

The Quebec Argus.

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

[VOL. 1.

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N^o. 8.

THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

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CONDITIONS.

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inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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and delivered the day previous to publication.

Selects.

KATE.

From the *New Orleans Picayune*.

KATE, of the sunny brow,
Kate of the tender eye,
Tho' gentle Kate is distant now,
I feel her sigh.
Kate, of the joyous heart,
Smiling at every tale,
Dearer and near tho' apart,
Sweet cousin Kate!

You should know Kate: because
She's the sweetest girl alive;
As full of sweets as ever was
A honey hive.
And between you and me,
This rhyme is all a trick,
To see how puzzled she will be
When in the 'Pie'!

She is very far away,
And I sha'n't see her when
She reads this little hobbling lay
From my poor pen;
But, Oh! so well I know her,
That with my fancy's eye,
Here can I see and so could show her,
—Suppose I try!

She has just picked up the Pie,
Quite early in the morning
(She gets thro' very neat and quick
Her plain adorning)
Kate stares her in the face—
O I wish you could see her!
She reads as tho' she ran a race,
And stops right here.

That mischievous Miss Con;
She struck me when I began it—
And now I know, as I read on, it
Is she has done it!
Then moisture to her eye
Starts and retires a pace,
As naughty scorn goes sitting by
A rose her face.

Kate can be proud, as can
The gentlest thing in life;
I swear I wish I were a man,
And she my wife.
Her lips like angry curls
Will make you kiss her sigh for;
In fact she's just the sort of girl
To live and die for!

She reads on with a frown,
Then smiles as if in spite,
At last she throws the paper down,
And laughs outright:
"Well, I can't see the fun—
Fiddsticks! I did you over!"
That Con! and yet it's an'othly done,
The rhyme is clever!"

Well, Kate, there's nothing in't,
Just take this for a letter,
And if a letter comes in print
'Tis all the better.
Just cut the verses out,
And put them in your scrap book,
Where none can turn the leaves about,
Or any chap look.

My love to Mr. ——— (hey?)
Well, mum, then, is the word.
But to neglect respects to pay
Would be absurd.
So Kate, sweet Kate, hear'n bl as you,
Excuse this hasty scrawl;
Answer, and I'll again address you;
Fond love to all.

Farmers cut your Fodder.—As the great mass
of farmers appear to be ignorant of the advan-
tages of making use of cut food for their stock,
I will give you the outline of my experience
this season, hoping it will be the means of in-
ducing many others to make a trial. It was
sometime in February last, that I procured an
improved Straw Cutter (Gibson's Patent) and
having a quantity of rye straw, and knowing I
should be short of hay, I concluded by making
the best use I could with my straw, I could with
little labor make a saving equal to a ton of hay,

worth \$15; and thus save more than one half the
expense of the machine this season. But the
result is much more favorable, for in addition
to my rye straw, I had about three tons of coarse
fodder, consisting of different proportions of
wheat hay, rye, wheat, buckwheat and pea-
straw, &c. this mixed mass I added as I cut it, about one
fourth part of good hay. I fed this to my cattle,
(15 in number) just as it came from the machine.
They fed on it with a good relish, appeared satis-
fied, and rather improved in condition. Instead,
therefore, of saving only half the expense of my
machine, I have saved more than the first cost,
(\$20) and had I obtained one last fall, I would
have saved more than \$50.

I verily believe that one third more stock might
be kept on farms generally by our would be eco-
nomical farmers turning to good account all their
coarse fodder. By obtaining a good machine, I
have saved three tons of good fodder which other-
wise would scarce have been worth three hun-
dred of good hay.

To my team horses, one span, I give 20 quarts
ground oats with as much cut straw as they will
eat; they prefer this feed to clear oats, and are in
first rate working order. The length I cut my
straw, &c., is three fourths of an inch, although I
see no objection to cutting it longer for cattle.
Brother farmers, are not these worthy your atten-
tion! Will you try the experiment! Purchas-
ing some good machine; every farmer ought to have
one.

Prince Albert has become a British farmer.
The valuable stock and crops on the Norfolk and
Flemish farms, Windsor Great Park, which were
in the occupation of his Majesty King William IV.
have been valued to his royal highness from the
crown, by John Braithwaite, Esq., of Cobham,
by order of her majesty's commissioners.—*Ken-
tish Gazette*.

INDIAN SUMMER.

This charming season has arrived, mingling the
frosts of the approaching winter with the parting
warmth of summer, which still lingering, seems re-
luctant to take a final leave. It stands as a sort of
isthmus—a dividing space—separating antagonistic for-
ces; or as a neutral ground where both meet and
unequivocally together for a time. The Indian sum-
mer is peculiar to the American climate, and forms
one of the most beautiful characteristics of our au-
tumn. It is for naturalists to say whence and why
it comes, and how it receives those qualities which
distinguish it as a particular season. The old story
about fires in the mountains and prairies of the West
we shall not stop to consider, although there are, or
there were once, many good people who believed
that the warm and smoky atmosphere of this season
originated therefrom; and as the Indians were sup-
posed to be the authors of the conflagration every
year when the leaves and dry grass are fit for burn-
ing, the season was called Indian summer accord-
ingly. But this is a philosophical age, and we do not
ask any body to believe more of this tradition than
they choose.

There are different styles of beauty among the
scenery as well as among women or paintings. The
beauty of the Spring, on a fine May morning, for
example, when the dew is sparkling on the leaves,
or falling in glittering drops to the ground, as the
birds leap from branch to branch, giving forth at the
same time—that is, the birds—a great deal of sweet
music—the beauty of such a morning, to an early
riser, is very charming; the balmy softness of the
air, the cheerful aspect of nature in her first vesture
of lively green spread over the diversified range of
fields, meadows, woodlands, hills, and valleys—all
fresh as if just created and specially decked out to
receive the rising sun—to say nothing of streams
wreathed in early mist and other romantic appar-
itions—the whole taken altogether, we say, pre-
sents to a spectator having a good conscience and
some imagination, a very pleasant and beautiful
scene. The beauty of a midsummer's day is of an-
other kind, which we must leave to the reader's
fancy, having been already drawn too diffusely into
the descriptive.

Autumnal beauty is different from that of the
Spring, from that of the Summer, and from the beau-
ty of Winter—the more especially in the latter case,
because Winter is not generally supposed to have
any beauty. The charm of an autumn day is of a
pensive cast, unlike the freshness of May, and dif-
ferent from the bold brilliancy of an August day.
The causes of this we cannot enlarge upon—in fact
we do not know that any satisfactory cause has ever
been given why the season of autumn should be mel-
ancholy and sad in its influence upon the mind. It
may be on account of the dread of approaching win-
ter, or regret for departing summer; it may be for
a sort of sympathy with the falling leaves, emblems
of human decay, mingled with something of pity for
the poor naked trees that stand, like outcasts unpro-
tected from the chilling blast; or it may be because
the people are subject to influenza at this season.
We leave it to the philosophers.—*Baltimore Am-
erican*.

STORY OF A MASK.

