

he offers the bu of a thousand dollars that is the conserves crew will rone anny liberal boat in Diamont Harbor or Cap Blanc. Loock out for ourselfs liberals. We are not dead D. Blanc Cap batteaux.

We are going to findout the boys that diffamed our cites, by robbing men the other side the bridge, we know you, this time, we will tell your names.

Mr. Chronicle, I dont want to sloop to low to answer that telegraph, I want to know who you call those suspicious characters who live in Cap Blanc, we love our country man it is the first time I ever knew them to require watchmen of any description of any meat detectives, and the women were very vicious against them they smashed his head and broke his bones so let this be a warning to all officials that interferences with Cap Blanc.

Another peas soup arrangement. No old country man need apply without a ticket for soup.

Without hid pledge himself to be a conservative, Star dont see why, that a man that wants work as to go to every little electioneering fellow that professes to be a liberal patriot, gives a job to only conservative friends, if we could blather the french language we would tell when the deception is.

Signed Chapeau Blanc.

Another liberal in the field. Co. Winfield Malcomb is going to contest the county against the Columbia boy Mick Murphy or Spud, he says he'll beat him. Stonham Races.

There's a tale young man walk up the street about alf 7 in the brother of a small performed on the piano. we would advise him not take her to see while fashing on the other side of Dorchester Bridge.

Ticket of leave men :

The eigh rifles of B Battery wont accept of your service, because you shot too many ducks on bonners hill and the sheriff say you cannot join the crowd all he we know there are better men than you there, I join Lorain's Regiment or the Irish eleventh that bet the British gallan granediers ; at Point du Lac.

Old Sport Albion.—The gamest man that ever kicked what are you thinking about, dont be lieded, give two days sport upon the Plains of Abraham. Where kuwin's name was celebrated by his Fradyer Horse and other noted steeds of fame.

We would advise the two canvassers that walks in Lacolle Abraham at 2 A. M. to mind or they will be very lib. tal.

How you Blouc, who had, jrg. loss and beer barrrell Look out for Stcha; dont pay.

The mony men, in Paul street, they read the paper and know that the mayor dont Like Brass.

Paris Green Cabege by Pison, 18 bands men 14 colonels 17 cornoves and one masson and 10 men with glass eys that could not live any were but but on the citadel or Queen boarding house.

Theres other fast men, they call them C and G they never could bring out an old may or stag or Bob tail horse to complete with you, although you lost the Queen's plate Irish was the man, was is his Boston horse with Dunnis Ready on his name— He took you out to Charebourg. Flats and you lost the Race on Frayers Back.

Old Sport, Kensey by O'Neil.—Backed by Murray, Weston, Huntley and Buckey Perveyors to H R H the Prince of that Lorrette, cheif that his squaw will Row Hanlaw, Ross courtney or any other man, woman or child on lake St. Charles to take the first Tommy Diddleum bring or dead the dives deeper comes up dryer can lat more than any more in the village.

The Doctor and the Fancy Ball in Bridge street eh gally it was funny. Signed Cakes.

The widow that want the man five thousands reward. Cape.

The man that wants the wife apply St. Paul street.

No news from the Cullers office they live well on their \$250.

The Dutch Diamond, called O'Brien, that works for thevenue says that know dry shop can fix a feather like him, but the Star is prepared to bet one hundred dollars to fire that a shop in John street, beat him into fits.

The widow of Paul street want men to mind them they are sure to get them.

The Star is very sorry, His Honor the Recorder, got sewerly hurt on the Island of Orleans, on a Sunday, more particulers has he is a puritains, I would advice His Honor not trotted or Sunday and he will play fiddle, he prohibits Sunday selling or Sunday amusements and he was near having his leg broken, he gots is money and work only two hours a day for convicting old banads, two month in gail.

AGNES, I LOVE THEE.

The author of the following evidently went in on his nerve :

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed wrote
Upon the sand—

" Agness, I love thee ! "

The made waves rolled by and blotted out
The fair impression.

Frail reed ! cruel wave ! treacherous sand !
I'll trust ye no more ;

But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore

Her tallest pine, and di its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,

And upon the high and burnished heavens
I'll write—

" Agnes, I love thee ! "

And I would like to see any
Dog-goned wave wash that out !

WANTED

Three or Four respectable Lands to deliver.

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LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

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