

# The Weekly Observer

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**PUBLISHED BY DONALD A. CAMERON.**  
Office.—In Mr. HARRISON'S brick building, west side of the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.  
TERMS.—City Subscribers ... 15s per annum; Country do. (by mail) ... 17s 6d. ditto; (half to be paid in advance.)  
Printing, in its various branches, executed with neatness and dispatch, 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.

DECEMBER—1853.	SUN	MOON	FULL	
Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	SEA.	
23 WEDNESDAY	7 40	4 20	7 41	1 50
24 THURSDAY	7 40	4 20	8 55	2 47
5 FRIDAY	7 40	4 20	10 6	3 53
6 SATURDAY	7 40	4 20	11 13	4 26
7 SUNDAY	7 40	4 20	12 18	5 18
8 MONDAY	7 39	4 21	0 18	6 17
9 TUESDAY	7 39	4 21	1 52	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. WILSON, 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 & 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 unobtrusively 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 Nashua, 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 Nashua, offers every advantage and facility for the Settler, and the insurance of his soil, for immediate clearing and cultivation. Gentlemen of Wealth, who are desiring to invest their money in a safe and profitable mode, will find in the purchase of a Town Plot, or a share in the Company, most of which are now being disposed of in lots of one hundred and fifty to two hundred Acres, already cleared, and the principal part in a state of cultivation—proving to demonstration the capability and happy results of producing 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 present 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 Purchase 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, (another projected Town on the South West, Miramichi River.) At the Establishment a valuable Property has been purchased by the Company, consisting of Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Blacksmith Shop, &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, 1853.

**Per St. Hilda:**  
14 PACKAGES, containing Winter Stores, Fur Caps, Silk Hosiery, &c. for sale by MACKAY, BROTHERS & CO.

**30 P** 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 moweth 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 sown;  
Go forth, then, every where.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace accept the precious germs alive,  
Whose seed wherer sown.  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.  
Thou shalt not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall fasten and mature the grain,  
For garner 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 the name? 'Tis not our bread,  
'Tis not our life, 'tis not our end;  
'Tis not our joy, 'tis not our grief,  
'Tis not our strength, 'tis not our aid;  
'Tis not our glory, 'tis not our shame,  
'Tis not our crown, 'tis not our pride;  
'Tis not our power, 'tis not our wealth,  
'Tis not our fame, 'tis not our life.

**BROOKS' LETTERS.**  
From the Correspondent of the Portland Advertiser.

**THINGS IN HOLLAND.**  
Amsterdam, August 10, 1853.

Do the people here and elsewhere, 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,—than this 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 through the pillars 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 really believe some fine French painter is cheating me with aught. 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 by English, you understand?—and so I am dumb, you see, and dumb! For the first time in my life I am deaf and dumb. I go by signs as the deaf and dumb do. 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 I listened for an hour or more one evening at Leyden under the window of a lady, who was playing on the piano, some German waltzes that I had heard in America. Think of the rapture then with which a lone man, as I am now, hears the English, his own language, spoken. I had pleasure in some familiar 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 witer can give a vivid idea of what man has made of his earth out of the water. Think of resting all the ramps of the lake Mississippi from the floods of waters, and of making it all as a garden—a hall, and a charming country, full of little palaces, and pleasure 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 woe train of aches and rheumatism,—that cold and damp air ever generating.

