The Saint John Observer.

D. A. CAMERON, PROPRIETOR. A Family Paper, devoted to News, Literature, Miscellaneous and General Intelligence. OFFICE, CORNER OF PRINCE WM. AND CHURCH STS.

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MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Building and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary*

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON Fire and Life Insurance Company,

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Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

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—Apply to either A. JACK, or
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JOHN KINNEAR,
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Is now receiving for Sale:—

300 BOXES 7x9, 8x10, 9x12, 10x12, and 10x14 Window GLASS;
100 Rocking and other CHAIRS;
50 boxes CLOTHES PINS;
TUBS, PAILS, and other Wood WARE;
12 William CABS, falling Tops.

ALSO—*In Warehouse and in Store:—*
250 boxes Window GLASS, from 12x16 to 18x24;
100 do. half white, 10x12, a superior article.
Aug. 15.

LANDING ex schr. "Billow" from New York, and schr. "Pearl" from Boston:—
6 Iron Hitching Posts;
4 Pig Troughs; 3 Clothes Irons;
1 Force PUMP; 12 Boys SLEDS;
16 Jack Screws; Piano Stool Screws;
Hammers, Padlocks; Flush, Drawer, and Chest Handles; Handled Auger BITTS; Corner and Plastering Trowels; Fish and Chalk Lines; Carpenter's Pencils, Chalk Line Reels, Caulking Irons, Callipers. For sale by
Aug. 15. JAMES N. C. BLACK.

FLOUR LANDING.—100 Brls. American Superfine FLOUR, ex "Wanderer."
100 bbls. American Superfine Flour, ex Alamode from New York.
Aug. 15. THOS. HANFORD.

Corn, Corn Meal, and Rye Flour.

Ex Ships "*Kennebec*," and "*Thomas H. Perkins*," from Philadelphia:—

300 TONS Buck Mountain Steam COAL
100 tons superior White Ash Nut COALS, for house use;
500 brls. kiln dried CORN MEAL;
100 do. Rye FLOUR;—For sale low from the vessel on arrival, by
July 3. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

Agricultural Implements!

THE Subscribers are now receiving by steamer, and Brig Alamode—a large and well selected Stock of HAYING TOOLS, &c., comprising: North Wayne SCYTHES, Hay RAKES, Hay FORKS and CHURNS.

—DAILY EXPECTED:—
A Supply of Scythe SNATHES, STONES, &c.
For sale Wholesale and Retail, as low as any in market. FLEWWELLING & READING,
June 12, Dock Street.

Flour & Corn Meal.

Daily expected to arrive, Ex *Regulator* from New York.

125 BARRELS Extra Superfine FLOUR;
25 do. CORN MEAL.
For sale by JOHN. V. THURGAR.
June 19, 1855.

Bank of New-Brunswick,

ST. JOHN, 17th April, 1855.

THIS Bank allows Interest at the rate of Three per Cent. per annum, on sums specially deposited of not less than One Hundred Pounds, on terms which may be known on application at the Bank. By order,
R. WHITESIDE, *Cashier.*

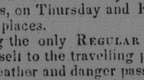
FLUID and CALCINED MAGNESIA—in white glass bottles, very cheap; for sale at JOHN KINNEAR'S.
Aug. 8. Prince Wm. Street.

Steam Boat and Railroad!

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

PORTLAND and BOSTON.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK! MONDAYS and THURSDAYS.



The new, fast and spacious Steamers
ADELAIDE, Capt. Winchester,
AND
EASTERN CITY, Capt Field.

will on and after MONDAY, the 27th August inst., make
TWO TRIPS PER WEEK;
leaving Saint John every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for *EASTPORT, PORTLAND*, and *BOSTON*, connecting with the Cars at Portland for Montreal and Quebec, and from Portland to Boston. Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Michigan, Chicago, St. Louis, and all the principal places West, by the great Western route.

RETURNING,

Will leave T Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 9 o'clock, and PORTLAND the same evenings, at 5 o'clock, or on arrival of the 12 o'clock Train from Boston.

Passengers can obtain through Tickets at the office of the Boston and Maine or Eastern Railroad, at the same Fare as by the boats from Boston.

These are the only new Steamers on this route, combining all the modern improvements in regard to strength, speed, and safety, and are built sufficiently strong to take all the Freight that offers, without injury to the Boats, or to the comfort of the Passengers, and do not require *continued puffing* to maintain their reputation as the Best and Fastest Boats on the route.

