

The Quebec Argus.



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

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THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

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DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light of life, and truth,
That flits across the brain;
And Love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild so warm, and so new,
That in all our after years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years
More turbulent by far;
'Tis a vision of blood, and woman's tears,
For 'tis the theme of that dream is War;
And we toil in the field of danger and death
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store;
Of sums not counted on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er;
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid in the last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
In the path which all are treading?
Is there nought, in that long career, to save
From remorse and self upbraiding?
Oh! yes! there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
And the theme of that dream is—Heaven.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS ON DANCING.

TEXT—

Lost they not then all sense of present woe,
In that wild dance? Thus musing and I gazed,
O it was beautiful to see them throw
Up their sinister leg, and with hands raised,
Politely imitate while poised so,
At each gyrations close, that they did jump Jim
Crow.—*Amos.*

My dear hearers—I have no doubt but the subject before me might be a source of buncum delight to young men afflicted with levity, and girls of hyperbolic giddiness, were I to descend upon it, according to their notions, of fun, pleasure and happiness, in this taken-in sort of a world. I wouldn't have you to think that I am tee-totally opposed to dancing in every shape—for the very plain reason that I used to heel and toe it a trifle; my old legs had refused to perform the bidding of the will, as is now the case;—but the fact is I was wont to cut it down too strong altogether—I carried the step too far—went the double shuffle too mightily—but I couldn't help it. I was obliged to mind the music and keep up with my partner, and the way she would balance up, and right and left, was significant of something more than nothing. I soon began to lose health, flesh, cash, and morality, and finally told all the frivolities of the world to go to pot, and I would go to preaching—preach good morals, moderation, temperance, love, and a particular cautious step in the scientific practice of dancing. I don't like the looks of such ball rooms as they have lately, nor the way they manage matters. Artificial corruptness covers over and drowns all that beautiful simplicity which graces the domestic circle. The girls are all so titivated off with false beauty and flippant jigs, that a fellow loses his heart before he knows it: and the plague of it is, he don't know which of the fair ones has got it. Generally speaking, it's much better for him if he never finds it out; for he should take it into consideration, that every thing is not gold that glitters—neither is every girl an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with the rainbow and studded with stars. He may behold his admired object, on the morrow, in the true light of reality—perchance emptying a wash tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pale for the want of paint—her hair matted and mossy, except what lies in the bureau—and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel rammed through a bush fence into a world of wretchedness and woe. Now my dear friends,

supposing a young man does happen to find his snatched up beauty in such a predicament? I say it is a glorious recommendation for him—and if he don't like it, he must keep away from those places where loveliness is patched up for the occasion, and where a she devil and a she seraph are the same thing. Every ball now-a-days is a masquerade—its attendants are false as the moon to be fair—and when day light comes to unmask them, they can boast of no great attractions, either inside or out. They are too fond of blowing it out 'till day light doth appear,' instead of hanging up their heads at eleven o'clock and winding off with 'Lord dismiss us with your blessing,' as was the case in good old days of yore. Dancing has been gathering a thick coat of corruption for a long time. The primitive Shaker jig is the only pure pigeon wing to my notion, though I never went their figure. The old down-out-side and bark, is the next natural and simple form of leg worship; the Jim Crow jump is a falling off from either—and the fashionable capers cut at the present day, are all stupid nonsense. What meaning is there in what they call a quadrille? It's all full of such hog latin as dose-adoze; lemon de all pussy! alamide at the corners! chase-herede-chase! and so on, and so forth.—Waltzing is more stupid yet—no body can do it real slick unless they have the spring halt in one leg, as horses sometimes have. When I see a chap hugg'd up to a girl, performing constant revolutions, at the rate of six to a minute, I can't help suspecting that he is trying to get round her in a very nonsensical way. Oh, this waltzing is a silly piece of business! A puppy whirling round after his tail, makes more respectable appearance than a couple of our heavenly Father's image in the ludicrous posit on of waltzing. If dancing must be done at all, I say let it be done decently and in order—after the manner of the times in which I came the jetta to a nicety. Let the figure be simple—keep a respectful distance while balancing to partners—and when you go down in the middle, don't squeeze hands too tight, and look out for the corn-plantations on either side.

My beloved friends—it always affords me a full purge of pleasure to see my young pupils happy in the enjoyment of rational pastime. I would not, for the world, throw aloes in the wine cups of young men; could I have the cruelty to force wormwood tea down the delicate throats of those dear delightful angels who honor me with their presence. But while drinking from the pitcher of pleasure, you must be careful and not drink so deep as to make a buzzing quill factory of your clock seats. If you do, you may stand a chance to learn St. Vitus's dance, or be oblig'd to dance down the dark alley, to the tune of delirium tremens. Think of this, my young friends, and to-out like a tea stand! I know full well that you find a good deal of fun in your wild dances—you loose at the time all sense of present woe, and feel light as corks; but mind I tell you, if you keep it up of a night till you get your pores too ar open, the storm that may blow on the morrow will beat in, till you become water soaked, and finally sink down beneath the waves of corruption, to rise no more. May each of you weigh my sentiments on this subject with the steel yards of prudence—dance not on slippery places—and return as far as convenient, toward the good old ways of your ancestors. So mote it be!

The labour of London life is not only carried on by day and all hours of the day, but by night and all hours of the night. Towards midnight, and by the time you have obtained the luxurious oblivion of your first sleep, your breakfast—nay, your dinner and supper, of the coming day, are being prepared; two or three hours before, thousands of your fellow creatures have been snatching hours from rest, to cart and pack the vegetables which will form a portion of your principal meal; and, if you are wakeful, the ponderous rumbling of wagon wheels over the rocky pavement, apprise you of this transit to the vast emporium of Covent Garden—than which, no garden of ancient or modern times boasts earlier or riper fruits, or sooner riles the budding treasures of the spring. From the north, droves of sheep, oxen, and swine, directed by the steady herdsman and the sagacious dog, thread the suburban neighbourhoods, on their way to Smithfield, where, long before dawn they are safely penned, awaiting the purchase of the salesman of Leadenhall and Newgate markets.

The river in the dead hour of night, is alive with boats conveying every variety of the finny tribe to Billingsgate; now are the early breakfast houses reaping their harvest, the bustling host, in his shirt sleeves, conveying refreshments to his numerous customers: here the shut out, and belated debauchees, are compelled to resort in conversation with the unfortunate and degraded of the other sex, to await the re-opening of their customary haunts of dissipation; now the footsteps of the policeman, as he tramps slowly over his beat, awakes the slumbering echoes; every house is shrouded in repose, and the city seems a city of the dead. All, soon again, is noise, bustle, and confusion; the carts of thousands of fishermen green garters, and victuallers, rattle along the streets, taking up their stands in orderly array, in the immediate vicinity of the respective markets; loud is the noise of bargaining, chaffering, and contention. In a little while, however, they have

completed their cargo for the day, and drive off; the waggons disappear, the markets are swept clean, and no trace remains, save in the books of the salesman, of the vast business that has been done, as it were, in a moment.

Five o'clock gives some little signs of life in the vicinity of the hotels and coach offices; a two horse stage, or railway "bus," rumbles off to catch the early trains; the street retailers of fish, vegetables, and fruit may be encountered, bearing on their heads their respective stocks in trade, to that quarter of the town, where their customers reside; the nocturnal vendors of "saloop" are busy dispensing their penny cups at the corners; and the gilded hall of St. Paul's, lit up like a beacon by the earliest rays of the sun, while all below is yet shrouded in night, indicates approaching day.

Six o'clock announces the beginning of the working day, by the ringing of the bells of various manufactories. Now is the street crowded with the sustian-coated artisan, his basket of tools in his hand; the newspaper offices, busy during the night, now "let off" their gas—the sub-editors and compositors go home to bed, leaving the pressmen to complete the labor of the night. Now even the smoky city looks bright and clear, its silvery stream joining as it were, in the general repose; the morning air is soft and balmy, and the caged throats, lark, and linet, captives though they be, carol sweet and melancholy lays.

There is an interregnum until eight, the shopkeeper then begins his day, the porter taking down the shutters, the boy sweeping out the shop, and the slipshod "prentice" lounging about the door; the principal comes in from his country-box about nine; the assistants have then breakfasted and dressed; at ten the real business of the day begins.

