

The Quebec Argus.

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

[VOL. I.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 4TH DECEMBER, 1841.

N^o. 10.

THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

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ing, and delivered the day previous to publication.

For the Quebec Argus.

THE PLAINT OF A DESPAIRING LOVER.

(A la Don Juan.)

Oh! a fond dotting lover is a foolish
Biped at best, let folks say what they will;
His fancies are most obstinately mulish
In their enjoyment—for the utmost skill
Reason can use, in moments rather coolish,
Serve but to prompt him sooner to fulfil
The freaksome dictates of his wild control,
For which his neighbours laugh at him, poor soul!

This is my case—I deeply am in love
With a soft blue-eyed Skivvies in a window—
(I mean she sits there) and I try to move
Her little heart, by earnest gazing into
Her bowers of crimson—But, by Venus' dove,
(An oath the girls like much, and think no sin to
Swear by at times,) I might as well go starg
Thro' Wyse's show-glass at some waxen fair.

Soon as the tardy clock strikes the quit
My desk and grey goose quill, and both
For my detention, go brush up a bit
And dandify my person—nothing loth
That it, some day, should make a lucky hit
By means of wedding ring, (best plighted troth!)
To my advantage,—but for want of time
I'll quit this subject, and complete my rhyme.

I am a four feet stripling—and my make,
(Tis fit my readers should know all about it,)
Is rather meagre, and for triteness' sake
I'll merely say, 'tis such few girls would flout it;
And should they do so, I will fairly stake
My best surtout, they can no longer doubt it
That is, if they—But, Lord! I hate the elf
Who vainly blows a trump in praise of self.

Well, as I said before, to cut a dash
I strive, by means of smouch and mock monero,
Purchas'd on tick—(my word's as good as cash,
Almost, not quite!) indeed, 'tis only fair to
Do myself justice, tho' the thing might smash
My credit with the tailors—whom I care to
Please above all, despite their bills infernal,
And by them sport a decent external.

I sally forth without a cane in hand,
(I ape the mode—and canes are out of fashion,)
And, anxiously expectant, take my stand,
In sight of this cold, fair one, whose compassion
No arts of mine can move—how'er well plann'd,
And which, in truth, I've wasted lots of cash on,
That would have bought me many—(not I care a
Fig for) treats of Oysters and Madeira.

I sigh, and sneeze—and sneezing, sigh again,
I nod and bow—and in my fond devotion,
Would kneel, and sue her pity on my pain,
Tho' in the street—so deep felt my emotion,
When chance she cast a glance of stern disdain'
I shed some tears (at least go thro' the motion);
Alas! alas! my real or feign'd distraction,
Seems to possess few charms for her attraction.

Oh! cruel beauty!—couldst thou but conceive
My case in all its frightful desperation,
Perchance, thou wouldst grow kind (I do believe
That fear works wonders,) and in trepidation
Would bid me live in hope—'T would not deceive
An old love stager, who (a touch of his vocation)
May run stark mad—forefend you from such evil!
And, in his tantrums, play the very devil!

LITTLE TOM.

Quebec, Novr. 1841.

* NOTE.—Meaning the moreen drapery of the window
curtains.

THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

QUEBEC, 4TH DECEMBER 1841.

OUR SUMMARY, for the want of proper materials
wherewith to work it up, will have of necessity to be
summarily disposed of; and we must fain endeavour
to make up with matters of local application and in-
terest.

Meeting of the City Council.—Last evening, we had the pleasure, for the first time, of being present at the sittings of this respectable body, and witnessing their manner of getting through business. The summary of this last, on the occasion of their meeting, was the decision regarding the appointment of experts, mutually on the part of the Mayor and Mr. George Arnold, relative to a question upon the safety of a certain wall appertaining to the latter in the Lower Town—Some matters of corporation finance.—The receipt of a letter from Police Commissioner Coffin, enclosing a "general order" to the force in Quebec—A motion from Alderman Morrin to the effect (who, by the way, spoke ably and well to the point, in a few brief preliminary remarks on a proposition, which we most heartily wish him success in carrying through) that he would, at the next meeting, bring before the consideration of the Council the expediency of making Dorchester bridge a free bridge—Some slight discussion on the question of lighting the city by gas, and a few other matters, among which was the receipt of a petition from certain inhabitants of Champlain Street, in reference to the probable danger to them from the rock, caused by the firing of the time gun on the Cape above. On the occasion of this last, His Honor the Mayor, took the opportunity of stating, that the body of one of the unfortunate sufferers, by the dreadful accident of last spring, had been recovered during the day (yesterday,) and was identified as one of the missing young women from Point Levy.

As a general remark, we were pleased at the friendly and unceremonious manner in which Aldermen and Councillors mingle in their sittings round their "board of green cloth," without any marked distinctions of civic rank; and cannot refrain from the pleasure of adding our testimony, to the known and acknowledged most courteous and gentlemanly demeanor of His Honor the Mayor, in the discharge of his duties at the Council board.