The new and fast Steamer QUEEN will connect with the above Boats at Eastport, for St. Andrew's, Robbinstown and Calais.

State Rooms secured at the office of
L. H. WATERHOUSE, AGENT,
August 22. *South Market Wharf.*

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.
Inland Route.

Regular Days, Mondays, and Thursdays.

EASTPORT, CALAIS, ST. STEPHENS, ST. ANDREWS, PORTLAND, BOSTON, NEW-YORK, QUEBEC, MONTREAL, ALBANY, BUFFALO, and NIAGARA FALLS, via the PORTLAND and MONTREAL, and the WORCESTER, WESTERN, and NEW-YOTK CENTRAL RAIL ROADS.

The fast and superior [illegible] Steamer

"ADMIRAL,"

750 Tons, - - - Captain M. SMALL.

WILL leave her landing, next Wharf to the Custom House, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning, at 8 o'clock, for PORTLAND, touching at EASTPORT. Passengers forwarded from Portland every trip by the first Train of Cars, on Thursday and Friday, for any of the above places.

This being the only REGULAR Inland Route, commends itself to the travelling public, avoiding the rough weather and danger passing Cape Ann.

The speed of the "Admiral," will ensure the passengers being in Portland in time for the first morning Cars, consequently, can be in Boston some hours in advance of any other line.

RETURNING—Leave PORTLAND every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Evening at 5 o'clock, or on arrival of the 12 o'clock Train from Boston, and arrive in St, John early in the afternoon of WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, in time to meet the Steamers for Fredericton, and all parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

For the comfort of the passengers, the owners of the Admiral do not allow her to be heavily laden with freight.

Through Tickets from New-York can be had at the office of WM. MACAULAY & Co., Agent, 133 Water Street; and from Boston can be had at the Eastern and Boston and Maine Railroad Depots, also at 23 Commercial Wharf, and Favor's Express Office, 10 Court Square, at Gunnison's Express Office No 32 Railroud Exchange Court Square.

Plans of the Boat can be seen and State Rooms secured, on application to
GEORGE THOMAS, AGENT.
Aug. 1. Lovett's Slip, Water Street.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE,
MARKET SQUARE.

Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

WE have opened a Choice Assortment of English and French PERFUMERY, SOAPS, &c., from some of the most noted makers of the day—consisting of

LUBIN'S celebrated extracts of Violet, Geranium, Caroline, Sweet Briar, Moss Rose, Jenny Lind, Patchouly, Musk, West End, New Mown Hay, Napoleon 3d, Boquet d'Eugenie.

LEWIS & CLEAVER'S Extracts in variety—Bandolines, Ceophanes, Philocomes, Bear's Grease Crystal Cream, Castorine, Rose Marrow, Castor Oil Pomade, Marrow Oil, Fawn's Marrow, Hair OILS, Violet Powder. *Toilet Puffs and Boxing Squares*, Eu de Colognes, Liquid Glue.

SOAPS—Brown Windsor, Honey, Sand, and other Fancy SOAPS; Honey Soaps in boxes, &c. *Wholesale and Retail*, at extremely LOW PRICES.
ROBINSON & THOMSON,
July 11.—2w. PROPRIETORS.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE,
MARET SQUARE.

Brass and Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

WE have opened an assortment of six desfer ent sizes of Brass and Enamelled PRESERVING KETTLES, at remarkably low prices

Also—A lot of Pinking IRONS and PUNCHES.

☞ *Wholesale and Retail.* ☜
ROBINSON & THOMPSON,
July 25.—3w. *Proprietors.*

RAISINS.—100 Boxes, 50 half do., and 50 quarter do. Just received in prime order, and for sale low by
FLEWWELLING & READING,
July 25. Dock Street.

Poetry.

From the Evening Mirror.