At ten, too, the stream of life begins to set in city ways: the rich merchant from Hampstead and Camberwell, dashes along in his well appointed carriage; the cashier, managing director, and principal accountant, reaches his place of business comfortably seated in his gig; clerks of all denominations, foot it from Hackney, Islington, and Peckham Rye: the "busses" are filled with a variety crew of all descriptions, from Paddington, Piccadilly, Elephant & Castle, and Mile-end.

From eleven till two, the tide of population sets in strongly city ways: then, when the greater part of the business in that quarter has been transacted, the West End tradesmen begin to open their eyes and look about them; although in Regent-street, business is not at its maximum until four or five o'clock, and soon after the city is almost deserted. About two, all over London there is a lull; important business that brooks no delay, must then be transacted—the vital business of dinner; for an hour, little or nothing is done, and no sound man of business expects to do anything: the governor is at dinner, the cashier is at dinner, the book-keeper is at dinner, the senior and junior clerks are at dinner; and behold! perched on a stool, in a dark corner, the office keeper is also taking a lesson in the "philosophy of living." Dinner over, business re-commences; the streets, lanes, and passages are blocked up with vehicles and men, pressing forward as if life and death depended on their making way; now would a foreigner, at the top of Ludgate-hill, imagine that the living mass about was hastening to some national fete, or important ceremony instead of going about the ordinary business of every day. About six o'clock the great business of the city is totally at an end; the tide is then a tide of ebb, setting out through all the avenues of the town to the westward, and to the suburbs, and the "busses" that came laden to the city, and went empty away, now go out full and return empty. Now the coffee-houses fill, and crowds gather around the theatres, awaiting for an hour or more, the opening of the doors. Hyde Park is now (if it be in the fashionable season) in its glory; the eye is dazzled with the blaze of opulence, beauty, and fashion, for at this hour is the world of wealth and fashion more prominently abroad. Nine o'clock the shops begin to close, save those of the cigar-dealers and gun-spinners, whose business is about to begin; the streets swarm with young men about town, and loose characters of all descriptions issue from their hiding places, prowling about in search of prey; now the shell-fish shops set forth their crustaceous treasures in battle array, fancifully disposing their prawns and lobsters in concentric rows; the supper houses display their niceties in their windows, assailing the pocket through the appetite of the eye.

About midnight the continuous roar of carriages indicates the breaking up of the theatrical auditories, while the streets are crowded with respectable persons hastening to their houses; one o'clock all is shut up, save the watering houses opposite the hackney coach and cab stands, the subterranean singing rooms, the à la mode beef houses, lobster taverns, and ham shops; at two the day may be said to end and the nocturnal industry with which we commenced our dairy begins over again.

Did you ever hear of a poor man who got into a difficulty with a rich one, who was no a great rascal? In such a case was the rich ever in the wrong or the poor man ever in the right? Ask our law courts?

Incredible—A gentleman at Salem the other evening in announcing a lecto at meeting, to be held in the Grand Hall at that place said the meeting would be addressed by six females who had never spoke before!

Gentleman—one who robs the poor.

A house maid in the country, boasting of her industrious habits said that on a particular occasion, she rose at four, made a fire, put on the tea kettle, prepared breakfast, and made all the beds, before a single soul was up in the house!

PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS—It would appear that the custom of "coughing down" an offensive motion is not of modern date. It is found on the reference to the parliamentary journals of the 27th of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (A. D. 1584), that, on the second reading of the bill for the "Reformation of Manners," it was "much argued upon," says the Journalist; "some arguments were not liked; divers of the house endeavoured to shorten them by coughing, hemming, spitting and the like." Whereupon Sir Francis Hastings made a motion, that it were to be wished for the honour and gravity of this house, when any member thereof shall speak to a bill, the residue would forbear to interrupt or trouble him by "unnecessary coughing, hemming spitting, and the like."

History of Hats.—The use of hats, that is of caps with brims to them, is of ancient date. Among the Greeks, the Dorian tribes, probably as early as the age of Homer, were characterised by the brimmed hats which they wore when on a journey. The same custom prevailed among the Athenians, as is evident from some of the equestrian figures in the Elgio Marbles. The Romans appear in general to have used no covering for the head except a corner of the toga or upper garment, but at sacrifices and festivals they wore a bonnet or cap, and this being permitted only to freemen, part of the ceremony of manumitting a slave consisted in putting one of these caps on his head. But on a journey the Romans were accustomed to wear a hat called *petasus*, with a margin wide enough to shade their faces from the sun.

In the middle ages, the bonnet, or cap with a narrow margin in front, appeared to have been in use among the laity, while ecclesiastics wore hoods or cowls; but Pope Innocent the Fourth, in the thirteenth century allowed to the cardinals the use of scarlet hats. About the year 1440, the use of hats by persons on a journey appears to have been introduced in France, and soon became common in that country, whence probably it spread to the other European states.

The cap of the ancients was certainly made of wool; and this, as well as the hat, was probably knit. I do not know when felt was introduced as a material for hats, but it is stated that the hat worn by Charles the Seventh of France, on the occasion of his triumphal entry into Rouen in 1440 was of felt.

The Lovers Parted.—But thither daily, in rain and sunshine, came the solitary lover, as a bird that seeks its young in the deserted nest; again and again he haunted the spot where he had strayed with the lost one; again and again murmured his passionate vows beneath the fast fading times. Are those vows destined to be ratified or annulled? Will the absent forget, or the lingered be consoled? Had the characters of that young romance been lightly stamped on the fancy, where once obliterated, they are erased forever; or were they graven deep in those tablets where the writing, even when invisible, exists still, and revives, sweet letter by letter, when the light and the warmth borrowed from the one bright presence are applied to the faithful record? There is but one wizard to disclose that secret, of all others; the old grave-digger, whose churchyard is the earth, whose trade is to find burial places for passions that seemed immortal, disinterring the ashes of some long-crumbling memory, to hollow out the dark bed of some new perished hope; he who, in the bloom of the fairest affection detects the hectic that consumes it, and while the hymn rings at the altar, marks with his joyless eye the grave for the bridal vow. Wherever is the sepulchre, there is thy temple, oh melancholy Time! *Bulwer.*

Regulate your thoughts when not at study. A man is thinking even while at work. Why may he not be thinking of something useful?

Keen Sporting.—It has been remarked that nothing tends so much to make a field select as a "good rapping brook," like the Whissindine; for if the horse falls he generally falls backwards, with his master under him; and the prospect of a good ducking is enough to cool the courage of all but the most ardent. It is notwithstanding by no means an uncommon occurrence for sportsmen to clear a brook five or six yards broad; and Mr. Mytton once leaped more than seven yards, the space actually covered being nine yards and a quarter. What makes this exploit more extraordinary, it was performed in cold blood on his return from hunting. He afterwards kicked the same horse, Baronet, to clear nine yards over hurdles; but he performed the task so often before the appointed time that he refused it then, and lost his master the bet. It stands recorded amongst the annals of Melton, that a wager of 100 guineas was made between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Maher, that each did not leap over a brook of six yards width without disturbing the water. Both cleared the brook, but Lord Alvanley's horse threw back a bit of dirt into the water, whereby he lost his bet. This is a curious exemplification of the verbal nicety to which the members of the Jockey Club restrict themselves. Like Mrs. Rattle at whist, they invariably insist on the rigor of the game.

Kissing in Russia.—“This is the National salute—in universal vogue from remote antiquity—rather a greeting than a caress—derived equally from religious feeling and from the oriental custom. Fathers and sons kiss—old generals with rusty moustachios kiss—whole regiments kiss. The emperor kisses his officers. On a reviewing day there are almost as many kisses as shots exchanged. If a Lilliputian corps de cadets have earned the Imperial approval, the Imperial salute is bestowed upon the head boy, who passes it on with a hearty report to his neighbour, he in his turn to the next, and so on, till it has been diluted through the whole juvenile body. If the Emperor reprimand an officer unjustly, the sign of restoration to favor as well as the best atonement is—a kiss. One of the bridges in Petersburg is to this day called the Potzalui Most, or bridge of Kisses (not of Sighs), in commemoration of Peter the Great, who, having in a fit of very vehement passion unjustly degraded an old officer in the face of his whole regiment, kissed the poor man in the same open way upon the next public occasion on this very bridge. On a holiday or *jour de fete* the young and delicate mistress of a house will not only kiss all her maid servants, but all her men servants too, and, as I have mentioned, if the gentleman venture not above her hand she will stoop and kiss his cheek. As for the Russian father of a family, his affection knows no bounds; if he leave his *cabinet d'affaires* ten minutes in the course of the morning and enter the ladies saloon above, he kisses all the family when he enters, and again when he leaves the room; sometimes indeed so mechanically, that, forgetting whether he has done it or not, he goes a second round to make all sure. To judge also from the number of salutes, the matrimonial bond in these high circles must be one of uninterrupted felicity—a gentleman scarcely enters or leaves the room without kissing his wife either on forehead, cheek or hand. Remarking upon this to a lofty looking creature who received these connubial demonstrations with rather a suspicious sang-froid, she replied, “*Oh! ça ne veut rien dire—pour moi je voudrais, tout autant être battue qu’embrassée par habitude!*”

Residence on the shores of the Baltic.

