

THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

We watch o'er all—and note the things we see.

[VOL. I.]

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THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

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(From Fraser's Magazine.)

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Summer's bright roses one by one have passed!
Gone is the beauty of the golden shrubs;
Ye come at last,
Prophets of winter hours approaching fast!

Oh, autumn leaves!
Why look ye thus so brilliant in decay?
Why to the dying year when Nature grieves,
Are ye so gay
With richer hues than graced her opening day?

Oh, autumn leaves!
Ye as ye don your crimson robes of mirth,
While dull decay a moment scarce reprieves,
Your forms for a earth—
Ye tell us happier far is death than birth.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Lark you 'he dying saint in splendour grows;
With such faint pulse of life that feebly heaves
At evening's close,
His every grace with added glory glows.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Like you he casts aside all hues of gloom,
And of his brightening hopes a glimpse reveals
That o'er his tomb
Throws the glad promise of eternal bliss.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

An Irish gentleman once gave us an amusing account of an evening's adventures there, which will afford a very good illustration of the humors of the fair generally. We will present his account as nearly as possible in his own words, though the absence of the rich brogue with which he spoke, the twitch of the shoulders, and above all, the humorous look with which he enriched portions of it, will make the written account very flat, compared with his description. He was "a lad of the old school," and had been "a right gay fellow" in his time. He had a bitter hatred against temperance societies, and every thing, indeed, which he thought tended to put down "the spirits of the people."

"I think I ought to remember 'The Brook,' anyway," said he, "for devil such a slavin' did I ever get before or since, as the night I went down wid Pether Sleevin. A right gay fellow was Pether, and from the kingdom of Kerry, too. He was a medical student at that time, rest his soul, (for he's dead long ago,) and for a skirmish such a boy you wou'dn't pick out of the whole county. Well, towards the end of August, jist the second day of the fair, who should come up to Dublin but Pether, an' of course he came an' dined wid me. After we'd dined, an' wur jist mixin' our forth tumbler o' punch, (by the same token that I only used to take three when I was alone by myself,) Boyle, sis he to me, 'isn't this Donnybrook fair?' sis he. 'Faith, an' it is,' said I, 'an' sure ther'll be some sport there to-night, I'm thinkin'.'—'An', what's the reason we're not to go?' sis he. 'Is the sprit goin' out of the country intirely, that a decent man like yerself, who knows how to handle a twig wid the best of 'em, should be makin' yerself a hermit at this season o' the year?' sis he.

"It didn't want much persuashun thin to make say 'ye' to such an invitashun, for there wan't a trick on the town but I know'd somethin' ov' it. So after we'd cleared off our punch, and one tumbler more—to rinse it down—for the boys at that time wou'dn't be botherin' themselves wid tay, like they do now, off we went to go down to the fair. It was jist dark, an' the old Charlies wur comin' their rounds, wid their long poles, an' their latherns, as they always used to do early in the night, before any skirmishes begun in the streets, because thin ye see, they always kept in their watch boxes. But no matter for that—the crathur! Sure wan't they better than all the po-lis in the world—barrin' the pathroles? It's the po-lis, the new po-lis, that spoil the sport intirely. Before they wur invented, Dublin was the place for fun and spirits, an' there no comin' up before the magistrates in the mornin', mind ye, afterwards. If a man took a Charleys pole from him, an' tapped him on the head with it—what

matter! Sure a pound note was a good plas-ther; an' iv ye did get to the watch-house—which ye'd no call to do iv ye only minded how to lo the the thing properly—but iv ye did get to the lock-up, ye had only to have a couple o' pounds or bail, an' they'd do for ye's appearance in the mornin'. But now, och hone! thin Peeters de-roy us. They're sport sp'iders intirely. Every-thing's brought up to the inspicitor: an' they won't take leg-bail.

"Well Pether an' I went up to Stephen's Green, and there got a car, or course, that wur goin' down to Donnybrook. 'Fourpence a piece,' sis the man, 'an' off at once.'—'That'll do, sir,' sis Pether, an' so up we go, wid four men more on the seats, an' two in the well o' the car, which ought to carry only four altogether; an' indeed the horse seemed to think he'd got his number. But cruelty to animals wasn't minded then, when people were goin' to 'The Brook.' 'S' the horse drove us down, an' may be we warn't merry on the road at all! But when we come to pay our fare.—'Sixpence each,' sis the man.—'Oh, the d-vil fly away wid yer sixpence, sir!' sis Pether. 'Do you see any cobwebs in my eyelashes?' sis he. 'An' do ye think I'd be after insultin' ye wid sixpence, when ye only asked fourpence?' sis he.—'Ah! don't be humbuggin' me,' sis the carman. 'Oh, ye's a note lad?' sis Pether; 'but I'll not give ye as much as would bite two small praties, over yer fare!' sis he. The fact is, we wanted a bit ov a skirmish about the twopence, an' so we bothered the man till we see the perspiration comin' through his hat! an' then he was after callin', Pether 'a Jackeen P'. When he said this, Pether knocked him down, like Oliver Cromwell did the Pope, an' pon me conscience, in a minute we'd fightin' enough for twenty Connaught men. For when the Carman got up, he took another man, in the dark, for Pether, an' least him such a touch on the side of his hat, as brought him down like a life on a windy day. 'Thin, what wid people interferin', to stop the fight, and what wid boys comin' up to fight, in less time toan a pig wou'd uncurl his tail, they wur twenty 'twigs' at work at the smallest. But, as Pether an' me, said Mr Boyle, with an arch wink of his eye, 'didn't wish to make a disturbance at the first of the evenin' we thought it was judicious to lave the spot, and so, ownin' the carman (who was a fightin' wid a friend) his fare till we met him again, we went on very quietly to have a glass of punch in a tin.

"At that time temperance wasn't understood in this country, and Donnybrook was a whiskey brook. But them days are gone, so they are. Father Matthew has destroy'd the spirits of the country. Think of their havin' a temperance tay-party at Donnybrook last month—think o' that now! I and not a drunken man among all the tay-totallers but only one; and he only getting drunk in fun! Ah, I suppose they'll lave off smokin' dudsens soon!

"Iv ye could have seen the fair at that time, you'd never forget it. The large green on each side of the road covered with tints and people, an' every one wid a dudsen an' a shillelah—the men I mane, and not the tints. Then, to see the row or big tints behind, wid all the conjourers, an' the boxin' men, an' all the players of the country. An' thin to hear the music, an' the beautiful pipes, an' the fiddle's a-scrapin in every tint; an' every boy wid a lass dancin' for the life on the hall doors that had been borrowed from half the Liberty. Ah! that was the time for the fair, N. temperance—no po-lis then; all fun, an' all in good humor. But wait till I tell ye's. There wur a fight sometimes, or how would I be sayin' what a slatin' I got! But such a fight as I'm goin' to tell ye of didn't often happen.

