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Weekly Almanack.

November—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
18 Wednesday - -	6 59	4 31	1 18	6 33
19 Thursday - -	7 0	4 30	2 27	7 33
20 Friday - -	7 1	4 29	3 34	8 33
21 Saturday - -	7 3	4 28	4 41	9 18
22 Sunday - -	7 4	4 27	5 49	9 58
23 Monday - -	7 6	4 27	Sets.	10 37
24 Tuesday - -	7 7	4 26	4 22	11 15

New Moon 23d, 9h. 33m. even.

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.
Alfred Smithers, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for November,
A. S. PERKINS, JOHN WALKER, R. KELTIE.
☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

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.*

The Garland.

From the London "Forget-me-Not," for 1841.

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

What's a fair or noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see!
Eyes may catch from Heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby's light recall;
In the Home for Love to dwell
One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me Virtue's rose to trace,
Honor's kindling glance and mein;
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty is where these are seen!
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall;
In the Home for Love we know
One good feeling's worth them all.

From the Quebec Gazette.

The book which we value the highest, among the profane volumes, after Don Quixotte, is a book of old Scottish Songs. They give a true picture of human nature, in all ages and conditions of society, painted from life, by first masters. "Jennie's Bawbee" is a correct representation of the character and pretensions of most suitors for favour, whether it be the hand of a wealthy damsel, the confidence of parliamentary electors, or places under Government. The following is a genuine copy of the old song, written by Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., extracted from Thomson's "Select Melodies of Scotland":—

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

Tune—*Jenny's Bawbee.*

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see?
Quo' he ilk cream faced pawky chiel,
Thought he was cunning as the deil,
And here they cam, awa to steil
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,
March'd roun' the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's Bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin gab,
Wha speeches wove like onylweb,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown
But now he thought to clout his goun
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsend nag and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my breast,lad,baud the gaup,
Or tie it till a tree:
What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'!
Bestow on ane o' worth, your han'!"—
He thought to pay what he was *awn*
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,
A thing came neist, (but life has rubs,)
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Soger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig.
The Fool he cried, "Tehee!
I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him in the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Miscellaneous.

FIRST LOVE.

(Continued.)

From the time when Henry Bruce first learned whose son he was, and what had been the fate of his gallant father and tender mother, a very striking alteration seemed to have taken place in all his manner. Much of his childish and careless playfulness at once forsook him; and he seemed to have made an advance in mind beyond what could have been expected from his years. Yet he was not the less tender and attentive to his little sister Fanny, as he persisted fondly in calling her. He was still young; and the thought had never once entered the mind either of Mr. or Mrs. Maxwell, that the pensive boy could have begun to reflect upon the peculiarities of his situation. They remarked, indeed, that he seemed to delight in being alone more than he had used to do; and, had they been awake to suspicious observation, they might have perceived more tenderness, mixed with reserve, in his behaviour towards Fanny. Not that he loved her less, nor even that he loved her more; but, when he thought of her as not his sister, he feared to lose her love, and at the same time, doubted that his wonted familiarity wanted now the sanction of so near and dear a relationship. Such thoughts rolled at times over his mind, like the clouds of evening over the still skies; and like those clouds which serve as materials to receive and display the glorious, the inimitable tints shed over them by the sun, they received, modified and reflected, the bright or wild colouring of his imagination. A romantic and imaginative cast of thought gradually took possession of his mind, and called forth a train of sensibilities which might otherwise have lain dormant in the unexplored recesses of his heart. The time of boyhood had scarcely passed away; but his playfulness was gone—at least such exuberant playfulness as boys of his age generally display. To wander alone in the deepening twilight, beneath the shade of the branching oaks, listening to the sad music of the increasing gale, as its moans announced the coming tempest—to recline in some shady nook where not a sunbeam could penetrate the arching boughs, while the ceaseless murmurs of the rivulet gliding past induced a listless dreaminess of mind—or to stand upon the bursting brink of some cataract, watching the little floweret, as its bending head, surcharged with the spray of the foamy wave, hung trembling over it—these were dear to him. But, dearer far than all these solitary enjoyments, was it to roam abroad, be where it might, if accompanied by Fanny Maxwell. The song of the evening birds was then most sweet—the tints of the curtained twilight most purely ethereal—the sound of the evening gale, though plaintive, spoke not of wo—the murmurings of the brook were the faint notes of half-heard music—and even the roar of the waterfall, though still solemn and capable of exciting a deep emotion, was to his awakened and delighted soul, the majestic voice of a power whose utterings had commenced with creation, and would continue unweakened so long as the world should endure. Fanny Maxwell could perceive and appreciate the romantic and poetical feelings which at such times took possession of Henry's soul. But, with the gay toying of a lively, happy girl, she used to take pleasure in interrupting his pensive moods by some frivolous remark or unimportant request. She would command him to gather her wild flowers and wreathe them into a garland befitting her dignity as the nymph of so beautiful a glen and stream. Often would she lay her sovereign mandate upon him to celebrate her in his lays; for the deep feelings which had been aroused in his heart, had impelled him to give them their appropriate measure and expression, and had taught him to clothe his thoughts in verse.