The following not very flattering remarks on Homopathy are from the *Medico-Surgical Review*, an English publication under the direction of an eminent medical man.

Death of Homopathy in its Native Land.

At the time of my former visit I was anxious to see the homopathic hospital, of which I had previously heard, Leipzig being the head quarters of this doctrine. I expected to have found at least forty or fifty beds filled with patients; but was rather surprised to find that the building (which is a small house in the suburbs) only contained eight, and even of these all but two or three were unoccupied. At my last visit to Leipzig I understood that matters were going on badly with homopathy, which indeed is now but little heard of in Germany and France, and only required to be understood by the public for its absurdity to be apparent, though there will always be credulous individuals who are to be caught by any novelty; when presented under a specious appearance, and backed by an unintelligible name. During its whole progress it never was sanctioned by any individual of eminence in the profession, and was principally taken up as a means of acquiring wealth or a livelihood by persons who had never been previously heard of, or who were known to have failed to acquire practice by the honorable exercise of their profession: by whom every means were taken to puff it into notice, and to keep public attention directed to it; such as repeated histories of cures, the establishment of dispensaries, of which I believe, the only one that remains is the above mentioned at Leipzig, even if it be still in existence, for a few months before my arrival, the house physician having become convinced, during a residence of some time in the dispensary, of the nullity and danger of homopathy, gave up his appointment, and published an exposition of the system pursued, with an account of cases, which clearly shows—what has long been evident to the bulk of the profession and the public—that the so called cures were recoveries from ordinary ailments by the efforts of nature, which were frequently a long time under treatment, whereas by a proper medication and attention at the onset, they might probably have been removed in a few days, and that many of the more serious cases got worse instead of better, for the want of active treatment. It must not be supposed that the homopaths always adhere to the principles of the doctrine. It has not unfrequently happened that persons who attributed their recovery to homopathy, were treated all pathetically without being aware of it. In fact, one practitioner in Leipzig, a professed homopathist, candidly acknowledged that he pursued both plans of treatment, and was accustomed to ask his patients by which method they would be treated, as both were equally good.

Popular Folly.—Mechanics get tinged somewhat with the idea that it is not quite genteel enough for a darling child to be put to a trade—that it would be a little more reputable for him to tend in a store! Now no one will contend that all boys should be apprenticed to a trade, and more than that they should all be merchants, physicians or lawyers. But few will doubt, that many lads are crowded into what are called professions who are as unqualified by nature for these eminent professions, as some of the members of those professions are incompetent to make good mechanics. It is not any gullard that will make a mechanic, as is too often thought. If there is a bright boy in the family, he must be classically educated—if a very stupid one, “why (say the fond parents,) we must apprentice him to some hard working mechanic, and he will probably be able to plod through the world!” With all proper deference to parents so mistaken as these, we as mechanics, must say that a stupid boy will make as competent a professional man as a mechanic. It requires good parts and ready

active mind, to master the principles of a mechanical business. We cannot easily account for the unworkable manner in which mechanism is often executed, when we reflect how general the opinion has been—“the gullard in the trade, if we cannot do any thing else with him.” It is a disgrace to us mechanics, to have it obtain credence that a mechanic can be formed of any “crooked stick of a boy.” We should show a proper pride, by rejecting those boys whose only recommendation is stupidity—and whose parents think they are good for nothing but mechanics! We should return the compliment they pay our pursuits, by saying to them, “your sons are too poor stock for mechanics!”—Holden.

Suicide.—A young man named Luther Harris, and aged about 21, committed suicide at Marlborough, N. H., week before last, having first written a notice of his death, which he forwarded to the editors of the Keene Sentinel. It is as follows:—

Melancholy.—Died in Marlborough, October first, Luther Harris. He took his own life. He was teacher of the select school at Marlborough when he died, and gave no reason for the act, but appeared to have a reason which no one else has thought of. His body was carried to his friends in Windham. His soul is now in another, another, another world. May it be a warning to others not to take their own lives. His connections were respectable. His father is a minister of the Gospel. His school by this act is broken up and will not soon be started again.”

Editorial Scribblings.

Partly Original—But mostly Stolen.

The Agricultural Report from the West River will meet with every attention.

Came passengers in the Caledonia from Boston Mr. Robert Dawson and Mr. J. W. Lowden, of Pictou.

Literary Society.—Dr. Johnston gave an interesting lecture at the last meeting of the society, on the Gases. Jno. Stiles will read a paper this evening on bridges.

A Shallop, engaged in unloading a vessel which had grounded on the River John B. R., with Goods from Halifax for K. M. Lean, Esq. unfortunately sunk in the harbour a few days ago with a full load.

There are more newspapers published in America, than in all the world besides.

Colchester Election!—Mr. John Ross has come out in the advertising columns of the Halifax Post, because as he says, the political press in Nova Scotia declined to give the party attacked fair play.

Industry is the great mother of man. The great art of education, consists in knowing how to occupy every moment in well directed, and useful activity of the youthful power.

The editor of the Times is of opinion that “nuthin’ shud be dun in a hurry ‘ceptin’ kerchin fleas!”

A Coroner’s Inquisition was taken before David Matheson Esq., on the 2nd inst., at Fraser’s Point, in the County of Pictou, on view on the body of William Fraser. Verdict, that the deceased committed suicide while under temporary insanity. Mr Fraser was a single man, about 35 years of age.

Lane’s Patent Threshing Machine.—Two of these useful machines have been brought to Pictou this week—one for Fisher’s grant; the other for Abercrombie Point.

Fat.—The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary of over \$38,900 from the British Government.

President Tyler’s mother was an amiable lady of accomplished manners and good family, of the name of Douglas, a Scotch lady, from the classic banks of the Tweed. Presidents Madison and Monroe were of Scottish descent.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

When we see a female dashed out in all the colors of the rainbow, and strutting along the street with the air of a peacock, we are inclined to think that her vanity preponderates over her sense in an alarming degree.

A tradesman in the city of London lately employed a professional gentleman to recover a debt of thirty shillings. He succeeded and the costs were seventy pounds!

Santa Anna is now become a great man. Several other villains have also risen lately.

McLeod is now a very great man in Canada, if he had only been hung, his name would have been immortal. So says Uncle Sam.

A man respires twenty times in a minute, forty cubic inches of air at a time, making eight hundred inches or nearly four gallons per minute, amounting to two hundred barrels in twenty four hours.

“More rum!” says the toper. “More money,” says the miser. “More beaux,” says the maiden. But there are a few who desire more virtue, wisdom and grace.

Pipes says a lovely woman’s kiss is the extract of tulips.

The weather has been so mild in Maine of late, that many of the field flowers of summer have reappeared.

It is announced that Master Humphry’s Clock, is about winding up. It will stop of course.

The demand for lumber at Bangor, far exceeds the supply. This is partly occasioned by the want of water at the mills.

Of eleven Banks which existed at Buffalo one year ago, only one survives; and people are shy of taking the notes of that.

The Human Panorama.—Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of those they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of these, like the stars, shall shine for ever and ever.

Affection of a Bird.—A lad, who was employed by a farmer at Pockham to shoot birds in his corn field, shot a wood pigeon. On reaching the spot where the bird fell, he was surprised at finding another, hovering close to the wounded one. He took up the dead bird and carried it in his hand some distance, closely attended by the other bird, sometimes following him and sometimes going before, and (to use the lad’s own expression) “making quite a fuss about him.” On reaching the field, the lad stopped to re-load his gun placing the dead bird on the gate post; when the other pigeon flew to the side of his lifeless companion, and, without the slightest attempt to escape, quietly suffered itself to be secured by the boy. The bird was brought home, and put into a small room, where shortly after it was found dead.

