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TERMS.—City Subscribers ... ... 15s. per annum: Country do. (by mail) ... 17s. 6d. ditto; Country do. (not by mail) 15s. ditto; *(half to be paid in advance.)*

Printing, in its various branches, executed with neatness and despatch, on very moderate terms.

☞ All Letters (except such as may contain money,) must come free of postage, or they cannot be taken from the Post Office.

Weekly Almanack.

DECEMBER—1835.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
23 WEDNESDAY - -	7 40	4 20	7 41	1 59
24 THURSDAY - -	7 40	4 20	8 55	2 47
5 FRIDAY - -	7 40	4 20	10 6	3 35
6 SATURDAY - -	7 40	4 20	11 13	4 26
7 SUNDAY - -	7 40	4 20	morn.	5 18
8 MONDAY - -	7 39	4 21	0 18	6 17
9 TUESDAY - -	7 39	4 21	1 22	7 21

First Quarter 26th day, 2h. 50m. evening.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 12 o'clock.

JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.

Committee for December:

WILLIAM JARVIS, JOHN KINNEAR, BENJAMIN SMITH.

☞ All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

LANDS FOR SALE,

BY THE
NEW-BRUNSWICK & NOVA-SCOTIA
LAND COMPANY.

THE NEW-BRUNSWICK and NOVA-SCOTIA LAND COMPANY having been long since incorporated by Royal Charter, with a Capital of £200,000 Sterling, with power to increase that amount to £400,000, and having purchased from the Crown the most central and delightful portion of the Province of New-Brunswick, between the Rivers "Saint John and South West, Miramichi," have been quietly and unostentatiously improving a large portion thereof for settlement. The improvements consist of a fine line of Road, cut and now travelled upon, directly through what may be termed the Valley of the Nashwaak, to the Company's new Town of STANLEY, where they have erected a SAW MILL of great power, with Circular Saws, capable of producing every description of Boards and Scantling necessary for Building, at the most reasonable rate and shortest notice—a GRIST MILL has likewise been built, with the most approved re-acting power, and the best and finest Granite and French Burr Stones introduced; so that the Settler may have the opportunity (without difficulty) of getting the produce of his Farm rendered serviceable at the least possible expense.

The Town of Stanley, delightfully situated on the banks of the beautiful River Nashwaak, offers every advantage and inducement, both from [illegible] and luxuriance of its soil, for immediate settlement. Gentlemen of Wealth [illegible] already fixed their location [illegible] showing at once a cultivated taste and [illegible] satisfaction of future success; a Tavern, a Blacksmith's Shop, and many Houses have been erected by the Company, most of which are now occupied or in course of completion; one hundred and fifty to two hundred Acres have already been cleared, and the principal part in a state of cultivation—proving to demonstration the capability and happy results produced by only ordinary labour, strict attention to the nature of the soil, and a proper mode of Agriculture.

The whole line of Road, from its commencement to the South West, Miramichi, offers every inducement for Settlement, on both of which a number of small Farms have been laid off, some with clearings and Log Houses built thereon, a few of which are inhabited, so that the Traveller will find accommodation at the most reasonable rate. The steady and persevering Emigrant will find that every attention will be paid, and every necessary facility given him to render his new undertaking as light and pleasing as the Company's interests may justly and fairly warrant.

The price of the Land will as a matter of course, vary according to situation, but none will be higher than Twelve Shillings currency, or Ten Shillings sterling per Acre for the present Season, (Town Lots and Ten Acre Farms surrounding the Town excepted,) every information about which will be readily and cheerfully communicated by the Company's Agent at Fredericton.

As many applications have been made for Town Lots without positive situations being named—it will be necessary for the Applicants to repeat their requests and fix upon the number of the Town Plot they would wish to occupy.

TERMS:—The terms of Payment will be made easy, as follows:—One fifth to be paid at the time of purchase, upon which a Location Ticket of Possession will be given, the other four-fifths by annual Instalments; but should the Purchaser pay the whole amount at once, a discount of 15 per cent will be allowed upon the purchase money, upon completion of which a Deed, in fee simple, will be immediately prepared by the Company's Solicitor, to be paid for by the Purchaser, putting him in absolute and sole possession.