"The night we went down there wur two men met in the fair who oughtn't to have come together there by any means. One ov them was a shoemaker from the Liberties, Pat Reilly, an' he had been a-cheatin' an' playin' his thricks upon Jim Murphy, an' he came from Dundrum. Jim tho't he'd meet Reilly, an' he said iv he did, he'd slaughter him, an' so he did—met him, I mane. Jim had twenty boys at his elbow, an' so had Reilly nearly, for the Liberty boys wur always ready for a skirmish at Donnybrook. Well, in a minute 'im sped out Pat Reilly, an' he was wid him in a whisper. 'Stop, ye ould ugly bla'guard! ye thief of the world!' sis Jim, 'I've got a reckonin' wid you, I have, sis he. 'An', boys, mind, let this turn be only wid Reilly an' me, an' let none of ye's interfere, an' by my mother's blessin' I'll slate him.' The boys stood round 'em an' in a moment they wur at it. Jim Murphy was an illigant made by. Every limb ov him looked as iv it had been made for a giant, an' his big thick fist grasped a shillelah that hadn't been cut for ornament. Pat Reilly was a dury little bla'guard. While Jim had his Sunday clothes on, though they wur covered by his large frize coat, which he scorned to take off, out of contempt of the shoemaker, Pat hadn't a rag on worth askin' for. He wore no coat—because he had none, an' his breeches were all untied at the knees, and his stockings hangings about his legs. An' yet, for all that, ye could see by his knowin' face, an' his malignant eye, that he was more than a match for Jim in cunning, though he hadn't so much power to his elbow.' But, however, at it they went, and everybody said that Jim would slate the other as he'd promised. 'Pon my conscience, it would have made a good pictur.' They had got in front of one of the largest shows in the fair,

for the light of the lamps, an' when the people ov the shows saw a faction-fight was goin' to begin they stopped their dancin', an' the only music ye soon heard was Jim an' Pat's shillelahs as they met in the air. Jim poured his blows down so hearty an' so well, that there was little doubt who would kiss the sod first. But, as Reilly got werten, so he got more venomous an' full ov revenge, till at last he was like a devil from the infernal place, an' leppin' about the ground like a madman. Jim hardly had a scratch upon him, while Reilly's head wid wounds an' blood, that run down the sides of his face, like a fountain; an' his head all glotted with gore. At last Jim aimed a blow that he intided should finish the business. He swung his thick shillelah round his head, and while it was in full swing, he brought it down, intending it for the forehead of Reilly. But it took him on the ear, an' it tore it off as iv a winch had done. Reilly shrieked out wid the agony, and he seemed to be faintin'; but, in a moment he put his hand in his breast, an' like a wild hyena he rushed in upon Jim, and clutched him by the head. The villin had armed himself wid his shoemaker's knife, in case he should be beaten, an' now he used it. Before Jim could tell what he'd be at, he caught him by the hair wid his right hand, an' wid his left, he made a gash across his windpipe, that almost cut his head from his body!

"After this, I can hardly tell ye what happened, for every boy who had a stick wid him took a part in the fight. Pether Sleevin an' I tried to get under one of the caravans, but some ruffian that saw us and were constables in disguise, an' in a moment a hundred wild savages were down upon us. Pether fought like a gentleman, as he always did; but we wur both ten senseless, an' the first recollection findin' myself on a low bed in one of the public houses of the town, wid Pether standin' by me, an' his head pitched all over like an ould quilt! A-for me, I don't know for a day or two whether I had any head at all, for it was jist the size of my body, but by degrees I got round, an' as I got married the next year, the mistress wou'dn't let me go near 'The Brook' again; and so, ye see, I've a better remembrance of the fightin' than the fun; though, mind ye, I wou'dn't speak dispragin' of the fair for all that."

"At length, the Lord Mayor of Dublin determined, if possible, to put a stop to this annual celebration of riot, debauchery, and robbery; and on the establishment of the new police, in 1838, the Mayor for that year caused every tent to be closed at dusk, and prohibited the fair continuing more than three days. The consequence was, that it pass'd off quietly. But the person who received the rent for the show-booths, &c., during the continuance of the amusements, was far from being satisfied with this arrangement, and brought his action against the Mayor for interfering in the manner described. The cause was tried before the Chief Justice, who delivered an excellent charge to the jury, on the necessity of preserving the public peace, by limiting the continuance of the disgraceful scene to the shortest possible period, and a verdict was given accordingly. The police, acting on this authority, have since obliged every drinking-booth to be closed at dusk, though they are still allowed to remain on the ground a week. The number is diminishing every year, as the owners do not find it worth their while to visit the place, and the late temperance reformation amongst the poorer classes of Dublin wil, no doubt, put them down altogether. Donnybrook Fair is therefore virtually abolished.—*Bentley's Miscellany for October.*

FINAL FETES OF VAUXHALL.

The cherish'd things of life's young day,
Alas! that thus they pass away.

The summer fetes of Vauxhall Gardens are in process of consummation: moreover, their final fate is decreed. The besieging forces, whose munitions of war are bricks and mortar, have determined their plan of operations, and are drawing lines of approach; and an advanced guard of hodmen are lying in ambush ready to rush in and plant their scaling-ladders. The ascent of Mr. Green's balloon will be the signal for the fall of those groves, redolent of gas and gunpowder, the thread of whose existence was the rag-rope of its car. The glory of Vauxhall departed with Simpson the genius loci of "the royal property": his flame once bright, and fugrant when fed with the perfumed incense of fashion, had sunk so low in the socket that its revivification seemed hopeless. For the last two seasons its feeble flickerings had ceased altogether; but it has now burst forth in a final flare-up, under the cherishing breath of Mr. Bunn. Indeed, we cannot but think that Allied Bunn, with the presence of a prophetic bard, had the fate of Vauxhall in his mind's eye when he penned that plaintive effusion "The Light of other days."

The first of the final fetes was celebrated on Monday. The lustre of the illuminations and fireworks was more than usually effulgent: as fires blaze brightest before they become extinct. The paintings with which Hogarth adorned the supper-boxes wore their blackest, and the sand-