AN INCIDENT OF A SPANISH CARNIVAL BALL.

"My I presume, lady, to sit beside you?"
"Delighted!—I feel honored by your prefer-
ring my society among the many beauties that

make the ball so brilliant. You know me per-
haps?"

"Not now—and indeed it is possible my an-
swer might be the same if you removed your
mask. But what does it matter? To-night we
begin to know each other—and be as inti-
mate as you please. The friendships commu-
nicated at a masquerade are by no means the worst."

"Some times they deceive one terribly."

"That you can't be denied. I have met with
sad disappointments myself."

"And been the cause of them?"

"Not—it is not very easy for a man to assume a
false character when he shows himself in all pla-
ces—even in a carnival ball, with his face un-
masked."

"Indeed! Perhaps you have no cause to hide
it—and that can't be said of every one."

"Thanks, gentle lady—you know me then?"

"Yes—by sight. They tell me you are a
poet. Will you write me a sonnet?"

"Oh, certainly! I make it a rule never to
refuse a lady. But I must first know your name."

"Call me any thing, Phillis, Laur, Filina—
any name that you think poetical. 'Tis better not
to tell you my true one. You may choose one to
your liking."

"But without at least seeing the face whose
beauty I am to immortalize—without knowing
the sweet object of my inspiration?"

"Does a poet say this? What do you gentle-
men of Parnassus, who live in the illimitable re-
gions of the fancy, want with the real presence of
the object of your admiration? For my part, I
have so little confidence in my face, and so much in
your imagination, that I must retain my mask."

"'Tis true that we poets—since you include
me in the number, least our minds in the realm of
imagination, but we cannot support ourselves
with these illusory visions, and in regard to plea-
sure, I profess myself one of the most prosaic of
men."

"But what pleasure can you expect from see-
ing my face?"

"The pleasure of admiring it—if it is beau-
tiful, as I presume it is, of admiring it."

"Adoration is constantly on your lips. You
poets ought to be banished from every Christian
and well ordered community."

"And why, my dear?"

"If you say what you really think, as im-
pious impostors: if you do not, as impostors. You did
well in coming without a domino. Poets don't
require them, in order to deceive. They are never
without a mask."

"If that be true, I am delighted to plead guilty
to an accusation that makes me so much resemble
the softer sex."

"Are women then so false?"

"Yes, fair mask, you cannot deny that they
are guilty; but, at the same time, I confess that
the want of confidence, and the tyranny of men
are the causes of your insincerity; and that your
very deceptions are excusable, as they arise en-
tirely from a wish to please us. But is it possible
that I am not to see your face?"

"Impossible! 'The wish to please you' in-
duces me to preserve my mask."

"Your conversation enchants me; and every
word increases my desire to see you."

"Must you absolutely see the face, to enable
you to suppose it beautiful? Have you not called
me already 'the sweet object of your inspiration'?

Believe me, your interest and mine, in this mat-
ter, are opposed to each other. While I remain
concealed, I am sure of hearing flattering speech-
es, to which, perhaps, I am not always accustomed.
If the guardian mask were lifted, addi-
tion. Still politeness and sober seriousness would
take the place of compliments, the pretty speech-
es, and the at once, which, though they do not
altogether turn my head, keep me at least pleased
and satisfied."

"This modesty is a convincing proof, with me,
of your numberless charms."

"Yes—but if I have no other charms; I am at
least modest—or rather sincere."

"Even if I could confound you with the com-
mon run of women, I could believe you on the
present occasion. The carnival is nothing more
or less than the reverse side of the medal of life;
and doubtless the ladies, sheltered by their false
faces, which at first sight would appear to aid
them in deceiving, speak more truly than when
without a mask. They have so few opportunities
of speaking the whole truth with impunity. But
you!—you are beautiful! I'll swear it! By dint
of long experience, I have acquired the art of
judging through the thickest mask. The game-
ster can't escape me. I have an exquisite nose,—(as
I pronounced the word, I perceived a sudden start
in my companion, of surprise, or perhaps displeas-
ure. I thought she had not been pleased with
such a vulgar phrase, and I apologized for not
having expressed myself in more elegant lan-
guage; but she smiled, and, pressing my hand,
gave me to understand that she pardoned the Top-
cat's language, and I went on)—There is only one
reason why I should regret your unmasking."

"And what, I pray?"

"That I should not then be able to speak to
you as a mask. Wouldn't it be miserable to give
up this charming familiarity, and the intimacy al-
lowable in a carnival ball? We speak now with
as little restraint as friends, or brothers, or mar-
ried people, or lovers."

"If I were to be so indiscreet as to unmask
myself, you would jump up in a hurry, and hardly
find time to utter a cold and rapid 'Your servant,
madam, before you left me.'"

"How can you tease me so? Do you think
incapable of such impoliteness? Suppose, even
for a moment, you were ugly—will your ex-
quisite charm away with it the charms of your conversa-
tion? your bewitching voice? your captivating
flexibility? your exquisite grace? How could a
woman be ugly with such attractions? If your
face is uglier than Gorgon's I'll forgive it."

"Look to what you say. Are you more indul-
gent than other men? Have you less self-love?
With your most sensible sex ugliness is the great-
est crime a woman can be guilty of."

"Either I am of a different kind, or you ca-
lumniate other men, fair mask. Away with that
development envious of my happiness! and you
will see that my attentions, instead of diminishing,
will grow still more tender; and do not fancy
that my promise is a bold one—for where can the
ugliness be with which you threaten to astound
me! Don't lose the perfect elegance of your
shape! Don't I hold your beautiful hand in mine?
Hasn't your small and fruitless foot made me mad-
dly in love with it? Doesn't the palpitation of that
rosy reveal to me a thousand charms? Don't the
arrows of those dark Moorish eyes strike me
at every glance? Those coal-black tresses, that
contrast so finely with the marble whiteness of the
neck—whose are all these if they are not yours?
And have I watched so inattentively the motions
of your head, that the smile of your ripe red lips
has escaped me?"

"And yet, with all these advantages you praise
so highly, I assure you I am a monster, and you
will be horror struck."

"No, no—it is impossible—your shape, your
features."

"Have you seen them all?"

"I may say so—the nose indeed is the only
here she interrupted him with a laugh—"you
laugh—is it a Roman?"

"Or a Cathagenian for any thing I know.
You had better not trouble yourself to decide."

"No, no—it is impossible that a nose out of
keeping, perhaps with the other features can de-
stroy the effect of so many beauties, and moreover
I understand all the consequences of the request
I make you. With that mouth, with those eyes,
with that faultless form, you may be either all nose
or no nose."

"Imprudent man!"

"Come, unmask! let the sun rise on me! tho'
'tis now two o'clock in the morning."

"Rash man!"

"Must I fall on my knees to ask you? Will
you make me the laughing stock of the ball?"

"Enough! you desire it. Well, then, you are
about to see me without any mask. Alas, women
are so weak!—but at least it shall not be in your
hands that throw upon Paudar's box. Receive from
your own the punishment of your foolish curi-
osity!"

