

An Extraordinary Posture Master.—Not a de-  
formity which nature or accident had produced  
in the most miserable of cripples, but Joseph Clark  
could imitate. Ask for a hunchback, and he  
will show you one at command. Remains thin  
& fair round belly with good cap on head, and he  
could produce it without a pillow. He would  
make his legs invade the place of his back; and  
it was perfectly easy to him for one leg to advance  
with the toe foremost, and another with the toes.  
He imposed upon Molins, a celebrated surgeon,  
so completely that he dismissed him as an incur-  
rable cripple. No tailor could measure him,  
for his legs would shift from one shoulder to the  
other; and what he would be perfectly straight  
and well proportioned.

The jests of the rich are ever successful—  
(Goldsmith.)

Man brings on himself a thousand calamities, as  
consequences of his avarice and pride, and then  
overlooks his own follies, gravely investigating  
the origin of what he calls evil.

That you may not speak ill of any, do not de-  
light to hear it of them. Give no countenance to  
base flatterers, and those that love to talk of another  
man's faults.

The condition of human life is an evil so un-  
certain that it is very dangerous to form any con-  
clusions that are dear.—(Langhorne)

When sorrows come they come not single spies  
but in battalions.—(Shakespeare)

Punctuality.—The London correspondent of a  
morning paper stated some time since that Lord  
John Russell was married for the second time to  
Lady Anne.

It was announced in an advertisement that ap-  
peared in one of the religious papers that the Rev.  
M. B. would deliver an address on the nature and  
extent of *mathematics* in the A. B. Church.

A beggar in London goes about with the fol-  
lowing words written on a piece of pasteboard:

"Please give your donations to a poor old man  
ever so small. They will be acceptable."

An evening paper makes the following an-  
nouncement: "A little girl was picked up in  
Gaul, by a *Watchman* about three years old  
who is not expected to live."

Origin of the word *Lady*.—In an old work, the  
date of 1764, is the following account of the ter-  
m *lady*:

"As I have studied more what appertains to  
the ladies than gentlemen, I will satisfy you how  
it came to pass that women of fortune were called  
*ladies*, even before their husbands had any title, to  
convey that mark of distinction to them. You  
must know that it is before it was the fashion for  
a lady of quality, once a week or oftener, to  
distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor  
neighbours, with her own hands, and she was called  
by *Latin* *lady*, i. e. the bread giver. These two  
words were more to be true corrupted, and the  
meaning is now as little known as the practice  
which gave rise to it."

The man in whom no trust is placed, that steals  
a pair of breeches or brogue is a felon. He in  
whom an absolute confidence is placed, that  
steals the same of dollars, is merely a defaulter.  
How obvious is the English language in its epiti-  
t, and how appropriate is their applica-  
tion!

A Yankee dining with a celebrated English  
author made the following observation on his  
looking a statue of Venus, which he thought  
particularly well placed: "I say, you've got a  
tartarion convention fix for that 'ere stone gal."

Canada wants a loan of \$7,000,000. She's  
"a chip of the old block."

The passions act as winds to propel our ves-  
sel—our reason is the pilot that steers her: with-  
out the winds she would not move; without  
the pilot she would be lost.

The *Belfast Vindicator* says that his H. R. High-  
ness Gregory XVI. in a lengthened interview with a  
distinguished Irish priest, expressed himself de-  
lighted beyond measure to find that the catho-  
lic clergy of this kingdom were, as an order,  
taking the tithes. "Nothing more," ob-  
served his holiness, "is required to make them  
the best and most efficiently zealous priests in  
the world." The pope is himself a tithing man, in  
the literal acceptance of the term—he never states  
where.

The following is a correct and authentic list of  
the officers comprising the personal staff of the  
Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G. C. B., who  
has succeeded the late Lord Sydney as gover-  
nor-general of British North America:—Captain  
J. F. W. Jones, of the Royal Canadian Rifles  
Regiment, to be military secretary and first aide-de-  
camp; and Captain G. G. Falkner, and Lieuten-  
ant H. H. Thos. Arden, to be his excellency's  
aid-de-camp.