So glided on their days, till Henry Bruce had reached his seventeenth year, and Fanny Maxwell was approaching her fifteenth. Their intercourse had, by insensible degrees, become less frequent and less unrestrained. The sense of maidenly delicacy had told the innocent girl that, though there was no actual harm, there might be impropriety in such free intimacy with a youth who, though bred up with her from infancy, she knew was not her brother. Yet the reserve which began to be observed by both had in it nothing of coldness. Henry felt in his own breast a sensation to which he could not, dared not give utterance, when roaming with Fanny Maxwell beneath the trees of the old grove in the quiet moonshine. Such roamings, it is true, were most delightful; but they were accompanied by a strange feeling of embarrassment which told him that they ought not to be frequent. His heart, however, would have inclined him to indulge in them much oftener than he did, had not the superior delicacy of the lovely girl furnished a powerful check. She could have depended upon the honor of Henry Bruce for the protection of her life and all that was dearest to her, without the slightest hesitation; yet she felt that the days of childish freedom were gone, and that she could no longer roam at all times, accompanied solely by one whose presence awoke a strange fluttering in her guileless heart. In short, though no words of love, nothing that could bear the least reference to that passion, had ever been breathed by Henry, he had for some time been conscious that the beautiful, the graceful form of Fanny Maxwell: her soft, sweet-toned voice; the gentle, yet eloquent expression of her lovely face; the dewy light of her mild brown eye, bright as the star of evening when the ruddy tinge of the setting sun has not yet forsaken the heavens—all had a subduing, a fascinating influence over his soul, which it were vain to attempt describing, and as vain to endeavour to resist. Perhaps he might have perceived the similar embarrassment of her manner; but he never could have had the confidence to interpret it in his favour. Shyness, delicacy, dislike, would have been more probably the construction he would have put upon the cause of such reserve; but his own backward and unassuming manner prevented him from making any such observations. The truth is, that a young, tender, and deeply seated passion had taken possession of his heart, perhaps of hers also; but the natural delicacy of woman, which makes her shrink from investigating much of her own feelings, had drawn a veil over those secret workings of that silent, insinuating passion. An untold, unexamined affection had united the hidden pulsations of their hearts, in their unsullied innocence; and though not a word or look, scarce even a sigh, in unison, had divulged that attachment, it dwelt in the bosoms of both, with a warmth which neither had dared to think or to acknowledge.

