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Weekly Almanack.

November—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sets	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
11 Wednesday - -	6 50	4 39	5 51	morn.
12 Thursday - -	6 51	4 38	6 59	0 42
13 Friday - -	6 53	4 37	8 16	1 31
14 Saturday - -	6 54	4 36	9 36	2 21
15 Sunday - -	6 56	4 35	10 54	3 15
16 Monday - -	6 57	4 34	morn.	4 13
17 Tuesday - -	6 58	4 32	0 8	5 22

Last Quarter, 16th, 4h. 14m. morn.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
Lewis Burns, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
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Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
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NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Connecticut.
Incorporated 1825.
Capital 150,000 Dollars,
With liberty to increase to Half a Million of Dollars.

THE whole of the first named sum, $150,000, is invested in securities, and on the shortest notice could be cashed and applied to the payment of losses.

The subscriber having been appointed Agent for the above Company, will issue Policies for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c. &c., against
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,
at as low rates as any similar institution; and will give personal attention to the survey of premises, &c. in the city, on which Insurance is desired.

Application in writing (post paid) from other parts of the Province, describing the property to be insured, will receive prompt attention—The correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.
W. H. SCOVIL.
St. John, N. B. 3d Sept. 1840.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Marine Assurance Company,
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature;)
CAPITAL, £50,000,
With power to increase to £100,000.

THE above Company having been organized, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, on and after Monday next, the 26th instant, on the most favorable terms.
JAMES KIRK, President.
St. John, 20th June, 1837.

Marine Insurance.

AN Association of Merchants having been formed for the purpose of Insuring *Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights*, have appointed a Committee of the following Gentlemen for the purpose of fixing premiums, arranging and settling losses, &c., viz:—John Duncan, A. S. Perkins, John Hammond, and John Walker, Esquires.
Application to be made to
I. & J. G. WOODWARD, *Brokers.*
☞ Office, Peters' Wharf,
St. John, 21st April, 1840.

Bank of British North America.

NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Branch is now authorised to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank,—

Jamaica, { Kingston, Montego Bay, Falmouth, Savannah-la-mar.

Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad,
Antigua, Dominica, Grenada,
Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts, Saint Vincent,
Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas,
Porto Rico, Saint Croix,

For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.
ROBERT H. LISTON, Manager.
St. John. N. B., 11th August, 1838.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS,
Bookseller, Stationer, and Binder,
West side Cross Street, 4 doors from King Street, St. John, N. B.

IMPORTER and dealer in all kinds of Mercantile Account and other Blank Books; Navigation and School Books, by the most approved authors; Works in the different departments of Literature and Science; Maps, Charts, and Nautical Instruments; Musical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments; fancy Hardware and Cutlery; Fishing Gear; Steel Pens; Ladies' and Gentlemen's fancy Dressing Cases; Work Boxes, Desks, &c. &c.
☞ Books imported to order.

Flour, Meal and Fish.

Ex brig 'Charlotte-Ann,' Vroom, Master, from Philadelphia,—
200 BRLS. RYE *FLOUR*,
150 barrels CORN MEAL,
50 barrels NAVY BREAD,
500 bushels OATS.
—IN STORE—
150 barrels Fine FLOUR,
Landing ex Schr. 'Tripoli':
100 brls. No. 1 Fat Ripped HERRINGS, *(Warranted,)*
150 quintals Pollock FISH.—For sale very low, by THOS. W. ROBERTSON,
Oct. 27.—4w *Ward street.*

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intends leaving in the course of a few weeks for England. All persons indebted to him will please call at his Office and settle. All those to whom he is indebted will please send in their accounts for adjustment. His business on leaving will be left with William Jack, Esq., Attorney and Barrister at Law.
WM S. SANDS
St. John, 22d Sept. 1840

The Garland.

EXPOSTULATION TO SUMMER ON HER PREMATURE DEPARTURE.

BY MR. WESTWOOD.

Summer, queen of beauty,
Wherefore didst thou leave us?
Greeting us with sunny smiles, but only to deceive us;

Scattering all things lovely,
O'er thy bright dominion,
Then with shade eclipsing all from thy departing pinion?

Thou hast left thy flowers
To dull autumn's scorning,
That all tender things doth nip with bitter winds each morning.

See, the rose declineth
From its crimson hue,
And the pale convolvolus has lost its native blue.