Memory.—How a single word—a single tone—a  
single look—will sometimes give the key to a  
man's mind. How a single word—a single tone—a  
single look—will sometimes give the key to a  
man's mind. How a single word—a single tone—a  
single look—will sometimes give the key to a  
man's mind.

Mankind moves onward through the night of time  
like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the  
lights which the good reasons carry. By means of a  
single word a man can lead the track which the  
wise have passed, and some of those, like the stars, shin-  
e or ever and ever.

The *Monteur Parisien* announces that the  
French government has in contemplation a large  
scheme of railroads to be executed partly by com-  
panies, partly by the state. The plan is for gov-  
ernment to trace the lines, purchase the ground,  
and do the work of tunnels and embankments by  
the department of Ponts et Chaussées. The  
lines will then be let for a term of years to com-  
panies, who will put down rails, erect stations,  
and turn the road to profit.

### OLD CLOTHES!

Let all who have cast off garments of any de-  
scription, send them to Mr. Woodruff, at the Wash-  
ington Temperance Hall, corner of White and  
Centre street. No matter if coats are out at the  
elbow, or trousers out at the knee. The society  
have a depository of second hand garments, from  
which they clothe their converts taken from the  
gutters. Previously to being put in store for use,  
the Marth Washington Temperance Society, (lad-  
ies) and the wives and daughters of the members  
of the male associations mend and put the garments  
in order. These cast off articles are thus absolutely  
made as good as new for the purpose of keeping the  
late wretches, present steady citizens, warm.

The magazine of old clothes in Centre street is a  
greater collection of curiosities, than either of the  
old museums. The poor devils who are pulled  
from destruction are, many of them absolutely des-  
titute, and in some cases, as Mrs. P. White says in  
the play, almost "perfect audities." Their rags  
are forthwith thrown away, and the committee on  
the wardrobe, if they have not the elegance of  
touch of "Co." in London Assurance, have a  
"warm" faculty which is a great deal better. In  
their capacity of costumers they beat Andrew Jack-  
son Allen all to "everlasting smash" and go ahead  
of any store for furnishing fancy dress in the city.  
They send out returned drunkards in aquarading  
clean clothes, to some of whom clean clothes have  
absolutely been strange things, for years.

Drunk loafers, with their toes out, are put on a  
decent footing, and placed in the shoes of respect-  
able men at once. Scanty garments, full of the  
"rents which the envious *cock* (not *Caesar*) has  
made" are replaced by whole and tidy breeches.  
"Ventilating gossamer hats," are thrown aside for  
custards of Leary or Spencer's manufacture—war-  
ranted good, as they have been tried. Conts. through  
holes in which, want, laziness and liquor have play-  
ed ho-peep with each other, are thrown aside or  
put in repair. In short, the worse a reclaimed  
drunkard's case is, the more is done for him. Noth-  
ing discourages, and nothing disarms the Wash-  
ingtonians. The higher the hill of difficulty they  
have to go up, the more pure water generated steam  
they put on; and their grand stationary engine, of  
Atlantic Hydraulic power, would pull up a drunkard,  
were he down, down, down, down, all the  
numberless down a ceps of the case, where *Southey*  
kicks one of his horses. *Don Quixote*, *John Bar-  
leycorn*, and *King Alcohol*'s lowest depths are  
sounded effectually with the too-total deep sea lead.

But the fact is, that the Washingtonians are ab-  
solutely catching fish faster than they can fry them.  
They are reclaiming drunkards faster than they can  
clothe them; and the charitable must come forward,  
and give of the abundance of their neglected gar-  
ments, in aid of the cause. The Society are taking  
the only way to make true men out of refuse stock.  
It is easy enough to tell a poor miserable wretch  
that he is one, and he will believe it readily enough  
too. But what can he do about it? He can't be  
respectable till he is cleaned, and made whole out-  
wardly; and he can't get the means to effect these  
necessary reforms, while, in his debased situation,  
the back of every body is turned upon him, and the  
very dogs scorn to comfort and assist him. It is  
worse than tantalizing to tell such a man that he  
must reform. Mere preaching is cold work, and  
neither fills a hungry stomach nor clothes a naked  
back. The Washingtonians, by dressing their cus-  
tomers, give them a new capital to start temperance  
on; and the consequence is that eight out of ten  
reformed men, kicked aside by the world to rot as  
rubbish, prove, when reclaimed and clothed, gener-  
ally good and sober citizens.