walks their whitest hues; but the bows of hot punch and cool salad, flanking the attenuated chicken in its wading sheet of foam, were rarely seen; and even the mellifluous flagolet of Colinet failed to inspire the feet of the visitors with Terpichorean ardour. The orchestra, newly garnish'd without, shone brilliantly; but to the view of a mournful fancy its luminous fretwork seemed glittering pinnacles of frost, soon to melt away before the sun of the Surrey Zoological, as Ranelagh faded before the rising splendours of Vauxhall: that massive shell which once was the sounding-board to the strains of B. Kingdon and Incedon, and echoed the vocal facets of Charles Taylor and Tom Cooke, now canopied the food-rishing of Monsieur Julien's baton, the round hats of his band desecrating the dome beneath which the *chapeau bas* alone was worn till now. The German chorus occupied the stage of old devoted to the puppet-like evolutions of tight-rope dancers; and the floor of the rotunda was defiled with sawdust and trampled by the hoofs of Ducrow's stud. The "lustrous long arcades," in days of yore swept by the hooped trains of beauty and fashion, were trod by plebeian boots; linen blouses usurped the place of court-suits; oaken ruggels supplanted the dress-sword and clouded cane; and, horror of horrors! the smoke of cigars reeked where the perfume of lavender and musk once exhaled. Apart from these profanations, as a sexagenarian beau of the old school styled the changed usages, the aspect of the Gardens was as brilliant as we ever saw them on a gala night, so far as the illuminations were concerned. The trophies and inscriptions in coloured lamps on black grounds had a very rich and magnificent effect; and only the lugubrious fancy of our sexagenarian friend, whose pathetic lamentations on the condition of Vauxhall we have but faintly expressed, could have perceived in this dark background of a funeral character, or in an imperial crown of opaque yellow lamps, imitative of the effect of dead gold, an emblem of the Royal Gardens. The dark walks are ornamented with statues and vases, whose whiteness and relief, combined with the fresh hues of the foliage and flowers in which they are embedded, produce a chaste and cool effect, at once agreeable and picturesque. "These must be the articles of virtue (virtu) that the bills tell us to take care of," exclaimed a roaring blade, hugging a plaster Diana, "for I see no others." The fountains squirted out very tiny streams, and some were absolutely dry: for Neptune, driving his four sea-horses, monopolized all the resources of the Lambeth water-works, and his web-footed coursers emitting streams of water from the nostrils, and his trident spouting at every prong. The fire-works of D'Ernst were one of the most superb displays of pyrotechny that we ever saw—not so much for quantity as quality: the devices were most ingenious, and the colors intensely beautiful. The showers of sparks, served as a golden fringe or setting to the luminous gems that blazed in the centre, like circles of ruby, emerald, and sapphire, glowing with preternatural lustre. The rockets rushed upwards as though they wou'd reach the moon, and burst forth in showers of golden tears, silver stars, and amber bills; while some changed as they fell from deep lustrous green to burning crimson: fiery rings darted to and fro like comets, jets of fire went spinning upwards, and nests of serpents were shaken out into the air. In short, D'Ernst might achieve a Gorgon's head with snaky tresses and flaming eye-balls, as a feat of *feu d'artifice*, if he were so minded.

The company was numerous, and, with one or two exceptions, grave and sedate; and, if rank gives son to a place of amusement, the presence of the Duke of Brunswick and Prince Esterhazy, Count D'Orsay and the Marquis of Waterford, surely may suffice as a sample of the fashionable society frequenting the final fetes of Vauxhall.

THE HORSE.

"Of a two-horse team, belonging to the Earl of Oxford, one was very vicious, the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse stood one that was blind. In the morning, when the horses, about twenty of them, were turned out to pasture, this good-tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after, and smell round him, and when recognized would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to grass in the field. This horse was so exceedingly gentle that he had incurred the character of being a coward, when only himself was concerned, but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend, he would fly to the rescue with such fury that not a horse in the field could stand against him. This singular instance of sagacity, I had almost said of disinterested humanity, may well put the whole fraternity of horsejockeys to the blush. They, to be sure, will fight for a brother jockey, whether he is right or wrong; yet they expect them to fight for them on the first similar occasion; but this kind hearted animal could anticipate no such reciprocity.—*Kriegerbocher.*

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 of command. Remains the
fair round belly with good cap in lid, 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 insinuations, 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 *hathism* in the A. H. 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
Gauls, 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
what.

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. N. 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 world, 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 snuff" 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
custars 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 *Blind's*, John *Bar-
leycorn's*, and King *Alcohol's* lowest depths are
sounded effectually with the ten-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 say,
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 'tho' 'twere of duns I 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 op-
inion, 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. Futvoye'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 disco-
vered 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 imagination
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

distracted the public mind. The hero is, we understand, undergoing a process of complete titration in his outer figure, somewhat tarnished by the usual 'rough and ready' wear incident to a sea voyage, the air of which, it seems, has done him no particular harm; to judge, we are told, from the unchanged hue of his ruddy complexion. We may therefore hope to see him once again in the old place, there to continue for many years to come; and pointing as heretofore, with a placid pride, to the direction of his first and memorable landing place near the St. Charles river.

Of course, we are understood as alluding to the return of the antiquated and time honoured wooden statue of *St. Charles*. It was stolen by some "wicked young men" from its niche above the corner of Palace and John streets. It is said that the figure was enclosed in a coffin, with all due solemnity of arrangement, and sent from Halifax, addressed to His Honor the Mayor of this City.

For the Quebec Argus.

LINES ENCLOSED WITH A MINIATURE.
Look on this brow—so purely bright,
An calm in all its joyous seeming,
You think it slumbers in the light
From those blue eyes so softly beaming;
Nay can you trace, while yet you dwell
With rapture on the picture token,
Aught in its loveliness to tell
Of blighted love—a young heart broken.

Alas! the lustre of that brow
With early grief was darkly shaded,
And those sweet orbs you look on now,
How soon their winning splen'our faded;
For burning tears bedimm'd the light
Of eye—so soft in quenchless sadness,
The dew-drops of a soul's deep night
That never wak'd a morn of gladness.

And oh! that gentle soul was fraught
With love so fond, it chis'd solely
Life but for him who smiling, wrought
The wreck within a shrine so holy;
Then coldly 'n'd his gaze apart
From her imploring tears—unheeding
The anguish of a bursting heart
Which vainly to his own was pleading.

This could not, did not last—to be
Thus from her lone fond refuge driven,
Kind Mercy set her spirit free,
To find its resting place in heaven;
Far from her tomb, beyond the wave,
In gloom that suff'ring spirit parted,
And stranger eyes wep' o'er the grave
Where sleeps the young and broken hearted.

HAIDEE.

Quebec, Nov. 1841.

For the Quebec Argus.

NIGHTS ON GUARD.
To Miss—

On such a night—a night as this,
Beneath a moon whose light seems giv'n
To waken dreams of love and bliss
Which feel as tho' thy breath'd of heav'n's;
And yonder blue and starry dome
Looks like an angel's happy home,
Yet, tho' 'twere mine that home so bright,
I'd leave it for thy side to-night.

On such a night—in by-past years
I've fondly watch'd the moon-beams shine,
Reflected from bright eyes whose tears
Or smiles were equally divine,
As the pale beauty of a brow,
Fair as the one I gaze on now—
And words as softly sweet as thine,
And 'under too, Dear CAROLINE!

On such a night—Oh! deem it not
A wrong to her a slight to thee,
Thou, quicken'd by each tender thought
Blended with her lov'd memory,
My lonely heart should catch the beam
Of love's own warm and soul felt gleam,
That springs from thy dark eye to make
Me love—yes, love thee for her sake.

On such a night—I scarce can bear
To think upon our parting hour,
For oh! I fondly seem to share
My soul with every star and flower,
That sparkling shines or breathes its bloom—
A world of light and sweet perfume,
Made far more exquisite to me,
Enjoyed, my CAROLINE, with thee.

On such a night—I must away,
For hours have flown as ne'er they flow,
And the pale moon's declining ray
Hath waned into a fainter line—
Yet whilst thy hand is still in mine,
Remember, my sweet CAROLINE,
To—hark!—yes D. I. O.—for sounds!
My darling girl, here come ' Grand Rounds!

GOLDEN PEAK.

Cape, Nov. 1841.

For the Quebec Argus.

THE LOCAL MAGISTRACY.

