

CURIOUS TABLEAU OF JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

The *Westminster Review* (No. 70, newly published) gives a lively and interesting paper on Egyptian antiquities, and particularly regarding those relics of the arts and memorials of the customs of ancient Egypt which have been amassed in the British Museum. The writer notices one monument of a most remarkable kind:—A grand tableau, advertising the important event of the arrival of Joseph's brethren in Egypt, discovered among the excavated tombs of Ben Hassan (not very distant from Cairo), is perhaps the most remarkable acquisition of modern Egyptian discovery. Some doubts have been expressed by Egyptian hierologists, and amongst the rest by Rosellini and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, whether this tableau in effect does or does not represent the arrival of Joseph's brethren in Egypt. But the force of those doubts will be weakened if we state that some who were sceptical now waver in their opinion, while others have arrived at an opposite conclusion.

The occasion of doubts was the fact, that the era of the arrival in the reign of Osirtesen did not correspond with favourite or preconceived chronological systems. Any dispassionate person, however, who surveys the tableau in association with the epoch and with other monuments where the Jews appear, will, we are assured, come to the inference that it does represent the arrival of Joseph's brethren in Egypt, and their introduction by Joseph in person, acting as secretary of state to a viceroy of the reigning sovereign, in whose tomb the tableau is found. We will briefly explain its details.

A royal scribe, or a secretary of state, whose name has been read phonetically *Nosuf* and *Jusuf*, followed by the jailor *Rori*, is introducing to a viceroy of Osirtesen (which fixes the epoch at 1795 B. C. and about six generations before the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty) ten Hebrews, clearly identified by their physiognomies and costume, and one lad, making eleven males altogether, accompanied by females, possibly the wives of the male personages, two children, and by attendants, to the amount of thirty-seven.

The viceroy of Osirtesen, who is represented as standing in honour of the superior rank of the royal scribe, is omitted by Rosellini, who has also to our great regret omitted several other figures, including and styled "the master of the house," two of the Hebrews, and the whole of the attendants.

The secretary of state, wearing the large wig peculiar to the aristocracy, similar to the specimen in the British Museum, displays a scroll in which is written the arrival of these strangers described as "bond slaves," in the sixth year of Osirtesen.

It is obvious that they are Hebrews who have just crossed the desert. They are accompanied by two asses of the desert, panniered and covered with a peculiarly ornamented housing, one of which conveys two children (possibly those of Judah) and the ass of the party, and both the other the leather water bottles, exactly such as are now carried by camels and asses in crossing the desert. They bring with them presents to their great host, such as are recommended by Jacob in the Mosaic account of the arrival of Joseph's brethren. One carries and performs on a lyre, made after the primitive Greek fashion, which has been by antiquarians identified with the Jewish *Chinnor*, derived perhaps from Jubal, the lyre's scriptural inventor; two other of the brethren lead animals, which sufficiently indicate their Judean locality, the antelope and the ibex of Lebanon. The men are clad in many coloured woollen tunics, wear the Greek sandal, and are well armed with clubs, spears, and bows and arrows.—Two carry the desert water bottles slung over their shoulders. The females, whose resemblance would seem to indicate that they are sisters, and at all events members of one and the same family, wear tunics of the same primitive character, dyed with a peculiar pattern of stripes, intermixed with wavy lines, and short leather boots (*collurns*) which are never worn by the Egyptian females.

These are the main points of the tableau. The inquiring reader may discover others equally curious; and he will not fail, we are satisfied, comparing all its details together, and connecting it with the epoch and with the name of the Pharaoh indicated on the scroll presented by the introducing secretary to the chief personage, to come to the conclusion that it is a pictorial representation of the arrival of Benjamin with his ten brethren in Egypt, as recorded in the book of Genesis. The Jewish lad, the number of ten Jewish brethren with him, the high designation of the introducing personage, namely: that of a Prince Secretary of State under the reigning Pharaoh, their immediate arrival from the desert, the Judean presents they bring, the fact of the tenant of the tomb being governor of the district in the neighbourhood of Goshen, where the Jews afterwards settled, and finally, the name of the royal secretary written "Jusuf," the present eastern name for Joseph, all point with a converging cogency of proof scarcely admitting of a question, to the same end, namely, that the tableau records the arrival of Joseph's brethren.

It seems, moreover, to depict a peculiar point of time, namely, when Simeon being liberated from bondage, Joseph is conducting his eleven brethren, including his younger brother Benjamin, and followed by the master of his horse, spoken of in Genesis, from the presence of the Pharaoh Osirtesen into the presence of the viceroy of the land of Goshen, where they were about to be settled, and in whose tomb this extraordinary pictorial memorial is found.