"Is that all? Oh glory! oh fortune! Envy
me; mortals—give me the lyre, oh Muses!—
at this moment I am Paudar!—I am 'thyrimu!'"

"At this moment you are a fool."

"What a nuisance!—I can't unmask—
I shall call it—ah, here it is—most beautiful!"

"I could not get out another syllable. Such was
my surprise, my disappointment, my horror!—
What a nose! what a nose! what a nose! I could
not have believed nature capable of producing
such a monstrosity, such an amplification, such a ty-
pical. The sonnet of Quevedo—

"There was a man once tied to a great nose,"
would be poor and inefficient in describing it. It
was not a human nose—it was a bomb—
a comet—
a knife—
an Egyptian pyramid—
Great heavens! and they say our country is re-
formed! Why, then, do they submit to such gi-
gantic abuses? If every thing is condemned that
interferes with the slow and progressive advance
of our institutions—of every thing is out of place
—every thing exaggerated—why can't there be a law
against the exaggeration of the human nose? In
the midst of the horror caused by the terrible
change of scene, I wished to disengage myself
from my overpowered companion, it possible, with-
out being rude. I made incredible efforts to utter
a few complimentary phrases. It was impossible!
If at that moment I had had a looking glass before
me, I should most undoubtedly have seen the
countenance of a fool. To my great relief, the
lady, who had doubtless learned to reconcile her-
self to her deformity and its results, laughed very
heartily, either at my attempts or at herself. This
gave me an opportunity of hurrying off under pre-
text of accosting a friend, and, without venturing
another look, I took leave of her with a short and
dry, "Your servant, madam."

"Shame gave wings to my feet, rage blinded me—
I wanted room to escape. I stumbled among
furniture and people, and should have fled home
without waiting for the carriage, or remembering
my cloak, if my disappointment had not excited in
me a hunger so tremendous as the nose beneath
the shadow of which my happiness had withered
away." I flew to the select room—look pos-
sibly of a table, seized a carte, and ordered what
could be got ready soonest. I devoured, and with
appetite, a fish, four different dishes, and they
were just bringing me the fifth, when behold!

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

A WESTERN BEAR STORY.

FROM “LIFE IN THE WOODS.”

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon river, was a Vermontese of the name of Dobson—a large resolute man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant crows, which according to the custom in the new countries, had been turned to the woods, to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer. Just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbour, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been, probably in quest of honey.

A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down hind foremost. My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and without reflecting what he should do with the “varmint” afterwards, ran to the tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, he seized him by the fore-paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks; but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of iron paws, equally iron-strong with his own; nor could he use his hinder paws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him; nor could he venture to let him go—a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast descending into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children, at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospects for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance; but his fangs, although none of the weakest, were unequal to the task, and although he belloped and bawled the live long night, making the woods and welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep.

It was a wearisome night for Dobson; such a game of hold fast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly—but there was no let in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his had grown together.

As daylight dawned, the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully though rather dimly in the distance. Dobson again repeated his cries for succor, and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbour, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe on his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbour.

“Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging at that rate when you see a fellow Christian in such a little of fish as this?”

“I run! as that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you I heard bawling so last night? I guess you ought to have your loins for nothing, if you have stood up again the tree all night.”

“It's no joke, though. I can tell you Mr. Sleeper, if you had hold of the paws of a black vixen at all night, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?”

“Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up log fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come bright and airy. But if I'd known it was you—”

“Known? well, replied Dobson bitterly, you know 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood

too good for these plaguey varminths though; and you know there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!

Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the taral critter get loose, while I spit his head open.

No, no, said Dobson. After holding the bear here all night, I think I ought to have the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest.

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament.

The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the trancuity with which they had clenched for so many hours, were seen brandishing the axe; and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and dead as it would have been, had he struck. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike; and to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown in coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.—*Picayune.*

COMFORT TO SMOKERS.

DOW, JR.—TOBACCO.

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

My indulgent and indulging hearers—it was the devil beyond all question, who first sowed the seed, and who is still the owner & proprietor of all that is, or ever will be raised of this soul contaminating vegetable. O, you vile tobacco normals! I don't know whether it is best to poke you about with a long stick of rancor, or stand farther off and rely on the enticing power of persuasion. I expect, however, to accomplish but little any way.

Hearers—to such of you as are in the habit of chewing, allow me to address myself butted foremost. If you don't leave off the filthy practice, I shall put you down upon my catalogue of unclean beasts, to be shunned and avoided by all decent society. It is a practice productive of no good whatever, and fraught with more evils than a scavenger's horse can carry. It renders your carcass as loathsome and disgusting as those of buzzards. It stains your dicker, as well as your moral characters, blackens both your teeth and your souls, causes an odoriferous stench to flow continually from your mouth—and not only infuses a deadly poison in your blood, but leads you to an inclination for occasional disipation—from that to semi-occasional intoxication. Man's mouth my friends, was never made for a tobacco box; and I wonder how any one can have the courage to chew that which he dare not swallow, I'd like to see a man stuff some of the trash into his abdominal pantry. If he don't feel uncomfortable about the waistbands soon after, it would be because sickness was afraid to come near him.

Snuffing, my friends, is nearly if not quite as bad as chewing; and I grieve to observe that females as well as males are addicted to it. When I see a woman who speaks as though her nasal organ was made of bellmetal—who says “pud” for pudding—whose skin is as yellow as the latter end of an autumn—I know she takes snuff in quantities to make an Egyptian mummy sneeze as it antecopagus; and I also know that her brains are equally as dirty as the handkerchief she uses, and that's enough to throw a pair of tongs in convulsions. Many pretend that they take snuff to clear their heads. It clears their heads in time of all sparkling, brilliant, and original ideas, but leaves instead, confused chaos of unfinished thoughts, wrecks of fancy, and any number of untamed chimeras. That is the only way in which it clears their heads, my friends. The less dust you admit into your noses, the clearer your heads will be, the better your health, and the more transparent your morals.

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

(From Excursions in Normandy.)

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

THE AUTHOR OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

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

THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

QUEBEC, 27th NOVEMBER 1841.

We subjoin a few extracts of European and other intelligence in addition to those given in our last.

Halifax, Nov. 17th.—The Steamship Caledonia, arrived on Tuesday morning, in 11 days from England.

Brussels, Oct. 30th.—The *Courrier Belge* states that two new sixpounders and two field pieces, with horses and ammunition, have been seized in one of our suburbs.

To-morrow was the day fixed for the execution of the plot, which had ramifications at Ghent, Antwerp, and Liege among the discontents.

From what transpired the authorities pretend to have the clue to a vast counter-revolutionary conspiracy, which had been contriving for several months.

It is said that the ministry have sent numerous orders and instructions to the provinces this morning, and despatches have been sent to the King.

P. S.—Three o'clock, P. M.—Generals Vandermere and Vandermere, who were supposed to have fled, have been found concealed in the house of a painter.

All ships fitting in the English Ports are ordered to complete their crews to the war complement.

