about forty; but she is not so old. As the Queen approached one of the recesses, her attendants hurried up, escorted her in, and smoothed the mats on which she at last reclined. Two girls soon appeared, carrying their mistress's repast; and then, surrounded by cut glass and porcelain, and jars of sweetmeats and confections, Pomare Vahinee I., the titular Queen of Tahiti, ate fish and poee out of her native calabashes, disdaining either knife or spoon.—*Melville's Adventures in the South Seas.*

Scripture Mode of Development.

"Whilst men," says Bishop Butler, "are impatient, and are for precipitating things, God appears deliberate throughout his operations, accomplishing his ends by slow, successive steps; as in the change of the seasons—the ripening of the fruits of the earth—the very history of a flower." What Butler here says of God, is true of the Scriptures. They open up their prominent themes—as the character of God, the prospects of man, and the great work of redemption by Christ—slowly and progressively. These themes employ the pens of all the sacred writers; but in developing them the second writer makes an advance upon the first, the third upon the second, the fourth upon the third; and it is not till you reach the latest, that you find yourself amidst the full splendour of a light which has been growing and brightening as you advance. Nor is the method of gradual development the same with that pursued in other writings. In other literary works, the subject is opened up by simply adding idea to idea. But in the scriptures the subject advances—not by addition, but by *expansion*. *The whole outline is given from the first*, and what we find, as we proceed, is not a new or different delineation, but merely a gradual filling up of the picture. We meet at the very outset the seed containing within itself the elements of the future plant—and in our progress we behold this "grain of mustard seed" gradually "becoming a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." For example: In the very first chapter of Genesis, the words, "Let *us* make man in *our* image,"—contain—as in its germ—the doctrine of a trinity of persons in the Godhead. In like manner, in the third chapter, the whole scheme of redemption by a woman-born Saviour is wrapped up, as the oak in the acorn, in the prophecy, "the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." While no farther on than the fifth chapter, this brief account of Enoch—"Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him,"—presents us with an outline of almost all that the Scriptures reveal concerning the spiritual experience and eternal destiny of the godly. The subsequent books revert to these subjects only to develop them more fully. The views given of the Divine character and of the way of salvation are identical from Genesis to the Apocalypse; and the sole difference is, that the subject enlarges as the revelation proceeds—each fresh exhibition being an expanded picture of what preceded, and a mute prophecy of what is to follow. Such a method of progressive evolution has no parallel in human compositions—nay, no parallel in human handiworks of whatever sort. Its only parallel is to be found in the works of nature. How do plants attain their size? Is it not by *expansion* of the parts rather than by an addition to them? How do animals increase in bulk? In a way precisely similar—every animal is the same, and complete in all its parts from the first. The majestic oak is but the acorn expanded—the lion is but a development of what existed in the lioness. Nay, this is the law not only of each animal apart, but of the animal kingdom as a whole. Animated nature, from the zoophyte up to man, forms an ascending chain, in which the lowest link is a type of the highest, and the highest that he completion of an outline sketched in the lowest. I ask, then, can any two things be liker each other than the methods of progressive development thus pursued in the Scriptures and in the natural world respectively? Is such a marked resemblance accidental? Is it not rather a presumption that Nature and Scripture are but different productions of one and the same Mind.—*M'Culloch's Literary Characteristics of the Scriptures.*

The History of Human Life.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life. We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we hear no storm, and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step the scene becomes more lovely, hour by hour our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noonday sun; the friends that stand with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have lain down to their rest; but new hopes beckon us on. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of morning have faded, and for ever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of noonday. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won; the haven not yet reached. The bright orb of hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the west, our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure; and the phantom yet uncaught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time of death, and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave. Happy, thrice happy is he, who hath laid up treasures for himself for the distant and unknown to-morrow.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—At a recent meeting in New-Orleans, for the relief of the Irish sufferers, the Hon. S. Prentiss made a speech, from which we take the following beautiful extract:—

"There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island famous in story and song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than half its share of genius and greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal: while its harp, like its history, moves tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt, ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp, and unhappy Ireland in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the gloomy history of the past."