Now that the public mind is awakened to a sense of the necessity for reform and improvement in our various bodies politic, commensurate with our rapidly growing interests, and importance as a colony, the investigation of the present condition of our local Magistracy is a matter which should at once be proceeded with, as one paramount.

As at present constituted, it is a painful truth that of that numerous body but a few possess the requisite qualifications, which all holding the Commission of the Peace should have; and wanting which, the functions they exercise can at the best be wielded but in such a way, as to render them nugatory, and far from conducing to those happy results, which

the same powers in competent hands uniformly achieve. These deficiencies, and the dissatisfaction of which they are the cause, are more strikingly apparent in the gentlemen composing the Bench in the larger towns and cities; and this from a simple and obvious reason. The causes in which they adjudicate, and the vital interests over which they are at times called upon to preside, proclaim in its most unshadowed light any error of judgment, want of mental capacity, or ignorance of those broad and enlightened principles upon which our every day actions are conducted:—points, it is to be feared, but seldom developed in their Worship's of the Bench. And yet such are the individuals with some "few and far between" exceptions filling the Magisterial office.

The Provincial Magistracy, in their particular parishes, or districts, occupy more the position of a patriarch than of a lawgiver; mostly arbitrating among their unsophisticated neighbours, by simple word of recommendation, or homely argument, without the convention of a court, and other judicial apparatus. The reverse is the case in the cities, and towns. There, men pant for the law, and the decision of a Court, and are but ill disposed to abide by the award of their fellow citizens, whom they look upon as but as scantily skilled in legal lore as themselves.

In the rural districts, the appointment of the wealthy proprietor, (or Squire, as he is termed in England) to the Magistracy, invests that office, in the eyes of those around him, with twofold weight and dignity; conspiring, with his former influence, to set aside all thought of appeal from his decision, and rendering his advice and opinion, sought or unsought, final. In this instance, his very wealth is in some sort a guarantee for his fitness for the office; as, if hereditary, it will doubtless have procured for him an adequate education, to enable him to judge of matters and disputes according to those practical rules which a finished education, and intercourse with good society, gradually impart to an individual; and, on the other hand, if his riches be the product of his own perseverance and industry, we have at once an assurance of talent out of the common; as wealth, and its consequent influence, are not acquired without talent of some kind, limited it may be, but still the ability is present. And, after all, the causes of disputation for magisterial decision, in the country districts, are but those which spring from every day pursuits. Weightier matters require a more solemn and competent tribunal.

To interfere then with the restriction of the Peace Commissions to the nabobs of the rural districts would be obviously impolitic. The reform should not extend beyond the towns and cities. There, men should not be allowed to qualify themselves, and for the sake of a petty ambition of acquiring a distinction above their neighbours, petition and obtain the authority and privileges of a J. P. The mental capacity, the head—and not the breeches-pocket—should be considered in yielding to the applicant. In fine, Legal Courts should supersede their Worship's tribunal, and then we should no more be witness to those faulty and singular decisions which past session could record. We should have law, and not, as is often the case, the blundering decree of a sapient (J. P.)

I have but slightly touched on this, a point of much importance in our civic arrangements; trusting that the subject once broached, may induce some one among our forensic gentlemen to digest, and communicate to his fellow-citizens, some feasible plan of amelioration, which his necessary intercourse with the Courts will afford him every facility of doing, with advantage to the community in general.

November, 1841.

CIVIS.

For the Quebec Argus.

MR. ARGUS.

It is not a little surprising that you, who are blessed with such ubiquity of vision, and must needs have at your command so many more eyes than are requisite for the common purposes of seeing, should so long have trod unobserved, and left so long unnoticed, in your abode and now widely circulated journal, the horribly dilapidated and dangerous condition of the boarded foot-ways along the main and other streets in the St. John Suburbs.—For a truth, Mr. Argus, you must, habitually, have fallen into a brown study on the Faubourg side "à la porte de St. Jean," and extinguished all your brilliant orbs—one perhaps excepted, for the survey of the stars, in the profoundest depths of reverie; for, otherwise, such a diabolical apology for pavement as meets the eyes—aye, and the toes too, in this shamefully neglected, though swarming thoroughfare, could never have escaped your watchful vigilance.—I do not, however, ask or desire that you should take my bare assertion for fact.—Enquire of your numerous friends; put the question to the little black urchin whose arms are so often wearied, and whose tiny frame so often totters under the unwieldy weight of the "Quebec Argus."—Ask him, I entreat, of all others; and he will tell you that were each Argus, he carries 10,000 Argus's, and had each Argus 10,000 eyes, they would hardly suffice to guard him against mud bespattered "unwhippables" perished and battered toes, twisted ankles, even now and then a broken rib, or a dislocated collar-bone.

For my own part, the incessant rolling, and tumbling, shouldering, poking, and grumbling, which are the certain and unavailable fate of every after-dark pedestrian on the lines of foot-ways above mentioned, together with the risk of sprained ankles and an occasional source in one of the many mud-pools with which they are adorned, is any thing but agreeable to

A PEDESTRIAN.

P. S.—Since the above was penned, the frost has happily neutralized one of the evils so justly complained of, but the rest remain in all their pristine glory;—perhaps are even augmented from the circumstance of one's understanding being less under control than before, from the slippiness occasioned by the recent light falls of snow.—If you could be instruments, Mr. Argus, in bringing the subject of this note under the notice of the proper authorities,

in such a way as to lead to a remedy of the evils spoken of, you would confer no small boon on the numerous and respectable residents of that part of the town referred to.

A. P.

For the Quebec Argus.

MR. EDITOR,

To such of your readers who are speculators on the strange phases in which human passion, feeling, and event often present themselves, perhaps the following extracted scrap may be interesting.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"Married, July 15th, 1835, at St George's, Exeter, Mr. Joshua Sidbury to Mrs. Ann Drake Faltridge, of Exeter."

It is not a little singular that these parties, who are now getting up into years, were acquainted in their youth, and about to be united in the bond of wedlock;—a difference however took place as they parted. After a while each got married, and in the lapse of years became single again. Each again got married, and having become once more single, the fond intimacy of early life, and coloured with the ardour almost of young hearts, as before, grew between them, and singular to say, experienced a similar obstruction to the preceding; for a disagreement separated them, and for a third time each entered the "holy state," and each again, in the course of human event, were widowed. They met once more—again clung even in the waning day of life, to each other's hearts, with a fervour and devotedness which had but grown the stronger,—upon the wayward character of their previous destiny; they resolved to put it out of the power of caprice, or aught but death to separate them more, by indissolubly uniting themselves in the silken bonds of Hymen."

CURIOSO.

Quebec, 18th November, 1841.

For the Quebec Argus.

DEMOCRACY.

"There is in all popular governments a natural tendency to degenerate, as there is in matter to fall; and nothing can counteract this tendency, and the continual endeavour of unprincipled men to increase it, but the most energetic and persevering exertions. On no easier terms can the blessing of freedom be enjoyed; and if we think this price too great, it evinces that we are neither worthy nor capable of enjoying them."

