

here sat down in front of me the same masked lady—or rather the same masked nose—which had horrified me a few minutes before. My first impulse was to fly, but the malicious ogre detained me, saying with a most diabolical sweetness—  
“What aren't you going to invite me to supper?”  
I looked puzzled and foolish—and the Nose laughed; but, unobtrusively for me, the gentleman at her side did not join in the laughter, or I might have vented my rage on him.  
“Madam!”  
“I shan't put you to much expense—one glass of Roman punch, and nothing more.”  
Her easy assurance piqued me, and I determined to avenge myself with a little railleury. “I shall be delighted, fair lady, to obey you; but I am afraid your nose will slightly interfere with the functions of your mouth. If you don't remove your mask, I don't see how.”  
“Of course, I can't drink with it on. I shall take it off.”  
“How? what do you say? Then?”  
But while I spoke, she laid her hand on her nose—and pulled it off!  
Wretch that I was! it was a false one—it was of pasteboard—and there was her own true nose before me, as handsome and as perfect as the other features!  
How shall I describe my shame, my despair, at seeing such a lovely creature, and remembering the folly, the rudeness, the iniquity of my behaviour! I would have asked a thousand pardons—I would have lamented my error—I would have kissed the dust under her feet; but she took the arm of her companion, and looking at me haughtily and severely, disappeared, saying with chilling sweetness—“Your servant, sir.”—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### A WESTERN BEAR STORY.

FROM “LIFE IN THE WOODS.”

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon river, was a Vermontese of the name of Dobson—a large resolute man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant crows, which according to the custom in the new countries, had been turned to the woods, to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer. Just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbour, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been, probably in quest of honey.  
A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down hind foremost. My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and without reflecting what he should do with the “varmint” afterwards, ran to the tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, he seized him by the fore-paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks; but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of iron paws, equally iron-strong with his own; nor could he use his hinder paws, to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him; nor could he venture to let him go—a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast descending into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children, at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospects for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance; but his fangs, although none of the weakest, were unequal to the task, and although he bellowed and bawled the live long night, making the woods and welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep.  
It was a wearisome night for Dobson; such a game of hold fast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly—but there was no let in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his had grown together.  
As daylight dawned, the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully though rather dimly in the distance. Dobson again repeated his cries for succor, and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbour, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe on his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbour.  
“Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging at that rate when you see a fellow Christian in such a little of a fix as this?”  
“I run; as that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you I heard bellowing so last night? I guess you ought to have your loins for nothing, if you have stood up again the tree all night.”  
“It's no joke, though. I can tell you Mr. Sleeper, if you had hold of the paws of a black vixen at all night, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?”  
“Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up log fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come bright and airy. But if I'd known it was you—”  
“Known? was me, replied Dobson bitterly, you know 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood

too good for these plaguey varminths though; and you know there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!  
Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the taral critter get loose, while I spit his head open.  
No, no, said Dobson. After holding the bear here all night, I think I ought to have the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest.  
The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament.  
The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the trancuity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were seen brandishing the axe; and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and dead as it would have been, had he struck. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike; and to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown in coming to his relief.  
It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had for his supper.  
To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.—*Picayune.*

### COMFORT TO SMOKERS.

DOW, JR.—TOBACCO.

Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
It was the devil sowed the seed.

My indulgent and indulging hearers—it was the devil beyond all question, who first sowed the seed, and who is still the owner & proprietor of all that is, or ever will be raised of this soul contaminating vegetable. O, you vile tobacco normals! I don't know whether it is best to poke you about with a long stick of rancor, or stand farther off and rely on the enticing power of persuasion. I expect, however, to accomplish but little any way.  
Hearers—to such of you as are in the habit of chewing, allow me to address myself butted foremost. If you don't leave off the filthy practice, I shall put you down upon my catalogue of unclean beasts, to be shunned and avoided by all decent society. It is a practice productive of no good whatever, and fraught with more evils than a scavenger's horse can carry. It renders your carcass as loathsome and disgusting as those of buzzards. It stains your dicyes, as well as your moral characters, blackens both your teeth and your souls, causes an odoriferous stench to flow continually from your mouth—and not only infuses a deadly poison in your blood, but leads you to an inclination for occasional disipation—from that to semi-occasional intoxication. Man's mouth my friends, was never made for a tobacco box; and I wonder how any one can have the courage to chew that which he dare not swallow, I'd like to see a man stuff some of the trash into his abdominal pantry. If he don't feel uncomfortable about the waistbands soon after, it would be because sickness was afraid to come near him.  
Snuffing, my friends, is nearly if not quite as bad as chewing; and I grieve to observe that females as well as males are addicted to it. When I see a woman who speaks as though her nasal organ was made of bellmetal—who says “pud” for pudding—whose skin is as yellow as the latter end of autumn—I know she takes snuff in quantities to make an Egyptian mummy sneeze as it antecopagus; and I also know that her brains are equally as dirty as the handkerchief she uses, and that's enough to throw a pair of tongs in convulsions. Many pretend that they take snuff to clear their heads. It clears their heads in time of all sparkling, brilliant, and original ideas, but leaves instead, confused chaos of unfinished thoughts, wrecks of fancy, and any number of untamed chimeras. That is the only way in which it clears their heads, my friends. The less dust you admit into your noses, the clearer your heads will be, the better your health, and the more transparent your morals.

