

THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY.

To the Editor of the British Whig.
Sir—I wish to call your attention, through the medium of your independent Journal, the extension of the public, to an item in the routine business of the House of Assembly of the 4th instant, in which "the Warden of the Provincial Penitentiary prays for an increase of salary." On looking over the Journals of the last Session I find that that functionary stands at the present moment a salary of £300 per annum! This sum should be sufficient, surely, to satisfy any reasonable man, and yet every Session, as regular as its return, the Warden petitions for an increase of salary. The office is well known to be almost a sinecure, the greater part if not the whole of the duties being performed by the Deputy Warden and Clerk, and officers under them. If the gentleman who is *sternly* saying "give—give" thinks the presentiguous salary (for the work he has to perform) insufficient, why does he not resign? Persons quite as competent to discharge the trifling duties of the office could easily be found, who would consider themselves well paid with half the wages. If the establishment defrauded the expense of its management, the importance of the Gaoler would not be so much a matter of astonishment, but when it is considered that it is a serious burden on the Province, and interferes greatly with the industry of respectable mechanics, especially in this neighborhood, the officers should be satisfied when they receive a good salary, and not attempt every successive Session of Parliament to procure an increase. I shall, Sir, with your permission resume the subject shortly. In the meantime, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

MODERATION,
Kingston, Dec. 12, 1844.

For the British Whig.

SESSION RHYMES.

B Y F U Z.

No. III.

Our Reporter is still making merry at the expense of his neighbors, and informs us that he has since been placed in limbo for presuming to ask after the health of Madam Lafontaine's Dog.—He cures the dear little "poodle" in a way that would do credit to a recruiting sergeant, as if that little animal could help it—what nonsense! He has, however, been released—having only been placed in the loby of that House, where he made great havoc among the wine and biscuit; which some of the great new found to their sorrow—*I think they will hardly confine him there again*. "Pat Magann" was found in the loby, where it had been carefully laid by in manuscript. We say it is worth a "Jew's eye"—I don't it. One of his letters states that the funny "Jew's eye" moved that a temporary Lunatic Asylum be provided for the reception of a certain "groaning member"—he having lately shown symptoms of Hydrocephalus. The man was carried unmercifully, and it is thought the many Andrew will be speedily removed.

Squigville, 10th Dec., 1844.

PAT MAGANN.
"There was a little man."

I'll tell you of a man,

Whose name was Pat Magann,

He could handle a shillelagh in good style, style;

If you met him in the dark

You were sure to have a 'lark'

For Paddy was the boy to raise a 'troll, troll,

For Paddy was the boy to raise a 'troll.

Little Paddy had a taste,

So he though he woudn't waste

His precious time—but started off to sea, sea, sea,

And, as soon as he could,

He resolved to try his hand—

Just for fun—at playing M. P. P., pe, pe,

Just for fun—at playing M. P. P.

Now Magann was quite a 'buck,

An ambitious little chuck,

And he knew how to have an eye to number one,

one, one,

So, very shortly, he

Was elected M. P. P.,

"Just" (as he often said) "just out of fun," fun, fun,

"Just" (as he often said) "just out of fun."

When he got into the House

He was timid as a mouse,

For very few wild Irishmen were there, there, there,

Monsieur Menard—*caucuz*—

Call'd Magann a "little duck,"

And escort'd frightened Paddy up the stair, stair,

And escort'd frightened Paddy up the stair.

Little Paddy won got used—

After being much abused,—

To the way they tongued each other in that house,

house, house;

And, shaking off all fear,

He began to cry—"hear, hear!"

Till he found it woudt do to play the mouse,

mouse, mouse,

Till he found it woudt do to play the mouse,

It was strange how Pat got on—

Not as if he play'd for fun—

He threw his "broges" about, from left to right,

right; right;

There was nought he wouldn't do—

He would swear that black was blue,

Which made him think he was uncommon bright,

bright, bright,

Which made him think he was uncommon bright.

Fortune's favors fell so fast

It was plain they couldn't last;

In the Council Paddy shortly took his seat, seat,

seat,

When some loyal gent, resigned,

Little Paddy st'd behind,

For he wouldn't turn his back upon his meat,

meat,

For he wouldn't turn his back upon his meat.

But, although he stuck so fast,

Paddy was advised at last

That he'd better not stay any longer, there, there,

"Faith," said he, "that same all ful'de,"

From here I'll never budge!"—

But they learned him how to toddle down the stair,

stair,

But they learned him how to toddle down the stair,

Though it may seem rather queer,

I could never rightly hear,

What became of that stubborn little man, man,

man;

But, when a man's sent away,

And he says he'd rather stay,

They tell him to remember Pat Magann, gan, gan,

They tell him to remember Pat Magann.