Another great day's work was done by the tem-  
perance on the docks last Sunday. Seventy men, or  
thereabouts, took the pledge, and the most needy of  
them were clothed, and are this day facing the pro-  
mpt winter blasts, with warmer and more com-  
fortable sensations than they dreamed of last Sat-  
urday. Nor does the good and charitable work stop  
with merely clothing these doubly destitute and un-  
fortunate men. The assistants of the Society, and  
of their own personal friends is accorded to provide  
them with employment; and being relieved from  
the onerous tax of intemperance, they easily keep  
the footing they have gained. Great wreckers are  
the Washingtonians, and a first rate claim for sal-  
vage they have upon society, for picking up and  
preserving every particle of *float* and *jet*,  
which drifts within their reach, on the sea of in-  
temperance. Walk up, members of society, and pay  
your salvage in old clothes, men's clothes, women's  
clothes, children's clothes—aye, and tables' frocks  
—for drunkards have families—pining wives and  
naked children.

The more is the pity, while they are drunkards,  
that they have such connections—but it is all the  
better for the cause when they become sober men.  
There are no better assurances and guardians of re-  
formed drunkards than their wives and children.  
Let them but once get the rum washed out of their  
mouths, so that they can taste a cherub's breath,  
and they want no better nest than that. If it were  
than the zephyr from *Araby* the best—[I answer  
that the best "perfect love" that ever came from  
*Milner's* cordial distillery. So bring along your old  
clothes for the Washingtonians.—*Brother Jonathan*.

### IF I HAD A THOUSAND A-YEAR.

A BACHELOR'S LITANY.  
If I had a thousand a-year,  
(How my heart at the bright vision glows!)  
I should not be a miser or a miser,  
But all would be *couleur de rose*.  
I would pay all my debts, though *outré*.  
And of duns and embarrasments I'd be free,  
Life would pass like a clear summer day,  
If I had a thousand a-year.

I'd have such a spicy turn-out,  
And a horse of such mettle and breed—  
Whose points and jacks should pout,  
When I put him at top of his speed,  
On the foot-board, to swing,  
A rig so small appear,  
All the nob should protest "twas the thing!"  
If I had a thousand a-year.

I'd have pictures and statues with taste—  
Such as ladies unblushing might view—  
In my drawing and dining rooms placed,  
With many a gem of vertu.  
My study should be an affair  
The heart of a book-worm to cheer—  
All complete, with its easy spring chair,  
If I had a thousand a-year.

A cellar I'd have quite complete  
With wines, so recherché, so well stored;  
And jovial guests should abound me—  
Round my social and well-garnish'd board.  
But I would have a favourite f-w.  
To my heart and my friendship more dear.  
And I'd marry—I need not tell who—  
If I had a thousand a-year.

With comforts so many what more  
Could I ask, and kind fortune to grant!  
Humph! a few olive branches—say four—  
A pet for my old maiden aunt.  
Then, with health, there'd be naught to append,  
To perfect me happiness here;  
For 'twould be of duties would blend,  
If I had a thousand a-year.

### THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

QUEBEC, 20th NOVEMBER 1841.

#### OUR SUMMARY.

The arrival of the *Great Western* at New York,  
bringing dates up to the 23rd October, has not added  
much or importantly to our items of news. Little  
intelligence of particular interest has been brought  
by her.

Perhaps, to us here the most important is, the ad-  
vice of the certain sailing of Sir Charles Bagot,  
whose arrival may now, from the length of time  
elapsed from the date of his leaving the shores of  
"Merry England," be hourly expected. We sin-  
cerely hope that the *Styx*, if indeed a "slow coach,"  
will prove also in this case a sure and safe one, and  
land our new Governor General among us without  
 mishap or obstacle from ocean tempest, adverse  
gales, or the risks of our river navigation at this late  
and inclement season of the year.