SUMMER NIGHT.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

Come here and look at God! the full round Moon
Hangs 'mong the stars, upon the verge of Heaven,
Like a great hope within a glorious soul,
Brimful of boundless majesty!—The stars
Wait on her steps, as blooming pages wait
Upon a gorgeous Queen.—Onward she sweeps
With regal footsteps up the vaulted sky,
Beaming her smiles on all her satellites,
As on her suitors beams a peerless maid.
Far in the West the glowing heavens bend down,
Kissing the sunset hills—and, in the South,
The grand old Ocean, dark, and deep, and dim,
Spreads like a vast Eternity.—One ship,
With her white folded wings lies anchored there,
Like an angel sleeping on the breast of God.
A hush of rest is o'er the slumbering flowers,
While, in yon thicket's heart, the nightingale
Pours her wild music in the ear of night,
Till it seems drunk with joy. Hark! how the excess
Of her sweet song, streams, thrilling, from her heart,
Pure as the music of an Angel's harp
Attuned by Gabriel's hand. How mystical
And dream-like, comes the murmur of the brook
That babbles thro' the meadows—it is like
A virgin maiden who, in bridal dreams,
Vaguely, and in half-words, tells to the night
The secret of her soul. The panting breeze
Throbs, tremulous, on yon green hill of pines,
Like the hopeful trembling of a stripling's heart,
Earnest, yet all untried. Far off, I see
The red fires gleaming in the village homes,
Flashing their strange lights even at my feet,
As Prophets flash their gorgeous flaming thoughts
Across the mists of Time. The green Earth sleeps
Beneath the eye of Heaven, like a fair girl
On whose white finger the betrothal ring,
Graven with her lover's name, and set with gems,
Lies, glittering like the stars—for thus hath God
Writ his grand name upon the Virgin Earth
Whom he will one day wed. * * * * * * * * *

NEW-YORK. RICHARD REALF.

Literature.

ULRIC AND BERTHA:

—OR—

THE DISHONEST MILLER.

In a low-roofed, vine-covered cottage, far away in a pleasant Rhine valley, lived Ulric and Bertha. They were a happy, contented couple, as one need see. When they had their troubles—and who of us is without them—they would say to each other:—"Sorrow lasteth for a day, but joy cometh in the morning." And so—good souls that they were—each cheered the lot of the other. Ulric was a vine-dresser and wrought in the neighboring vineyards, while Bertha tarried at home and cared for the goats, and tilled the little garden that surrounded the cottage. At the close of one pleasant day, Ulric and Bertha sat on the stoop of the door before their cottage Bertha was busy with her knitting, and Ulric was busy with his pipe and [illegible], while between them stood a mug of beer. If they had been looking out upon the scene before, them, they might well have been happy. Before their door bounded and danced the blue waters of the Rhine, fertilizing the verdant mead that lay spread around. The sun's last beams were glowing goldenly on many a rude cot and lordly dwelling, while far away in the distance loomed up the many spires of the cathedral of Cologne, each like a finger of light,—so were they bathed in the sunset hues. I say they might well have been happy: but Bertha, it seemed, was not, for she sighed. And yet we sometimes sigh in the fullness of our joy, and wear a smile when our heart is breaking! Bertha sighed, and Ulric laid down his pipe.

"Wherefore the sigh, Bertha? Anything gone wrong to-day?"

But Bertha had nothing to say; and, like many wiser people, she said nothing.

"Have the goats broken through the paling? Have Smidt's swine been into the cabbage-garden? Has ——"

"No, no, Ulric, nothing has happened—nothing at all."

"Then why thee sigh, good wife?"

"I was thinking."

"Not a rational answer, that, I should say. I think we should sigh less, if we thought more; but what your thinking?"

"Well, I was thinking of the days when I was a girl—long ago—and lived in this very cot, and my father owned the stone mill yonder, and the neighbors thought him well to do, and said he had plenty of money: and then he died, and all that was left me was this old house!"

"And *me!*" chimed in Ulric.

"And you."

"Well, he left you happy, but for grief at the loss of him."

"Yes, but that was not all."

"Well, what was it?"

"I was thinking of Minnie Bergman, who lived with us; our maid of all work."

"And she did her work well, did she not?"

"Yes; but that was not all."

"What was it?"

"I was thinking how Minnie was housemaid for us, and we all thought her very humble and unpretending; and then I thought how she married Karl Hoffman, who worked in my father's mill, and who now owns it: and I thought of the great house they have built here on the steep above us, and how they—Karl and Minnie, and the great house—look down frowningly upon us—us in our humble home."

Ulric had replaced his pipe, and puffed away vehemently; but he had now laid it down again.

"Well, Bertha, they do say that Karl Hoffman is now happy. He owns the mill that was your father's; but 'tis said that 'twas not gotten honestly; and ill-gotten gain, you know, never lasts long. He wrought upon the old man's fellings, so they tell me, and persuaded him to make over to him the mill, and more that should have been his child's—yours, Bertha. He has succeeded well thus far, but you know 'the wicked prosper only for a day.' As for Minnie, let her be happy while she can. In worldly goods she is now richer than you, but when the final reckoning comes she may have nothing but a broken staff to lean upon; while you, Bertha, may have wherewith to buy a crown. This cottage is getting old, and the winter-wind whistles through the cranies; but we'll build another in its place, one of these days, may be. The stone for its foundation is yet in the quarry, and the timber with which to construct it is yet growing on the hills; but, unless my stout arm fails me, I may own a comfortable dwelling on this spot."