All thy favoured blossoms
On the earth are lying,
Ev'n the lily bends its head, low, as if 'twere dying.

And the vine's green clusters,
That thy care so needed,
Hang upon their wither'd stems, ungathered or unheeded.

What hath won thee from us,
With thy glowing hours,
Is it not a pleasant home, this fair land of ours?

It hath grassy meadows,
Where thou well might'st wander,
And green dells and shady woods, if of those thour't fonder.

And clear-flowing waters,
To reflect thy beauty,
And merry birds, to whom thy praise is an accustom'd duty.

"Wherefore didst thou leave us?"
Sadly ask the maiden,
Listening to soft tones no more beneath the boughs scent-laden.

"Wherefore didst thou leave us?"
Cries the child, half weeping—
Prison'd, while the heavy rains the cold earth are steeping.

All things, queen of beauty,
Ask, why thou didst leave us, [us?
Greeting us with sunny smiles, that did so deceive

SABBATH EVE.

How calm, how still, this hallow'd eve!
Methinks the heart might cease to grieve
While gazing on that arch so blue,
With mercy mirror'd in its hue,
And think how short a time may bring
Repose from earthly suffering;
Or lend a wing to mount above
The spheres in which the planets move.

The vesper star begins to beam,
But scarce its image strikes the stream,
For summer's faintness o'er it creeps,
And all its bolder sparkles keeps
Entangled 'mid the misty light
Which fills the azure vault of night,
While earth and sky appear imbued
With the deep soul of solitude.

The day hath pass'd in praise and prayer,
Now evening comes more still and fair;
The holy heavens are free from gloom,
The earth is green and gay with bloom;
The blackbird's whistled note is high,
Ringing in woodland melody;
And though the cushat 'mid the grove
Be plaining, still his plaint is love.

If we could feel as men should feel
When heaven and earth their sweets reveal,
Our selfish sorrows all would cease
On such a solemn eve of peace,
And Nature's stillness would compose
Our souls, and dissipate our woes;
And from our spirits softly call
Pure hopes and thoughts devotional.

Miscellaneous.

From Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

FIRST LOVE.

"Time makes all but True Love cold:
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will but cool."—Campbell.

'Oh, the hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which First Love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste."—Moore.

Love, however modified by time or circumstance, however disguised by cautious prudence or the blending of other passions, is ever natural, the abiding inhabitant of the human heart. It seems its distinguishing characteristic. It displays itself in its most innocent simplicity, in the happy eyes and glad voice and gesture of the infant, when it hears its mother's well-known words of endearment. The school-boy, amid all his frolic, wanderings, and light-hearted carelessness, feels, in every hour in which the buoyancy of his playful spirits permits him to feel, that his home, and the inmates of that home, are dearer to his young heart than words can utter—ay, and not unfrequently, there are some of his playmates the subjects of his fond recollections, even though they have not been among those whose residence was at his father's fire-side. Youth!—that is the reign of love! It would be superfluous to say, that then its trembling and restless glow is the one subduing and engrossing feeling. Ambition may lead the haughty heart of manhood astray; but the hero or the conqueror feels his heart bound, when he lays the trophies he has won at the feet of her before whom he is himself subdued, with a rapture far deeper, purer, even prouder, than it did when his resistless prowess forced Victory to declare the triumph his. Nay, his ambition was love mis-directed, as was proved by the sweet, calm, satisfied thrill that passed through all his frame, and fixed its abode in his delighted heart, when he performed the homage due to his spirits, rightful sovereign. All powers, all passions, become enfeebled by age, with the single exception of love. The heart loves on, though judgment and reason may have departed. Let the dotage of the infirm old man be pardoned, pitied, if you will, but not despised; for it is but a proof that, while the human being exists in life, he cannot cease to love. Infant imbecility may be there; but it is most touching to see that one tenderest, most delicate, and purest passion outliving all of grosser nature, clinging to him, with all its soft human longings and attachments, even in the midst of his decay, & refusing to quit its dwelling in his heart till that heart's feeble flutterings are stilled.