The Company's Road has been cut out, but not yet finished, to Campbell, (another projected Town on the South West, Miramichi River.) At this Establishment a valuable Property has been purchased by the Company, consisting of Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Blacksmith Shop, &c. &c. &c. for some years in active operation, Houses built by the Company, and a beautiful Farm under good cultivation; the line of Road from Stanley to Campbell proving yet more fully the value and richness of the Soil of this long neglected, little understood, and most valuable portion of His Majesty's North American Colonies.

As enquiry will bear out every statement made in the above advertisement, and as every attention and assistance will be given to the most humble but industrious Settler, it is particularly requested that when real information is required, application may be made to

E. N. KENDALL,
Chief Commissioner, or
JOHN STEPHENS,
Fredericton;
The Hon. J. CUNARD & CO.
Miramichi;
JOHN V. THURGAR,
Resident Agent at *Saint John;*
And ANDREW DUNCAN,
Campbell;
Or The Hon. S. CUNARD & CO.
Halifax, Nova-Scotia.

Company's Office, Saint Mary's, near Fredericton, N. B., November 25, 1835.

Per St. Hilda:

14 PACKAGES, containing Winter Store Fur Caps, Silk Hats, &c.—for sale by
Dec. 8. MACKAY, BROTHERS & CO.

RUM AND COFFEE.

Landing, This Day, from on board the schr Thomas, from Jamaica, for the subscriber:

30 PUNCHEONS Jamaica RUM,
20 bags excellent quality COFFEE,
December 5. JOHN V. THURGAR.

The Garland.

"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."

The following is from the recent poetical work of James Montgomery, "The Port Folio."

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, every where.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou [illegible]'st not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."

LOVE OF FAME.

Why do we love thee, Name? Thou art not sweet,
If sweetness dwell with softness and repose,
Thou art not fair, if beauty be replete
With peace and tenderness, and ease from woes,
Thou art not faithful, for thy power and flame
To fierce extremes the maddening votary urge;
Aid oft the winds that should his bliss proclaim,
Swell but the chorus of his funeral dirge.
Yet do we love thee—love thee till the blood
Wasted for thee, forsakes the heart,—thy shrine;
Till happiness is past, and toil withstood,
And life itself poured idly forth—for thine
Is that mysterious witchery that beguiles
The soul it stabs, and murders while it smiles.

Miscellanea.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

From the Correspondent of the Portland Advertiser.

THINGS IN HOLLAND.

Amsterdam, August 10, 1835.

Do the people here and hereabout, live on land or water? Do they go by fins or legs? Are they amphibious or not? I never saw such green places, such greenly built cities, such an odd mingling of land and water,—a paved street here and a canal there,—this man crying things for sale on his skiff in the water, and that man carrying things on his head for sale, on the land,—here a ship, by that man's window, and there a stepping from a side door to the paddle-boat,—here men sailing under the houses, through the cellars as it were, and there a fellow going under the visible earth, and popping his head up again some rods off. Never did mortality dwell in such places before!

All things are so odd, so very odd, that I verily believe some fine Flemish painter is cheating me with a sight.—Never were *cities* made as these are! For the first time, too, I really feel that I am in a foreign land. England, where I can hear, and talk, is like my own home. But now I have lost two of my senses. I am deaf and dumb. I can hear, I grant, but there is not so much sense for me in the sounds, I hear as if in the sounds of the bugle, and if I talk my English, who understands?—and so I am dumb, yes, deaf and dumb! For the first time in my life I am deaf and dumb. I go by signs as the deaf and dumb go. I puzzled for an hour in Rotterdam, using all manner of signs, to find the house of a gentleman to whom I had a letter, and signs alone enabled me to find it at last. It is no use to talk, I have given up that. How delightful then are the sounds, like those I have heard before. I never hear a bell now without a thrill of pleasure, for I know what *that* means,—and listened for an hour or more one evening at Leyden under the window of a lady, who was playing on he piano, some German waltzes that I had heard in America. Think of the rapture then with which a fine man, as I am now, hears the English, his own language, spoken. I had that pleasure in some families at the Hague;—and I am quite attached to a servant in this hotel who can utter a dozen words or more in a tongue which I have been accustomed to speak all my life.

