

**A CHANCE FOR SCULPTORS.**—The Council of the Art Union of London, desirous of producing in Bronze a fine work of Art, commemorative of the late Duke of Wellington, offer the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds for a bas relief, twenty-nine inches long and not exceeding twelve inches in width illustrative of an event in his military life. The subject is not to be treated allegorically. The model is to be sent to No. 441, West Strand, on or before Feb. 1, 1853, either with or without the artist's name openly attached. The Council reserve to themselves the option of withholding the premium, if a work of sufficient merit be not submitted.

Sewing machines threaten to effect a complete revolution in thread and needle operations. About five hundred are now in full operation in America, and they are ordered from the manufactories faster than they can be supplied.—They are now adapted to the sewing of boots and shoes.

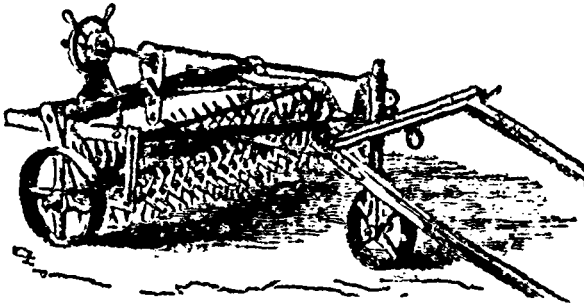
An Artesian well, 334 feet deep, 10 feet 75 with cast iron, six inches in diameter, and throwing up 300 gallons of water per minute, has been sunk at Berma. Aly., at a cost of \$300.

An iron yacht 2200 tons, and 318 feet long, intended for the Pacha of Egypt, is fitting up on the Thames. She is decorated in the most magnificent style, and will cost about £100,000.

## Agriculture.

### THE NORWEGIAN HARROW.

The following cut of the Norwegian Harrow is copied from a recent English publication. This curious looking machine was originally imported into Scotland from Norway by Mr. Frere of Edinburgh, in somewhat of a different shape, as it has undergone several improvements:—



The acting part of the implement has a frame containing four horizontal spindles, on each of which is fixed a set of cast iron bosses with teeth projecting from them like the rowels of a spur. These teeth revolve with the spindles, and are kept perfectly clean by being so adapted as to interwork with each other. The effect in tearing and breaking down the soil is thorough and perfect, without any clogging, or derangement. Its depth of working is easily adjusted, and the wheels though of great convenience for purposes of locomotion, are not essential to its working. For preparing land for wheat it is admirably adapted. It acts to a considerable extent as a clod-crusher, while it also penetrates the land to a considerable depth, and tears the surface to pieces. But as a clod crusher, simply, it is considered inferior to Crosskill's as it leaves the soil more light and loose, while the clod-crusher gives to it firmness and consistence. The price of such an implement in England, embracing a width of four feet, is about £14. At a recent meeting of the Board of Agriculture in Toronto, J. B. Marks, Esq., of Kingston, submitted a sketch of the Norwegian Harrow, which had been furnished to him by Lieut. W. R. Davies, R. N. of Gornarthenshire, Wales. The Lieutenant says it is coming much into use in Britain as it has been found to do an astonishing amount of work. In heavy clay soil it will do the work of three harrows and to much better purpose. Mr. Marks is very desirous that some of our implement makers would make one for the Agricultural Society. It would undoubtedly be a good speculation, if it could be got up in a cheap form so as to commend itself in a pecuniary way, as well as in the amount and efficiency of the work produced.

### A SCOTCH FARM.

No tract of land in Scotland, none probably in the kingdom, is more fertile or productive, than the carse of Gowrie. I have just been on a farm that was sold at auction a few days since. It is known as the farm of Glenearse, and contains about 360 acres. It sold for £43,500—over half a million of dollars—being a little over \$500 per acre! This is purely agricultural land, being near no town or city; in fact about 120 acres of it is mountain land, covered with wood, and unfit for cultivation. The competition for the farm was sharp, the bidding commenced at £10,000, and in rapid succession there were thirty-five bids, each £100 in advance of one another. I really do not know how they force such an unbounded quantity of "corn"—as they call wheat and oats—out of this land. Wheat is sown usually in October, and is on the ground twelve months, often not having stood until September or October following. In the Carse of Gowrie, the lands produce fifty, sixty, and sometimes seventy bushels of wheat to the acre. Nine quarters—over seventy-two bushels—I have from good authority, has been cut off of an acre! They have an alteration of crops, usually two green crops, (potatoes or turnips) to three white or grain crops. The best grain districts of Scotland are the Lothians—East, West and Mid Lothian, near Edinburgh—the carse of Stirling—in the valley of the Forth, the carse of Gowrie, and Murrayshire in the far north.