Henry Bruce was now arrived at that period of life when it becomes necessary for a young man to mingle in the affairs of the world, and pursue some occupation or profession. Several times had he hinted something to that effect in the hearing of Mr. Maxwell, and had declared that his choice would be to enter the navy, and lead the life his father had led. Against this choice all lent their persuasions; and at length their joint entreaties prevailed. He could not, however, be persuded to embrace some peaceful, but less dignified profession, and remain at home, or at least in Britain. He would relinquish his desire to enter the navy, only if an honorable post in the army should be procured; and though this also was against their wishes, yet, thinking there was less imminent peril on land than on sea, exposed alike to the foe and the storm, they assented to his latter choice, and immediately took the necessary steps to procure him a commission. The time of his departure was not yet fixed, though it was certain that it could not be distant, when Fanny Maxwell was seized with an illness that threatened to be of some continuance, if not of immediate danger. Without suffering violent distress, she became gradually weaker, till, at length, the gentle girl was scarcely able to leave her room. This was most afflicting to the heart of poor Henry, especially in the prospect of an early departure. He could not and he would not think that death could lay his cold hand on so lovely, so amiable a being; yet, when he thought on his departure, and the probable duration of his absence, and looked upon the pale cheek of the still lovely though fading girl, or heard the low and somewhat enfeebled tone of her sweet mild voice, a dark thought—too dark for words to express—came over his mind, and his very soul was blackened with dismal bodings, which he would not credit, but could not chase away. Aware, however, that the health of the body is much influenced by the state of the mind, he often endeavoured to give a lively turn to the conversation in her presence, and his words were often cheerful, while his heart was sick with doubt and wo. He was not one of those who think every reference to mind, to spirit, to religion is necessarily gloomy, and should be sedulously avoided in the company of a person in delicate health; but neither did he think a feeble state of body the most favorable time for agitating the mind with sterner views and doctrines, which some at such seasons, so incessantly urge. He endeavoured to steer a middle course. He clothed what inspiring religious hopes he wished to bring before her mind in the attire of imagination; and he gave to the language of imagination the spirit of a cheerful religion, such as might at once excite the feelings and encourage the soul, and thus call forth fresh energy in the whole frame. For this purpose, he invoked his muse, as poets say, and among others, one day produced the following verses, in which he endeavored to lead the steps of fancy into the path of religious hope:

TO A TENDER HUMAN BLOSSOM.

Fairest floweret! why so pale?
Why has thy spring bloom fled?
Whence breathed the chilly gale
That smote thy drooping head?
Did the dank dew-frosts o'er thee fall,
Blighting thy unblown beauties all?

Where slept the young spring gales?
Amid what leafy bowers?
Down what retiring vales,
Toying with early flowers?—
Where roamed, where loiter'd they, when thou
Bent, vainly bent, thy suppliant brow?

And have they left thee all?
And must thy bloom decay—
Thy fair weeds droop and fall,
Before the morn of May?—
Thy parent stem hangs darkly o'er
Its bosom gem—a gem no more?

No! lift thy drooping brow;—
The blight shall pass away—
The chill that binds thee now
Dissolve in brighter day!
To thee, young lovely flower, be given,
Strength, life, light, from the founts of Heaven!

Once or twice, his voice faltered as he read; and when he concluded, a slight tinge of confusion reddened his cheek; but he remained silent. At length, with a gentle smile, Fanny observed that she supposed he assumed the right of a poet to understand the language of flowers, and also of a second-sighted person, to foretell future events; and really she could have no objections to his elegant and complimentary gallantry in the one character, nor to the propitious spirit of his agreeable predictions in the other, unlike many of his brethren of the second-sight. To this, he stammered out some commonplace reply: and the conversation soon took a direction less interesting and less dangerous. This interview was decisive as to the state of his heart. The thought of departure from the home and the friends of his youth, had already predisposed his mind to the reception and developement of every tender affection. Love had, indeed, long held his heart bound in a soft, silken captivity, so gentle and so sweet that he scarcely felt its mild thraldrom; but her illness occurring at that time when the feelings of his mind were excited into more than their usual sensibility, called forth the deep secret of his soul, and compelled the awakened affections to display themselves in that character which they had been long silently acquiring.