Of all countries I think Holland must be the most extraordinary, which with an Englishman's definition, means all that can be said of it,—and if I were writing for Englishmen I could say nothing more. The wonder working power of industry here is beyond description. No writer can give a vivid idea of what man has made of the earth out of the water. Think of rescuing all the wamps of the lake Mississippi from the inroads of he waters, and of making it all as a garden—a healthe and a charming country, full of little palaces, and plesure houses, and bridges, and canals, under which and over which the boats are ever sliding,—and you will have a faint idea of what has been done in Holland, save that nature has done nothing for it, man everything,—and that there is nothing remarkable in soil, but every thing bad in climate, and with the wole train of aches and rheumatisms,—that cold and damp are ever generating. Why I thought the English were the most remarkable people on earth for profiting by their position, and turning every spot of land to advantage or to pleasure, but the Dutch are far before them—very far, remembering how little nature has done here. Think of a city built as Amsterdam is, on enormous piles, in what was a deep and pestilential morass,—a splendid city now of near 200,000 inhabitants, with canals (forming ninety little islands connected by 300 bridges) running through the streets, vessels or boats in all of them, loading and unloading at the large warehouses going on—and all these canals bordered with large, lofty, and healthy trees,—the masts of the shipping here minghg with the trees, or there running by the windows of the houses. See then, at quite every house—often every window—single or double looking-glasses, or reflectors, so that a person in the room, sitting before the window, can see by reflection the whole length of the street, the passengers, the trees, the canal, and the shipping. Look into one of these, and you are quite convinced that such a city is no city, but a picture. No view can be more picturesque.

Thus the Dutch ladies—beautiful women they are, with beautiful complexions, and fine, healthy forms, pass their leisure hurs with a book, or with needle work in their hands often arranging their reflectors at right angles, the right angle pointed toward the window, so that directing their eyes to that angle they see (concealed themselves) the whole street both to the right and left. When they are very pretty—and I have seldom seen such a profusion of beauty in the windows of any city as in Leyden; say for example,—the provoking sinners will show you their beauty in their reflectors—themselves with their backs toward you, and you in the street or at the door of your hotel, by arranging their glass at a right angle with the window,—and then your eyes meet theirs, and you see them roguishly smiling at the recognition, as they drop the curtain, or run away from the window, or quickly turn round the glass.—Alas for the little sinners if their sober dutch mothers were to catch them in such sport as this, for their care might ring with a strange story, or they might tremble before the frowning nods of their rebuke. But wild, pretty girls are the same all over the world, and if they do not have wings so as to be entitled to be called angels, they endeavour to make up for the loss of them in that buoyancy of spirit, that light, wild frolicksomeness which at times, make them seem not of this dull, cold earth, but of some warmer, more fairy sphere.

In Rotterdam there are many things worth seeing, though it is not the most interesting of the cities of Holland. If it is the first of the cities that the traveller sees, the novelty of the sight will make a deep impression upon him, no matter how much he has heard of Holland. I never shall forget with what strange, staring attitudes I roamed about, over bridge and by canal, gaping at the new sights, and confused by the strange Dutch gabble. But no man can go through even a single city of Holland without being impressed with the greatest respect for the Dutch character. As yet, I have not seen a beggar in Holland. I do not believe I shall see one. Nothing that is said of their neatness is exaggerated. They are undoubtedly the neatest people on earth,—and the women scrub from morning to night, scrubbing every thing—post, pillar, floor, door, street, brass, yes every thing that can be scrubbed;—and the consequence is, that even the streets are as neat as a parlour. In Leyden, they never permit the dirt to rest in peace between the crevices of the rocky pavements! Water in the morning, flies about in all directions. It is really unsafe *then*, to venture in the streets, for little cataracts from engines prepared to wash the windows, are hissing about you in all directions.