Ulric said no more, and Bertha was silent; but she could not quite forgive Karl Hoffman for having cheated her of her birth-right, nor could she forget that Minnie looked down on her, in her humble state, as one much beneath her.

Another calm, clear twilight, and again sat Ulric and Bertha together, before the door of their humble dwelling. Again Ulric was smoking, and occasionally wetting his lips with the sparkling home-brewed ale. Bertha was knitting and thinking, and again she sighed.

"What now, good wife?" said Ulric.

Bertha hesitated for a moment, as if to gain courage, and then replied:—

"Two sacks of meal came from the mill yesterday, you know?"

"Yes."

"One was emptied into the crib?"

"Yes."

"By some strange mistake the goats got loose in the night, and the meal is all gone!"

"A sack of meal in one night! Well, well, what's done cant' be helped."

"But before they went to the crib, they went into the garden and nibbed the cabbages, and trampled on the ruta-bagas and beets. We shall not have a vegetable to gather."

"Then you will be saved so much labor. As for the vegetables, I can procure more from old Eckhardt; he has enough, and to spare. But the mischievous animals—where are they now?"

"Stretched out on the floor of their pen, *cold and dead!*"

And poor Bertha, who had reserved this worst piece of news till the last, could restrain her feelings no longer, and she bust into tears.

"'Tis the last straw that breaks the camel's back,' and it seems they ate more than was good for them; and yet I cannot see ——"

"'Twas not *that*, Ulric; 'twas not the vegetables, 'twas not the meal; but 'twas the *broken glass* that was mixed with the meal!"

"*Glass* mixed with the meal!"

"Yes, Ulric, there's plenty of it left in the crib; you can see for yourself. But that is not all. I was awakened last night just as the turret-clock chimed twelve; I looked out and saw a man come out from the goat-pen; saw him pass through the garden and climb over the paling. In the bright moonlight I recognized him. It was Karl ——"

"Hush, hush, wife. Suspicion is jealousy—and jealousy is cruel as the grave! Keep your suspicions to yourself—speak of our loss to no one. We can [illegible] without the goats for a while, at least till I can procure means to buy more," and taking Bertha by the arm, he led her into the cottage and at last succeeded in soothing her.

The summer passed away, and the autumn came, the time of the gathering of the purple fruit of the vintage, and Ulric was kept busy enough. He had worked hard all the summer, striving to repair the loss of the goats and vegetables, and when the harvesting was over, he was glad of a few days' respite from labor. Bertha proposed that they should make a journey to Bonn, to visit some old friends there.

"We have never been able to visit them," said she, "because we could not leave home, and the dear goats,—but now we have nothing to leave behind but the old house, and that can take care of itself. After all, Ulric, perhaps 'twas for the best that we lost them, for if we had not, we could never have made this journey, and your health really needs it." And the good wife looked happy again, and sang rather than sighed, when she put together some little parcels, and a few articles of clothing in a hamper, that Ulric was to carry.

The next morning they set out on foot, to perform their journey; and the healthful exercise, and the beams of the bright morning sun, gave to the cheeks of each a healthful glow, and to their eyes a happy sparkle. Only one thing on the way occurred to mar their happiness, and that only cast a momentary shadow over their faces, and then they looked all the happier—even as the sun looks brighter, for having been for a moment obscured by a cloud. They were toiling leisurely up a hill at about half the distance on their way, when wheels were heard rumbling behind them. Looking behind, they beheld an elegant open carriage, attached to two fine horses, which they at once recognized; but the lady and gentleman who were riding, gave them no other heed than a contemptuous smile, and on they passed—Karl and Minnie Hoffman—they who had been servants to Bertha's father. Ulric and Bertha exchanged glances but neither spoke, and for a long distance their path was trod in silence. At length their journey's end was reached, they found their old friends, and found, too a cordial welcome, and a well-spread meal awaiting them.

That day and the five subsequent ones were happily spent, and again Ulric and Bertha started for home. 'Twas night when they reached the old place, night, and so dark, that nothing looked right to them. They could hear the rushing of the waters at the mill, and could hear the mill-wheels whizzing round—they could see the gleaming of bright lights from the windows of Karl Hoffman's mansion,—but ther own little cottage they could not see, it was not to be found—it was not there! A light glimmered through the chinks of the shutters, at neighbor Smidt's near by, and hither went Ulric and Bertha. They opened the door and went in.