The Guelph Fall fair was held on Monday last, and was beyond comparison the largest and best ever witnessed in the locality. Cattle changed hands at prices 20 to 25 per cent in advance of recent rates. Yokes of Oxen of fair quality fetched \$60 to \$65; three year old Steers \$45; and two years old \$35; cattle for the butcher were greatly in demand.—*Advertiser.*

## Miscellaneous.

The ship William Ballard arrived at New Orleans from Boston, with loss of masts and sails, and leaks ing. She saw several vessels all dismasted. She experienced a hurricane on the 20th ult.

Hon. Joseph Howe left Halifax for England on the 29th ult., as a delegate from the Nova Scotia Government on railroad matters.

A passenger train which left Harrisburgh on the 29th ult., for Baltimore, met the night train coming from Baltimore, and a collision took place. Eleven cars were much damaged, as well as one of the locomotives. A fireman and an Engineer were hurt, but not seriously. There was a large number of passengers—amongst them the Hon. Thomas C. Erwin and Gov. Bigler—but they all escaped serious injury.

### TRAINING YOUTH FOR PARIS LIFE.

To train a man for the continent, you must begin early. Teach him French when a child; let him learn dominoes at four, and smoke cigars at six; wear lacquered boots at eight, and put his hair in paper at nine. Let him play pique for dinner and barley water for tea. Make him a cavalier at twelve, a dandy at a cool hand with the ladies, and then he is finished. And fit for the Boulevards, a nice man for the salons. It is cheap, there is no doubt, but it costs a good deal of money to come at the economy.—*Levee's "Doll Family Road."*

### A FORTUNE IN JUMPING.

A gentleman belonging to Ayrshire, no less distinguished as a fearless horseman than as a man of letters, made a daring leap, a few weeks ago, which deserves to be recorded. When exercising in a field, a celebrated aceple-chase mare, his own property, he found it necessary to rush her at a hedge to save himself being run away with. The mare boldly tossed at the hedge and took it, the height of the leap, when afterwards measured, being found to be no less than eight-and-a-half feet, the rise being about nine feet, and the fall on the other side about seven feet.—*North British Mail.*

### BINGHAM UPON BAGPIPES.

Timothy Sullivan, a blind Irish piper, put himself into the witness-box at Marlborough-street, on Thursday by the help of his wife, and, in a tone intended to be particularly insinuating, begged his worship to do him a small thrille of a favour.

Mr. Bingham—Well, what do you want me to do?

Sullivan—The police won't let me play me pipes in Fitzroy market, and I want your honour to give me leave.

Mr. Bingham—Give you leave to play the bagpipes in the street I by no means, I do assure you. I know nothing more affecting to English, Welsh, French, or German ears, to all ears, indeed except Scotch and Irish ears, than the harrowing noise made by the bagpipes.

Sullivan—But me pipes isn't the Scotch pipes, yer worship; there's the rare Irish pipes, 'they don't give a noise at all, they give the finest of music.

Mr. Bingham—If there's any difference between Scotch and Irish bagpipes, it is against the Irish pipes I believe. There's a drone, is there not, to your pipes.

Sullivan—It is a beautiful drone, your worship.

Mr. Bingham—I thought so. Well the only permission I can give you is to go to an Irish locality, where your pipes will not be considered a nuisance. You must not create a disturbance in an English neighbourhood.

Sullivan—It's Scotch and not Irish pipes that's the nuisance. I must play, or how am I to get my bit of bread.

Mr. Bingham—You must not urge that plea, for if people are allowed to get their bit of bread by breaking the law, then pickpockets may justify their acts. No, you must find an Irish locality, where the Irish are at least ten to one. There are plenty of such places in London, and there you may make as much noise with the pipes as you please.

The piper, after declaring he must give up music as a profession, and try what he could do with a "handful of fruit," left the court with a very disconsolate air.—*London Police Report.*

A Society has recently been formed in the village of Paris for "the investigation of the scriptures."

The Lower Village Bridge of Paris will be opened for travel next Monday.—*Star.*

A Joint Stock Company is now forming in Ayr to erect a steam flour mill on the most improved construction, with four run of stones.—*Star.*

Several robberies in a small way have been committed in the village of Paris during the past week. Part of the stolen goods has been found in a house near the Governor's Road Bridge.—*Star.*