In the common march of such events, we may  
shortly expect to hear that our good Queen has pre-  
sented the nation with another royal gift—perhaps  
a Prince of Wales. If this should come to pass,  
we hope Her Majesty's worthy subjects in Quebec,  
although hitherto content to stumble on through the  
darkness of our breakneck streets, without bene-  
fit of oil lamp or gas burner, will, at least on the  
occasion of the joyous event to which we allude,  
brighten up out of their usual gloom with a  
regular volcanic eruption of general feeling, and cele-  
brate the occurrence with a general and glorious il-  
lumination, or something of the kind. If they do  
not, at least we hope our Corporation will form an  
era out of the occasion, from which to date the erec-  
tion of a few lamps in our streets; a blessing which  
almost as readily as any other fashion of commem-  
rating the happy event, will be sure to attract to it  
from us all a most grateful and lasting memory.

Dan O'Connell has been elected Lord Mayor of  
Dublin; and in reference to this we can only say  
with the sailor, who was blown up with the barrel  
of gunpowder at the puppet show,—"shiver our  
timbers!—what is coming next?"

The affair of the Spanish insurrection has been  
for the time partially got over, and numerous short-  
ing and hanging matches have followed in conse-  
quence.

Is there any thing else of particular import, we  
wonder, that might freshly interest you, indulgent  
reader to day; for in lack of the leisure to cudgel  
our poor brains at the present writing for your in-  
struction, we will honestly let you into a secret, by  
hinting that our foregoing Summary was the one  
intended for our last paper; but which was by some  
mishap shut out. However, it may not particularly  
misapp' even now, and the loss by its non inser-  
tion in Wednesday's sheet not particularly great; un-  
less our Carrier-boy had considerably handed you  
with the paper, each and every one of you, a pair  
of barnacles of a peculiar calibre of power.

People, perhaps the proper expression would be  
"old women," on both sides the Atlantic still talk a  
deal, and a vast quantity of nonsense in the bargain,  
about the probabilities of a speedy rupture between  
the United States and our Mother Country. The  
Maine folks are certainly pushing matters on with  
a tenacity and to an extent which, ultimately, we  
doubt not, will realize (we think the result, as things  
are creeping on, is inevitable) a consummation  
we are assured most devoutly wished for by many  
—that is a war, even if a short one. But the time  
has not come yet nor is it in our very humble opin-  
ion, so very close at hand, as many are inclined to  
think—their wishes being "a father to such thoughts."  
In the mean while, there is no knowing what a day  
may bring forth, in the fitful and uncertain ordering  
of human wisdom and action; and strongly im-  
pressed with this conviction, we would earnestly re-

commend all our esteemed young friends among the  
ex-volunteer subs to be on the *qui vive*. The *gene-  
rals* may be beaten when least expected; and with  
this prospect before them, we hope they will defer  
for a time any inclination which might have crept  
upon them to put their military traps up the spout  
as things "not bearing on their future need," not  
knowing how soon or how effectively they may be  
called upon to mount them. Bless us! how pleas-  
ant it would be to certain of our acquaintance, to  
yield obedience once more to the mandate on  
parade of "Gentlemen, fall in!"

We are not apologizing—when we observe  
that, we were ourselves as much & as disagreeably  
surprised as any of our readers, when Wednes-  
day's paper was put into our hands, at the very  
imperfect character of the impression. We  
could not readily account for the seeming defe-  
ction—Worn types, bad rolling, ink, paper, press,  
pressman—in short a thousand causes and  
thoughts passed through our brain; and it was  
not until a half score of *principles* had been sac-  
rificed to our manifold cogitations, that the  
light of truth burst upon our bewildered facul-  
ties, and we had it clear as the clearest mud  
which, within the last fortnight, has bespattered  
us right and left.