"Good evening, neighbor Smidt," said Ulric.

"Ah, Ulric, you've got back, have you? 'Tis hard news; I should not like to be the man to tell it if it was anybody but you. You can bear anything. Your old house is gone, you see—burned to the ground!"

"Burned to the ground?" exclaimed Ulric and Bertha in a breath.

"Yes, burned to the ground."

"How did it happen?"

"That is what I cannot tell. The man who watches at the mill, says that he was going the rounds just after the chime of midnight, and looking down the valley he saw the flames just coming through the roof. He went to the door and met Hoffman face to face. He said to him, "there is a fire yonder—I was just going out to give the alarm." Hoffman said, 'Go back and I'll rouse the men.' But 'twas too late. The house was gone before anybody got there. It was old, and the thatch was so dry it burnt like chaff."

"So you see, Bertha," said Ulric, "that the house was too old to take care of itself."

"Oh, Ulric, is it not hard? It is too much, it is more than we can bear. What have we done to merit this?"

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Remember that, Bertha."

"But think, Ulric, we have not where to lay our heads!"

"Neither had our Saviour!"

"But to think the house was set on fire, as it certainly was, and that too, by——"

"Stop, stop, Bertha! You had better leave unsaid, what cannot be said for the profit of others."

Ulric and Bertha talked the night away, and when the morning-sun visited the ruin of their dear cottage home—they visited it too. A few charred timbers, and a pile of ashes, with the stack of chimneys standing in the midst, were all that remained. 'Twas a dreary sight, and poor Bertha dropped many tears over it; but at length she turned to Ulric and said:—

"The house was an old one, and could not have held together much longer, and at any rate it will do no good to mourn about it: weeping will never bring it back—and then, if we had never lost our own, Smidt could never have offered us a home with him, and we never should have known what a true friend he was."

Having arrived at this wise conclusion, Bertha dried her eyes, and prepared to turn away from the loved but desecrated spot. Just then, she caught a glimpse of the tiles that had ornamented the chimney-piece of one of the rooms. They had passed through the fiery ordeal, and had come out unscathed. From a child her eyes had looked lovingly, and her heart had doated on those same tiles, for they had been favorites with her father; he had purchased them and placed them there himself;—he had taught her the scriptuge-lessens those tiles illustrated; and before he died he had told her, if ever the old house was torn down or removed, that she or Ulric must preserve the tiles as a memorial of him, and that they must remove them with their own hands. 'Twas a simple thing to promise to do, but they had done it, and Bertha now reminded Ulric of it. The tiles were three in number, large and square. One represented Joseph separating from his brethren; another was Rachel leaving her father's home; and the third scene was that of Ruth clinging to Naomi.

Ulric set about taking them from their long-kept places, and, though is was no easy task, the two first were safely removed. But the third seemed to defy the strength and skill of Ulric; it clung to the wall with the same affection, with which Ruth clung to Naomi. But Ulric, after a good deal of pains-taking, accomplished his purpose. The obstinate tile was removed, and lo! instead of concealing a bare wall of bricks, there was a large aperture, and in it, a large earthen crock, filled to the brim with bright, shining, gold coin, and a slip of parchment, on which was written these words:—"To my dear child Bertha, from her father." Bertha wept a moment at the thought of the affectionate remembrance of her dear parent, and then, turning to Ulric, she said:—

"I will never repine again, let me be situated as I may, but I will leave all things in the hands of the Father, for He knoweth what is good for us, and His ways are all right, though past finding out."

"And you will forget all you hard feeling towards Karl Hoffman!" said Ulric.

"Yes," said Bertha, "I will forget *them*, and forgive *him*. He is more to be pitied than blamed, for he has never yet felt the power of love in his heart."

A year later—and, phenix like, a fine house had risen, to grace the site of the old cottage. Ulric and Bertha prospered in all their worldly affairs, and so to appearance did Karl Hoffman. But upon *him* reverses came. He lost much money and, to complete his misfortunes, his fine house took fire and all the waters of the Rhine could no extinguish the flames. He was turned out again upon the world, moneyless and friendless; for his course had been such during his prosperity that these who knew him, feared, where they could not love: and hated what they could not respect.