Frightful adventures of Skinner's Horse in the Bolan Pass.

Camp Quetta, May 10, 1841.—On the following evening we made a march of six miles to Sir-i-Bolan, where we passed the night, intending to

reach to the Dost-i-Budowlat (48 miles) in the morning; but finding the party, men and animals, much fatigued with their previous exertions, I finally determined to give them till the afternoon to recruit themselves we started therefore, at one p. m. and had gone about two miles, when it came to rain, though not heavily. We had now reached the narrowest part of the pass not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, and I had sent on 4000 Suwars, the camel men, and all the baggage, with instructions to keep close together, and was bringing up the rear, with about eighty horse, when just as I cut the narrow pass, and came to a turn, I saw a body of water, about a foot deep, rushing round another turn with tremendous force, and immediately after another wave full three feet higher. On the right and left there were no means of escape, the rocks being perpendicular; so we went to the right about and galloped back, just reaching an accessible place as the water was upon us. The stream now rolled past with awful velocity, and rapidly increased to ten feet in depth; then came a dreadful scene—men, horses, camels, &c. were swept past us, and dashed to pieces against projecting rocks, over which the water flew twenty feet high. No assistance could be afforded, for the stream ran faster than a horse could gallop. I stood upon the bank quite horror struck, for I believed that every one ahead of us had perished. In a few minutes the destruction was complete, and we felt like men cast upon a desert island, without a particle of food, wet to the skin, a cold cutting wind blowing upon us, and no means, from the nature of the country, of ascertaining the extent of our loss; as, until the water went down, all communication with any of the party who might have been saved was completely cut off. About sunset the water had nearly subsided, and I then found how matters stood; the loss of life was thirty-three men and 101 animals. We passed a miserable night; but no more rain fell, and in the morning we pushed on to our outposts.

SONG.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Hark! the joyous peal is mingling
With the cannon's welcome roar,
Whilst the sounds of myriad voices
Echo on from shore to shore.
Now the Monarch's heart is bounding—
Now the Mother's joy we share;
O! how fond the hopes—the wishes
Millions breathe for England's heir.

Not alone with shouts of gladness—
Not alone with songs of glee,
But with prayers and gratulations,
Royal Babe! we welcome thee.
Peaceful be thine infant slumbers;
Joyful be thy Childhood's day;
Happy be thy riper hours—
Warmed by Wisdom's peaceful ray.

Heir to Britain's proud dominions,
If the Three should'er be thine,
From thy mother's breast example
Learn what graces brightest shine.
Like Her, seek to amaze the millions—
Love alone commands the Free—
So shalt thou be best in ruling,
So shall we be best in thee.

Settlement upon the Aroostook.—In 1831 the Aroostook road was surveyed through an unbroken wilderness, and the first settlement was made upon it in 1834. No part of the road was turned until 1840, and it is now completed for the distance of sixty-four miles from the military road to the Aroostook, and nearly every lot upon it taken up by settlers; lateral roads are made in many places, and not less than fifteen hundred inhabitants settled upon the road. On one half township purchased by Bishop Fenwick, are many settlers, most of them from Boston, and all of whom are getting a very comfortable living in their new home, nearly every family having a surplus of productions to dispose of, for which they find a market at their own doors. Upon this half township is erected a large two-story wooden college, with one wing completed and the other in progress. There is also a Catholic Chapel erected and partly finished. The settlers on this half township have nearly all paid for their lots and are all industrious and thriving. The whole population is about 2500, and we learn that it is the intention of their principal men to purchase still more land for future settlements. The Town of Patten, upon the road, was first settled in 1824, when the first tree was felled within its limits. It now has three stores, a saw and grist mill, tannery, pot ash and other machinery, with mechanics' shops, two taverns, and six barns that cost one thousand dollars each, besides other barns and the buildings of the inhabitants. The settlers in this town have a surplus of hay and grain the present year, to the amount of from seven to eight thousand dollars, for all which they will find a ready market. One man in Patten raised the present season, two thousand bushels of grain, and even more than that was raised by another man in the same town last year. He had sent us, a few days since, an enormous blood beet raised in Patten, by Mr. Taylor, which weighed 12 pounds, showing that the soil there is good for root crops; as well as grain, for which the whole Aroostook country is famous.

The whole amount of surplus productions which the settlers upon the Aroostook road have for sale the present season will not fall short of fifteen thousand dollars.

From two to three hundred settlers, many of them industrious, smart young men, from the good farming County of Kennebec, have purchased lands and commenced operations the present year. The State offers liberal encouragement to settlers by the low price of land, and an opportunity to improve the roads by the payment of a portion of the amount upon them in labour.