You hardly see a miserable house. I do not remember one. Though the country houses have not so many flowers as the English have, yet they are all neat and attractive.—All have gardens who have grounds to make them, and the prettiest gardens too. If I were called upon to point to the place where the industry of man has done the most to triumph over obstacles where nothing of soil or climate seems to have appalled him—where *not* the wilderness was made to blossom like the rose,—but the morass, the bog, I certainly should point to Holland. To say that such a people, who have done all this, now so well off, so rich too, so happy in possessing all the necessaries and enjoyments of life, are a wonderful people, is but faint praise. It only illustrates the position, that the more nature does for a people, the less they are likely to do for themselves, for they are content in the profusion of its gifts,—but where labour is necessary, and the duty imperative, then man arouses himself, and every faculty of mind or body is developed to its full extent. Thus Holland is what it is,—and thus Italy is what it is. B.

British Manufactures.—The character of our manufacture has changed much for the better of late years. Formerly there were large quantities of merchandise manufactured and kept on hand, to wait the chance of a market. That is not the case now. The manufacturers take orders, and their orders seem to employ them fully. To shew the correctness of this remark, one of the greatest houses in the world—that of Messrs. Baring—were not long ago under the necessity of making contracts in April or May, for goods deliverable in September. Mr. Bates of that firm, informs us that when he first came to this country, 20 years ago, there were in many watchouses in London, 20,000, 30,000, 50,000, or even 100,000 pieces of Manchester goods for sale; but now, when he receives in the common course of his business a commission for a large quantity of goods for the American market, he is obliged to order them a considerable time before. The stuffs, whether woollen, linen, or cotton, have also improved very generally in quality. In proof of this position, Mr. Bates states that two French gentlemen had recently arrived with very extensive orders for British cloths, which he considers a singular circumstance. They were purchasing for a foreign market, and observed that a much handsomer cloth was made in England than could be made on the Continent of the same materials, a circumstance which induced them to come here to purchase. The increased demand for our goods is not partial or temporary. It has proceeded from all parts of the world pretty equally, independently of the augmented home consumption.—*Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures.*

PLAGUES.—Every country in Europe, and Italy perhaps more than any other, was visited during the middle ages by frightful plagues, which followed each other in quick succession, that they gave the exhausted people scarcely any time for recovery. The oriental bubo-plague ravaged Italy sixteen times between the years 1119 and 1340. Small pox and measles were still more destructive than in modern times, and recurred as frequently. St. Anthony's fire was the dread of the town and country; and that disgusting disease, the leprosy, which, in consequence of the crusades, spread its insinuating poison in all directions, snatched from the paternal hearth innumerable victims, who, banished from human society, pined away in lonely huts, whither they were accompanied only by the pity of the benevolent and their own despair. All these calamities, of which the moderns have scarcely retained any recollection, were heightened to an incredible degree by the black death, which spread boundless devastation and misery over Italy. Men's minds were every where morbidly sensitive; and as it happens with individuals whose senses, when they are suffering under anxiety, become more irritable, so that trifles are magnified into objects of great alarm, and slight shocks, which scarcely affect the spirits when in health, give rise in them to severe diseases, so it was with this whole nation, at all times so alive to emotions, and at this period so sorely pressed with the horrors of death."—*Dr. Babington's translation from the German of Dr. Hecker.*

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.—The latest and most accurate census of the whole human family gives nearly eight hundred millions; or, perhaps, seven hundred and seventy-five millions would be more correct. If the religious sects both of Brahminism and Budhism, (which are essentially the same) and which occupy the most of Asia, and its islands, are reckoned together, they make two hundred and seventy millions; and are more numerous than any other.—The christian sects form the next highest number, being computed at two hundred millions; the Jews, at about four millions, and Pagans at one hundred or one hundred and fifty millions. When will the light of the "glorious gospel" shine on these ignorant nations of the earth? Human efforts alone cannot be expected to accomplish the work in any considerable degree. And yet the object is worthy of endless exertion, and it must be the prayer of every sincere Christian, "Thy kingdom come."