Nor is it less useful to man than permanently abiding. No one can tell what he may be, do, or endure, till the strong spirit of love call him into action or sufferance. Man, in his youth, before his powers and capabilities have been excited, is a mighty magazine of unknown, unawakened power. Love touches the hidden spring; and stirring up all those dormant faculties, sends the gifted being forth into the world, with all his energies aroused, the character of his heart and life indeliblystamped upon his every purpose, prepared to brave, with unshrinking fortitude, every peril which may threaten to obstruct his path, though arrayed in the wildest and most appalling form. And, oh! who could forego the consolation that it pours upon the fainting heart in its hours of sickening despondency? If such its influence upon man, what must it be in woman—that beautiful assemblage of all that is amiable, delicate, refined, and exalted in human nature! In the tender care, the unwearied solicitude of a mother behold its perfection! There it displays a depth and a purity which man may emulate, but can never hope to attain.

But first love has been distinguished by a peculiar disdainfulness of sneer, as if less likely to be true and enduring than that of a more advanced and matured period of life. "Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!" When the heart is young, is it less qualified to receive a deep and an abiding impression than after its trembling sensibilities have been seared, its fresh and dewy purity sullied or departed, and the bright fervour of its morning radiance overcast and darkened? It has been called childish; but are not the feelings and passions of the child the germs of which the out-bidding is to give a shade to the character of the man? Reason says that first love must be the purest; and experience declares that it is the most lasting. To confirm this, it would be enough to appeal to the personal experience of every one—to his own individual feeling—if his heart have not, in his very youth, been deadened by the degrading pursuit of some sordid purpose. Even then, the coldest heart will own that what enchanted its affections when young, left an impression which no subsequent event could ever wholly obliterate.

We have been led into an unwonted degree of prefacing, by a desire to eradicate certain prejudices, ere we proceed to relate an event which one influenced by those prejudices, and a stranger to the reality of the circumstances, might be inclined to think improbable; but some will know to be true. To the latter this prefacing was unnecessary, and might be passed over; the former—if they have not felt, do not feel nor cannot be brought to feel and understand the deep, and engrossing, and abiding power of love, especially of first love—are more to be pitied than envied.

Edward Bruce had been recently united to a most amiable young lady, whose charms both of mind and person had long engaged his tenderest affection. Deep, calm, and unutterable was the happiness which filled his soul in his hours of undisturbed retirement, accompanied by her who was to him a ministering angel of quiet bliss. But, like all earth's happiness, those hours sped fast away. He was one of those gallant men "whose home is on the deep;" and soon, too soon, he received orders to resume his command on board the —— frigate. The call of his king and country could not be heard in vain. He joined the vessel, mastering his feelings as best he might, and showing before his gallant crew no symptoms of backwardness to leave his native land. Indeed it was not possible for a man of such daring courage to look around him upon so many brave fellows, all ready to execute whatever enterprise of peril he should command, and, while he beheld their hardy resolution, still feel sick despondency weighing down his heart. His feelings were partly hid, and partly thrown aside; and he bore himself as became a British seaman. During his cruise, he received one letter from home, telling him that his presence would have been very acceptable, to hail a young stranger whose lineaments bespoke him a Bruce. His young wife had gone to reside with a distant relation till his return. That relation had been some time married, but had as yet no family; and as there had been, even from their earliest years, a very friendly intimacy between her and Mrs. Bruce, she had prevailed upon the latter to reside with her, chiefly with the kind intention of preventing that melancholy into which she appeared so inclined to sink. The affectionate and maternal care of Mrs. Maxwell, the relation alluded to, was of the greatest advantage to the lonely and tender mother. But her chief pleasure was to sit and gaze on her infant son, tracing what she conceived to be his close resemblance to his distant father. That sweet infant was no doubt dear, very dear to its mother's heart, as her own infant; but what was the extent of her love to the father, when every faint resemblance which the lovely innocent bore to him made it doubly dear! Oh, that man could but duly appreciate the deep love of woman!—that he could feel but the hundredth part of that fervent disinterested passion which fills all her soul, and makes her esteem all her sufferings as nothing, if she can but minister to his happiness! Were he but as blessed as he ought to be, in feeling himself the object of such pure attachment, he never could act to woman the mean, the selfish, the ungenerous part that he too often degrades himself by acting. While woman thinks but of him she loves, and makes all her actions, all her wishes, all her thoughts subservient to his happiness, man—proud, selfish, unfeeling man—regards but the gratification of his own desires—his love scarce passes beyond himself; and he seeks but his own happiness in his intercourse with woman. Yet this is too severe and general a censure. Men are not all so; and the wisest, best, and greatest of men, are those who can best estimate the value of woman's gentle, loving heart.