The military stations at Fort Fairfield and Fish River, with the travel which they cause upon the

road; the lumbering business; the facilities for purchasing land cheap, and paying mostly in labor, with the superior quality of the soil, all combined, make the Aroostook country one of the most desirable places for settlement, for the young men of New England to commence life, or those more advanced to mend broken fortunes, and provide support for a family, that can probably be found, taking health and all things into the account, in the world.—*Bangor Whig*.

AN OLD SONG, WORTH SINGING

Happy and free are Married Man's reveries
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life;
He knows not the Bachelor's revelries, delevries,
"Cared by and blessed by his children and wife.
From lassitude free too, sweet home still to flee to.
A pet on his knee too, his kindness to share.
A fire side so cheery, the smiles of his deary,—
O this boys, this is the Married Man's Fare.

Wife kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,
But promoting his comfort around.
Dispelling dejection with smiles and affection
Sympathizing advising when fortune has frowned
Old ones relating droll tales never ailing.
Little ones prating all strangers to care;
Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some munching,
Economy dealing the Married Man's Fare.

That is each jolly day one live holiday;
Not so the Bachelor, lonely, depressed—
No gentle one near him, no home to endear him,
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;
No children to climb up—'t woul' fill all my rhyme up
And take all my time up, to tell his despair;
Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheating him, beating him;
Bills pouring, waids meeting, devouring his fare.

He has no one to put on a sleeve or neck button—
Shirts mangled to rags—drawers st. ingless at knee
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too
With overdone, underdone, undone is he;
No son, still a treasure, in business or leisure;
No daughter, with pleasure new joys to prepare;
But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush in dozens
Relieving him soon of his Bachelor's Fare.

He calls children asses, Sir, (the fox and the grapes Sir.)
And fain would be wed when looks are like snow;
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn out;
And maidens, deriding, cry 'No! my love no!'
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow,
No hope in to-morrow—none sympathy spares;
And when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—
None close his old eyes up—he dies—and who cares

Birmingham Railway—Comparison of English and American Travellers.

A Trip to Birmingham. The railroad which unites London and Birmingham is admirably constructed. There is a finish about it and its appendages, for which we look in vain over our best American roads. The bridges which gracefully span the are of hewn stone; the sides of its cutting and its embankments are fortified with well-laid masonry, or adorned with bright carpets of green sward; and its depot houses, with their solid materials and turreted walls, look like castles of the olden time in miniature. See the "Royal Mail Train" leaving the London station, and darting forward towards its northern destination, at the rate of thirty miles to the hour. The snorting impatient locomotive is closely followed by coaches of the nobility and gentry, placed temporarily on flats with powdered servants sitting outside to brave the cinders and the breeze, while "my lud and ledly" are snugly stowed away within. Then come the "First Class Carriages" displaying their polished mahogany colouring, and blazing with gilt stars and England's escutcheon. How appetitely their soft cushions and silk curtains are arranged to tempt one into a luxurious nap as the fiery centaur gallops along in search of Europe's toy-shop. Succeeding this is the "Second Class" of humbler though respectable exterior, but cushionless and windowless, where the traveller of moderate pretensions can save a few shillings and reach Birmingham just as quick as his aristocratic pioneer. To this is coupled the "Third Class," which nearly resembles stout farm waggons, destitute of tops and having seats without backs. Chartists, and others of "the bone and sinew," ride here.—Finally comes the "Fourth Class," (not unlike the third, except that there are no seats,) which carried sheep and other quadrupeds to the Metropolis last night, and brings *sans culottes* and other bipeds down this morning—who, though of the lowest orders, are permitted to stand up for their rights and their rides.

Thus that noted personage, the "Travelling Public," disposes of the various branches of his numerous family, on the Birmingham Rail-road. Would you know what most attracts my attention in English travel? If, some night, when dressing softly in No. 64 of the Astor House, I had been transported across the Atlantic by mag, and awakened on the flying track of the Birmingham Rail-road, a glance would have convinced me I was out of the United States—*everything goes so smoothly*. There is no fuss, no noise, no smoking, no swearing, no insolence, no inquisitorial questioning.