From "*The Linwoods,*" a Novel, by Miss Sedgwick.

THE EVACUATION OF NEW YORK.—The last foreign Regiment was passing from Broadway to the battery in the admirable order and condition of British troops; the arms of the soldiers glittering, their uniform fresh and unsullied, and that of the officers, who had seen little service to deface and disarrange it, in a state of preservation rather indicating a drawing-room than a battle-field. Mr. Linwood gazed after them, and said sorrowfully, "We ne'er shall look upon their like again."

"I hope not," muttered Rose to herself, in the background; this a'n't to be the land for them that strut in scarlet broadcloth and gold epaulettes, and live upon the sweat of the working people's brows. No, thank God—and General Washington."

"Ah," said Mrs. Archer, "there's good old General Van Phansen turning the key of his door for the last time. Heaven's blessing will go with him, for he never turned upon a creature that needed his kindness." The good old German now crossed the street, grasped Mr. Linwood's hand, kissed the hands of the ladies, and, without speaking, rejoined his suite and passed on. * * * *

Music was now heard from the extremity of the battery. All had embarked save the *band.* The band, that had been the pride and delight of the inhabitants through winter and summer, now struck up, for the last time, "God Save the King!" Every sound was hushed, and white handkerchiefs were waved from the balconies, windows, and doors. Mr. Linwood uncovered his head and the tears trickled down his cheeks. As the music ceased, Edward Archer, who stood with his arm over his sister's shoulder, said, "Oh, Litzy, how we shall miss the band."

"Miss them! No, Ned; not when we get back to dear breezy Beech Hill, and hear the birds, and smell the flowers, and have none to hurt us nor make us afraid."

The last boat put off from the wharf; and at the next instant the "star-spangled banner" was unfurled from the flag-staff, and every bell in the city poured forth its peel of welcome to the deliverer of his country, who was seen, at the head of a detachment of his army, approaching the city through *the Fields*—then the general designation of all that portion of New York beyond the British palisades, which traversed Broadway at Chambers Street.

Those who are familiar with the location of this our noble street of Broadway, the pride of the metropolis, can imagine the thrilling effect of the moment on the spectators. They saw the flag of an independent empire waving on the battery; beyond, the bay glittering in the meridian sun; and, floating on the bay, the ships that were to convey their masters for ever from the land that had rejected them. At the upper extremity of the street appeared General Washington.

The Turkish Ambassador at Paris.—Redschid Bey, when at Paris last year, bore the title of Minister Plenipotentiary only, but now he is invested with that of Ambassador from the Sublime Porte. He is about 40 years of age, low in stature, and of a mild and expressive countenance. He is renowned in his own country for his learning. He was invested with the functions of Grand Referendary to the Divan—that is, he drew up the reports upon all the affairs treated of in that assembly, which, however, are not numerous, nor attended with any very voluminous documents. He is extremely courteous to every body, but is evidently embarrassed by his ignorance of the language and customs of France. His dress is composed of a French frock coat of blue cloth, embroidered with gold, buttoned straight down the front, a sword suspended by a gold belt, a diamond star on his breast, and a red cap on his head, which he wears constantly. All the officers of the Embassy are dressed in the same manner, with more or less embroidery, according to their rank. Some of them have very fine countenances, and some speak French very intelligibly. The letter of congratulation from the Sultan to the King on his late escape is very remarkable both in its form and tenor. It is nearly three feet long, but not more than five inches wide. It is written in a very neat hand, and signed in the margin by the Sultan with the whole of his titles. It is of very thick paper, of extraordinary brilliancy, and remarkably fine grain. The letter was in a cover, sealed with the arms of the Sultan, and again inclosed in rich scarlet case, ornamented with embroidery in silk and gold, and having attached to it a tassel very finely wrought.