A Pirate’s Treasure.—A fisherman, named L. Coanobo, who resides near the old fort at Brataria Island, some ten days ago, came across a relic of the days of “the Pirate of the Gulf.” Having occasion to use some rocks in building a furnace to heat a pitch-pot, he set about removing one of two of the flag stones, which form an antique fireplace in the interior of the block house. A flag in the centre of the fire place, by its particular smoothness, attracted his attention, and on taking it up he perceived a small tin box covered with rust. On opening it he found three Spanish doubloons, a pair of earrings of massive gold, set in polished cornelians, and a flat silver image of the Virgin Mary, which was most probably used as the loup for a cavalier’s sombrero. This discovery caused no small sensation on the Island, and set every body to digging for treasure: but nothing else has been found as yet.—N. O. Cress. City.

Morals of Hoaxing.—Unable, we presume, to amuse themselves in any more innocent and sensible manner, there are sundry characters among us, who busy themselves in manufacturing the most astonishing news their imaginations can conceive and sending it post-haste to the editor of some newspaper—generally selecting the least respectable—in hopes to see it fly through the land, carrying wonder or terror, they care no which, in its train. To this class belongs the fabrication of the N. E. Boundary News, which, but for its exceeding stupidity and the legible falsehood it bore upon its face, would have carried alarm and consternation throughout the country. The Boston Mail, which was the instrument of spreading this contemptible lie, says:

A Hoax.—We issued the following in an extra sheet on Saturday; and though every body considered it a hoax, yet it kicked up quite an excitement in the city nevertheless. We did not ourselves believe it true. How the author will laugh when he sees his mischief in print.—Boston Daily Mail.

“Kicked up an excitement!”—he author will laugh! &c. The publisher of this Hoax, then seems very indifferent about the shame and disgrace of such acts, and thinks only of the excitement it keeps up and the laugh the author has!—N. Y. Express.

Death of Dr. Francia.—The late Dr. Francia, dictator of Paraguay, was born in 1758; his father was a Portuguese, who emigrated first to Brazil, and ultimately to Paraguy, where he married a Creole, by whom he had a large family. The late dictator was originally intended for the ‘church, but he went instead to the faculty of the Law. In 1814 he was nominated Dictator, which office he retained till his death, a few weeks since, though for the last three years he has been tottering on the verge of the grave.

Small matters.—The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will some time drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. A coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty trials. A chance look from those we love often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

Cost of Victory.—In the inaugural address of Dr. Mont last Monday, to his course of surgery, at the University of New York, it was related of Baron Lurrey, the friend and surgeon of Napoleon and his soldiers, that after the victory of Austerlitz, he cut off fourteen hundred limbs, and then the knife fell from his exhausted hands. Well considered, what an antidote is this to the love of glory!—How weighed in the scale of humanity and religion, what a fearful responsibility for the promoters of unrighteous war?

The Right of Instruction.—“Look hea, Pompey,” said a negro yesterday, to a brother darkey, both of whom are working at the “burnt district” look hea, Pompey: what for you put no more water in that mortar?” “Just ‘cause as how I don’t like to do it—dat’s all.” “Well I tell you wot it is; I instruct you to do it—dat’s nuff.” “No, it aint nuff, neider. I’m posed to the doctrine ob instructions. I aint no Wirginny’-strattonist no how—dis child’s a creole, and so be his childers’ fore em.—N. O. Picayune.

Banking!—A dying banker thus addressed his eldest son:—“You may suppose you are going to inherit a large fortune, but you are mistaken. I have no property, and the bank is insolvent to the amount of £200,000. On the death of my father who died of a broken heart, I found the bank was hardly solvent. I at first resolved to close the concern, and pay off the creditors, but I afterwards determined otherwise. I proved my father’s will for a quarter of a million, and set up a large establishment. This gave me the reputation of wealth, and increased the business of the bank. I have lived in splen-

dour, as you know, for many years. All your brothers and sisters are handsomely provided for, and to you, as my eldest son, I now leave the bank. I have appointed you sole executor to my will. You have only to prove my property for any amount you think proper to name, and if you manage your affairs prudently, the bank may last out your time as it has lasted out mine.”

Absurdities.—There are many courses which people pursue that, with a little reflection, will appear absurd to every man of common understanding. The individual himself who is looking for absurdities is generally the one in whom they are first found.

A man wants to see the person against whom he has the greatest reason to guard against himself. Let him take a glance at the looking-glass, and he will see a very fair likeness of the individual he is searching for.

It is absurd to despair when the clouds lour. We should look upward for comfort. When the heaven over our head is dark, the earth under our feet is sure to be darker.

It is absurd to lend money to a man whose friendship you are desirous to preserve. It is absurd for an infidel to tell you to abandon your bible. Tell him you will do so when he will bring a better book.

It is absurd to exhibit violent passion in your family, foaming and fretting at every little annoyance that may cross you, and at the same time expect them to be placid.

It is absurd, if you have half a dozen children, all of different dispositions and capacities, to give them all the same education; with the expectation that they will all shine in the same sphere.

It is absurd not to go to bed when you are sleepy because it is not a certain hour. It is absurd to see a man professing Christianity bristling up with anger twenty times a day like a hedgehog.

It is absurd to suppose that a Leghorn hat, loaded with flowers, will cure the headache. It is absurd to suppose that a gold watch will cure the consumption.

It is absurd for people to say they have no time to read. Every body can find time to inform his mind by the perusal of some book. People who make such assertions are generally those who pay no particular attention to their families. We want to see a man attentive to his children. People who have no time to read are generally those who have plenty of time to fish, to fiddle, to play cards, to be carousing any where but at their own houses, to do nothing, but have “no time to read.” Such men generally have uneducated children and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge. They live “unknowing and unknowing,” and die unregretted and unwept.

It is absurd to suppose that an editor will stand the humbug of writing puffs and notices of this and that man and this and that society, when, just as sure as it is done, so surely do we see their advertisements in other papers, paid for, in which not a word is said, but the money is pocketed.

The Insurgent Slaves of the Creole.—The leading Southern journals are out in full chorus for a War with Great Britain, in case she does not disclaim the conduct of the authorities at Nassau, N. P. and deliver up the slaves who mastered the brig Creole and took her into that port where they obtained a negotiation of their freedom. Now it may be that Britain will surrender the actual mutineers to our Government, and it may be that she will not, but act on the principle laid down by Governor Marcy in refusing to surrender Wm. L. McKenzie to the Canada authorities on a charge of mail robbery: Gov. M. took the ground that the civil or criminal offence charged was blended with or grew out of the political attitude of insurrection, and that he could not give up the fugitives. Such, we believe, has been the uniform rule of our Federal and State authorities. Shall we be able to bring Great Britain to acquiesce in similar demands from us to those we have refused when preferred by her?—Perhaps we may; but in regard to the slaves who were not personally concerned in the revolt, there is no perhaps in the case: England will assuredly never give them up, even though her resistance should involve her in a twenty years’ war with half the world. In the eyes of her Government, her People, and her Institutions, their race is precisely the same as though an Algerine or Moorish vessel, with a crew of twenty Turks or Arabs conveying one hundred and fifty Christian slaves had been captured by her as cargo and carried into a British port. “Slaves cannot breathe in England?” the chains of bondage falls from the limbs which have once pressed her soil. The claims of the two slaveholders who have freighted the Creole are preposterous in her eyes; she will neither give up their human chattels nor pay a farthing for them. If our Government should seriously demand either it will be told, as by Lord Palmerston in regard to the Right of Search on the Slave coast, that “Her Majesty’s Government have decided” the point, and as by Lord Aberdeen in regard to the same matter, “it is for the American Government alone to determine what may be due to a just regard for its national dignity.”—Such is the actual posture of this matter: we have aimed to state it plainly, not to argue it.—New York Tribune.

Vocal Machinery of Birds.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown, that in birds the lungs has several openings communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses in the progress of breathing. This is not all; the very bones are hollow, from which the air pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. This air being re-ctified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body,

they can dart from the greatest height with astonishing velocity. No doubt, the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.—Gardiner's Music of Nature.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—"May I be married, ma?" said a lovely Carlisle girl of fifteen to her mother the other morning. "Married?" exclaimed the astonished matron: "what put such an idea into your head?" "Little Emily, here, has never seen a wedding: and I'd like to amuse the child," replied the obliging sister, with fascinating simplicity.