Government is about to strengthen the fortifications of Gibraltar.

It is stated that the greater part of the six millions of dollars paid by the Chinese for the redemption of Canton turns out to be bad silver.

At a late meeting of the Dublin Repeal Association Mr. O'Connell announced his intention of presenting a petition to the House of Commons in his role as lord mayor, in favour of a repeal of the union.

To increase the distress that forms so large a portion of the difficulties attending the position of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, it is now said that the potato crop in Ireland is likely to prove a total failure.

Lieutenant General Sir William Hutchinson, K. C. B., an officer of distinguished service and great professional experience, has been appointed Colonel of the 75th Regiment, in succession to the late Lieut. General Sir Joseph Falkland.

Major General S. H. Berkeley is appointed to succeed Sir William Gomm in the command of the troops at Jamaica.

Major General Sir Wm. Gomm, K. C. B., is to return home from Jamaica, to assume the command of the Northern District of South Britain, in succession to Major General Sir Charles James Napier, removed to the Staff of India.

Mr. Phillips, the vocalist, many years ago a great favorite in this city, was killed on the 27th of October, by a rail-road accident. He had

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the Quebec Argus.

MR. ARGUS.

Afford me space, Mr. Editor, to tender my sincerest thanks to the very luminous “J. P.” of Wednesday's *Gazette*, for the very prompt and handsome manner in which he has come forward as “practical proof” of the force and truth of my cursory remarks in your last number on the subject of LOCAL MAGISTRACY. Such disinterested conduct was more than I expected, or dared hope for. I should conceive it to be almost without precedent in the history of public bodies, that an individual should isolate himself from among his brethren in office, and, sacrificially, come forward and ratify an adversary's opinion passed on their general deficiency of intellect and of judgment; to offer himself in person as proof positive of their eminent capacity for blunder, their *maque de savoir*. Oh! J. P., J. P.! where were your second thoughts? Why did you not seek counsel from, and submit your wondrous communication to, some influential friend?

Thou super-divinative “J. P.” has with a skill and penetration only existent among similar dark-lantern illuminators, discovered me to be a “plate hunter.” Wofully mistaken, your worship. He also honours me with an “L. L. D.” and an “A. double S.” The former suffix I have not yet, for my literary pursuits, attained; but when applying for it, I shall not omit his vouchery, which will admit it to be usually “eighty.” As to the latter—the

A. S. S.—there I am equally wanting,—indeed now my friend J. P. has taken the field, I shall resign all pretensions to it, and with a generosity which he will I trust fully appreciate, add my scant claims to his redundant qualifications, and thereby remove all impediment to his enjoyment of an honorary title he seems so eminently qualified to render illustrious.

That his Worship should have displayed himself so paradoxically satirical may be cause of wonder; an elucidation, however, he has himself furnished. He taxes me with "a dissection of their Worship's brains;"—no very arduous task to judge by the specimen of amount he himself possesses—an operation by which he must, in common with the rest, have been a loser to some trifling extent, and which has interfered, it will be seen, with that lucid and forcible defence of his confreres' intelligence for which his effusion is so sorry a substitute.

Despite J. P.'s labours to the contrary, I reiterate my charges; and my conviction of the necessity for substituting for the Bench, as at present composed, a more legally competent tribunal. That there are men of superior talent adorning the Bench, and rendering painfully conspicuous their less gifted co-J. P.'s, no one will deny; and that such men, and I doubt not, conscientiously discharge the duties of their trust. These, however, suffer for their own sakes, and undeservedly are reflected upon for the vacancy (f) of such ornaments as my friend J. P.

Quoth he (the J. P.) "what are the weighty matters" which they cannot settle "whilst demurely seated under the Lion and Unicorn of old England?" Why, the very "Lion" in question (in our Quebec Court) wears a sort of half grin, imparted, presumably, by the wag of an artist who knew the absurdities, and legal crudities, His Majesty of the forest would have to be an auditor of.

Among the trifles their Worship sometimes dispose of any petty grievances, it would seem. Admitting J. P.'s assertion as to the "ignorance of jurors," it is well known the Magistrates' "charge" is all to them. They pin their faith to his sleeve, and are unquestionably guided in considering their verdict by his exposition of the facts and bearings of the case on trial. It is a fact equally notorious that the gentlemen of the Bench are markedly impatient of litigation on legal points. What then remain for one trusting to "his own head," and not harkening to the elucidation of those skilled in forensic matters, charging a jury and leading them by his ignorance to an improper and illegal decision. Would not that Mr. J. P. be a "weighty matter" to the individual arraigned?

Would he a further instance in the way of trifles? I think I can lay my hand upon a recent file of one of our Quebec papers, wherein it will be seen, that in consequence of painful suspicions of teaching to an individual of this city, arising from a fire with loss of life, that person was summoned before some one or other of their Worship, and a rigorous investigation of the disastrous accident proceeded with. This, we read in one number of the paper, resulted in the finding of such testimony as warranted his committal! In a subsequent notice we are told that their Worship did not find the evidence "sufficiently strong or conclusive to warrant his detention in prison, and that he was on the following morning liberated on bail!!

Now, many persons may have read of his commitment, who never had an opportunity of hearing his release on bail, and have therefore remained with a conviction of his guilt, to his eternal detriment. His innocence, I need not state, having been ultimately thoroughly established in a legal point of view. There's another "trifle" for you, illustrative of managerial acumen and knowledge of law, Mr. J. P.

I regret I have not time or space, at present, to enter more minutely into, or illustrate by further example, my first position; and in taking my leave, try to state that my remarks are not intended to reflect personally, or bear the most remote individual application. I have sought to generalize them, as as not to wound the feelings of any one member of the Bench, or of the LOCAL MAGISTRATE.

From *TOBY*—I was more to me than blind
I speak not lightly, but I mean to show
Th' being I was twenty years ago.

She used to pass our dwelling every day,
And I from schoolmates and their sports would stay;
And, anxious lingering there, for hours would watch
To see her pass, and one slight glimpse to catch
Of features—but I must not, dare not, dwell
Upon a theme my heart once for'd so well.
I will be brief. I left my peaceful home
In my youth's halcyon season, doom'd to roam
A needy wanderer o'er life's stormy sea,
To earn a pittance—but such things must be.
I struggled on, and the sure course of time
Saw me reach manhood in a distant clime;
And years flew by—an' once again I trod
My native land;—and pass'd the receding sod,
Which freshly grew before my father's door.
And then, methought, I ne'er would leave it more.
And friends were there, affectionately kind,
Who wak'd each thought with them I left behind,
I ask'd for her, whom, in my wayward lot,
I never for a moment once I got!
The tale was told me—Oh! I wish I ne'er
Had reach'd my home th' state of woe to hear.

Poor Ellen Hyde!—A fiend came by,
Titled and wealthy—Ellen caught his eye,
He mark'd her for a victim—gold has power,
As well as love, o'er woman's weaker hour;
At least it had on her—and she became
That lost and wretched thing I will not name.
He liv'd in splendour, but her guilty day
Pass'd quickly by, and she was not away
By him who was her ruin—basely hud'd
To meet the scorns of an unfeeling world,
She could not live to hear it taunt and chide,
But wept in silence, brokenhearted died!