The Norwegians.—Extreme poverty in some part of Norway causes a paucity of articles that may be almost regarded as necessary to the comforts of life. In some houses the whole stock of utensils are—one large iron pot, an axe, one knife, and half a dozen wooden bowls and spoons. The severity of the climate obliges the people to sleep in their only room that has a fire-place, and in one large bed, like a deal box, into which they all creep; some straw is spread at the bottom, and sheep-skins serve for covering. They have scarcely a fixed hour for sleep, but each gets in by day, as he finds himself tired. The swampy lands they labour in prevents the women's bare feet, or their miserable remnants of shoes and stockings, from ever being clean; but their tables, and what utensils they have, are generally spotless. Destitute as they are of every worldly comfort, two or three religious books are to be found in every house. The hope of the weary and heavy laden in every clime is not denied to these poor sojourners in the valley of tears.

SILVER MINES IN CHILI.—In May, 1832, a poor peasant, while tending his goats on the dry plains about twenty leagues south of Copiapo, tore up a bush, and at its root, found a mass of pure silver. A similar accident first discovered the mines of Copiapo, and, indeed, the treasures of Potosi. The goatherd's secret soon got wind; within the first four days were discovered sixteen veins of silver ore; in eight days twenty-five veins, and forty in three weeks, not including the small ramifications. The ore was everywhere rich; near the surface the metal was nearly pure, (some specimens gave 93 per cent. of pure silver,) and disseminated in masses of many pounds weight. These mines, which promise to become the Potosi of Chili, extend over a surface of 100 square leagues, and are a treasure for future ages, for at present the Chilians can only scratch the surface of them.—*Athenæum.*

Boot Blacking.—Warren, the boot blacking manufacturer in London, has a retired residence ten miles from the city, keeps his carriage, goes in it to London in the morning, puts on his apron, works all day in his shop, and returns in his carriage at evening. He employs a poet who does nothing else but to vary his metre and modes of illustration in singing the praises of Warren's blacking. It is not at all surprising that Warren has realized an immense sum in the sale of this article, for there is not a newspaper or periodical in all Great Britain or Ireland, which he has not patronized in the way of advertising. In fact his advertisements appear almost every part of Europe, and in large capitals at every place, town. It is certain that [illegible] are annually expended *in London alone* for the single article of blacking!

A striking and beautiful Emblem of Immortality.—The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tomb stones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing its transformation a type of that futurity which they believed but did not understand. They placed it there as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful and touching, and Sharon Turner taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations to excite the sentiment in the human heart of death being only one step in the path of life.

Machinery of the Human Frame.—Very few, even mechanics, think or know, how much machinery there is in their own bodies. Not only are there joints and hinges, in the bones, but there are valves in the veins, a forcing pump in the heart, and various other curiosities. One of the muscles of the eye forms a real pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form, which has been calculated, by mathematicians, to be strongest for pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders. This form combines the greatest lightness with the greatest strength. Of this form are the quills in birds' wings, where these requisites are necessary.

DISSENTERS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.—There are chapels belonging to the Congregationalists, 1,663; Friends, 396; Baptists in England, 1,045; Orthodox Presbyterians, 58; do. Wales, 189; Unitarians, 195; Methodists, 3,911; Roman Catholics, 405; Home Missionary, 241; Small denominations, 177.—Total 8,250. The average number of attendants at each of the above chapels is estimated at 400, which gives a total of 3,300,000. One third more may be added for children, invalids, &c. making 4,400,000. The above statement shows an increase in the number of dissenters' chapels since 1812, of 4,800.—*Quarterly Observer.*

EPITAPHS.—The epitaph "My Mother!" in Trinity Churchyard, New York, is perhaps, the most touching and appropriate in the language. "Pauvre Marie!" in Pere la Chaise, at Paris, is very striking. The "Oh! rare Ben Johnson!" in Westminister Abbey, has been much commended. In the church De Fratri, at Venice, the line on the tomb of the patriarch of the Venetian school, was impressive—"Here lies the great Titian."