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S PICTURES.—On Saturday, Sir Robert Peel opened his mansion in Whitehall-gardens, for the reception of visiters invited to inspect his beautiful collection of works of art. The principal staircase, the picture gallery, and, we believe, one or two other rooms, have recently been re-decorated, whilst the pictures themselves have undergone a fresh arrangement, and the completion of these details was the immediate cause of the re-union of Saturday. The invitations in this instance were not regulated by the exclusive spirit which almost uniformly prevails on similar occasions. That there should be present many of the most distinguished members of the peerage and of the House of Commons, might naturally be expected, from the eminent social and political position which the right hon. baronet occupies; but it was gratifying to observe, associated with them, a very large number of gentlemen connected with art, literature, and science. Sir Robert Peel was in excellent health and spirits, and was assisted by Lady Peel, accompanied by one of her daughters, in the reception of the guests. The Duke of Wellington arrived and departed early; the Duke of Cambridge came in about the middle of day; but Lord John Russell did not appear until most of the company had left. When Sir R. Peel observed his lordship in the gallery, he advanced, and shaking him cordially by the hand, led him to Lady Peel. It was interesting to see these two political leaders meeting in such a manner and under such circumstances, and the incident seemed to justify the observation of a gentleman present, that "it was as pleasing a picture as any which adorned the walls."—*London paper.*

THE ART-UNION.—On Tuesday, the 11th annual general meeting of this association was held in Drury-lane Theatre, which was filled on the occasion. The chair was taken at twelve o'clock by the Duke of Cambridge. Mr. Godwin, one of the honorary secretaries, read to the meeting a long report, reviewing the history of the Art-Union during the past year. From that document it appears that the subscription during the past year has increased from £16,978 to £17,871. The exhibition of the society was visited during the year by 200,000 persons. For the premium of £500 offered by the council for a group or single figure in marble, "the Dancing Girl Reposing," by Mr. Calder Marshall, A.R.A., was successful over 20 competitors. For a second statue, "Innocence," Mr. J. H. Foley received from the council £100. A third statue of "Iris Ascending," by Mr. Kirk, has been copied in bronze by Mr. Hatfield, for distribution among the subscribers. The prints for the current year are, the "Last Embrace," the "Neapolitan Wedding," and outlines of seven of the cartoons submitted in competition for the prize of £500. A reduced model, in cast-iron, of a figure of "Thalia," in the British Museum, has been executed for the council by Mr. Nixon. The following list of prizes will give an idea of the inducements held out by the association for public patronage:—30 works at £10, 40 at £15, 36 at £20, 36 at £25, 28 at £30, 28 at £40, 20 at £50, 15 at £60, 12 at £70, 12 at £80, 6 at £100, 5 at £150, 3 at £200, 2 at £300,—amounting to £10,730. To these are to be added 20 bronzes of "Iris Ascending," 50 statuettes of "Innocence," 30 casts in iron of "Thalia," 273 lithographs of "La Fleur's Departure," 30 silver medals commemorative of Flaxman, and 30 casts in plaster of Mr. Marshall's group, "The First Whisper of Love," making altogether 706 works of art, distributed at a cost of £14,933.—*Ib.*

SIR ROBERT PEEL IN HIS PRIVATE CAPACITY.—He is a warm friend, a generous, discriminating patron, an affectionate husband—fond even to gallantry, without uxoriousness—and he takes a pride in his fine family, fully justified by their intelligence and their personal qualities; for they are of nature's nobility. For the rest: although sprung from the people, Sir Robert Peel shows as much as the purest aristocrat the refinement of education. He would be a distinguished man in any circle. He stood first at his university; he stands first among the statesmen of the day. His speeches may not be equal to those of some of his contemporaries, but they have the advantage of being more effective. Sir Robert Peel is also a munificent patron of the arts, and no real instance of those embarrassments with which both the pursuits of the arts and of literature are sometimes attended, ever goes unnoticed by him. Perhaps, however, one of the strongest proofs of the intrinsic nobility of his mind is the unaffected frankness and manly pride with which he acknowledges, and even makes it his boast, that he is sprung directly from *the people.*—*People's Journal.*

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—In consequence of the discovery of this instrument, the coasts of almost every land on the surface of the globe have been explored, and a regular intercourse opened up between the remotest regions of the earth. Without the help of this noble invention, America, in all probability, would never have been discovered by the eastern nations; the vast continent of New Holland, the numerous and interesting islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, the Isles of Japan, and other immense territories inhabited by human beings, would have remained as much unknown and unexplored as if they had never existed. And as the nations of Europe and the western parts of Asia were the sole depositories of the records of Revelation, they could never have conveyed the blessings of salvation to remote countries, and to unknown tribes of mankind, of whose existence they were entirely ignorant.—*Dr. Dick's "Christian Philosopher."*

Poverty ever keeps close to a prodigal's heels.