A large brevet in the army and navy has given many veteran hearts good cause for rejoicing at the birth of an heir to the throne.

Ministers could not avoid following the ordinary precedents in such cases, but they might have done it in a niggardly manner, and they deserve the gratitude of the two services for having made the boon so large and so comprehensive.

We might have wished that this large act of royal favour had occurred at a time when it might have attracted the entire sympathy of every class of Her Majesty's subjects. We might have wished that there was no wail of distress to sound in contrast to this signal of rejoicing; that the additional burden which it imposes upon the country might have sat lightly upon its strength; and that there were no hungry nor houseless wretches to grumble at this new gilding to the pomp of war. Unfortunately it is not so. We fear that the announcement of this brevet will be received by the unemployed artisans in the manufacturing districts almost as a public insult to their distress; and we shall not be surprised if the Cabinet leader hold it forth as a new topic to inflame the minds of their followers, dwell on it as a gratuity given by the minister to bribe the army to his side, and depict it as a symptom that he is girding up his loins for a battle with the people.

Such misrepresentations must be expected under the peculiar distresses beneath which the country now labours, and hungry men will listen to and believe them. They are, however, most unfounded in fact. Official persons are guided in such matters most implicitly by precedent; and so natural, if not necessary, is this adherence to former custom, that in all probability the brevet would have appeared had Mr. Vincent or Mr. Fitzkirk held the position of Sir Robert Peel. It certainly would not have been less ample had Lord Melbourne still retained the office of Prime Minister.

Impoverished as the country is, England knows right well that she has the remedies for all her evils within herself. Her sufferings are but as the morning headache of a strong man; a return to regular habits and wholesome diet will quickly restore her to all her former energy. Knowing this, it is not the temporary sufferings now brought on by a strong debauch upon monopoly that will make her grudge this gratification to her defenders.

It is impossible to calculate how much happiness this promotion will create; for there is perhaps no profession in the world in which so much privation is unobtrusively endured as in our army—there is hardly any other pursuit in which hope is so often and so long deferred, in which the heart becomes so sick. In these times of peace the door is shut through which the first files moved off, and the whole corps grow grey in the same footmarks which they had made as youngsters. We know no greater act of charity, no more certain means of raising a large amount of honest joy, than by giving to these seniors the grade which they have passed two thirds of their lives in hoping for. Though the expense must be something considerable, and though it makes an item in the deficiency of next year's budget, yet there are "ways and means" enough, and to spare, to meet an object such as this. Give us free corn, Sir Robert, and we will pay a dozen brevets for you.

London Atlas.

A large Brevet has been among the expected consequences of the birth of a Prince of Wales. In looking over its list of names, some stirring recollections came over what the poets call our mental vision. Among them we find the names of men distinguished in all the wars fought and won by England over land and sea. The Leaders, the Captains, the Champions, the Historians, the Annalists of the Peninsular War, meet us at every step; the men of Waterloo, and among them the General who laid down the plan of the battle, and the Colonel who led the Guards to their closing charge, which was the closing charge of the war—the conquerors or the defenders of provinces equal to kingdoms—the victors in many a fight, scattered over many a mainland—the planters of our standard on many an isle—the sailors who won, and who kept the sovereignty of the sea—the very fullness of their conquest has for more than a generation left them little to do, except to show every now and then, as at Algiers, Navarino, Acre, and every where else they are allowed to act, that they are of the old blood still—they stare us in the face in every line.

It is from no pitiful spirit of adulation, or of national self-complacency we say it, but in spirit of truth, of which we defy contradiction, that a biographical commentary upon the Brevet of last Wednesday evening, detailing the individual histories which have entitled each name to hold the place it now occupies on the Army list, would present a detail of gallant actions, proud services, and obedient discipline, honorable and devoted loyalty, chivalrous feelings, daring bravery, and profound knowledge of the art of war, in every branch of its theory and practice, that is not to be equalled—if, indeed, it can be equalled—in any list of warriors ever given to the world. It is, indeed, a list of which any nation has a just right to be proud, and which no other nation but ours has ever produced. Such are the men whose names are thus prominently called forward in the infant hours of the Duke of Cornwall. Such may be found ready at his call, if the twentieth century should demand that his declining years should mingle in yet unconfidential wars.—London Age.

THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

QUEBEC, 8TH JANUARY 1842.

The most important item of news we have to proffer to-day is the announcement of the arrival of H. M. Ship *Illustrious*, with our new Governor General, Sir Charles Bagot, at New York, on the 30th December.

We subjoin the mention of his arrival, copied from the latest New York journals received by us.—It is further noticed that it was understood he would take his departure for Canada on Monday the 3rd January.

New York, Dec 31.

ARRIVAL OF H. M. SHIP ILLUSTRIOUS.—We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers in Canada, the arrival of Sir Charles Bagot, their new Governor General. The *Illustrious* 84, having his Excellency and suite on board, anchored off the Quarantine Ground yesterday morning. J. W. Moore, Esq., the British Packet Agent, chartered a steamboat, and with a small party consisting of the Mayor and other distinguished persons, went down to bring Sir Charles up.—(Sun.)

ARRIVAL OF SIR CHARLES BAGOT.—Her Britannic Majesty's ship of the line *Illustrious*, Captain Erskine from Falmouth November 24th, having on board the new Governor General of Canada, Sir Charles Bagot and suite, anchored off the quarantine ground yesterday. Mr. Buchanan, H. B. M. Consul, proceeded to her in the steamer *France*, to bring his Excellency up to the city, but owing to the storm he will not leave the ship until about noon to-day. He will take lodgings at the Globe Hotel. The ship will not come up to the city, as she departs in a few days.—(Express)

The Conservative—A weekly Gazette of News, Politics, and Literature.—From some unaccountable oversight, attributable more to press of weighty matters upon our time and attention, than indifference to the claim of such courtesy at our hands on the part of our talented and gentlemanly cotemporary of the *Quebec Official Gazette*, we have hitherto delayed to notice the intended new weekly paper about to be published by him, and to bear the title forming our premise.

The character for abilities of a high order conceded to Dr. Fisher on all sides, and his well known and acknowledged competency for such an undertaking, almost render it superfluous for us to predict of the able management of the projected journal, and which we are assured will, in all things, be worthy of his high reputation. Most cordially do we proffer him our best wishes for his success.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

[In accordance with our proffer, on the score of fair dealing to all, when we inserted *Loyalist's* letter in our last paper, we give place to the following Communication.]

TO ROBERT SYMES, ESQUIRE, J. P.

SIR,

On inquiring in the proper quarter, I am informed that you are the author of a communication signed "*Loyalist*," which appeared in the *Quebec Argus* of the 5th instant, reflecting on a person by the name of Belleau, "who has made application" and "been recommended as a fit and proper person" to fill the situation of Inspector of the Fire Department of this city. Being the only person of that name who has applied, and been recommended for the above appointment, I must take it for granted that your reflections are aimed at me, and intended to prevent me from obtaining it by destroying my reputation. Had my fellow citizens been aware that the real name and title of *Loyalist* were "*Robert Symes, J. P.*" I should have hesitated to notice your slanderous publication; but adventitious circumstances sometimes give importance to what in itself is of little worth. If I was ever by you "suspected of strong disaffection to the government," if you had any proof that I "was the principal agent in assisting," as you say, Theller and Dodge to escape from the cape, and afterwards accompanying them through the Kennebec to the United States; besides concealing them in various parts of the city and suburbs, and, in fact being "one of the most active agents throughout the two rebellions;" I might ask if you, not only as a "*Loyalist*," but as a Magistrate, have done your duty to the government in not taking legal steps against me at the time, and with what grace or what face you can now come forward, under your fictitious name, and impute to me publicly high crimes and misdemeanors for which by your oath of office, you were bound to prosecute and bring me to justice? You not having done so, is a sufficient proof that either you have violated your oath as a Magistrate and forfeited your claim to the title of a "*Loyalist*," or that you are now acting towards me from motives which can be no credit to you in either capacity.

But, in justice to the several gentlemen who have recommended me, as a fit and proper person to fill the situation of Inspector of the Fire Department in this city, I beg leave, Mr. Editor, formally to deny all and every the charges brought against me by the "*dis-ant*" "*Loyalist*," and challenge him to prove any one of them. As to the personal injury intended by him in the communication published in your last number, I shall exercise that right which is guaranteed to me by the law of the land.