The Congress of Mexico, by a late decree, tolerate no other religion than the Catholic.

UNITED STATES.

The Great Cheeses.—We understand that Colonel Meachums' monstrous cheeses have reached the city, and that they will be carried to Masonic Hall, today; where they will remain for a short time, and where our citizens can have the opportunity to examine these splendid products of the great Oswego farmer's magnificent dairy. One of them weighs *fourteen hundred pounds,* and is intended as a present for the President of the United States—another not quite so large for Mr. Van Buren—one to Governor Marcy, and another to Daniel Webster, which ought to be the largest of the whole. There are several others designed for various public bodies and distinguished individuals, all elegantly inscribed. There never was such Cheeses seen, since the creation of Adam, as we verily believe.—*N. Y. Courier.*

The ship Pennsylvania.—The line of battle ship Pennsylvania, now on the stocks at our Navy Yard, under the shelter of a building that cost $45,000, is one of the most stupendous fabrics that was ever destined to float on the ocean. Her length on deck is 225 feet, and her breadth 58 feet. She is large enough to carry two thousand men, which is greater than the population of a considerable sized country town.—She is of the burthen of 3900 tons, and could, if loaded with flour, carry the moderate cargo of thirty thousand barrels, enough to supply bread for fifteen thousand people for a whole year. She is to carry one hundred and forty guns, thirty two [illegible]s, so that every time she discharges a full broadside, she will dispose of precisely a ton of *bullets* to help make iron pebbles for the bottom of the ocean, unless she happens to hit the enemy. She will draw twenty-eight feet of water, and thus find it difficult to navigate in shoal rivers. One of her anchors which is to be seen in the yard, and which is said to be the largest one in the world, weighs 11,000 pounds, which is something more than five tons, and will require some merry piping at the capstern to get it aweak. Her water tanks are of iron, mostly in the shape of large chests, capable of holding from one to two hundred gallons, but having a proportion of them of other shapes, adapted to fit around the sides of the ship, so as to leave no space, as happens with casks.—A friend has just informed us, that the largest anchor in the British Dock Yard, at Portsmouth, in 1832, weighed something less than ten thousand pounds, at which time there were on the stocks, three ships nearly as large as the Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

DEFORMED FEET.—I observed in a Sabbath School, which I visited lately, a little boy with his feet turned inward: and found, upon inquiry, that three children in the same family were afflicted in the same manner. It is melancholy to think that three children should grow up with this deformity, when they might have been entirely relieved by the use of *iron shoes* in their infancy. I know an instance where it has been tried with entire success. The great expense of the shoes would prevent most families from using them, even if they understood their merits—as I am told they cost about $25; and of course several pair of different sizes, would be necessary to complete a cure. Now, cannot some of our charitable associations keep an assortment of sizes, and lend them to all who have need of them? It would give additional interest to any benevolent society, and would call down the blessing of many a poor deformed sufferer upon its charitable managers.

THE AXE.—The power of the American axe (says Latrobe in his book on the United States,) and the skill with which it is wielded, may well excite the admiration of an European. The weapon itself is no more to be compared with the vile chopper commonly seen in the hands of one of our woodmen, than a gimblet can be compared to a centre-bit. It is formed upon a different principle—the handle is set far forward, and it acts upon the tree, more from the wedge-like form, its own weight, and the skilful swing which gives it impetus, than from any great exertion of strength on the part of the woodman. In fact, slight more than strength is employed in its use. The rapidity with which the huge trees of the forest fall before a single pair of well-swung axes, is really marvellous; and the axe may rank with maize and steam as one of the three things which have conquered the Western World.

NURSERY OF OLD MAIDS.—The population of Newburyport, Massachusetts, consists of 2781 males, and 3,711 females; showing an excess of 1,030 females in a population of 6,491, or nearly three women to every two men. Why do not these forlorn damsels come to the west, where they could all find husbands, instead of remaining in the cold north to "waste their sweetness on the desert air?"—*Louisville Journal.*