The time was fast approaching when his departure must take place; but, meanwhile, he had the happiness to observe that a perceptible improvement had commenced in Fanny's state of health. This was a greater source of consolation to his heart than he ventured to express. It was to him the first forming radience of hope's bright arch of promise, gilding the gloom of a dark cloud with an enlivening and cheering splendor. In the midst of his secret happiness, the day came—that day of first departure from the home of his infancy and boyhood, which awakens a pang that can never come but once to any in its power and untried depth. Why should I attempt to describe it? A few there may be who have never felt it—to them any description would be unintelligible; but many have felt it deeply, and perhaps the hearts of some are yet throbbing freshly with its pang—them I would spare the renewal of a pang so severe. To this sore agony of bereavement—this uprooting of the being from it natal soil, which all who have the blessing or the misery of possessing sensitive hearts must once suffer—was added another of a peculiar nature. The panting, fluttering, and glowing agitation of his heart, was now no longer an ambiguous feeling. He was compelled to know that he, in reality, loved Fanny Maxwell; yet he left her without venturing to make mention of his love, without having the confidence to make one effort to obtain one ground of hope to soothe him in his absence.

The departure of Henry Bruce occasioned a deep and saddening blank in Mr. Maxwell's family, which continued to be felt many a weary day. Fanny Maxwell, forgetting at times the cause of his absence, expressed her surprise where he might be, till the recollection of his distant and perilous pursuits came darkly upon her mind; and she could not avoid paying the tribute of a tender sigh to the memory of her earliest friend, the playmate of her infancy. A month passed over slowly, laden as it appeared, with an uncommon weight of loneliness, and the disappointed expectation of hearing from Henry. Another and another rolled their course; a year completed its round, and yet they had never heard whether he were still alive. They began to think he must either have fallen on some early field—as many youthful heroes close their brief career—or that he had forgot the home and friends of his youth. No intelligence came to account for his protracted silence, or to mention that he still existed, even during another year; and, though he sometimes was present to the recollections of those who had known and loved him so long, such times began to come rarely; and when they did, to be accompanied either with somewhat of a careless wondering what might have been his fate, or the expression of a firm persuasion that he had long ago filled the measure of his days. In the mind of Fanny Maxwell there still remained a kind of lingering regret that he had so soon and so entirely disappeared; mixed with an unowned feeling of dissatisfaction at his conduct, if he should still survive. At times she would blame herself that she could permit a single unkind thought to enter her mind concerning one for whom her heart, in its season of guileless youth, had felt all a sister's attachment, if not of a more tender and passionate nature. She thought that it was ungenerous in her to forget him; yet she could not avoid the consciousness that he was in so far forgot that it required an effort to recall him to her memory. Often, however, she excused herself with the reflection that she had no certain grounds for believing that he had ever thought of her otherwise than as his sister: and that all the tenderness he had shown, all the emotion he had appeared to feel, might have only been the natural expression of a mind full of romantic ardor and poetic sensibility, such as she well knew his to be. Then came a feeling of female pride, and she chid her heart that she could yet think so much of a person who, perhaps, had never once bestowed a thought upon her, since the day on which he bade her farewell. A third year passed over, and Henry Bruce was but occasionally remembered, like one who has been a long time dead. The mention of his name, might indeed, chance to call forth the tribute of a sigh, like that which is paid to the memory of the departed; but it dwelt not on the mind, nor awoke other than vague and evanescent feelings, indistinct as clouds of light floating mist, and passing away as soon. In short, he was all but forgotten, even by those who had been to him a mother and sister.

The fourth year since Henry Bruce had ceased to be an inmate in the retired dwelling of Mr. Maxwell had commenced; and now, even the neighbouring cottagers had nearly lost all recollection of the lonely but amiable boy, whose story they all knew, and whom they loved so well; and yet it is well known that of any class of people that ever existed, Scottish cottagers are the most steadily tenacious in preserving their affection for those whom they have known and loved. The simplicity and purity of their character gives depth and tenderness to their attachments; and they are little exposed to such circumstances as might tend to banish their recollections of old friends by the introduction of new. [*To be continued.*]

THE NELSON MEMORIAL.