The moon was shining, and the hour was late
In which I open'd the little churchyard gate,
And thro' the rank, wet grass I made my way
To where the headstone told—our Ellen lay.
Oh! as beside that humble grave I stood,
Where she who once was beautiful and good,
Lay cold and mould'ring in that narrow bed,
Keen memory like a flash of lightning sped
Across my burning brain—Each hope that slept
From youth till then came o'er me, and I wept
As tho' my very soul would melt away
In tears above that hollow'd spot of clay.

You ask'd me, yesterday, the reason why
I left my home, and came so far to die.
I could not bear to live where I must find
So much would bring poor Ellen to my mind.
I left it—nor e'er yet the pang is past
Which turns to night the hour will be my last.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER.
Jaul's Barrack's, Quebec. 1th Nov. 1841.

For the *Quebec Argus*.
THE FRAGMENT OF A THOUGHT
There are some men who, harking, love to lie
In the mild sunshine of a soft blue eye;
And some fond fools in ecstasy will sip
The holy fragrance of a rosy lip—
Enraptur'd, they in fondness call it bliss,
Who place their *summum bonum* in a kiss.
And there are many, too, who can't withstand
A well turn'd foot, a handsome arm, or hand—
With such I differ, tho' I don't condemn
Those traits of beauty which enrapture them.
Mine is a charm that would a saint beguile,
And 'tis the *Widow's* fascinating smile—
A smile when turn'd on me, I feel there's giv'n
All that I ask, while here on earth, from Heaven!

Quebec, 1841. FLIRTATOR.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

MR. EDITOR,
Will you permit me to occupy a space in your journal, in continuation of the subject broached in the letter of "Quis" in a former number of your paper.

I must premise, that in offering a slight sketch of the management that might be adopted, to carry out the views expressed in that letter, I by no means consider those particular arrangements as essential, nor, perhaps, the best that could be adopted. I merely state them as a means of carrying out the principle for which I contend, in order to secure the well working of our Literary Institutions, namely,—union of purpose, combination in action. There are states of society, where division is best adapted to promote the welfare of institutions of the nature of those referred to; but that is only the case where they can each be adequately supported, and be also subjected to the guidance of those persons most peculiarly fitted to manage them. But, in Quebec, where it is scarce possible—I might say impossible, without the extraordinary exertions of individuals, excited by a praise worthy zeal, to support with vigour even one institution devoted to science and literature, it requires no argument to show that the contrary principle, that of combination, is the correct one. Those to whom I particularly address this letter will fully admit the truth of this statement.

But how is this union to be brought about? Those who have the management of the different institutions of which I speak, best know by what detail of measure it may be most readily effected. It lies with them to think over the project, with them to determine upon its utility, and whether it be feasible. It has been said that sectional prejudices, the exclusive feeling, arising from the circumstance that those who manage one of the institutions in question, stand high in the scale of society, will prevent the harmony necessary to carry out any measure to unite them. I trust that the feelings of any persons who profess to desire the mutual improvement of their fellow men, and who cause themselves to be placed as leaders in the march of advancing intellect, are not altogether so low and unworthy of

the place they presume to occupy. But, be it so, if the few who have really at heart, the desire to establish on a truly public basis an institution which shall furnish the means of improvement, and invite the public to use these means by offering every facility of access to them, will but assume, as their peculiar duty, the task of forming such an institution out of the materials the city institutions afford, they will be able in time, to do it, in spite of all prejudices, and all non-sensical feelings of aristocracy.

But as notions are more easily comprehended, when they are embodied in some palpable form, and do not exist as mere abstractions, I shall succinctly offer a plan, which may perhaps, be only one of a hundred as good or better.

I would have an institution to be called, say, "The Public Institute," all whose general affairs should be regulated by a committee elected by all the subscribers. This committee should have the control of the funds of the Institute, keep accounts, and report annually, previous to resigning office.

The committee should nominate sub-committees, to whom should be given the control of the different departments into which it might be thought fit to divide the Institute. The powers of the committee and sub-committee to be defined by a constitution, which might at some future period be embodied in an Act of Incorporation. The departments should be organized to carry out the objects of the present Literary and Historical society, and Mechanic's Institute. The libraries connected with these institutions to be thrown into the Quebec Library, to form one department under the management of a sub-committee. Duplicate copies of works to be sold, and the proceeds invested in new books. The sub-committee to lay applications for money, &c., for the service of their peculiar department, before the general committee, upon whose order the treasurer should issue the amount voted. It happens fortunately for the formation of a department of art, that an extensive collection of paintings exists in this city, the property of our talented fellow citizen, Mr. Légaré. I have reason to know that his liberal wishes would be fully gratified by seeing them become public property; and that until the Institute were able to purchase them, they might be had on any terms consistent with justice to their present owner. Alas! many of the most valuable of the paintings once contained in that collection, have been sold, and now adorn the galleries of foreigners; but enough remain as yet to form the nucleus of a collection which may become such as to be unrivalled on this continent.

The proper "local habitation" of our literary institute should be a public building devoted solely to its wants. A building, of which Quebec might be proud, and which might be worthy of the objects of our institution. The building should also contain, in addition to the necessary apartments for the library, &c., a picture gallery, and a public lecture room. But the glorious vision must fade away for the present. The future may realize it.

It is evident that, on the union of these institutions taking place, a building must be obtained where they may conveniently collect the objects with which each is conversant, and which will accommodate the public. The House of Assembly is already occupied by one of the institutions in question, and it is not improbable that the others may possess influence enough to obtain a habitation in the same locality.

I throw out these hints, Mr. Editor, in the hope that they may seriously and practically be taken up by some of the zealous sons of science and literature, that they may bring their stores of knowledge together, and accumulate materials both for self instruction, and the diffusion of knowledge over the public mind.

MR. ARONS,
Among the number and variety of Correspondents to whom the columns of your journal are generously open, will you permit me a place. I am a young man, possessed of a fair portion of animal spirit and excitement, and, as may be judged from the circumstance, exceedingly fond of sport and amusing exercise of all kinds, and of none more than skating. The season is quickly drawing near, when ample opportunity for this latter delightful recreation will be afforded; and it is with reference to the means of probably improving on its enjoyment that I address myself to you.

We have Curling Clubs, Cricket Clubs, Driving Clubs, Sparring Clubs, Spouting Clubs, and I mean Debating Clubs, and a dozen more, clubs of one sort or other, and I see no reason why a Skating Club may not be got up as well as the rest. My years ago, when I was a very little boy, Mr. Editor, I will remember to have witnessed, on one occasion, the "turn out" of the Snow Shoe Club which existed in those days. I was excited, for I believe it no longer holds "a habitation and a name" among us. My view of the day I was but a passing one, as the band filed past over the snow it double quick time on their clattering skates, on some set excursion to the vi. in. of the Three Falls of the Morne. As far as my memory presently serves me, (and the lapse of time since the occurrence taxing it to the utmost) I have a dim vision of some twenty or so stout, rattling young fellows habited in a similarity of costume, all be-feathered, and be-fox-tailed, with knife, tomahawk, and flask slung round them; and a brace of pioneers in the rear, hugging each another, laden with the requisite for a comfortable camping out—and it seemed to me, even in my childish perception, that the Club was bent on a jolly spree in their own fashion.