With an English gentleman, every thing is always in good-keeping with the occasion.—There is an oppositeness in his manners which singles him out from the Frenchman, livish of bows and grimaces when he should be grave; or the Yankee, inquisitive and noisy when he should be silent. In nothing is this adaption more striking than in the article of dress. Sir John Bull, Bart., never appears on the slippery pavement in Morocco pumps, nor at a dinner party in boots. The barrister of ever so mean pretensions never enters his chambers disfigured

with a beard of twenty-four hours standing; nor would the Duke of Buccleugh follow his bounds in beaver and black broadcloth. The Bond-street exquisite is not an exception to this rule. To-day he will entertain "a score or two of tailors" to fit him for a "dining out," where you may meet him, dressed in the extreme of fashion. You would hardly recognize him tomorrow, with gun and game bag, rambling over the fields, grouse shooting, equipped in his Russian coat, garter pants, coarse boots, and jockey cap. This keen sense of propriety is not discarded when travelling. English gentlemen and ladies don't journey in fifty-dollar broad-both mantles and white muslin dresses. Their menservants mounted on the top of the coach, are like the dandies who strut the decks of your North River steamers; while the fiery of their nurses is in apt keeping with the gaudy trappings of those faded Southern belles whom you shall meet any summer's day in the cars of the Saratoga Rail-road. Let American Democracy learn of the English Aristocracy, that it is vulgar to "dress up" when travelling.

Marriage is the guardian of the character—a man is unwilling to blush before his children.

Shipwreck of Sir Gordon Bremer and Captain Elliott—their Capture and Ransom.

We find in the Canton correspondence an account of a dreadful typhoon on the 21st of August, and extract the following interesting particulars:

Her Majesty's cutter *Louisa*, Lord A. W. Beauclerk in command, Mr. Swan, master, with their Excellencies Sir G. Bremer and Captain Charles Elliott, Her Majesty's joint Plenipotentiaries in China; Flag Lieutenant Fowler, and Mr. Morgan, Sir Gordon's Secretary, on board; and the schooner *Young Hebe*, Mr. C. V. Temple in command, left Macao roads for Hong Kong on the 20th. The *Young Hebe* was seen on the 20th well under Lantau, and the cutter a few miles ahead of her. On Friday afternoon Sir G. Bremer and Capt. Elliott were brought back to Macao in a small Chinese boat. The cutter had been blown to the westward; about noon, on the 21st, Mr. Owen, the second master, was knocked overboard whilst employed about the lower gaff, and drowned; the cutter was eventually wrecked on the Island of Kowloon, to the north of Tylo, and near to the village of Fiesha. This island is in the division of Wongleongtow, district of Heungshan.

Her Majesty's joint plenipotentiaries were at first rather roughly treated; the commodore was, we have heard, knocked and stripped, and had not the man who brought their excellencies back to Macao in his boat interfered in their behalf and protection, the English expedition to China would probably have been deprived of both its civil and military heads. The man called himself a comprador, took the shipwrecked people into his house and gave them food. Sir G. Bremer landed on the Praia Grande, in a red Guernsey frock and drawers. The price of their rescue was 3000 dollars. Lieut. Fowler, Lord A. W. Beauclerk, and the rest of the crew were brought back to Macao on Sunday, by a launch, and a boat of Her Majesty's ship *Herald*, which had been despatched for that purpose.

The schooner *Young Hebe* returned to Macao, under jury masts, on Thursday.

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THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

QUEBEC, 18TH DECEMBER 1841.

Since our last we have received a number of English, American and Colonial papers, from which we shall make such extracts, in due course, as may be deemed interesting to our readers.

President Tyler's lengthy Message has reached us, and is much of the same sort of thing that all such messages generally prove to be—a long string of words, officially and nicely set to a sort of *pro forma*, political tune; and which fully answers its intended purpose of a pretty and amusing jingle, for the time being in the ears of the sovereign people.

We should not wonder, if "something," as your political wisacres and old women say, does not yet unpleasantly grow up between England and America out of the searching system pursued by our Cruisers, in regard to Yankee ships suspected of slave traffic. One of these odd days there will be "knocking o' the head" in consequence, depend upon it.

The Public Meeting at the Court House to-day—called by His Honor the Mayor, we trust will be numerously and respectfully attended; as the occasion is one which surely ought to stir us, one and all, to our best display of proper and loyal demonstration.

The Establishment of Fire Companies—has, we perceive, seriously engaged the attention and discussion of our City Council, and most sincerely do we hope the arrangements, in consequence, will be of the best effective order. *Pay people*, and your work will be done as it should—that is the true principle; and if you do not or cannot give them due remuneration in "the coin of the realm," why, at least order them some equivalent for their arduous services, in the shape of exemption from Militia service, serving on Jurys, and so forth.

We have no doubt that the able chairman of the Fire Committee, with his usually energetic and straightforward manner of considering and handling such matters, will carry the thing through with ability and credit to all concerned—and with substantial advantage to the public in the result of measures to be adopted.