A considerable time had elapsed, and Edward Bruce was shortly expected home from his cruise. His young wife would often pass hours caressing her infant, and telling the unconscious, smiling creature that his father would soon be home to share those sweet infantine looks and embraces. Her life seemed to be wrapt up in her child and the thoughts of her husband and his speedy arrival. Alas! who can foresee the storm that may be gathering and approaching even when the day shines the fairest! Who can tell what sorrow may be impending even when hope smiles and beckons the most alluringly! Even at the time when not a day dawned in which she did not encourage the thought that she might embrace her Edward ere nightfall, she little knew what mournful tidings were at hand. But those tidings came. She received a letter announcing that the —— frigate had captured a French vessel of superior size, after a sharp action, in which considerable loss had been suffered on both sides—that the brave Captain Bruce had been mortally wounded in leading the boarding party, and had survived the engagement but a few hours. The dismal intelligence smote the tender affectionate wife, as the chill and untimely winter gale smites the delicate unsheltered floweret, and withers up its source of life. She did not long survive, she could not: Her grief was too deep to be violent in its expression; but while she sat alone, or at least in unbroken silence, her low, soft sigh, growing gradually weaker, seemed to be the passing away of her spirit; and, in spite of her fond love for her dear babe, she sank to the tomb. Before her death, she saw her infant cradled in the bosom of Mrs. Maxwell, and heard her fervent assurance that he should be to her as a son. She looked a grateful mother's blessing upon them, for she could not speak, and, after a faint struggle, her earthly troubles ended.

Rather more than two years had elapsed since the melancholy events which have been briefly related, and Henry Bruce had become a gay happy prattler, the favorite of every one, and the peculiar delight of Mrs. Maxwell, his mother by adoption, when her secret wishes were at length gratified, and she pressed to her bosom a lovely daughter. Though she now felt that deep full throb of the heart which none but a mother can ever feel when enfolding her own offspring in her arms, she forgot not Henry Bruce. She had loved him too long and too fondly to be able to lay aside her confirmed affection for a child so engaging, and what, to a female heart, is a still stronger recommendation, so lone and unfriended. He, therefore, though no longer the sole object of her attention, experienced no neglect; and, as he had been accustomed to call Mrs. Maxwell "Mother," he soon learned to love the little baby with all the tenderness of brotherly affection.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to trace the progress of the children through the years of their unconscious infancy. Suffice it to say that, as they advanced in years and in growth, Henry became the constant companion, and in some measure the protector of his little friend, Fanny Maxwell. In all their times of recreation, they were almost constantly together; and if by any chance they were separated, when they again met they had so much to tell each other of what they had seen and done, that such little intervals served only to make their friendship for each other the stronger, and their pleasure in each other's company the more intense. They lived like brother and sister; and it was indeed many years ere they knew that they were not really so.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE ARMY.

From the Canton Press.

The arms and accoutrements of this formidable host are of the most simple nature. A soldier wears an ordinary jacket with a border round, the colour of which determines the division to which he belongs, whilst the name of the division is written in front, and on his back. And if he can afford it, he buys gaiters and a pair of shoes and stockings, but these are not indispensable articles to wear. Instead of a knapsack, he only encumbers himself with a canvas bag, into which he puts all his valuables and provisions, and the cartridge-box, a small cotton pouch, he wears in front, so that during the firing he is in great danger of explosion, a misfortune which has happened very frequently. His cap, if he has any at all, is of a longitudinal shape, with a small red tassel. The jackets are of all possible colours, blue, red, yellow and white; nor are they so very nice in these distinctions, as the European barbarians. The ancient Chinese were very fond of wearing armour, and, in modern times, a few of the *elite* have retained the custom; it is only, however, on occasions of great state that they appear fully dressed. The uniform of the cavalry does not differ from that of the infantry; they ride on very clumsy saddles, and use immense stirrups, without spurs. As for the officers, they wear long robes either of silk or fur, and their dress is distinguished from that of the civilians solely by the embroidery in front and behind of some fierce animal like a tiger, lion, or griffin. All have a ring on the thumb to assist them in drawing the bow, and this may be considered as the generic badge of the profession. Every one of them on occasions of state slings a bow round his neck, and girds on a sword, the former being the natural companion of every warrior. They delight in the grotesque, and are fond of painting tiger heads on the gates of forts, their sideboards, vessels, and, in fact, where a place is found which can be garnished with a head. Whosoever can procure a tiger skin sleeps and sits upon it; they grind the bones, which are imported from the southern Asia in great quantities, and make jelly of them, which is a most delicious repast, whilst the greatest tit bit a great officer can partake of is the gall, and all this is for the sake of inspiring him with tiger-like courage. They even dress the privates in imitation of the terrible animal, but in this case they do not use real skins, but only dotted cloth. Such a corps looks really formidable, and would perhaps inspire terror to whizzing grapeshot, if the latter could be stopped in its flight.