"We are told that the torrent of licentiousness, which is rushing upon us is not a just cause for alarm; that it will cease of itself when it has run its career, & that the people having learned wisdom by experience, will know how to prize the blessings of order, and return with alacrity to their former correct habits. True, it will cease when it has run its career—and so will the conflagration which destroys your dwelling; but will you therefore use no endeavours to extinguish it? Beware of indulging any hopes but those which are founded on exertions.—The torrent which approaches us is the overwhelming deluge of Veauvins or Atna, which calcines or consumes what it cannot remove, leaving nothing behind it but a black sterility, and rendering us insufficient to repair the havoc of a day! Let not these counsels be despised, because they are the words of truth and experience.—When your habitation is in flames a child may give the alarm as well as a philosopher."

While recently busying myself in ascertaining and arranging a few scattered scraps, which the caprice of the moment, or perhaps their own merit had induced me to preserve, my attention was particularly arrested by the above beautifully graphic Sketch which appeared in the 'New York Gazette' some time during the month of June 1835; nor could I at the moment forbear indulging in the train of reflections which such a subject, at times like the present, was so eminently calculated to give rise to.

How truth breathing!—how artlessly simple!—yet how awfully prophetic does every sentiment appear. Little more than six years have passed away since the warning voice was heard, and the plain prophecy uttered; and have we not indeed seen the torrent of licentiousness rushing remorselessly on, bearing down in its impetuous course every barrier which the dictates of reason and religion, the requirements of law, the sacred demands of justice, nor the collected wisdom of ages, had opposed to moderate its mad career.—Have we not beheld, and do we not now behold the mighty demon of the land poisoning with his pestiferous breath, and stretching forth his foul hand to destroy the very sources and foundations of peace, of order, of social security and harmony? And, alas! unless laid prostrate by the thunder of truth, and quelled into subjection by its awful and invincible energy, shall we not indeed see him "roaring along like the overwhelming deluge of Veauvins or Atna, consuming what he cannot remove, leaving nothing behind him but a black sterility, and devastating in one brief day what the labour of ages will be found insufficient to repair."

Should we not then bless God from our inmost hearts, that we exist under a different order of things; and a form of government, the powerful moral energy of whose principles and influence is a guarantee to us, in the hands of divine providence, from the fearful evils and miseries so forcibly depicted by the American writer and quoted in the outset of these remarks?

That the voice of reason and of warning may yet be heard, and the terrible prophecy remain long unfulfilled, in that land which, in truth, seems to be urged on and working to some doom of fearful and serious event, is the sincere wish of—

PHILANTROPOS.

Quebec, Nov 1841.

To Correspondent.

SCRUTATOR we acknowledge—doubtful. A second communication from QUIS will be attended to at our first convenience.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD are veritable doggerel.

We are not satisfied that A HIPPER OF ASHES does not write from a self interested motive, and that his "statement of facts" is not a perversion of them. We will smoke a cigar or two, however, over his letter, ere we decide.

Most certainly, at our earliest leisure, we shall pay due notice to a SHOP-BOY; for we think his complaints well founded.

THE LITTLE PELLINGTON DRABING CLUB although well written, and as a piece of poetical satire in excellent of its quality, and, in our opinion, not particularly misapplied; yet our clever Correspondent must excuse our declining its insertion, on the plea that it is too pointedly applicable to be published even in Little Pellington.

Our notice of Mr. HAWKINS'S PLAN, &c., is near.

We will endeavour to comply with the wishes of all by giving our numerous and accepted contributors room in regular rotation, as space affords us the means.

Shipping Intelligence.

PORT OF QUEBEC.

CLEARED.

Nov. 17th.

Ship Ann Barr, McDougall, Halifax Road.
Sark Toronto, Douglas, London, Gullispie
Sark South, Johnson, Little, Liverpool, Welch.
Hull, Lively, Price, Galway, Pico.
Sark Favonius, Bannerman, Glasgow, Symes.
Sark Carlton Pack, Landry, Rigoche, Bar-tall.
Sark Dufford, Halifax, Leacraft.
Nov. 18th.

Sark Toronto, Douglas, London, Gullispie & Co.
Sark Souter, Johnson, Little, Liverpool, H. W. Welch.
Sark Lively, Price, Galway, Pico.
Sark Favonius, Bannerman, Glasgow, G. B. Symes.
Sark Carlton Pack, Landry, Rigoche, A. G. M. & C.
Sark Dufford, Wood, Halifax, Leacraft & Co.

COMMERCIAL.

HALIFAX MARKETS, Nov. 9.

FLOUR—	Calcutta, No 1	70s	
Am sup. (64) bl.	No 2	65s	
do fine none	No 3	55s	
Eye, Philadelphia 226	OILS—	per gallon none	
Quebec fine, bri	est. pale	26 1/2	
do fine	est. straw	23 1/2	
Nova Scotia, fine	est. per ton	220	
Hamburg	do	218	
CORN, Indian	est. boiled, gal.	45 1/2	
Meal per cwt 126	raw	45	
Kiln dried, bl 20	B. E. Canada, bri.	45s	
OATMEAL per cwt 16	Nova Scotia, cargo	35s	
OATS per bushel none	Prime	none	
SPIRITS—(duty 1s 4d st)	PORK, Quebec, bri	5s	
Brandy, gal	N. Scotia	70s	
Gin	Am ch. sheer none		
Jamaica, duty 1s 3d st.	Fresh lb	3 1/2 a 4d	
do bond	4s		
Wind Island d p	cheer, per lb	none	
Demerara d p	Congo,	3s 3d	
SUGAR—duty B. Is. 2s 6d	Franky	none	
Foreign	est. Hong	3s a 3 3d	
Brown, cwt d p 27s 6d 39s	Hyson	4s a 4 3d	
Foreign in bond 27s a 29s	TOBACCO—	8d a 9d	
Leaf per lb	Halifax Man. No 1	1 1/2 d	
COFFEE, Jamaica	Am. prime Fig. duty	paid 8 1/2 a 9d	
Porto Rico, bond	WINES—		
MOLASSES in bond 1s	adira, gallon	8s a 13s	
1s 2d duty 4 1/2 sterling	Port	10s a 11s	
FISH—	EXCHANGE.		
codfish—tol qual. per	cwt 11 1/2 d a 12s	Bills London, 31 days	
Morsh scores	16s	4 months	12
Hot do	16s	Bank 60 days	12
Haddock	7s	N. York, 10 days	5
Herring No. 1 bri 15s 16s	Do. blons—Spanish	16 1/2	
No 2	15s	Patist	21 1/2
Mackarel, No. 1	none	Dollars	5s 3d
No. 2	37s 6d	overcure	25s
No. 3 22s 6d	a 25s	British Silver,	25s

REMARKS.

During the past week a slight improvement in business was visible, and although a more cheering aspect of trade than for some time past. Now notwithstanding the sales effected were principally confined to home consumption, we trust ere long to be enabled to report a more extensive improvement, as confidence is rapidly gaining ground, which certainly is pleasing, after the severe shock our commercial community have experienced, and which, no doubt will ultimately prove an essential benefit, although at the present time it presses heavily. Our fishmen are likely to be great sufferers from the low rates at which fish and oil will probably be sold this fall. The low price of fish may be a great measure be attributed to the fear of politics arriving who will only sell for cash, which is taken advantage of by purchasers who have the needful—this is another cause resulting from the late embarkment.