And now came the time for Ulric and Bertha to avenge themselves, for the wrongs which Karl Hoffman had done them. They opened their doors freely to Karl and Minnie; they gave them a shelter under their roof, and a welcome seat at their table; and when Karl told how he had wronged them and heaped injury upon injury, they freely forgave him, and to prove it, they taught him their creed—Love, that love that worketh no ill to his neighbor.

YOUTH.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. While thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end: but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and thou shalt enjoy it but once: it never returns again; use it, therefore, as the springtime, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life. —*Sir Walter Raleigh*

FRENCH LADIES.—There seems to be an idea prevalent among us that a French lady is a sort of butterfly, fluttering about the house or away from the house, but always appearing in the character of an ornament. This is far from being the real state of the case. So few families in France may be called wealthy, that most of the bright things we sometimes see in public are compelled very practically to look after their own affairs at home. Half the ladies who attend the Imperial balls have been in the kitchen that very day scolding their *bonnes*, and lifting up the lids of their casseroles. A really elegant dame spends the morning at her toilet, and is ready to be admired at four in the afternoon. Admirers are not long in coming. In many houses, from four to five gentlemen call in, and are received in the *salon* by the lady alone. No visitor of her own sex is expected, and her husband is away making calls on his own account. These afternoon meetings are very pleasant; and when the lady of the house is clever and lively, are perhaps, superior in enjoyment to the *soirees*. A woman is never seen to so much advantage as when no rivals are present. She is then conscious of exercising undivided sway; none of her powers are wasted in spiteful watching for defects in others, and there is no maliciousness in her amiability.

BEAUTY.—Beauty of itself, has I believe, less power in determining matrimonial choice than at first sight it might seem natural that it should have. The charm of mere physical and corporeal beauty is; perhaps, too open and immediate to involve consequences; its first effect is too strong in proportion to its farther effects; for the imagination of man wishes to feel that it has something to come to; and there is a charm more insidiously winning in that which turns to beauty as you advance, than in that which declares itself as beauty from the first. * * * There may be much beauty, eminent in its way, which is but "the perfume and suppliance of a minute;" but there exists also a species and quality of beauty, the effect whereof (as I conceive) it would not be possible for daily familiarity to deaden, and the power whereof may be expected to last as long as the beauty itself lasts, and perhaps much longer.—*Henry Taylor.*

NOVELTY IN SHIPBUILDING.—The Cork Reporter gives the following account of a ship on a new principle:—A large ship, with an auxiliary screw propeller, now lies in our harbor, built on a new and curious principle, on which, we believe, she is the first constructed. She is wholly of wrought iron, being framed and put together in the same manner as the Britannia Tubular Bridge without knees or timber work of any kind in her hull. A plank deck is laid over the iron one, and on this are a couple of large deck houses. Instead of stowing ballast, in the usual way she is provided with water-tight compartments in her hull, into which water can be pumped, for *ballast, to any extent required*. Her heavy tackle is worked by steam machinery, superseding the necessity for a large amount of manual labor. Owing to the absence of timbers, beams, &c., she has storage for 900 tons of cargo, though measuring little over 100 tons—no inconsiderable advantage in itself. The name of the vessel is the Lubnan, and she is bound for Singapore, being intended, we understand, for trade in the Chinese Seas. Externally her appearance is very singular, from the convexity of her sides; in nautical phrase, she "tumbles home" aloft in a most unusual manner.

A MODERN LONDON CONGREGATION.—Take your stand there at eleven on the Sabbath morning. What a glare of silks and satins—of feathers—of jewels—of what cynics would call the pomps and vanities of the world! With what an air does that delicate young female—I beg her pardon, I mean young lady—foot it, with Jeames behind carrying her Book of Common Prayer! United Belgravia could hardly do the thing in better style. Enter the church, and you see the same delightful air of fashionable repose. If the grace that is divine be as common there as the grace that is earthly, Dr. Dale's charge must be a happy flock indeed. With what an air does it bow at the name of Jesus! with what a grace does it confess itself to consist of "miserable sinners!" One would hardly mind, in the midst of such rich city merchants and their charming daughters, being a miserable sinner himself. Such opulent misery and fashionable sin, seem rather enviable than than otherwise. At any rate, the burden of such misery and such sin seems one easily to be borne.—*London paipit.*

THIS IS LIFE.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly to morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead!" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connexions, and in a short time they will forget us and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him!" We lived in another age and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly it passes!

THINGS THAT ARE COMING.—Manhood will come, old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you will cast upon your acquaintances will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and that hour when the company will assemble to bear you to the churchyard will come: and that moment when you are put in the grave will and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid and the spreading of the green sod over it—all will come.