The arms are the pike, lance, spear, halfmoon with hooks and various other implements, double swords, the bow and matchlock. Of the former there exists a very great variety, and they become dangerous weapons in a close engagement. The swords are badly tempered and next to useless, yet the sons of Ham have an advantage over all barbarians for they fight with two. Not satisfied with carrying on the work of slaughter with one hand, they draw doth and go on fencing till their antagonist is out of breath. They are very great adepts in the use of the bow, and opposed to any archers of the nomadic tribes, they have invariably in a pitched battle gained the advantage. Their matchlocks are of the worst description, the barrel being cast and the touch hole very large, so that no reliance can be placed on their hitting qualities. The soldiers are averse to their use on account of the many accidents that continually occur, and a brave man looks behind him whenever he takes aim to preserve his eyesight for a future occasion. Notwithstanding the reiterated orders of introducing fire-arms generally, the bow is still retained as the principal implement of war. Shields, made of rattan wicker-wood, are universally in use, and afford excellent protection against arrows. Soldiers do not encumber themselves with a variety of arms; there are pike-men, swords-men, archers, and matchlock-men, each of whom has only one weapon, and no other. When drawn up in full array they look the most motley group upon which the eyes can be set. We have heard them compared with the military of the middle ages; but if the knights and their retainers made as sorry appearance as the warriors of the Celestial Empire, all the glowing description of helmet, breast-plate, and lance, with which the chronicles of chivalric lore abound, seem sadly misapplied.

The cannons are of the most varied calibre. Some are so small that they are carried on men's shoulders, and placed on a stand, whenever they are to be used. This is the flying artillery of the Celestial Empire. The Chinese have managed to cast immense pieces, which would match with our forty-eight pounders, and have in fact manifold variations of this instrument of destruction.—They do not understand how to bore them, but the body is ready cast of iron with many pores and oftened honey-combed so that they frequently burst. The touchhole is moreover too large, and the whole without mathematical proportion, and of course not able to maintain a well directed fire. Instead of balls they often use stones or pieces of iron of every possible shape. They also avail themselves of grapeshot, rockets, and granades, which on account of their clumsy make prove almost harmless.

The gong and a small drum are the principal instruments for encouraging the soldiers to make an attack. The latter emitting a deafening noise, is well calculated to rouse martial ardour. They have also horns which sound like conches, but are not frequently blown.

The army is divided into 5, 10, and 100, and these again in battalions, camps, brigades, and divisions, rather different from what we are accustomed to. They do not march in those ranks, nor wheel round and draw up like our soldiers, nor can they be said properly to march. In fact they walk as they best can, without putting themselves to any inconvenience, and in time of need they run in a trot, and whoever is the foremost is the bravest.

The Chinese have a great variety of works upon tactics, and they have the advantage of containing the experiments made during the space of two thousand years, and if the officers by studying them do not become the first-rate tacticians, there will never another be found anywhere. The great art consists in drawing up from 10 to 100 men in a circle, and making them move about in all possible directions so as to annoy the enemy in front and rear. The whole army is divided into van, centre, and rear, and each part consists of a number of these subdivisions. At each of these circles stand several standard bearers, who indicate the movements by their flags. They fall down, rise again, jump forward, yell, strike the gong, form again, then hollow out, and thus proceed to intimidate the enemy. It is also customary that the bravest ride before the ranks, and after having soundly abused their antagonist, they challenge the strongest to single combat. This offer decides the whole battle; and the party whose champion is beaten, thinks it only proper to retreat in disorder, to be cut up piecemeal. Engagements were masses fight are unknown, and the whole art of extermination is reduced to mere skermishing.