Wheat Flour—Is selling quickly at 35s a 36s 3d in bond and the stock light for the season.

Rye and Corn Meal—Demand limited, but selling in small lots as above.

W. I. Produce—At a public sale this day Sugar went off at 38s 6d—holding back for re-sale. Molasses 2 1/2 d inferior quality. The stock of Sugar is 6000; a high—Demand same as 8d a 4s 3d—all duties paid.

Fish—Shore Codfish has been sold at 16s for the cash and 17s for the bill. Mackarel ready command 37s 6d for No. 2, 37s 6d for No. 3—on arrival for trial an inspection—in second hand's they command more—No No 1 in market. Herring have raised 22s 9d, trade 22s 6d cash. Herring as usual—no sales this past week except Labrador for retail trade.

Oils—Hold is a mark above rate but some lots have been sold from the vessel as low as 1s 6d for God and 1 1/2 d for Dog, which is a profit sacrifice.

Teas—At a public sale, on 8th at 3s 10d to 3s 3d for 0. g. tea money which is 1 1/2 additional.

Currency Produce—The market was on largely ticked the past week, and the weather extremely mild and wet, that great sacrifices were made in order to get rid of fresh provisions. Never have we seen produce so low. Potatoes, P. E. Island, are selling at 1s 3d a 1.

The Quebec Argus.

It will be published at No. 20, St. Peter Street, Lower Town, at the Printing Office where "THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN" has been hitherto published, and where J. A. Jacques, the Proprietor and Printer, will receive subscriptions and orders for Advertising.—Terms the same as for the B. N. American, viz. 1/5th per annum, six months payable in advance, JOB PRINTING DONE IN THE BEST STYLE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

HAVANA.

MRS. WEST'S BOARDING HOUSE.

No. 68, Calle Jaquinet.

PASSENGERS en route at Havana, and desirous of going to the Home by dispatching a message to the Proprietor or Agent, will be immediately furnished with the necessary permit to depart, with their luggage, &c. a regular passport is also a course indispensable.

New York, Nov. 13, 1841.

(From Captain Marryat's last novel.)

No band of North American Indians could have observed a better trail than that kept by our little party. Rushbrook walked first, followed by the dog and the dog Mum. Not a word was spoken; they continued their route over grass-lands and ploughed fields, keep up in the shade of the hedgerows; if Rushbrook stopped for a while to reconnoitre, so did Joey, and so did Mum, at their respective distances, until the march was resumed. For three miles and a half did they thus continue until they arrived at a thick cover. The wind whistled through the branches of the bare trees, chiefly oak and ash; the cold damp fog was now stationary, and shrouded them as they proceeded cautiously by the beaten track in the cover, until they had passed through it and arrived on the other side, where the cottage of a gamekeeper was situated. A feeble light was burning, and shone through the diamond-paned windows. Rushbrook walked out clear of the cover, and held up his hand to ascertain precisely the direction so as to be exactly toward of the keeper's house, that the noise of the report of his gun might not be heard. Having cleared the hedge, he lowered his gun so as to bring the barrel within two or three inches of the ground, and walked slowly and cautiously through the brush wood, followed as before by Joey and Mum. After about a quarter of a mile's walk, a rattling of metal was heard, and they stopped short; it was the barrel of the fowling piece which had brushed one of the wires attached to a spring-gun, set for the benefit of pheasants. Rushbrook lifted up his left hand as a sign to Joey not to move, and following the wire by continually rattling his barrel against it, he eventually arrived at the gun itself, opened the pan, threw out all the priming, leaving it with the pan open, so that it could not go off in case they fell in with another of the wires. Rushbrook then proceeded to busness; for he well knew that the gun would be set where the pheasants were most accustomed to roost; he put a small charge of powder in his fowling-piece, that being so near, he might not shatter the birds, and because the noise of the report would be much less. Walking under an oak tree, he soon discovered the round black masses which the bodies of the roosting pheasants presented between him and the sky, and raising his piece, he fired; a heavy bound on the earth near his feet followed the discharge; Joey then slipped forward and put the pheasant into his bag; another and another shot, and every shot brought an increase to Joey's load. Seventeen were already in it when Mum gave a low growl. This was the signal for people being near. Rushbrook snapped his finger; the dog came forward to his side and stood motionless with ears and tail erect. In a minute's time was heard the rustling of branches as the party forced their way through the underwood. Rushbrook stood still, waiting the signal from Mum; for the dog had been taught, if the parties advancing had another dog with them, always to raise his fore-feet up to Rushbrook's knees, but not otherwise. Mum made no such sign; and then Rushbrook laid down in the brushwood, his motions being closely followed by his son and his dog.

Voices in whispers were now heard, & the forms of two men with guns were to be seen not four yards from where they were lying. "Somewhere about here, I'll swear," said one. "Yes, I think so; but it may be further on: the wind has brought down the sound." Very true; let's follow them, and they may fall back upon the spring-gun." The parties then advanced into the cover, and were soon out of sight: after a time, Rushbrook held his ear to the wind, and, satisfied that all was safe, moved homewards, and arrived without further adventure, having relieved Joey of the heavy sack as soon as they were in the open fields.

At three o'clock in the morning he tapped at the back-door of the cottage. Jane opened it; and the spoils of the night having been put away in a secret place, they were all soon in bed and fast asleep.

Here is a threeword remark on the

EFFECTS OF TRAINING.
It is astonishing how much the nature and disposition of a child may be altered by early tuition. Let a child be always with its nurse, even under the guidance of a mother, regularly brought up as children usually are, and it will continue to be a child, and even childish after childhood is gone. But take the same child, put it by degrees into a situation of peril, requiring thought and observation beyond its years—accustom it to nightly vigils, and to watching, and to hold its tongue—and it is astonishing how the mind of that child, however much its body may suffer, will develop itself so as to meet the demand upon it. Thus it is with lads who are sent early to sea, and thus it was with little Joey. He was a man in some points although a child in others. He would play with his companions, laugh as loudly as the others, but still he would never breathe a hint of what was his father's employment. He went to church every Sunday, as did his father and mother; for they considered that poaching was no crime, although punished as such by the laws; and he, of course, considered it no crime, as he only did what his father and mother wished. Let it not be thought, therefore, that the morals of our little hero were affected by his father's profession, for such was not the case.

A BUNBOAT-WOMAN OF CHURCH
"O, I know nothing about other people's husbands," replied Mrs. Cropper, hastily. "Now, then, let us go and order the clothes; and then you'll be able to go to church on Sunday. I will do without you."
"What! won't you go to church?"
"Bless you, child! who is to give the poor men their breakfast and their beer? A bunboat-woman can't go to church any more than a baker's man, for people must eat on a Sunday. Church, like every thing else in this world, appears to me only to be made for the rich. I always take my

Bible in the boat with me on Sunday; but then I can't read it, so it's of no great use. No, dear, I can't go to church; but I can contrive, if it don't rain in the evening, to go to meeting to hear a little of the work; but you can go to church; I hear."