Questions for a Wife—Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel both ashamed and grieved, and yet to proud to admit it? That pride, madam, was it, and ever will be, your evil genius. It is the tempter which labours incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with a vile delusion that your husband deserved your anger when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds upon those glad and unspokeable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip, and will not leave them till their ashes corrode your affections, blight your mortal vision, and blunt your sense of right and wrong. Never forget that yours is a lofty calling—never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be properly fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example—patience will subdue him; your recriminations will drive him from you; your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him; your softness subdue him; and the good untroubled twinkles of those eyes, now filling beautifully—with priceless tears will make him all your own.—*Chamber's Journal.*

(From Excursions in Normandy.)

In the following anecdote of the youth of Bernardin St. Pierre, we have a sample of the Germanism of the writer. The scene which gives occasion to it is a quiet village, St. Adresse, in the environs of Havre.

THE AUTHOR OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of Paul and Virginia, one day took it into his head to turn hermit here. He belonged not to the class of persons who are weary of life. He knew as yet no other trouble than that of having received a rather severe lecture from his schoolmaster. The threat of punishment one day produced such an effect, that the young sinner resolved to do penance, and to turn hermit, that he might escape, in the first place school, and, in the next, all the persecutions and seductions of the world. Accordingly turning his back on the school, he set out in quest of a spot sufficiently solitary for his purpose. His pilgrimage had lasted about an hour, when the young triant, having reached the wood behind St. Adresse, conceived that he was in a real wilderness, and resolved there to commence his life of seclusion from the world. The day was delightful; the birds sang their liveliest songs; the great heart of the little hermit understood their language, swelled with delight, and rejoiced at having burst the fetters of the world and of school, and gained perfect liberty. Blackberries were naturally the first meal of the recluse, and, having made his supper of the same fruit, he set about building himself a little hut of boughs. The hermitage was not quite finished, when he heard at a distance the voice of his faithful nurse and attendant, Maria Falbot, calling his name. He could not imagine how she had found out his retreat, and the first impression made upon him by the voice of his kind Marie, who had always been so fond of him, was to penetrate further into the wood and hide himself from her. But the voice came nearer and nearer, and Bernardin soon heard that the calls were interrupted by weeping and sobbing. His heart was not proof against this; he hastened to her, threw himself into her arms, comforted her, and wiped the tears that trickled down her cheeks and his own. How could he have forsaken the world if he had loved only his good Marie Falbot, and not a creature besides, and been loved by none but her! And he, the future author of Paul and Virginia, loved all the world—every human being, every bird, every tree, every flower. The anecdote alone would sufficiently demonstrate his vocation. It became his heart and his imagination pointing the way—he became the most feeling writer of France; nay, I cannot help thinking that in the works of Bernardin de St. Pierre is to be found a confirmation of my notion that centuries have not wholly effaced in the French Normans their German origin. Not one other French writer has shown so profound a comprehension and feeling of nature as he, and as a hundred German writers have done.

### THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

QUEBEC, 27th NOVEMBER 1841.

We subjoin a few extracts of European and other intelligence in addition to those given in our last.  
Halifax, Nov. 17th.—The Steamship Caledonia, arrived on Tuesday morning, in 11 days from England.  
Brussels, Oct. 30th.—The *Courrier Belge* states that two new sixpounders and two field pieces, with horses and ammunition, have been seized in one of our suburbs.  
To-morrow was the day fixed for the execution of the plot, which had ramifications at Ghent, Antwerp, and Liege among the discontents.  
From what transpired the authorities pretend to have the clue to a vast counter-revolutionary conspiracy, which had been contriving for several months.  
It is said that the ministry have sent numerous orders and instructions to the provinces this morning, and despatches have been sent to the King.  
P. S.—Three o'clock, P. M.—Generals Vandersimpers and Vandermere, who were supposed to have fled, have been found concealed in the house of a painter.  
All ships fitting in the English Ports are ordered to complete their crews to the war complement. Government is about to strengthen the fortifications of Gibraltar.  
It is stated that the greater part of the six millions of dollars paid by the Chinese for the redemption of Canton turns out to be bad silver.  
At a late meeting of the Dublin Repeal Association Mr. O'Connell announced his intention of presenting a petition to the House of Commons in his role as lord mayor, in favour of a repeal of the union.  
To increase the distress that forms so large a portion of the difficulties attending the position of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, it is now said that the potato crop in Ireland is likely to prove a total failure.  
Lieutenant General Sir William Hutchinson, K. C. B., an officer of distinguished service and great professional experience, has been appointed Colonel of the 75th Regiment, in succession to the late Lieut. General Sir Joseph Fuller.  
Major General S. H. B. Kelly is appointed to succeed Sir William Gomm in the command of the troops at Jamaica.  
Major General Sir Wm. Gomm, K. C. B., is to return home from Jamaica, to assume the command of the Northern District of South Britain, in succession to Major General Sir Charles James Napier, removed to the Staff of India.  
Mr. Phillips, the vocalist, many years ago a great favorite in this city, was killed on the 27th of October, by a rail-road accident. He had

alighted for a moment at the Hartford station, on the Birmingham and Liverpool rail way, and as he was attempting to regain his seat the train started, by which he was thrown down and his legs were so badly crushed that he died in a few minutes. He had retired from the stage some years, with a comfortable independence, which he increased by giving lectures on vocal music.