Could we not, therefore, among the smart and spirited young fellows of our city, manage to get up a Club of Skaters, to meet as often as desirable, and mutually improve each other in the pursuit; a number of us practicing and performing in set figures and evolutions, as is latterly become the practice in Europe, an object of acquirement in itself to be valued, independent of the pleasure of a friendly and social meeting. Enthusiasts of

a distance might be occasionally made—among others to the Lakes around Quebec, the Calvaire Lake, particularly, which, at the proper season, holds some of the finest skating in the world.

A skating match of a few hours, in a locality of this description, could be followed by a snug dinner in the vicinity, say at that inimitable snuggerie of country comfort, the *Cabanne* kept at Old Lorette, by worthy old Madaine Gauvin.

I might say a great deal more, Mr. Editor, in support of my proposition, but I will not too far intrude on your indulgence and valuable space; but will leave my project to the favourable consideration of those who, like myself, are strongly partial to an exercise so delightful, harmless, and healthy as that of skating.

A SKATER.

Quebec, November 13th.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

MR. EDITOR,

In a number of your excellent little journal, bearing date the 13th inst., I observed a letter from a correspondent of yours, who signs himself "Quis" who very laudably, endeavours to stir up the sluggish citizens of Quebec to active exertion.

Upon the first part of his letter, containing the exordium, &c., I do not intend to offer any remarks, further than that it is all very good, and that I hope we, readers of the "Argus," may be regaled with something more from the same pen. Upon the latter part, however, of your correspondent's letter, namely, his "particulars," I do intend to offer a few remarks; chiefly in furtherance of the object which he appears to wish to attain.

"Quis" proposes to unite the "Historical Society" with the "Mechanic's Institute." This, Sir, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and, in my opinion, lies within the range of moral possibilities. There are, however, difficulties in the way; and it would be well to examine them. They are chiefly to be found, as "Quis" has hinted, in the exclusiveness of the "Historical Society" and, as he has not hinted, in the independence, and jealousy arising from the "competence" possessed generally by the members of the Institute. These, Mr. Editor, are jarring, and, in fact, irreconcilable elements; and, therefore, before any step be taken towards forming the compound society we must be satisfied, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the "Historical Society" be willing to amalgamate with the "Institute" upon the principle of equality. I am willing to admit that the "Institute" would be the greatest gainer by the union of the two Societies, but I know enough of human nature to be convinced that the Mechanics would not sacrifice their freedom of thought and action for the attainment of any advantage, how great soever it may be. As I before observed perfect equality must exist; the members of the "Historical Society" must be content to sit at the same table with the Mechanics, there must be no assumption of authority on the part of either party, the libraries and philosophical apparatus must become common property, and the rate of admission must not exceed that at present charged at the "Institute."

It would be highly improper, in me, were I to conclude my letter without observing, that I am aware that, in conforming to these conditions, the Historical Society would be making great sacrifices; if we take into consideration the superior value of their library and apparatus; but, Sir, I take it for granted that that society is composed of men solicitous for the improvement and literary advancement of the community of which they form a part, and think that I may be permitted to say that such literary advancement depends, in a great measure, upon their making those sacrifices, and will be more than a sufficient inducement to them to comply.

One word more, Sir, from the tone in which I have written this letter, it may, were I not to explain, be deemed a semi-official sort of "feeler." This, Sir, is not the case, although a member of the "Institute," I have received no authority for writing this letter; it, therefore, must be considered as containing the expression of opinions of an individual only; although I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that I believe them to be the opinions of the "Institute" generally.

W. A.

Nov. 14th 1841.

To Correspondents.

A LAWYER will perceive, in our columns, of to-day, the subject of his communication has been anticipated from the proper quarter; and feel certain he will agree with us, that quite enough has been said on the occasion.

We beg to apologize to A. ARONS, Subscribers for my seeming neglect on our part of his first and excellent opinion of its merits, in reference, alike to its motive and meaning, regarding it more in the light of a playful hoax than a serious matter of business, that we passed it over without our usual notice. Our correspondents must be paid for the paper. Query.

TAYLOR, AN EXPONER, No. 57, ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, and several others received, to be duly attended to and considered.

The *Quebec Argus*.

It will be published at No. 20, St. Peter Street, Lower Town, at the Printing Office where "THE PATRISS NORTH AMERICAN" has been hitherto published, and here Mr. A. JACOBS, the Proprietor and Editor, will receive subscriptions and orders for Advertisements. Terms the same as for the B. N. AMERICAN, viz. \$1.50 per annum, or six months payable in advance. JOB PRINTING DONE IN THE BEST STYLE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

HAVANA.

MR. WATTS'S BOARDING HOUSE.

No. 68, Calle Imperial.

PASSENGERS arriving at Havana, and desirous of going to this House by dispatching a message to the Proprietor, will be immediately furnished with the necessary permit to disembark, with their luggage, &c. A regular passport is also of course indispensable.

New York, Nov. 13, 1841.

26th Nov. 1841.

CIVIS.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

(Mr. Editor—Will you kindly vouchsafe a corner in your paper to the following and a few similar "lovely effusions," which I hope may not be rendered the less acceptable to yourself or readers, because they were composed either on a Guard bed, or during the silent stillness of a sentinel's night watch, or the noise and bustle of a barrack room, by the humble weaver of a worsted epaulette. I remain, respectfully, &c. &c.)

Imitations of Popular Poets.

No. 1.

Tax MILLINER'S GIRL.

(A Sketch, after the manner of Crabbe.)

She was a girl endow'd with every charm
Could touch the heart, or poet's fancy warm—
So lovely and so innocent she seem'd,
Such tender feeling from her eye thro' beams'd—
Oh! one kind glance from that soft, pale blue eye
Would make you turn and gaze when she pass'd by,
And fondly fix your soul on it alone,
It spoke so sweet a language of its own.
And she, by fate's decree, was humbly placed
For, 'neath that rank her beauty would have grac'd,
But she was happy, nor had learn'd to feel
One thought of wish her breast would dare conceal,
Spotless and pure, she knew and fear'd no ill,
Content her lowly duties to fulfill.
Her life was placid as a summer stream,
Without one care to spoil so sweet a dream.

I was scribbling then—a bashful lad,
Untroubled by the world, or aught was bad;
(But I am sadly chang'd, I know not how,
And few who knew me then would know me now.)
Yet I was all romance; and o'er my soul
The charm of woman's loveliness had stole
In all its soft seduction, and a kiss

A GHOST STORY.