L I N E S
(From the French of Miss. Menard—beautifully translated into English by Mr. M. F. A.)

By far! 'tis too bad,

All the people is mad!

A Dilettante every day, too, grows weaker;

In vain may cry—

"I've a 'man in my eye."

NOTIFICATION FOR THE MIDLAND DISTRICT.—A rumour has reached us that the Judgement of the Midland District, now vacant by the resignation of John S. Cartwright, Esq., is about to be conferred upon E. Murray, Esq., M. P., for Hastings. We cannot officially contradict this rumour, but we believe it to be totally false. It is wholly incredible that a *public man* of Mr. Murray's standing, after the sacrifices he has made for his principles, would accept a situation that must throw him out of public life forever. Independent of which, the affair would have so much the appearance of a *malefactor*, as to disgust all persons who believe in the purity of men's actions. For these two good and sufficient reasons, we feel ourselves authorized to contradict the rumour. Setting Mr. Murray aside, the gentleman most qualified to fill the vacancy caused by the lamentable illness of Mr. Cartwright, is Mr. Stafford Kirkpatrick, who for many months has done that gentleman's duty. He is an able and sound lawyer, and he has the good-will of every professional man in the District.

NOTIFICATION LATER THAN NEVER.—These Corporation fellows will be the death of us—that's a melancholy fact. About a couple of months ago a robbery was committed in the new Butcher's Shambles, and although we touched them on the raw about it, no steps were taken, or reward offered, to discover the thieves. Now that all is forgotten, and all trace of the robbery is lost, is the Mayor's proclamation appears, offering £25 for intelligence of the robbers, but taking previous care, at the same time, not to make mention of the articles stolen!

CAPT. SANDOM.—We have much pleasure in stating that the Board of Admiralty have fully reimbursed Capt. Sandom, late Commandant of the Naval Forces on the Lakes, all his damages and expenses, occasioned by the various suits preferred against him by persons in Canada, who took advantage of his want of popularity.

There never was but one opinion, among impartial persons, as to the injustice and iniquity of the verdict against him, and the Board of Admiralty acted in this instance as a Court of Equity, and righted the injured officer.

THE EXPENSE OF THE LATE ELECTION.—Information has reached Kingston, that all the expenses of the Returning Officers, Poll Clerks, &c. save and except the erection of Bunting, will be paid by the Provincial Secretary. The latter item by the District.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The Hamilton Gazette says—"The Brockville (late Kingston) Statesman, in enumerating the various vocations of our new House of Assembly numbers only eight gentlemen amongst the eighty-three!—The Editor modestly ranks himself amongst the eight!

ARRIVALS IN MEXICO.—

no change of diet, consequent on the change of income—old Potato skins producing dyspepsia in Peñoles—vide Dr. Beauchene's very interesting work on "Dog's diet, digestion, charitable donations, and obsequies," not yet published.

Lor No. 11.—*Staggering Bullock*—Brown Jing, "as he no longer wants it, having taken to the vile use of the teewup. It would exactly fit his late colleague A——, present *Elector General* of Lower Canada, and Inspector of Sentry Boxes.

Lor No. 15.—1000 Bricks—not by "Tilly, out of Clay." These are warranted unjaded—this is the last! they can be strongly recommended by the Hon. Geo. Moffatt.

Lor No. 16.—Major McG—'s Laconic Letter to H——, written in the true *newspaper* style, viz: Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!!!

Highlanders, secure this document—it is indeed a prize.

Lor No. 17.—500 Dolphine, all ready to chase the Lachine flying fish.

Lor No. 18.—1000 Steel Caps, not wanted by their late owners, as an improved model has been received.

Lor No. 19.—10 Bags of Blue Sticks for Spec. Constables; some are not genuine, but they answer an equal good purpose, having the real look of authority.

Some are considerably bloody, but can be easily pointed when required.

The last it is a *thrife* of rusty muskets taken by the savages from the Bay at the Casual. They are not all in the best order, some having only a mangled left; but still they look useful, and would fight old women in the country.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—

AT HOME—ARRIVAL OF DESPATCHES.

From the New York Herald, Dec. 8.

The English frigate Spartan, Captain Elliott, arrived at New Orleans on the 29th ult., with advice from Vera Cruz to the 27th. These facts he conveys in the open declaration now made by the President, that the policy and aims of the United States have been to order the annexation of Texas.

He then passes to the consideration of the supposed rights of Texas and the former federative system of Mexico.

He appears to think that the Mexican Minister expected his passports to leave him; in the justice, feelings and purposes of the American people, he is not.

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