Why I thought the English were the most remarkable people on earth for robbing 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 peatland morass,—a splendid city now of near 200,000 inhabitants, with canals (forming ninety five 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 mingling with the trees, or there running by the windows of the houses. See then, at quite every house—often a every window—single or double looking-glasses, or crotchet, 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 hours with a book, or with needle work in their hands, often arranging their reflections at right angles, to the right angle point of view of the window, so that dreading their eyes to that angle they see (conceals themselves) the whole street both to the right and left. When they are very pretty—and I have often seen such a profusion of beauty in the windows of any city as in Leyden, they say for example,—the prevailing sinners will show you their beauty in their reflections,—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 regally smiling at the recognition, as they drop the curtain, or turn away from the window, or quickly turn round the glass. Kiss for the little sinners, which other dainty mothers were to catch them in such sport as to be, for their eyes might ring with a strange story, or they might tremble before the frowning nod of their mother. But would, every girl 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, and frolicsome gaiety which makes them seem not of this dull, cold earth, but of some warmer, more airy 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 best 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 what his strange, staid, and serious I looked about, over bridge and by canal, gazing at the new sights, and confound by the strange Dutch gables. 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 even a loggia 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, door, street, brass, every thing that can be scrubbed,—and the consequence is, that even the streets are as neat as a parterre. In Leyden, they never permit the dirt to rest in space between the crevices of the rocky pavement. Water in the morning, flows along in all directions. It is really waste like, to venture in the streets, for little extracts 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 you are upon 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, so happy in possessing all the necessities 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, they man themselves, and every faculty of mind or body is developed to its full extent. Thus Holland is that it is,—and thus Italy is what it is.

**British Manufactures.**—The character of our manufacture has changed much for the better of late years. Formerly there were large quantities of mere cheap manufactures, and some of the worst of the kind, but now the case is not so. The manufacturers take order, and their orders seem to employ them fully. To show 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 this firm, informs us that when he first came to this country, 20 years ago, there were in many warehouses in London, 20,000, 30,000, 30,000, 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 larger quantity of 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.

**HEAVENS.**—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 1210. 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, perished away in lonely huts, while they were accounted 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 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, gave rise in them to severe diseases, so it was with this whole nation, at all times so alive to emotions, and it thus proved so very pressed with the horrors of death.—Dr. Hildebrand's translation from the German of Dr. Hildebrand.

**RELIGIOUS 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 Behemism and Buddhism, (which are essentially the same) and which occupy the most of Asia, and its islands, are reckoned together, they make two hundred and twenty millions; and are more numerous than any other.—The Christian sects form the next highest number, being computed at two hundred and fifty or sixty millions. Of these, the Roman Catholics are the most numerous, being about one hundred and thirty millions; the Greek Church, half that number; and the Protestants nearly the same. The Mohammedans about four millions, and the Jews about one hundred and fifty thousand. When all the religions of the "glorious gospel" shine on this scene of nations of the earth? Human efforts alone cannot be expected to accomplish the work in many centuries. And yet the object is worthy of all our prayers, and must be the prayer of every sincere Christian. The Kingdom come!

## From "The Liberator," a Novel, by Miss Sedgwick.

**THE RECONCILIATION 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 uniforms fresh and unsoiled, and that of the officers, who had seen little service to date, and disarrange themselves more than a battle-field. Mr. Linwood gazed at them with a mixture of admiration and awe, and a glow of admiration rather than a glow of admiration from them, and said contentedly, "We never shall look upon their like again."

"I hope not," muttered Rose to herself, in the background, this did not seem to be the land for them that great in soldierly heroism and good epulettes, and five upon the sweat of the working-people's brows. No, thank God,—and General Washington!"  
"Ah!" said Mrs. Archer, "there's go old General Washington turning the key of his door for the first time, his blessing will go with him, for he never turned upon a creature that needed his kindness." The good old General once 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, Lizzy, how we shall miss the band!"  
"Miss them! No, No; 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 sad!"

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 peal 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 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 midday 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 expansive 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, but attended with all 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 waist 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 enclosed in rich scarlet case, ornamented with embroidery in silk and gold, and having attached to it a tassel very finely wrought.

**The Norwegian.**—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, and in one large bed, like a dog 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, their 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 CHILE.**—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 implied the richness of Potosi. The goatherd's secret soon got wind; within the first four days were discovered sixteen tons of silver ore; in eight days twenty-five tons, 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 Chile, extend over a surface of 100 square leagues, and are a treasure for future ages, for at present the Chileans can only scratch the surface of them.—*American.*

## A striking and beautiful Emblem of Immortality.

The Greeks sculptured the hallowed upon their tomb stones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing its transformation a type of that fatuity 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 each 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.