We remember two friends who were "regular story tellers." Mr. O'Brien had a store of Irish legends (of these hereafter). Mr. T. Smith had a variety of ghost stories. Of one of these a haunted house was the scene—a whole family of ghosts the dramatic persons. We must premise, that at the time referred to, it was the fashion to wear "pig-tails," and Mr. Smith who had eschewed "pigtail" and patronized "short cut," or crop, used to say when asked what he had done with his pig-tail, that "thereby hangs a tale," which joke he retailed at every opportunity. We may also premise that a good "ghost story" was in those days a valuable little property. Mr. Smith seldom dined at home, and always passed his evenings at other people's firesides. In truth, for more than three parts of the year, his "ghost story" procured him "bed, board, and lodging," gratis, including "coal and candles." Now then, let the reader imagine a small, cosy party seated round the fire, on a winter's evening, and let Mr. Smith tell his own story in his own way. I was staying (he began) some years back at Squire Galt's, at Danglewich Hall, near Nantwich, in Cheshire; my friend, O'Brien here was also a visitor. "Sure I was," says Mr. O'Brien, with a grin—he was a merry fellow that O'Brien. One evening the conversation turned upon Claydon, an old deserted mansion, that was reported to be haunted. Strange sights, strange sounds, and strange stories, filled the neighbourhood with alarm; and what surprised me at that time was, that all the Danglewich people seemed afraid to believe in them. Being a little elevated, I entered the family upon their ridiculous fears—I have since learned to pay more attention to other people's opinions—and so engaged the squire that he offered to bet fifty guineas to one that I would not dare to sleep in that house for one night. No more said than "Done," cried I, and proposed to go immediately. The Squire instantly ordered the servant to get the key from the old woman at the park lodge, to light a fire in the blue-room, and to provide, besides a pipe and tobacco, a good bottle of brandy. The whole party, in a merry mood, sallied forth to conduct me to my quarters. Soon after I wished them all good night, and fastened the door. I had a brace of pistols and a good sword stick, I drew my sword and went over the house at once, to see that the fastenings were secure—although not afraid of ghosts, I objected to being surprised by robbers. Everything was in a dilapidated state, but I ascertained that the locks and bolts, although rusty, were sufficiently strong to resist an intruder. I was also certain, that no one was concealed. I then proceeded to my apartment, which was on the first floor at the back of the house. I slowly ascended the large staircase. The sound of my footsteps echoed through the empty mansion. As I approached the landing I was startled by a sudden noise, like the slamming of a door, and recollected that one of the upper rooms was without a fastening. All was silent again. I could hear myself breathe. I then held up the light, and looked first up, and then down, the long staircase, and began to feel that I had done a rather foolish thing—there might be after all a secret staircase, which might be robbed, murdered. But it was too late to recede; and the fear of being laughed at overcame every other fear. I now entered my chamber and secured the door. The bright fire and the candles gave a cheering look to a room otherwise dreary enough. For it was of large dimensions, and its color was a deep dingy blue. At one end stood a huge four-poster bedstead, hung with dark blue patterned damask curtains, edged with black; the head of each post was ornamented with a ragged plume of dark blue feathers, which gave to it rather a sinister appearance. I examined every part, and beneath the bed perceived a large chest, which I found to be firmly locked. Feeling it aside, I proceeded to explore the two closets that flanked the fire-place. Amongst a quantity of loose lumber, wax boxes, hat boxes, and old slippers, I discovered an old black letter volume (a good deal nibbled), but, as Sir Walter Scott says, "worth its weight in gold for all that;" it was "God's Revenge against Murderer." I just gave it a glance upon the table to knock out the dust. The blow produced a most tremendous noise that nearly stunned me, and was echoed apparently from every corner of the building, followed by the rattling of a falling mortar behind the window, and a scampering of fifteen thousand rats were flying in all directions. The cloud of dust almost suffocated me; but not quite overcome, I applied myself to my brandy, and sipped my pipe, stirred the fire, snuffed the candles, opened my book, and began to read. I read on in silence, broken only by the regular puffing of smoke, the ticking of my watch, and the sizzling, or rather sizzling, of the kettle. The book absorbed my whole attention. I was innocently moved by its revelations. I was so worked upon by it that I felt a kind of lifting of the chair beneath me, and a peeping shadow appeared erebefore between the candle and the page. Suddenly, at a most exciting point, I heard a gentle rustling of the bed curtains. On looking round—horror never to be forgotten! I distinctly saw a tall figure enveloped in a long night dress, which touched the ground. It was standing side ways towards me, so that the face was hidden by a large feminine cap, which, however, it removed and threw upon the bed, discovering a most fearful and ghastly profile. It went through the operation of making its toilet before a small glass, then looked towards the trunk, and then to the bed. After a moment's hesitation, the trunk was opened, and it proceeded to put on an old-fashioned brocade dress. The figure then, after surveying itself in the mirror, slowly turned round, and moved towards me. I felt my blood curdle, my flesh crawl. It passed the front of the bed, and advanced towards the door. The eyes were cast down; the hand was upon the fastenings. At this instant the village clock struck, or rather tolled out twelve—and as the last stroke of the bell floated on the breeze, the figure gradually raised its head, and fixed upon me a pair