Wednesday afternoon the foundation stone of this national tribute to the memory of one of the greatest naval heroes that this or any other country ever gave birth to, was laid on the site in Trafalgar-square, presented to the committee by Her Majesty's Government, for the purpose of commemorating the many brilliant achievements of that gallant and victorious commander of the British Fleets—the immortal Nelson. The proceedings were conducted in a private manner, owing to the noblemen and gentlemen comprising the committee being absent from town, and this was done in order that the work might not be delayed. C. D. Scott, Esq., the honorary secretary of the committee, officiated on the occasion. At half-past four o'clock, after the arrangement of the numerous preliminaries, a massive block of Dartmoor stone, weighing 14 tons, was raised, and Mr. Scott then placed in a bottle, which he hermetically sealed, the various coins of the realm, from a sovereign to a silver penny, which have been struck during the reign of her Majesty the Queen, a list of the distinguished members of the committee and trustees, together with a statement of their proceedings, in connection with the commencement of this work, and also the following inscription engrossed on vellum:—

"MEMORIAL OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE LATE ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

"At a general meeting, held at the Thatched House, St. James's street, on Thursday, Feb. 22, 1838—Resolved,—That this meeting, impressed with the deepest veneration for the memory of Lord Nelson, propose that a general subscription be raised for the purpose of erecting a national monument in a conspicuous part of this metropolis, in commemoration of his glorious achievements. Resolved,—That the following noblemen and gentlemen, with power to add to their number, be the committee to carry this object into effect."—[Names omitted.]

INSCRIPTION.

"The foundation stone of this column, the tribute of the British people to the memory of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, was laid on the thirtieth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, and the fourth year of the reign of Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, by Charles Davidson Scott, Esq., son of John Scott, Esq., secretary to the departed hero, wh fell with his lordship on board the Victory, in the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar, on the twenty-first day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and five, when Divine Providence blessed the fleet under his command with the most signal and decisive victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain.

HIS MEMORY SHALL ENDURE WHEN THIS COLUMN SHALL HAVE PERISHED.

"The column was erected by Messrs. Grissel and Peto, from the designs and under the immediate superintendence of William Railton, Esq.

The bottle containing the coins and inscriptions was here inserted, by Mr. Scott, in a cavity in the foundation under the stone, where, in all human probability, it will remain undisturbed for very many centuries; and the block was then lowered to its resting-place amidst the cheers of those present. The usual formula connected with proceedings of this nature were then gone through by Mr. Scott, and this portion of the work completed to the intent and meaning of the following masonic grace:—

"May the work thus commenced in harmony be conducted in order, and concluded in peace."

The following particulars relative to this monument were incidentally collected on the ground:—The pedestal, having on its four sides *bassi relievi* of Nelson's four principal engagements—viz. St. Vincent, Copenhagen, Nile, and Trafalgar, is raised on a flight of 12 steps, at the angles of which latter are lions in a recumbent position. The order of the column is Corinthian. The capital is taken from the bold and simple example of Mars Ultor, at Rome; and on each side of it is introduced a figure of Victory. On the capital is a circular pedestal, ornamented with a wreath of laurel and lions' heads, and surmounted by a statue of Nelson, 17 feet in height. The shaft of the column is fluted. Its base is richly ornamented. The lower part with a cable, and the upper with oak leaves. The total height of the column is 120 feet, and the diameter 11 feet 6 inches. The whole of the column is of solid granite from the Fogginton quarries at Dartmoor. The average weight of each block is nine tons. It would appear that a column, by affording an opportunity for the combined efforts of the architect and sculptor, would produce both near and distant effects, and being in keeping with the surrounding buildings, would tend more than any other species of monument to bring the entire scene into general harmony, without in the slightest degree destroying the effect of any portion of it. Among the ancients, this style of monument was very generally used; in the former obelisks, in the latter columns; and while it possesses, in common with others, the means of identifying it with the subject to which it relates, it is at the same time well calculated to pourtray to posterity the progress of two sister arts at this period of the nineteenth century. The Corinthian order, being the most lofty and elegant in its proportions, and having never been used in England for this purpose, has been adopted in the present design.