AN USHER'S EMPLOYMENTS.
I handed the toast to the master and mistress, the head-ushers, and parour-boarders, but was not allowed any myself. I taught Latin and Greek and English grammar to the little boys, who made faces at me and put crooked pins on the bottom of my chair. I walked at the head of the string when they went out for an airing, and walked up stairs the last when it was time to go to bed. I had all the drudgery and none of the comforts: I was up first, and held answerable for all deficiencies: I had to examine all their nasty little trousers, and hold weekly conversation with the butcher as to the possibility of repairs; to run out if a hen cackled, that the boys should not get the egg; to wipe the noses of my mistress's children, and carry them if they roared; to pay for all broken glass, if I could not discover the culprit; to account for all bad smells, for all noise, and for all ink spilt; to make all the peas, and to keep one hundred boys silent and attentive at church: for all which, with deductions, I received 40l. a year, and found my own washing.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.
BY A SUFFERER.
There is no torture like this most horrible disorder. The criminal on the wheel—the Indian at the stake does not suffer so much as its unhappy victim. It begins in restlessness, and inability to stand, sit or lie in one place. Then come burning headache, nausea, distorted vision, spasmodic affections of the neck, arms and legs, to end ere long in convulsions. If he is in the street he fancies himself pursued by a man with a drawn sword, a mad dog, or by a dun or a police officer, and he runs, though no man pursue. By a desperate effort, he collects his perturbed senses and says, "This is but imagination." But his pain is beyond strength to bear. He is ashamed to meet any of his friends, and he wends his way, without an object, through the most obscure streets and passages, to shun the sight of any one he knows. He escapes not so. Every one he meets seems to be watching and scrutinizing him—at every step, imaginary hisses follow him—imaginary voices reproach him with his degradation. If he does meet a familiar face, he knows it not—if a friend accost him, he cannot recall him to mind. His eyes are fixed and glassy, and his speech wild and incoherent. If he is constitutionally courageous, he becomes a coward—he fears every one he sees—if he is cowardly, he becomes still more so. All the sins of his past life rise up in judgement against him, and to these a distempered fancy adds a thousand more that he never committed, or thought of committing. He is quite conscious of his own degradation—he even deems it deeper than it is, if that be possible. He fancies himself detested and despised by all mankind but he does not feel any resentment, for his mind is crushed—his spirit is broken. He abhors himself and would gladly change condition with the dogs, that course the street; yea, with the swine that wallow in the gutters.
Thus he wanders on, goaded by thick coming fancies, more terrible than the Furies of Orestes, till his strength fails him, and not till then, he returns to his own abode, if he can find it; which is doubtful. No sympathy awaits him there—there, there can be, no sympathy for the drunkard. He tries to eat, but his stomach rejects all solid food, with unspeakable loathing. He tries to avert his thoughts from his unhappy condition; but it is in vain. He tries to read, but the letters once before his bewildered eyes; his mind cannot take in their meaning; or if it does, it is only by fits and starts. He can bear it no longer. He now perceives that his hat is crushed, his clothes torn, he knows not how—that his face is dirty, and that he grievously needs shaving. He finds conversation a relief, and dreads solitude more than death; but no one comes nigh him. He must bear his misery as best he may. He paces his apartment like a bear at the stake.
Night comes—the dreadful, solitary night, and the proxies return with redoubled violence. He retires to his couch, but not to sleep. Voices in his ear, songs are sung, bells are rung, guns are fired. Cramps seize him, and he is compelled to spring to his feet to shake them off. At last he sleeps, and Oh, the horrible dreams. Now the ruling passion is seen; if pugnacious, he would fain fight, for he has arisen in raving delirium. A convulsion at last stretches him insensible, and if not restrained, he beats himself to pieces; but he feels nothing—he rises, and would leap from the window or jump into the fire. He falls again—convulsions follow convulsions till the scene closes in death!
This sketch might, to advantage, have been lengthened. Short as it is, it is drawn from life.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.
DURING the Summer the Quebec Post Office will be open to the public from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. On SUNDAYS, in the Morning for Two Hours after the arrival of the Western Mail, and in the Afternoon, from 2 to 3 o'clock.
By order of the Deputy Post Master General. Quebec, June 1841.

NOTICE.
RUSSIAN STOVES.
THE Russian Stove Company is now ready to receive orders for the erection of this useful and economical Stove. A sample of them can be seen at the Auction Rooms of J. G. D. BARRETT, every day from 8 to 5 o'clock, where orders will be received, or at the Manufactory Establishment, No. 99 St. Vallier Street.—30th Sept. 1841.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE.
50 Gross of the well known celebrated JOHN'S MATCHES—nothing equal to them in the Canada.
CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER. Quebec, 25th Aug. 1841.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
THE Court of Directors hereby give notice, that a half yearly Dividend of Twenty-two shillings sterling, per share, will become payable on the shares registered in the Colonies, on and after the 30th July, during the usual hours of business, at the several Branch Banks.
The Dividend is declared in Sterling money, and will be paid at the rate of Exchange current, on the 30th July, to be then fixed by the Local Boards.
The Books will close preparatory to the Dividend, on the 15th July, between which time and 30th July, no transfer of Shares can take place.
By order of the Court,
(Signed,) GEO. DE BOSCO ATTWOOD, Secretary.
London, 1st June, 1841.

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.
25,000 Regatta Cigars, No. 1, Principe, 15 Cts. No. 2, " No. 1, " 1 Matthew Congress, 2,000 Riondo Congress, 10,000 Noriego, 2,000 " " " 1,000 Manila Cigars, 24,000 Mendosa & Garcia, 5,000 Trabucco, 25,000 Regatta, No. 1, Canada Manufacture, 20,000 Matthew half Regatta, Marquis Kassar or Tobacco, Fine mild old Petit Kassar, Vuelta de Abojo, Fine Leighter Porto Rico, Cut Tobacco, Strasburg Snuff, French Rappee, Fine Cocoboy, American Gentlemen, Natchitoches Mixture, Cigar Cases of different sizes, & Patent Matches.
—ALSO—
A very large stock of sole and upper Leather Englis French, Irish and Canada manufacture, &c.
CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER. Foot of Mountain Street, Quebec. 2d June 1841.

MANUFACTURE OF RUSSIAN STOVES.
By a Company under the direction of MR. SMOLINSKI,
Who has introduced from Poland a number of workmen whose trade is the manufacturing of these Stoves.
99, St. Vallier Street, Quebec.
SUCH Gentlemen of the Clergy, or others, as may have experienced any difficulty about the Chimneys, will, by writing, (post paid), to the above establishment, have the necessary directions forwarded to them.
As it may be impossible to meet all the demands, it is deemed proper to notify that the first applications will be first attended to.
Quebec, 14th June 1841.

FOR SALE.
3,400 Bars round No. 3, Iron, } assorted sizes. 1,200 flat ditto, } 500 Coils best Cordage, 17 Cwt. 5-16 Chain, short linked, 2 Chain Cables and Anchors, with a complete gang of standing and running Rigging, Blocks, D-adeys, &c. to suit a vessel of 300 tons Register.
Apply to H. N. JONES, Commercial Chambers, 18th August 1841.