I am,

J. C. BELLEAU.

Quebec, 7th Jan. 1842.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

SIR.—Your judicious and enthusiastic expressions of loyalty in regard to the rejoicings proposed to be had on the occasion of the birth of an Heir to the Throne, induces me to have recourse to you for a little publicity. After much discussion and deliberation a Ball has been adopted, as the most eligible mode for the citizens of Quebec, generally, to testify their attachment to the Crown on the above auspicious event. In order to carry this object into execution, the managing committee felt it was necessary to make the subscriptions as low as possible, in order to meet the circumstances of the citizens generally, regard being had at the same time, to the

very wise and benevolent purpose of raising a surplus fund for distribution among the poor. But a new and somewhat novel difficulty suggests itself to the managers. The greater number of them had been frequent guests at the elegant entertainments given by the officers of Her Majesty's Guards and Artillery, and were again to receive a fresh instance of their civility in a few days. It was very properly felt that the hospitality of these gentlemen ought not to remain unrequited, and for this reason the Ball Tickets were raised to five dollars, a sum equal to the cost of one half the winter assemblies. Now, Mr. Editor, is it according to Cocker or to Hoyle, that the certain class of the inhabitants of this city, who have been so liberally entertained by the officers of the Garrison, should return that civility at the expense of the citizens generally? The invitations of the Guards and the Artillery have been of course confined to their own circle of acquaintance, which is of itself sufficiently large. Is it just to make one citizen who has never been admitted to the society of the patricians, pay one shilling more to enable a particular class to repay the invitation of another particular class? Surely those who have been favored with the kindness of the military are fully able, and have the proper feeling to requite the obligation themselves, without the assistance of others who are perfectly unembarrassed on this head. You are aware, Mr. Editor, that the mode first adopted was a *dinner*. What effect the little pastebard, afterwards received, had in converting it into a *Ball*, I know not. Be it observed, Sir, that I for one approve most cordially of the affable and gentlemanly officers of Her Majesty's Guards and the Artillery being invited by the citizens generally, as a well merited compliment, and one to which no return could be given or expected. But I have some doubts of the propriety and generosity of those who have thought proper to raise the citizen ball tickets for the purpose of enabling them to discharge their debts at the expense of the public. It has the double effect of excluding many from this expression of their loyalty, and of diminishing the fund to be appropriated to the relief of the poor. Look to it, Officers of the Royal Artillery, and Guardsmen! Hold them to the decent thing. They must give you another Ball.

Quebec, 7th Jan., 1842.

To Correspondents.

The communication signed *JUVENIS*, we fear it would be difficult to find room for in our columns for some time to come, from its extreme length, in other respects we should be happy to insert it.

ANOTHER *LOYALIST* we beg to decline, not but that its remarks are as apposite enough; our reason for so doing can be explained to him.

WALTER savours too much of the namby-pambyish cast, to suit our ideas of the "proper thing" in handling the subject he attempts to elucidate.

A WALL-FLOWER of necessity we must be excused from inserting; as it appears to us a strong spice of ill-natured personality pervades the verses sent to us over this signature.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE PROVINCE.

Kingston, 1st January, 1842.

His Excellency the late Lord Sydenham was pleased to appoint the following persons:

To be Wardens under an Ordinance of the late Province of Lower Canada, intitled: "An Ordinance to provide for the better Internal Government of this Province, by the Establishment of Local or Municipal Authorities therein." George O. Stuart, Esq., Municipal District of

Edward Hale, Esq.	do.	Quebec.
John Nairne, Esq.	do.	Portneuf.
Alexis Rivard, Esq.	do.	Saguenay.
Hon. J. Bte. Taché, Esq.	do.	Rimouski.
Etienne P. Taché, Esq.	do.	Kamouraska.
Horatio N. Patton, Esq.	do.	St. Thomas.
John Lambly, Esq.	do.	Dorchester.
James Brady, Esq.	do.	Chaudière.
Edward Hale, Jr., Esq.	do.	Nicolet.
William Baker, Esq.	do.	Sherbrooke.
Alexis Pinet, Esq.	do.	Missisquoi.
Wm. I. Chiffers, Esq.	do.	Richieu.
William M. Gums, Esq.	do.	St. Hyacinthe.
Wm. Harrison, Esq.	do.	St. Johns.
John Molson, Esq.	do.	Beauharnois.
John Egan, Esq.	do.	Montreal.
Charles J. Forbes, Esq.	do.	Sydenham.
J. D. Larroix, Esq.	do.	Lake of Two Mountains.
Joseph Faribault, Esq.	do.	Terrebonne.
Barthelemy Joliette, Esq.	do.	Leinster.
Antoine Polette, Esq.	do.	Berthier.

And His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:

To be District Treasurers under the aforesaid Ordinance.—

A. B. Sirois Duplessis Esquire, Municipal District of Quebec.

James Allsopp, Esquire, do.,	Portneuf.
Edward Tremblay, Esq. do.,	Saguenay.
P. Gauvreau, Esq. do.,	Rimouski.
Alexis Gagné, Esq. do.,	Kamouraska.
Magloire Tété, Esq. do.,	St. Thomas.
Edward Lagueux, Esq. do.,	Dorchester.
J. J. Rény, Esq. do.,	Chaudière.
G. D. Marler, Esq. do.,	Nicolet.
L. E. Rose, Esq. do.,	Sherbrooke.
Samuel Wood, Esq. do.,	Missisquoi.
H. M. Barrett, Esq. do.,	Richelieu.
P. B. De La Bruere, Esq. do.,	St. Hyacinthe.
William Wilson, Esq. do.,	St. Johns.
Robert Cross, Esq. do.,	Beauharnois.
Edward Hackett, Esq. do.,	Montreal.
James F. Taylor, Esq. do.,	Sydenham.
John Edward Rankin, Esq. do.,	The Lake of Two Mountains.
Doctor C. G. O'Doherty, Esq. do.,	Terrebonne.
L. J. Nolin, Esq. do.,	Leinster.
C. A. Forneret, Esq. do.,	Berthier.
Edward Greive, Esq. do.,	Three Rivers.

To be District Clerks under the aforesaid Ordinance.

Roger Lelièvre, Esq.,	Municipal District of Portneuf.
Eugène Archambault, Esq. do.,	Leinster.
Joseph Octave Rochon, Esq. do.,	Terrebonne.
James Blackburn, Esq. do.,	Sydenham.
Alfred Rambau, Esq. do.,	Montreal.
Pierre Gamelin, Esq. do.,	St. Johns.
Flavien Vallerand, Esq. do.,	Richelieu.
D. G. Morrison, Esq. do.,	St. Hyacinthe.
Peter Cowan, Esq. do.,	Missisquoi.
Joseph Super Wallon, Esq. do.,	Sherbrooke.
Frederick Ployart, Esq. do.,	Nicolet.
Pierre Lambert, Esq. do.,	Dorchester.
Alexandre Duperré, Esq. do.,	Kamouraska.

To be Judges under the Act intitled "An Act to provide for the more easy and expeditious administration of Justice in civil causes and matters involving small pecuniary value in that part of the Province heretofore Lower Canada.

Hypolite Goy, Esquire, Inferior districts of Missisquoi, St. Hyacinthe, Richelieu, St. Johns and Beauharnois.

William Power, Esquire, ditto, Quebec, Portneuf and Saguenay.

Augustin Norbert Morin, Esquire, ditto, Rimouski, Kamouraska and St. Thomas.

Charles E. Mondlet, Esquire, ditto, Terrebonne, Leinster and Berthier.

William King McCord, Esquire, ditto, Sydenham and Two Mountains.

To be Clerks of the District Courts under do.—

Antoine A. Vanfelson, Esquire, Inferior District of Saguenay.

Louis Fiset, Esquire, ditto, Quebec.

Laurent Auzé de St. Georges, Esquire, ditto, Portneuf.

Wm C. H. Coffin, Esq., ditto, Three-Rivers.

Peter N. Rossiter, Esquire, ditto, Berthier.

I. S. Gustave Delormier, Esq., ditto, Leinster.

John Delisle, Esquire, ditto, Terrebonne.

Theodore Doucet, Esq., ditto, St. Hyacinthe.

John Godard, Esquire, ditto, Richelieu.

John McGillis, Esquire, ditto, St. Johns.

John Pratt, Esquire, ditto, Beauharnois.

Samuel Wentworth Monk and Robert Lester Morrogh, Esquires, ditto, Montreal.