A dreadful fire took place on the 16th instant, at St. Johns, N. B. by which fifty or sixty houses and stores were burned, and property to the amount of £100,000 destroyed. This is the second calamity of a like nature suffered in a short space of time by that seemingly ill-fated city.

*The Assemblies.*—We are much pleased to hear, from every quarter, but one opinion expressed regarding the manner in which the Assembly on Thursday evening was conducted and enjoyed. That of the most perfect content and gratification of all. The attendance was numerous, being the first for the reason; and much and deserved credit is awarded to the able and well directed exertions of the managers on the occasion.

*Sleighing.*—has commenced with us in seeming good earnest, and it is probable that the snow which fell in the course of yesterday and last night will remain. The season has again brought its merry music of tinkling horse bells in our streets—once more the dancing and well appointed sledges, with its costly freightage of womanly beauty, is skilfully guided past, flashing and dazzling, in its sweeping transit like some shooting star, to be briefly looked upon with wonder and admiration—A woman's yish “tanden to you” speaks away with a melesona leader, whose curvetting and capering really does one good to gaze at—Once more *Jean Baptiste* is patiently seen wending his weary way over the slippery causeway with his wool laden train, or the saucy catter sailing along with his neat horse and smart trotter, making the echoes ring with his double collar of bells—Again, in short, all the life, bustle, merriment, and variety of scene and incident, peculiar to the winter season, has come upon us, and to appearance, has busy set in for a long stay, set off, in contrast, by two grave circumstances, however, each of moment in themselves—namely, there are several ships in port yet bound for sea; and the milkmen with their rascally dog sleighs have already commenced their nocturnal doings, by running against people's shins on the sidewalks.

*The Gazette again.*—in its old fashioned way of doing these things has availed himself last night of a particularly convenient correspondent to creep out of his dilemma regarding the turpentine impost. Well certainly, this is one notable way of using up one's friends, even to be “men of straw,” and we understand this little bit of Editorial humbug, or ruse de guerre better than our brother of the *Gazette*—in no power to his elbow! We deemed his quettus could be easily accomplished on this point, as indeed it readily can on most other matters subjected to his peculiar style of treatment; and flatter ourselves we used him most gently and considerately in the last administering, by us, of one of our unanswerable pills, however unpalatable it may have been. We are ready and happy, however, to give our contemporary due credit for some sound and wholesome advice to the public in general, if not friends and readers in particular, (for which, of course, due gratitude and thanks will be felt and expressed), about paying their just dues, living in peace with each other, and all that sort of thing, which is tacked to the end of a long paragraph starting with something “Untoward” at the head of it.

N. B.—With regard to that same thirty dollar continental bill, Friend John, how comes it that you never had it nicely framed and glazed, and respectfully presented to the acceptance of “a learned, distinguished, and most useful Society in this city,” to be preserved among the other rare show of pretty play things gracing its presses and scriptories? Were we invidious, brother, we might hazard a conjecture, and perhaps not an idle one, why you so carefully treasure up that bit of dirty ragged paper; but in kindly consideration of the *amende* so handsomely made by you yesterday in regard to your silly paragraph on “The Blockade,” we desist at present from doing so, feeling confident we are acting with proper magnanimity in the matter.

For the Quebec Argus.

MR. ARGUS.  
Afford me space, Mr. Editor, to tender my sincerest thanks to the very luminous “J. P.” of Wednesday's *Gazette*, for the very prompt and handsome manner in which he has come forward as “practical proof” of the force and truth of my cursory remarks in your last number on the subject of LOCAL MAGISTRACY. Such disinterested conduct was more than I expected, or dared hope for. I should conceive it to be almost without precedent in the history of public bodies, that an individual should isolate himself from among his brethren in office, and, sacrificially, come forward and ratify an adversary's opinion passed on their general deficiency of intellect and of judgment; to offer himself in person as proof positive of their eminent capacity for blunder, their *maque de savoir*. Oh! J. P., J. P. I where were your second thoughts? Why did you not seek counsel from, and submit your wondrous communication to, some influential friend? This super-divinative “J. P.” has with a skill and penetration only existent among similar dark-lantern illuminators, discovered me to be a “plate hunter.” Wofully mistaken, your worship. He also honours me with an “L. L. D.” and an “A” double S. The former suffix I have not yet, for my literary pursuits, attained; but when applying for it, I shall not omit his vouchery which will admit it to be usually “eighty.” As to the latter—the