The army is raised from the off-spring of the soldiers, who are almost all married. It is rather an opprobium to be a soldier, and the very name of Laou-tseang is enough to fill people with aversion, so that no honest man would enlist. As the army are very badly paid, the privates are obliged to shift for themselves as well as they can. They generally understand some craft or other, and are frequently engaged in husbandry. Every province has some lands which are either cultivated by the military or let for their own advantage. The most propitious time, however, for these heroes is, when they are on actual service. Then they find some opportunity for squeezing and robbing, and their numbers ensure to them always impunity. Hence the terror awakened amongst the peaceful inhabitants at the sight of the the defenders of the country, for they are privileged marauders.

Every private may become an officer, and the greater mandarins have risen from the ranks. The qualifications for advancement are a thorough knowledge of archery, running, jumping, and a general knowledge of tactics. It is surprising how ignorant the officers in general are, though there are regular examinations instituted, to enable them to obtain a degree. Once advanced, they are promoted by slow steps, and though merit constitutes the sole cause, yet money is a still more important article, and one may buy a commission at once. As, however, the situations are by no means very lucrative, and are retained with considerable risk, there is little ambition shown to rise in the service by paying sums.

As a whole, the Chinese army is unique in its kind, and time will show of what stuff the men are made, who, according to their own statement keep all nations in subjection.

HOLLAND.

A letter from the Hague contains the following particulars of the ceremonial attending the abdication of the King of Holland:—"The abdication took place at twelve o'clock. King William I. was seated in the large hall of the Palace at a table, having on his right the hereditary Prince of Orange and Prince Alexander, and on his left Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. Opposite to his Majesty sat the Secretary of State, M. Van Doorn. Next to Prince Alexander were stationed the several Ministers, according to their seniority in service. The rest of the table was surrounded by the members of the Council of State, according to their seniority, the youngest being only separated from Prince Frederick by M. Stifft, the Referendary for the affairs of Luxemburg. When all present were seated, his Majesty William I. made known his intention to abdicate the crown, and transfer it to his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange. The King then desired the Secretary of State to read the Act of Abdication, which being finished, his Majesty signed two acts, one for the Netherlands, and the other for the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, with a firm hand. These acts were also signed by all the princes, ministers, and members of the Council of State there present. After this ceremony, the King, in concise terms, thanked all the functionaries present for the counsel and advice they had given him for so long a period. He then announced, that in future he should bear the title of King William Frederick, Count of Nassau, the last title being in honour of his illustrious house. During the whole of the solemnity the most profound silence reigned in the hall, and when his Majesty had finished his address every one retired. The King and the Princes afterwards dined together *en famille*, not a chamberlain nor an adjutant being present."

The ex-King is in his 68th year, and was crowned on the 21st Sept. 1815. He was at the battle of Jena, in which he was taken prisoner by the French; was afterwards at the battle of Wagram in 1809.

The Prince of Orange, now William II. is 48 years old, having been born on the 6th December, 1792.

WHERE AND WHAT IS BEYROUT?

Beyrout, or *Bairout*, is the ancient Beryta, which was originally colonized from Sidon. In 566 the town was destroyed by an earthquake. It was no sooner rebuilt than it had to sustain a lengthened siege by the Saracens, who finally obtained possession of it. It subsequently fell into the power of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem; but in 1111 Saladin succeeded in driving all the Christians out of it. After a frequent change of masters, Beyrout at length became the residence of the Emir Fakir Eddyn, Prince of the Druses, who perished there in defending his dominions against the powerful Amurath IV. Since that period Beyrout has constantly belonged, although usurped by the Egyptians, to the Ottoman empire. It was the principal trading port of the central part of Syria, and the point by which Damascus, the *entrepot* of Europe and Asia, received all its merchandise, and to which it directed all its expeditions. Its population is 12,000; its commerce worth £200,000; its means of defence seaward were a small fort, some batteries constructed on the mole by which the port is sheltered, a small bastion, and fortified gates. Landward, the sole fortification is a wall flanked by towers, to which a few intrenchments were recently added by the orders of Solyman Bey.

The Jews of Damascus, nine in number, who were in prison on a charge of murdering father Thomas, were released on 7th Sept. They proceeded, with a vast concourse, to the Temple, to offer up thanks to God and prayers for Mehemet Ali. The Musselmans of Damascus approve the justice and humanity of the Pacha in this step. Sir Moses Montefiore and the Jewish mission of mercy are returning to England, with the consolation that, if political circumstances have prevented their proceeding to Damascus, and in open court demonstrating the innocence of the accused, they have at least obtained their liberation, saved nine lives, and perhaps, by their representations, abolished for ever the use of torture in the East.