of horrible glaring eyes that turned my heart to ice. A sharp sliding noise on the wall opposite made me turn to look, and the two portraits, a lady and an officer in a blue uniform, appeared to be leaning out of their frames, and watching me intently. The figure then hastily passed out of the room, uttering a screaming note, wilder than the morning wind. This was answered seemingly from the ceiling by a most hideous long drawn howl, followed by the rattling of locks, bolts, and chains, and a confusion of strange unearthly sounds. I sprang up and seized my pistols. There was a dead silence. I could distinctly hear a whispering, not only on the stairs, but in the closets, the doors of which were slowly pushed open, and more than one pair of eyes flashed upon me from the dark; in an instant the door of the room cracked slowly, and I beheld two or three parchment faces, with fiery eyes, gazing at me. I made now a desperate effort, and leveling a pistol either way, uttered a fierce menace, threatening to fire if they advanced. This threat was answered by a queer sort of uttering and snuffling in desperation I pulled the triggers; the result was a double flash in the pan, which overspread the room like a sheet of blue lightning. Then broke forth—a laugh—ten times more horrible than the laughter of a herd of hyenas—I could endure it no longer, and sunk into the chair, the pistols dropping from my hands. There was a dead pause, and I heard something like the moving of a cat, yet seemed it like the voice of a child in distress; and my attention was attracted by the appearance of a black skeleton of a cat, who was setting up its back, growling and spitting. It then slowly advanced and prowled round the fire-place, and sitting down opposite to the fire with its back towards me, turned its head and its fearful green eyes met mine. I next heard the whelping of a cur, and the distant, hollow, wolf-like baying of a watchdog. The sounds approached; the dog chain rattled up the stairs I tried to seize my sword, but was paralyzed. I could just glance towards the door, whence came a strange, shuffling sound, and the next moment I saw an extraordinary figure enter, with a large carving-knife in his hand. He was dressed in blue livery, with tags—a round patch—high bony shoulders, and spindle-shanks—he wore a blue Welsh wig—and his nose, which was of enormous size and hooked, was of a deep blue also; it was like burning ironside. He was followed by a skeleton-like figure, also in livery, and armed like his fellow. These stood and stared at me. They were followed by a figure, marching into the room with an air of consequence. He was not prepossessing, dimly glaring saucer eyes, with a decided cast in them; a small dished bit of blue nose; a spurious mouth, with a tooth or two exposed; the look of age diffused over all. He was wrapped in a blue dressing gown, and wore a large curled blue wig. As he entered, all appeared blue—the candles, and the fire, whose flames curled themselves into the likeness of some ghastly thing. The whole company, for there were now many intruders, seemed covered with blue mould; they were the children of Mildew and Decay; they looked damp and slippery. The veteran in the dressing-gown advanced to the fire side with dignity, and looked at me with a withering scowl. I guessed at once that he was, or had been, the minister of the mansion, and politeness prompted me to rise. He motioned me to be seated, and then took a chair. A little boy was at his side, and the stately figure of a lady also stood near him—other faces peered over his chair. My venerable host then bent forwards, and placing his hands upon his knees, looked steadily in my face and said, in senescent Latin,—"Pray, sir, did you ever hear that this house is haunted?" "I was thunderstruck! What answer could I make? Not a moment was allowed me for reflection, for I instantly felt a violent tug at my pig-tail behind, and the brimstone nose half-rising in my upturned face, exclaimed, "And you don't believe in ghosts?" My terror was at its height. I heard no more; but I saw I saw the knife flashing, and felt that though my head was not off my pigtail was gone! Shouts of exulting malice rent the air. "But here Mr. Smith was interrupted by a shout of exulting laughter from one of his listeners. It was Mr. O'Brien. "O, ho!" screamed that gentleman; "I'll be kill entirely. A mighty ingenious tale you've made off it, Mr. Smith. And sure I must tell the truth, if you hate me for it. Sure and wasn't it the day after we had the staghunt and didn't you get so over head and ears in honor that you went sleep-walking about the house all night, disturbing the people that were fast asleep; and the night after, sure didn't we tie your pig-tail to the bell-rope at the head of the bed, to keep you still, or give us notice of your rambles—and a pretty good notice we got, by the powers! for what wild the bell ringing up your howling, we thought the house was on fire. I'll never forget seeing you pulling me away, and the bell pulling the other—and all we could do, we could not keep you any, till we undid your tail; so faith it was Betty, the cook, I remember, who whipt out her scissor, and cut the knot. Oh! oh! ooh!—and that's the true way you lost your pigtail, Mr. Smith."—Cruikshank's Omnibus for October.

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 3 to 5 o'clock. By order of the Deputy Post Master General. General Post Office. Quebec, June 1841.

NOTICE.

RUSSIAN STOVES.

THE Russian Stove Company is now ready to receive orders for the erection of the best and economical Stoves. A sample of them can be seen at the Auction Rooms of Mr. G. D. BALSANETTI, every day from 5 to 6 o'clock, where orders will be received, or at the Manufactory Establishment, No. 20, St. Vellier street.—30th Sept. 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 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.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS. 25,000 Regalia Cigars, 20,000 Cruz Brand, No. 1, Principe, 15 Cr " " " " No. 2, " " " " No. 1, " " " " Matthew Congress, 2,000 Blonda Congress, 10,000 Virginia, 2,000 Gales, 1,000 Manila Cheroots, 24,000 Mendonca & Garcia, 5,000 Trabocco, 25,000 Regatta, No. 1, Canada Manufacture, 20,000 Mathew half Reg. ditto, Marcobio Knar or Tobacco, Fine mild old Petit Knaster Yuelta de Abajo, Fin. Lighter Porto Rico, Cut Tobacco, Strasburg Snuff, French Rappee, Fine Moccoboy, American Gentlemen, Natchitoches Mixture, Cigar, Cases of different sizes, & Patent Matches. —ALSO— A very large stock of sole and upper Leather E g is French, Irish and Canada manufacture, &c. CHS. F. PRATT & BROTHER. Foot of Mountain Street, Quebec. 2. d 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. 59, 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 demand, 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 ditto ditto, 500 Coils best Castings, 17 Cwt. 5-16 Chain, short linked, 3 Chain Cables and Anchors with a complete range of standing and running Rigging, Blocks, Dadoys, &c. to suit a vessel of 300 tons Register. Apply to Commercial Chambers, 18th August 1841. H. N. JONES.



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. 3. c. 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 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 be Settled 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 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. 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.

ORANGE MARMALADE, FOR SALE BY

G. SCOTT, Commissionaire. FOR ALL BY THE SUBSCRIBERS: TWENTY-FOUR Crates assorted Earthenware, now landing on "Alexander Wise," from Liverpool. 20 pipes, 10 hhd. Martell's Cognac Brandy, 10 hhd. Pale do do do 200 best quality French Barr Stems, 100 bags Ship Biscuit, 100 bbls Prime Beef, 50 hhd Prime Mena Beef, 60 hhd Prime and Prime Mass Pork, 50 krgs Lard, 25 casks Upper Canada Whiskey, 46 bags Candlewick. BAIRD & CO. No. 1, St. Peter Street. Quebec, May 27th 1841.

FOR SALE.

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

J. W. LEAYCRAFT, DUNSCOMB & CO. OFFER FOR SALE.

HOGSHEADS of Bright MUSCOVADO SUGAR. —AND— Puncheons CUBA RUM, Now landing ex brig Southampton, from Havana de Cuba. Canada Prime and Prime Mena PORK. Quebec, 20th May 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 JOHN'S MARISSA—nothing equal to them in the Canada. CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER. Quebec, 7th Aug. 1841.

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he is now devoting particular attention to the manufacture of Gunpowder, and will always have on hand a large supply, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms. — Also — Superior, Fine, and Midding Flour, Pot and Pearl Starch, Finest Essence, Press Oats, Bran, &c. &c. A large assortment of every superior GUILLS. GEORGE BISSET. Quebec, 23rd July, 1841. 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. Castro, 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 24 by 24 in half boxes 40 do Dishy Herring 20000 Common Cigars, in hundreds 15 kegs Snuff 10 do, best Plug 16. 16000 Sites Cigars, 10 y are old 2000 Ladi a do. 600 large dry Hides 354 heavy green Calf Skins. CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER. Quebec, 20th June, 1841.

ARNOLD'S VICTORIA HOUSE, No. 18, Notre Dame Street, Lower Town, near the market Place. —Ordinary from 3 till 4 o'clock, P. M.—supper and Chop at all hours. Large Storage for the convenience of Boarders. Quebec, 4th May, 1841.

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

FORWARDING.

FERGUSON & MCGIBBON, MONTREAL; MCGIBBON & FERGUSON, KINGSTON. THEIR business is conducted altogether by way of the St. Lawrence, by which route sufficient dispatch can be given to goods outward. 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, SAINT-ANNE-STREET.