Steam Navigation.—It is remarkable that this science did not for many years after its invention and application, make such progress as one would conceive its palpable merits and advantages entitled it to. It was not until the year 1828 that the Navy of England possessed a single steam-vessel, and in 1835 we had only twenty-one, of the aggregate of 3000 horse-power. From this date this species of force has multiplied greatly, and now amounts to nearly eighty, under the pendant of 11,000 or 12,000 horse power. France, by arming her packets makes considerable display; but her resources for increasing this force on emergency are feeble as compared with our own, for the mercantile steam tonnage of the United Kingdom, progressing as it is in a prodigious ratio, presents the most stupendous element of naval power (by giving facility of operations) that the world has ever witnessed. We recollect when the expedition for the attack of Copenhagen was projected, in 1807,—the completest and best appointed expedition that ever England sent forth,—although preparations were commenced in March it was not until so late in the season as 26th of July that the first division of the fleet sailed from Yarmouth Roads, leaving but little time to execute the objects of the campaign before the winter season set in. Now England at this moment possesses such an amount of steam tonnage, (according to the last official returns published, 810 vessels, 157,840 tons, 63,250 horse-power,) that a portion of it could convey the necessary troops, with all the usual appendages, and tow a squadron of ships-of-war to the scene of action, in less than one quarter of the time occupied in the former expedition, should circumstances ever render it necessary for us to occupy the Island of Zealand, or any post in the Baltic. The fact is, that steam navigation, not only as directly applied to vessels of war, but in aid of combined expeditions for sudden descents upon different points, enables the country possessing it in the greatest force to harrass an enemy's coast with a small but well appointed army, and to carry destruction to every town and village within a dozen miles of the sea, unless they are regularly fortified and garrisoned, or covered by large bodies of troops. It is stated by an old author, that "in the year 1647 the Dutch with a fleet and but 4000 men on board, alarmed the whole coast of France, and obliged the French King to keep near 100,000 men upon the maritime coast, as not knowing where they would fix."

If such was the case with vessels when movements were dependent on winds and tides, and whose operations were under such circumstances necessarily slow, how much more so it will be with the aid of steam, when, by means of vessels of light draught, heavily armed, not a boat will be permitted to pass out of gun shot of the shore, nor a harbor left open for egress or ingress any day in the year.—*London Naval and Military Gazette.*

Sam Slick on the State of Europe.—The fact is, those Wiseacres on the other side have enjoyed peace so long, that they're grown tired of it. It's a blessing that's become cheap, and, like a glut of herrings, nobody will thank you for a dish of them at a gift. Its always the way; their legislators and politicians have laid it down for gospel, that peace can't be wholesome if its kept beyond a certain number of years; they think its like hung game, which at last breeds maggots. So each country, after a long feed, jumps up quite vicious, snarls and looks round to see where it can give its neighbour a snap. The driest bone is enough for them to quarrel for. First they're ready to go to loggerheads because a hot-headed skipper rinces out the immortal tri-colour flag with sea-water; then they squabble over a lot of sulphur, till they're ready to take fire instanter; and then comes this burning of their mouths with another man's porridge. Five nations play at puss in the corner, and the one that's left out grows crusty and shows fight. In the meanwhile each carries on a contraband business in the small way abroad. The English take a contract to shoot down Don Carlo's men, and batter a dilapidated town in India. The French virtue is shocked at the wickedness of the Algerines, and bundles them out to make room for a colony of its own, where, for want of water privielges, the hot soil must be irrigated with soldiers' blood and labourers' sweat. Then the Muscovites must take a turn in India just to warm their hands till there's something done elsewhere. Now what does all this bluster and bullying come to? Does it take off a single tax? Not one, I'm darned. Does it make the people contented and happy? Not so much as you could put in your eye. Depend upon it that peace is one of the very greatest of national blessings. Depend upon it that those who cry up war are those who find their account in fishing in troubled water. Depend upon it that when you come to strike the balance of profit and loss in the nation's account-current with war, you'll find nation on the debit side. Depend upon it, the fruit you'll reap from a bloody seed-time is the impeding of the arts and manufactures—the hindering of knowledge from going a-head—the leading of the people into ideas of extravagance and perilous speculation—the draining of the Treasury—and the bequeathing to your children enormous debt, which their government being saddled with, it will, like an overloaded coach that comes to a bit of a rock, jerk, waggle, and capsize."