Aimé Lafontaine, Esquire, ditto, Sydenham.

Edward T. Jones, Esq., ditto, Two Mountains.

James Botham, Esquire, ditto, Missisquoi.

Geo. Fred. Bowen, Esq., ditto, Sherbrooke.

William Ryan, Esquire, ditto, Nicolet.

Frederick Andrew, Esquire, ditto, Chaudière.

Philippe Chalou, Esquire, ditto, Dorchester.

Thomas Amiot, Esquire, ditto, St. Thomas.

Pierre Ant. Doucet, Esq. ditto, Kamouraska.

James Reeves, Esquire, ditto, Rimouski.

To be Registrars under an Ordinance of the late Province of Lower Canada, intitled "An Ordinance to prescribe and regulate the Registering of titles to lands, tenements and hereditaments, real or immovable estates, and of charges and incumbrances on the same, and for the alteration and improvement of the Law in certain particulars in relation to the alienation and hypothecation of real estates and the rights and interest acquired therein."

E. Tremblay, Esquire, District of Saguenay.

George Herman Kyland, Esquire, Quebec.

Henry Paul, Esquire, ditto, Portneuf.

Charles N. Monizambert, Esquire, do., Three Rivers.

Hector Simon Huot, Esquire, ditto, Berthier.

J. M. Raymond, Esquire, ditto, Leinster.

D. Buchanan, Esquire, ditto, Terrebonne.

James H. James, Esquire, ditto, St. Hyacinthe.

Melchior Alphonse DeSallaberry, Esquire, do., Richelieu.

T. Austin, Esquire, ditto, St. Johns.

D. K. L. Githail, Esquire, ditto, Beauharnois.

E. Dowling, Esquire, ditto, Montreal.

J. F. Taylor, Esquire, ditto, Sydenham.

Daniel de Hertel, Esq., ditto, Two Mountains.

Richard Dickinson, Esquire, ditto, Missisquoi.

William Ritchie, Esquire, ditto, Sherbrooke.

William Robins, Esquire, ditto, Nicolet.

R. A. Fortier, Esquire, ditto, Chaudière.

Edward Henry Bowen, Esq., do., Dorchester.

A. G. Couillard, Esquire, ditto, St. Thomas.

Hon. Jean Bte. Taché, ditto, Kamouraska.

A. G. Ruel, Esquire, ditto, Rimouski.

To be District Inspectors under the Act intitled, "An Act to impose a duty upon Distillers in that part of the Province heretofore called Lower Canada.

Benjamin Lemoine, Esq., District of Quebec.

D. S. Stuart, Esquire, ditto, Montreal.

Stephen Yarrowood, Esq., Three Rivers.

Chauncey Bullock, Esq., do, St. Francis.

Secretary's Office.

Kingston, 20th December, 1841.

His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has been pleased to appoint the Honble. H. H. Killaly, Chairman.

The Honorable D. Daly, S. B. Harrison, and John Davidson, Esquire, to be Members of the "Corporation of the Board of Works" created by the late Act 4 and 5 Victoria, chapter 38, and T. A. Begley, Esquire, to be Secretary thereof.

MARRIED.

At Three Rivers on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Fias, Theodore Hart, Esq., son of Benjamin Hart, Esq., of Montreal to Frances, second daughter of the late Samuel David Esq.

DIED.

On the 25th December, at Dumont, County of Two Mountains, aged 3, Sèvre Lambert Dumont, Esq., co-seigneur of Milte Isles, &c.

The Bastilles of Paris.—The Commerce says:—The works of the citadel and fort of Charenton-Alfort are already so advanced that they could, if necessary, oppose a vigorous resistance. Four of the five bastions and curtains have already their thick walls several metres above the level ground, and two-thirds of the wall of the fifth bastion are already built. The wall for the whole enclosure of the fort is to be carried to the height of the ramparts, viz., 6 metres 80 centimetres (22 feet English) above the level ground. In the several parts where the ground has been dug out, beds of vegetable earth, two or three metres thick, which is extraordinary for the locality, have been found. This earth has been laid aside carefully for the covering of the bastions, &c. Several wells have been dug for the use of the masons, and, although at a depth of sixty feet, the water is in great abundance and potable. In order that the works may proceed with the greatest activity little railways have been laid down for the transport of the materials from one point to the other. By this means two men were able to drag what would otherwise be a heavy horse load.

There is no virtue that adds so noble a Charm to the finest trait of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

Doct. Lardner has commenced a course of scientific lectures at Clinton Hall, in this city.

Lord Brougham has a B on his carriage, said D'Iracliti to Sydney Smith. "Yes," answered the waggish divine, "and a wasp in it."

Er-st Caps.—"I stand in need of small caps," as the printer's wife said when she presented her husband with a little responsibility.

O. K. not O. K.—A singular mistake occurred in this city on Thursday, which goes to prove that we should not always trust to appearances. The ship Saracen, Capt. Oliver Keating, sailed from this port that day for Manila and Canton. When the ship was ready to start, the captain sent a cartman to the Pearl Street House, where he had been boarding, for his baggage.

The cartman accordingly went to Capt. Keating's room and took his things which were all packed up, and in coming out of the room he saw in the entry, near the door, two boxes marked O. K., the initials of the captain's name, (Oliver Keating) and supposing they belonged to him, and that it was Oll Correct, he took the boxes, carried them down and put them on board the ship with the captain's baggage, and the vessel immediately afterwards went to sea. An hour or two after she had sailed, it was discovered that the boxes did not belong to the captain but to another gentleman who was stopping at the Pearl Street House, and that they contained a complete set of Daguerrotype apparatus, which the owner was about to put in operation in this city. It was, however, too late to correct the mistake, and the boxes, Daguerrotype apparatus and all, are now on their way to Manila.—*Boston Transcript.*

Beautiful sights to see.—A woman with her back in view and shoes down at the heel—the breakfast dishes lying unwashed on the table at twelve o'clock, while she lectures her husband about his out-of-door business.

A young gentleman flogging his grandfather and calling him a puppy.

A fat woman wedged in the door of a stage, and a little negro trying to pluck her thence by one leg.

A nice young lady wiping out the frying pan with her white apron, lest the sausage gravy should grow cold in it.

A disinterested patriot moving heaven and earth to get into a fat office.

As fish skin settles coffee, so does the arbitration of woman calm an angry discussion.

An old bachelor most commonly, if let alone, becomes transformed into an old maid.

The fellow who don't pay borrowed money when in his power, would steal if he had a fair opportunity.

Paris Municipal Police.—*Strange System of Keeping Accounts.*—A barber, named Lionin, was brought before the Police-court charged with having customers in his house after midnight. The barber: "It is the fault of this person, Merlon, who is in the court. As he has not time to be shaved during the day he will come to be shaved late at night." The President: "You ought not, at all events, to be disturbing the public peace. There were cries issuing from your house as if you were committing murder." Merlon: "He was shaving; that's almost the same thing." The President: "Was it you then, Merlon, who were crying out as if you were being slayed?" Merlon: "Yes, in fact, he was slaying me" (a general laugh)—"he has cut me horribly." The barber: "It is true, but I made a mistake." Merlon: "Did you not mean then, to cut me?" The barber: "I do not say that (prolonged laughter). I certainly did not mean to cut so deep" (loud and continued laughter). The President: "Did you then, cut him on purpose?" The barber: "Indeed, I did in the spirit of my order, you understand one does not like to be below his business." The President and Merlon together: "And why?" The barber: "The whole affair is this; Mr. Merlon is not to be trusted, as he does not pay ready money, he used to cheat me in the number of shaves for which he owed me, when he had twelve he used to say he only had six, so that I lost both my razor, my soap and my time: at last I devised a mode of keeping a reckoning not to be disputed." The President: "How was that?" The barber: "Every time that I shave him, I make a notch in his cheek (general laughter) when we count up, I look at his cheek so many notches, so many shaves (renewed laughter) but the other day the razor turned in my hand, I made the figure too large, and it was this which made him cry out and disturb the neighbourhood." Amidst the general laughter the barber was condemned to pay the full penalty, and the President advised him to renounce in future, his new system of keeping accounts.

Flirtation.—The author of Charles O'Malley introduces the following queer illustration into the last number of that veritable narrative:—

"Flirtation is a very fine thing; but it's only a state of transition, after all. The tadpole existence of the lover would be great fun, if one was never to become a frog under the hands of the parson."