NOTICE.
TO PERSONS DESIROUS OF SETTLING ON THE LAMBERT AND KENNEBEC ROAD.
NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Government at once to take the necessary steps for settling the Kennebec Road, in conformity to the provincial Statute 5, Geo. 3, Cap 31.
Lots of 50 Acres of Land each will be laid out on each side of the road.
Settlers 21 years of age and upwards who have never obtained a grant of Land from Government, may obtain a Lot of 50 Acres on the following conditions:—
1st.—They are to make application to the Emigrant Agent, at Quebec, or to the resident Agent, whenever they shall be ready to become resident, on the tract to be granted.
2nd.—Upon giving a satisfactory account of their means of providing for themselves until a Crop can be raised from the ground, they will receive a Ticket from the Emigrant Agent entitling them to locate the land.
3rd.—Upon application to the resident Agent in the first place, he will forward a statement to the Emigrant Agent, of the applicant's age, family, and means of settlement, upon which, if approved, authority for location will issue.
4th.—The Tickets issued will be useless to any but the applicants, and unless presented to the resident Agent within one month from the date they will not be received by him. Any person who shall receive a Ticket, and who shall not proceed to his Settlement within one month, or who, having been placed upon his land, shall abandon it, will be considered as having lost all claim to receive land.
5th.—Settlers will be required to clear and place once under Crop, one third of the land located, and to reside on the land until this settlement duty is performed, and after one third of the grant shall have been cleared and under crop, the settler shall be entitled to his Patent, free of expense.
6th.—The settlement duty is required to be done within four years from the date of the Ticket.
7th.—Settlers who are under the necessity of being temporarily absent from their Locations, will apply to the resident Agent, stating the length of their intended absence, and the reason for it, which will be entered on the Agent's Book if the reason for absence seems sufficient, and any person who shall absent himself without being permitted to do so by the Agent, or who shall remain away from the settlement for a longer time than such permission shall authorize, will be considered as having forfeited his location.
8th.—An assignment or attempt to assign any Ticket or Location, will also be considered as a forfeiture of all right in the Location or Assignee; or if it shall appear that the Location has previously obtained a Grant of Land from Government, his new Location shall be forfeited.
9th.—In all cases of abandonment of Location, the located land will immediately be considered open for new location or sale.
10th.—As it is not the intention of the Government to offer the settlers any assistance further than the free grant of land, applicants are especially desired to consider for themselves whether or not, they have the means of maintaining themselves and their families until Crops can be raised from the ground.
Mr. C. TASCHEREAU, the Agent for the Settlement of the Kennebec Road or Mr. BUCHANAN, Agent for Emigrants at Quebec, will furnish any further information which may be required.
THOS. C. MURDOCH, Chief Secretary.

ORANGE MARMALADE, FOR SALE BY
G. SCOTT, Confectioner.
Quebec, June 7, 1841.
FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:
Ware, now landing ex "Alexander Wise," from Liverpool.
20 pipes, 10 hds. Martell's Cognac Brandy, 10 hds Pale do do do
200 best quality French Burr Stones, 100 bags Ship Biscuit, 50 bbls Prime Beef, 50 bbls Prime Mess Beef, 50 bbls Prime and Prime Mess Pork, 50 Kegs Lard, 25 casks Upper Canada Whiskey, 48 bags Candlewick.
BAIRD & CO. No. 1, St. Peter Street. Quebec, May 27th 1841.

FOR SALE.
300 BOLTS of the best Patent Canvass, 100 Coils of do. Cordage, various sizes.
WILLIAM CHAPMAN & CO. Gibb's Wharf. Quebec, May 24, 1841.

J. W. LEYCRRAFT, DUNSCOMB & CO. OFFER FOR SALE.
HOGSHEADS of Bright MUSCOVADO SUGAR.
—AND—
Punchons CUBA RUM, Now landing ex brig Southampton, from Xagusa de Cuba.
ALSO
Canada Prime and Prime Mess PORK.
Quebec, 20th May 1841.

SUPERIOR LEMON SYRUP
Manufactured and sold by WM. PATERSON, Grocer.
No. 18, Notre Dame Street, Quebec.
FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER.
A FEW HOGSHEADS of Superior MADEIRA WINE.
B. DAIKERS, 5, Sault-au-Matelot Street. 15th June, 1841.

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he is now devoting particular attention to the manufacture of Oatmeal, and will always have on hand a large supply, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.
—AND—
Superfine, Fine, and Middling Flour, Pot and Pearl Barley, Fatine, Kistries, Pease, Oats, Bran, &c. &c.
—AND—
A large assortment of very superior QUILLS.
GEORGE BISSET, Hunt's Wharf. Quebec, 23rd July, 1841.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber takes the present opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public in general for the liberal support in business he has hitherto enjoyed and begs leave to inform them that he has removed to the premises formerly occupied by Messrs. Gibb & Shaw, No. 18, Notre Dame Street, opposite the Store of Mr. Cathro, Watch-maker, where he intends to keep a general assortment of Groceries, Wines and liquors of the best quality, and at moderate prices, and hopes to merit a continuance of public patronage.
WM. PATERSON. Quebec, 7th May 1841.
N. B. Daily expected a choice assortment of China & Earthenware.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.
50 CASKS WHISKEY.
100 boxes Glass 84 by 94 in half boxes
40 do Digby Herrings
20000 Common Cigars, in hundreds
15 kegs Snuff
10 do, best Plug 16s.
10000 Silva Cigars, 10 years old
2000 Ladies do.
600 large dry Hides
354 heavy green Calf Skins.
CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER. Quebec, 20th June, 1841.

ARNOLD'S VICTORIA HOUSE, No. 15, Notre Dame Street, Lower Town, near the market Place.
—Ordinary from 2 till 4 o'clock, P. M.—Soups and Chops at all hours. Large Storage for the convenience of our customers.
Quebec, 4th May, 1841.

FOR SALE.
ONE Hundred Barrels COAL TAR. Apply to the subscriber. J. NESBITT. 25th May, 1841. St. Rochs

FORWARDING.
FERGUSON & MCGIBBON, MONTREAL. MCGIBBON & FERGUSON, KINGSTON.
THEIR business is conducted together by way of the St. Lawrence, by which route sufficient despatch can be given to goods upwards. GOODS forwarded from Quebec to their care, destined to any other part of the Province beyond Kingston, or on the line of the St. Lawrence below that place will meet with prompt attention and despatch.
Montreal, 15th May 1841.

RAGS, ROPES, CANVASS, & OAKUM.
THE highest price paid for Old Ropes, Rags and Canvass.—A constant supply of Writing, Printing and Wrapping Papers, always on hand, at the Warehouse of
MILLER, McDONALD & CO. Hunt's Wharf, N. B.—A supply of superior machine-made Oakum for sale. Quebec, 2nd April, 1841.

FOR SALE.
1000 BARRELS CANADA FINE FLOUR.
Apply to THOS. CRINGAN & Co. Wellington Wharf. 5th May 1841.
QUEBEC.—Printed and published by A. JACQUES No. 20, SAULT-AU-MATELOT STREET.