The Tribes of Lebanon.—The Maronites, who, with the Druses, and other tribes of Lebanon, are now exciting so much interest, as the opponents of Ibrahim Pacha in Syria, are according to De laMartine, brave, and like all mountaineers warriors by nature. They could muster in 1832, at the bidding of Emir Beschir, their head, to the number of 30 or 40,000 men, either to defend the passes of their mountains, or rush upon the plain, and make Damascus or the towns of Syria tremble. Their population is upwards of 200,000, and increasing daily by their attention to agriculture, which has covered the sides of Lebanon with terraces of mulberry, fig, olive, and plum trees, almost up to the highest crags. Their villages exceed two hundred, each having its well built monastery, occupied by about 100 monks, who are, besides, all laborious peasants, raising silk, corn, &c., and are models of piety and industry. Though rigid Catholics, they have obtained from the Pope permission for the clergy to marry, and no where are this body so pure, so venerable, and so truly pious, so that crime is almost unknown throughout the country.

In short, De la Martine observes, that should he ever be obliged to expatriate himself, he should make choice of one "of the peaceful villages of these Maronites, at the foot or on the descent of Lebanon, in the bosom of a simple, religious, and benevolent population, under the palm and orange trees of one of the gardens of their mountains, within view of the sea." "I may deceive myself (says he) but I imagine that great destines may be reserved for the Maronite people—a virgin nation, primitive in its morals, religion, and courage; possessed of the traditional virtue of the Patriarchs, of property, a portion of liberty, and much patriotism; and who, by similarity of religion and other relations of faith and commerce, are every day more and more impregnated with western civilization." "Should a man of talent spring up among them, capable of estimating the future, and disposed to ally himself with European power, he would have no difficulty in re-enacting the wonders of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and would leave behind him the veritable gem of an Arabian empire."—*Pilgrimage of the Holy Land*, ii. 155, 162.

A Teetotaller compelled by Law to Partake of Strong Drinks.—At a Court of Frankpledge, lately held in the Borough of Southwark, (London,) upon the name of Mr. William Bright, Charles-street, Westminster road, being called upon to take on himself the office of ale-taster, Mr. Bright trusted that the Recorder would not compel him to undertake the duties of the above office, as he was not partial to the taste of ale or any strong drink.—The Recorder said he considered that was not a sufficient objection.—Mr. Bright hoped the objection would be held good, as he was a teetotaller.—Mr. Carter, the clerk to the court, considered that such ground of objection was not sufficient.—The Recorder: A gentleman, being a teetotaller, is not a sufficient disqualification for such an office; for all that he has to do is to ascertain whether the ale sold is of that quality as is fit and proper for her Majesty's subjects to drink.—Mr Bright said, as a teetotaller, he did not drink ale.—The Recorder: The jury could not appoint a fitter person for such an important office, for not being in the habit of drinking strong and spirituous liquors, your taste must of course be more perfect than those who induge in ale. He was certain he would make a very excellent ale-taster.—Mr. Putley, one of the jury: Mr. Bright was not obliged to swallow the ale, and therefore he will not break the laws of the teetotallers.—Mr. Bright observed that he did not wish to taste the ale which the office compelled him to do; but if there was no alternative he supposed he must serve it. At the same time he was convinced he was made an ale-taster because he happened to be a teetotaller.—With these remarks he took the required oath amidst much laughter.