Steam-vessels.—The numerous steamers which trade between the port of London and various places could be made available for the purposes of war at a very short notice, and if only one-third of the steam-ships belonging to the river Thames were to be armed, and provided with ammunition, in the event of hostilities commencing, a powerful fleet could be sent against the enemy, while their captains and crews, from their knowledge of the English, Dutch, and French coasts, the channel, &c., would be very serviceable. The admiralty have had their attention drawn to this, and have been recently making inquiries into the condition of the steam-vessels, and their capabilities for war, for which it appears that the various companies, without any interruption to their general trade, could provide 50 steam-vessels of from 200 to 1,200 tons burthen, which, in three weeks, could be converted into men of war. The General Steam Navigation Company have the largest fleet of any trading community in Europe, amounting in all to 40 sail, and among them are many splendid vessels, including the Monarch, equal to any steam-ship in her Majesty's service; the Clarence, Giraffe, Ocean, Neptune, Britannia, Countess of Lonsdale, Attwood, Soho, and others, which could easily be converted into war steamers, and make a very formidable display. We believe the General Steam Navigation Company have intimated to the Government that they could provide them with a dozen large steam-ships on an emergency, and from this it will be seen that the port of London alone, independent of Liverpool, Hull, Glasgow, and other places, could furnish steam-vessels sufficient for the navy if Great Britain should be called upon to defend herself against foreign aggressions.

The Remains of Napoleon.—The expense of transporting the Emperor's remains from Courbevoie to the Hotel des Invalides is estimated at several millions of francs. Immense preparations are on foot. The vessel carrying the coffin will arrive at Courbevoie. A triumphal arch will be there erected to receive the Imperial remains, and this ceremony will take place with the utmost pomp. The *cortege* will enter Paris by the Barriere de l'Etoile and the Champs Elysees. Benches will be erected on the line of passage, right and left, and covered with magnificent draperies. In front of the Invalides, a new road will be opened to receive the procession, and for this purpose a number of trees will come down. To aid the perspective, a flying bridge will be constructed, and will afterwards be taken down. The immense court of Invalides will be entirely covered, and hung with velvet of violet colour (the characteristic hue of Royal mourning), and will likewise be transformed, by the aid of a vast number of wax lights, into an enormous *chapelle ardente*. Twenty-four white horses of an excellent breed have been imported from Germany, and by these the hearse will be drawn.

The Electric Telegraph.—This apparatus was called into action last week on the Great Western Railway, in consequence of an Irish gentleman having left, at one of the stations fifty or sixty miles from London, his great coat, containing a very valuable snuff-box. On arriving in London he made known his case. The telegraph was set to work, and in three hours he was in possession of his coat. On receiving it he exclaimed—"By the powers, I may tell this story in Cork, but who will believe it?"

Novel Rat-Trap.—Take a barrel, and stretch a skin of parchment over it with a string; cut it across and athwart, nearly to the outside. Take some dripping, and mix it with meal; smear it on the middle of the parchment. The rats will smell it, and treading on the parchment, it will give way, and they will fall into the water in the barrel. Put a plank for them to creep up to the barrel's brink, outside, and strew some oatmeal on it. You must not let the water be too deep, but set a brick endways in it, and the first rat that is caught will make anoise, which will entice more, so that they will fight for possession of the brick, and the noise will draw others. Thus, in one night, the house may be cleared of rats, be they never so many.—*English Paper.*

Cure for Squinting.—On Tuesday morning *forty-three* persons submitted to the operation at the Infirmary, for the cure of squinting. Persons are to be seen in the very part of the town, with a bandage over one of their eyes, who have undergone the operation.—*Derby Reporter.*

Dancing.—Swift called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue; for when Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday; while they were dancing, a Chinese, who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

Mode of Burial in Greenland.—In Greenland, the dead are buried in a sitting posture, dressed in their best clothes. As the earth is shallow or frozen, they build tombs of stone, and cover the body with plates of mica slate or clay slate, to preserve it from carnivorous animals. The kayak and hunting instruments of the deceased, are placed at the side of the grave, and they put a dog's head into that of a child, in order that its spirit may guide the helpless infant to the land of souls. On their return to the house, they continue their lamentation in a sort of monotonous howl, at the conclusion of which some refreshment is taken, and each departs to his own dwelling.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*