Yes, we had it on the hip—We knew it was  
the real thing, and no other. It was a ruse of  
our Proprietor and Printer, (who by the way,  
poor soul, has not been able to put a foot to the  
ground this last three months with the most ex-  
cruciating bodily agony)—a veritable manoeuvre,  
not badly conceived or indifferently executed,  
to test the popularity of "The Argus" among  
our reading friends, and the public in general.  
The result was indeed most satisfactory in one  
way to the test; for the outcry which arose on  
all sides at our thus "blinking" our pages, was  
so lengthened and loud, we were absolutely as-  
tonished, and without so fringed to boot, that  
the experiment, we promise, will not be repeat-  
ed that is—if we can help it. It, however,  
proved one fact, which is a consolatory action  
to us, under the heaps of complaint and *compli-  
ments* tendered to us on the score of Wednes-  
day's paper, and that is, people do begin to find  
that "The Argus" is worth reading, when they  
kick up such a stink at the blurring  
out of a column or two. Come now, all of you,  
*forgive and forget!*

Genera Nominum.—We beg leave to acknow-  
ledge the receipt of Mr. Futvo's short treatise  
syled "Genera Nominum," and for which we  
return him our best thanks. It would be almost  
superfluous for us to comment upon the excel-  
lence of this work, considering the manner in which it has  
been highly spoken of in Journals on the other side  
of the Atlantic, but cannot conclude our notice  
without strongly and favorably recommending it to  
come to the attention of all teachers of youth, and  
of all pupils engaged in classical pursuits.

Seals bobbing for Bels.—Their rhyme and  
fact combined; as on last Thursday, the snelt fish-  
ers on the Queen's wharf were rather surprised to see  
something like the head of a very large bull dog  
popping occasionally above water, and moving about  
not very distant from them. It was at last discov-  
ered to be an immense Seal, which, among other  
of its gambols, in one instance made a furious dive,  
and came up almost directly above water, with an  
enormous seal, writhing and twisting, in its jaws—a  
sight most exceeding and pleasantly amusing to the  
gangs of boys on the wharf; not a few of whom  
gravely asserted that they had, more than once, felt  
the fellow nibbling at their snelt lines in the course  
of the day!

One or two shots, and a countless number of  
miss-fires and flashes, in the pan, (always the way,  
cursed 'em!) were directed to this novel visitor, but  
without apparent effect, and he went off with the ebb  
tide. There are many persons on the look out for  
his return, prepared with the means of giving him an  
effective welcome; and visions of new winter caps  
and carole aprons already float in the imaginations  
of the watchers.

The Champion of England in America.—The  
celebrated pugilist, Ben Caunt, has arrived in New  
York from England, for the purpose of a tour  
throughout the States and Canada, exhibiting and  
teaching the "manly art." Whether he is in reality  
the reputed or *soi disant* "Champion," we are  
not prepared to say; but the American papers state  
that he bears with him and has shown to many the  
gorgeous "Belt of the Champion of England." It  
is said he is six feet three inches in his stockings,  
his weight sixteen stone, and a perfect Hercules in  
appearance, beside being handsome in countenance,  
and altogether a remarkable fine and noble looking  
fellow. He is prepared to throw the gauntlet down  
to the "best" of the Yankee ring for any thing  
they like—dollars & sovereigns, to the amount of a  
flour barrel full of either. We do think that a chap  
of his calibre of physical power, and scientific pow-  
ers, will not fail to take the conceit out of many of  
the "knock down and drag out" bullies of the land  
of corn cakes and hard cider; if once he gets to work  
with them in earnest; and they make it worth his  
while, by a respectable consideration, or, in the ir-  
regular line, get up a match for him in the way of  
a "spec."

Recent important arrival.—We have been in-  
formed that the last upward trip of the Unicorn  
brought back an old acquaintance of P. Luce street  
corner—we mean no less celebrated a personage  
than the illustrious *General Wolfe*, from some ex-  
cursion, (p. sibly, not a voluntary one on his part),  
the expression of which he has not been clearly de-  
monstrated to us. Our readers have, doubtless,  
remembered with regret his absence from "the accus-  
tomed spot" or the last few months; during which  
period various and painful rumours and statements,  
in connexion with his destiny, have agitated and