"What do you call an impression?" asked a young lady of a typo.

"This," said he kissing her.

Snuffers not Extinguishers.—In the parish of D— a small party of rural friends were enjoying themselves on a afternoon, over a bowl of recking Glenlivet in the village. Daylight had failed to "toom the stoop to friendship's growth," and as the candle burned dimly with a gradually augmenting top, it was discovered that the usual appliances for remedying the evil had been forgotten. The bell was rung and the little girl who acted as waiter, ordered, in a facetious tone, to "bring ben a pair o' the auldest snuffers she could find." "A pair o' the auldest snuffers," quoth the lassie to herself, as she closed the door of the apartment, in considerable perplexity and astonishment at the demand.—But woman's wit is "fu' ready," and she did not hesitate long in doubt. After a few minutes passed in a hasty excursion through the village, the girl returned, accompanied by two well known septuagenarians, whom she ushered into the presence of the company as "the twa auldest snuffers she kent in the ha' parish!" The burst of laughter with which the announcement was received, in some measure disconcerted the worthy pair of snuff-takers, who had been led to believe that they were wanted to speak on some important business at the inn. An explanation, however, and an invitation to join the conviviality of the party, speedily led to the mutual feelings of merriment.—[Correspondence of the Ayr Observer.]

King William Rufus.—Within a short distance of Minated, in the New Forest, Hants, are living in obscure circumstances the descendants of the person who found the body of the above King after his death, and who conveyed him in a cart to Winchester. They bear the name of Purkis, and what may be considered remarkable is, that they hold the same plot of ground which was occupied by their progenitors and follow the same calling that he did, which is that of burning wood for the making of charcoal, and this the family have continued to do for many generations. Some few years back, part of a very ancient old fashioned wheel was to be seen on the premises, which, according to tradition, belonged to the identical cart in which the Monarch's body was conveyed to the site of its destination. The remains of Rufus are deposited in a large coffin which may be seen in Winchester Cathedral.

The late Mr. Power.—In glancing accidentally over a friend's album, we found the following lines from the pen of the late Mr. Tyrone Power, one of the sufferers on board the ill-fated President steamer. They were jotted down by that gentleman while on a visit to Manchester in the beginning of 1840, amidst what he terms "a pleasing alteration of wind, hail, and sleet." Of course they were not intended for publication; but, however trifling in themselves, they derive a melancholy interest from the subsequent fate of the author, whose humour, buoyancy, and exquisite delineations of Irish character will long be remembered by the public:—

"REMONSTRANCE."

"Manchester! Manchester!
Why, Weather, so pester?
'Tis sure out of spite
You send rain day and night,
And the sun and the stars
Ever keep out of sight!
Now, my good old friend Weather,
I appeal to you whether,
Such conduct you hold is just or right!"

TYRONE POWER.

Slight circumstances.—Sir Walter Scott, walking one day among the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it repels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it; a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahomedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder-storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern Reformer if the appeal of the preacher had not started him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle; and if Mr. Greyville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging "certain stamp duties" on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Crowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the *Fairy Queen* in his mother's parlour; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Otes, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he went that way.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Self Consolation.—Contemplate with the spectacles of good-humoured contentment how artificial and extrinsic to happiness are the superfluities of this life. Thanks to a discerning public, we can command, while heaven spares us the use of this right arm, as much food as satisfies nature, which is all that the great or the affluent can consume. While we have one shirt on our back and the other at our washerwoman's, we have no reason to make an inventory of our wearables. We contrive to procure by hook or by crook a good suit of clothes every year; and unless a man chooses to roll himself in the kennel he cannot wear out a suit of clothes in less time. We surmount our capot with our hat (while d'Orsay does the same with one of his hats), and to all outward appearance our heads are equally furnished. We cannot rival Cecil Forrester in primrose kids; but while the Earl of Wilton wears well fitting blacks, who shall quarrel with us who follow the fashion of the Earl of Wilton?

More Refinement.—Instead of saying a man runs on his hook, the phrase is now more elegantly rendered by saying, *he progresses on his personal course.*

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from the door step. "Coz he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

The Quebec Argus.

WILL be published at No. 20, St. Peter Street, Lower Town, at the Printing Office where "THE MARTIN NORTH AMERICAN" has been hitherto published, and where Mr. A. JACQUES, the Proprietor and Printer, will receive subscriptions and orders for Advertising.—*Terms the same as for the B. N. American, nam ly; Fifteen shillings per year, six month payable in advance.*

JOB PRINTING DONE IN THE BEST STYLE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

THE Subscriber has just received from his Mills, and offers for sale, 500 Quintals of very superior Oatmeal, and 100 Quintals of Pot Barley.

GEO. BISSET.

Quebec, 15th Decr. 1841.



NOTICE.

TO PERSONS DESIROUS OF SETTLING ON THE LAMBTON 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. 4th 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.

3rdly.—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.

4thly.—The Ticket 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 land there shall abandon it, will be considered as having lost all claim to receive land.

5thly.—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.

6thly.—The Settlement duty is required to be done within four years from the date of the Ticket.

7thly.—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.

8thly.—An assignment or attempt to assign any Ticket or Location, will also be considered as a forfeiture of all right in the Locatee or Assignee; or if it shall appear that the Locatee has previously obtained a Grant of Land from Government, his new Location shall be forfeited.

9thly.—In all cases of abandonment of Location, the located land will immediately be considered open for new location or sale.

10thly.—As it is not the intention of the Government to offer the Settlers any assistance further than the free grant of land, applicants are specially 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.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

GEORGE SCOTT.

BEGS respectfully to remind his friends and the public of Quebec, that as usual, he is prepared to supply them with Christmas Buns, Scotch Short Bread, Plum Cakes, Seed Cakes, Pound Cakes, Mince Pies, Tea Cakes, and all kinds of confectionary suitable at this season, &c., &c.

G. S. Avails himself of this opportunity respectfully to return thanks for the patronage he has invariably received.

N. B. For sale, Scotch Marmalade, Strawberry, Raspberry and Lemon Syrup, all of superior quality. Quebec, Decr. 15th, 1841.

SUPERIOR LEMON SYRUP

Manufactured and sold by WM. PATERSON, Grocer.

No. 18. Notre Dame Street, Quebec. JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE.

50 Gross of the well known celebrated JONES' MATCHES—nothing equal to them in the Canada. CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER.

Quebec, 25th Aug. 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.

— ALSO — Superfine, Fine, and Middling Flour, Pot and Pearl Barley, Farine Entiere, Pease Oats, Bran, &c. &c. — AND —

A large assortment of very superior QUILLS. GEORGE BISSET, Quebec, 23rd July, 1841. u s Hunt's Wharf

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 CANS WHI-KEY.

100 boxes Glass 8 1/2 by 9 1/2 in half boxes 40 do Dish Herring 20000 Common, Cigars, in hundreds 15 Kegs Tuff 10 do, best Plug 16s. 10000 Shira Cigars, 10 years old 2000 Ladies do. 600 large dry Hides 264 heavy green Cal' St'ns. CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER. Quebec 9th 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 R. G. D. BAZZARETTI, 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 BY THE SUBSCRIBERS. 25,000

Regalia Cigars, 20,000 Cruz Brand, No. 1, Principe, 15,000 Cruz " No. 2, " 15,000 Pez " No. 1, " 2,000 Matthew Congress, 2,000 Riondo Congress, 10,000 Origo, 2,000 Coisa, 1,000 Vanilla Cheroote, 24,000 Mend sa & Garcia, 5,000 Traburo, 25,000 Regalia, No. 1, Canada Manufacture, 20,000 Matthew half Regalia, Maracibo Knas or Tobacco, Fine mild old Petit Knaster Vuelta de Abajo, Fin Lighter Porto Rice, Cut Tobacco, Strauburg Snuff, French Rappes, Fine Moccoboy, American Gentleman, Natichioes Mix-re, Cigar Cases of different sizes, & Patent Matches.

— ALSO — A very large stock of sole and upper Leather English French, Irish and Canada manufactures, &c. CHS. F. PRATT & BROTHER.

Foot of Mountain Street, Quebec. 2d 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. —sup and Chops at all hours Large Storage for the convenience of orderers. Quebec, 4th May, 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 Chinese, 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.

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 superiormachines, made Oakum sale. Quebec, 2nd April, 1841.

QUEBEC.—Printed and published by A. JACQUES No. 20, SAULT-AU-MARET STREET.