**DISSENSERS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.**—There are chapels belonging to the Congregationalists, 1,693; Friends, 296; Baptists in England, 1,045; Orthodox Presbyterians, 68; do. Wales, 189; Unitarians, 195; Methodists, 3,911; Roman Catholics, 40; Home Missionary, 24; 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 4,300,000. The above statement shows an increase in the number of dissenters' chapels since 1812, of 4,800.—*Quarterly Observer.*

**EPITAPH.**—The epitaph "My Mother" in Trinity Churchyard, New York, is perhaps, the most touching and appropriate in the language. "Pauvre Marie" in Pere la Claise, at Paris, is very striking. The "Oh! rate Ben Johnson" in Westminster Abbey, has been much commended. In the church De Frati, 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, tolerates no other religion than the Catholic.

**UNITED STATES.**  
**The Great Cheeses.**—We understand that Colonel Meachum's monstrous cheeses have reached the city, and that they will be carried to Masonic Hall, to-day; 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 to 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 reign of Adam, as we verily believe.—*N. Y. Courier.*

**The ship Pennsylvania.**—The line of the 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 erected on the stocks 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 2000 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 24's, 70's, to that every time she discharges a full battery, she will dispose of precisely a ton of bullets to ship make iron bullets for the defence 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 waters.—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 juggling at the capstan to get it up.—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 1822, 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.—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 mere to be compared with the vile chopper commonly seen in the hands of our woodmen;—than a gimlet can be compared to a contraband. 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 skillful 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-swinging axes, is really marvellous; and the axe may rank with mace and staff as one of the three things which have conquered the Western World.

**NECESSITY OF OLD MAIDS.**—The population of Newburyport, Massachusetts, consists of 2781 males, and 3111 females; showing an excess of 1030 females on a population of 6491, in nearly three women to every two men. Why do not these "fairer 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.*







THE OBSERVER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

Not without later intelligence from Europe...

portion of our paper today is occupied with...

the President's Message to the United States Congress...

the language of the President on this subject...

the President's Message to the United States Congress...

the President's Message to the United States Congress...

the President's Message to the United States Congress...

the President's Message to the United States Congress...

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Two of the oxen perished from the cold, and the heads...

The weather since Sunday has become mild and pleasant...

Francis Davidson has been requested to state that the 1st section of a Law...

This is an excellent law, if rigidly enforced, for we have ourselves witnessed many 'hair breadth escapes'...

We are requested to state, that there will be an Examination of the Infant School...

We have learned from an unexceptionable source, that the Post-Office does not consider itself responsible...

The enterprising merchants of Greenock have dispatched a vessel to the coast of Africa...

It appears from a London paper, that the Viceroy of Egypt has employed engineers in boring for water...

A Hint.—A capitalist being asked what he thought of the immense speculations now afoot...

Oliver Newbery has taken the \$100,000 loan proposed by the city of Detroit...

Miss Martineau.—There appears to be a fatality connected with clever English women...

Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, a Van Buren man, was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives...

A public meeting was held at Dalhousie, Gloucester County, on the 18th inst...

On the 6th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Gray, Mr. Benjamin Peck, to Miss Julia Sparks...

In the Parish of St. Patrick, (Charlotte County), on the 14th inst, Mr. James Stewart...

Suddenly, at Penfield, (Charlotte County), on the 6th inst, Mr. Evan Thomas...

ARRIVED. Saturday, sloop Louisa Ann, Faulkner, Boston, 530.

ARRIVED. Monday, brig Wm. G. Holter, Drake, Boston, 530.

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totally lost on Madrague Island, on Sunday 20th inst.—

On Sunday about noon it began to snow, which in the evening turned to rain...

The barque Maria, Atkinson, for London, went ashore on the upper end of Green Island...

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AUCTION SALES.

VALUABLE AUCTION SALE.

TO-MORROW, Wednesday, the 23rd instant, will be sold without reserve...

A VERY beautiful and extensive assortment of FRENCH and ENGLISH GOODS...

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Continuation of text from the previous page, including various notices and advertisements.