In conclusion, we think the room in which their worships assemble, rather circumscribed for their comfortable accommodation, or indeed befitting their proper dignity of office; and, of necessity, the public suffer a share of this inconvenience, from the space allotted to its accommodation being very much curtailed in dimensions.

The Mechanic's Institute.—It is seldom that we see, or deem it incumbent on us, to mingle in the matters of discussion touched upon by our various correspondents; but we have been tempted to diverge from this, our usual rule, on perusing a most exceeding silly advertisement (to say the least of it) which came out in the Gazette of last evening, and which, to use a hackneyed similitude—deeming the occasion not worth the trouble of our looking up any other, more pertinent in appliance—may be likened, in truth, to the mighty circumstance of a "puddle in a storm." We doubt not, that either the matter of fact arguments of our friend "Quis," or the clever and vigorous pen of our correspondent W. A., if brought to bear on the subject in question, and in which they undoubtedly have a stronger interest than ourselves, would decidedly elucidate the why and wherefore, of this stupidly conceived public form of notification, and which we can only construe as qualified strongly with a sort of pitiful desire of attracting notoriety. People should only cry out when they are really hurt; and the communications which appeared in our columns, in our opinion were any thing but of that character attempted to be affixed upon them by the advertisement alluded to. Had we viewed them in this latter light, "and to be fraught with especial danger," and such empty mouthing nonsense, they would never have received insertion from us; as we feel as sensibly alive to the interests of this particular society, and all similar most praiseworthy institutions, namely be pretended, by any official, or officious meddler identified with them.

We have ever been, and will be, please God, among the foremost to do honour to that most respectable and useful member of any community—a well behaved and clever mechanic; and the columns of the Argus, while under our control, shall ever be willingly open to them in all appropriate matters tending to their interests as a body, and advancement in science. But in saying this much, we would take the liberty of proffering them, at the same time, a piece of advice, to which their particular attention is requested; and that is to manage their affairs among themselves, and by themselves. It would be paying them a poor compliment indeed, to infer that they have not many talented men in their association, quite competent to the office—and thus prevent the possibility of a sort of Little Pedlington notoriety being fastened upon their otherwise truly respectable "Institute," by "Scribes" or Pharisees of any denomination or calibre, who condescend to administer its affairs; and who have the ambition, and may feel inclined, to order them in a way which will, the more readily and frequently, thrust themselves and affected zeal before the notice of the public.—We are not yet done with this subject; as at our earliest leisure, it is our intention, with the help of some friends, well versed in the mysteries of such things as they exist, to go into a minute analysis of all the "components" forming the materials of the several Literary societies in the place—and to further do this kindly office to them on the strict "no fear or favour" system.

St. Andrew's Day.—We understand that the Anniversary, so dear to the Sons of Caledonia, was done ample justice to by them; and came off with

all the appropriate honours, and in the customary warm and friendly spirit which has always characterized its celebration in this city. The dinner at Payne's was got up in first rate style, and the Members of the St. Andrew's Society, with their numerous guests, found every thing to praise in the arrangements made for their entertainment.

The Caledonia Society, ably presided over on the occasion, by its President, our worthy townsman Mr. John Frew, dined together at the City Hotel; where Mr. Lafontaine exerted himself well and successfully to provide a capital dinner, and gave general satisfaction to the members and guests who sat down on the occasion.

Mad Dogs.—We have heard that one or two dogs, evidently labouring under marked symptoms of hydrophobia, have been seen in the vicinity of the city—a circumstance which would seem corroborated by a communication in our pages of to-day. If this has been really the case, (for we give it on hearsay and the assertion of our Correspondent only,) it is proper that immediate attention should be directed to it, and steps taken to ensure safety to individuals. However, we doubt not, if ascertained to be fact, our City Authorities will promptly take decided and precautionary measures thereon.

We are constrained to throw ourselves on the indulgence of our readers, for issuing but a half sheet to-day; as a new and awkward hand, employed in our office, late last evening let a form fall, destroying a quantity of matter, which it is utterly out of our power to set up in time for publishing a full sheet.

For the Quebec Argus.

(We consider it proper to remark that we were pledged to the insertion of the following communication which was received by us sometime ago, and prior to the "great event" which so strangely seems to have set so many of the good folks of this city conceitedly upon the extreme pinnacle of their own importance.)

Sir,—I am neither afraid nor ashamed to own that I am twenty years of age, received but sixty pounds per annum, and find myself, for my services in a Merchant's establishment in the Lower town; which aforesaid services are of a numerous and diversified description—such as racing after Custom House dockets—copying bills of parcels and invoices—trotting to the coves—diving into the cellars, looking sharp after the coopers, or galloping up stairs with directions to the packers—taking about fifty average runs per diem, either to the several Banks, Assurance Companies Offices, or the Exchange—not to count upon frequent dunning expeditions against Grocers, Hardware men, linen drapers, and small dealers of all descriptions, far and near, in both city and suburbs. From the foregoing list it may be judged that I lead no idle life, in remuneration for which, in addition to the before-mentioned five pounds per month, I am permitted to sit on a crazy two legged stool, at a more crazy and dirty desk, in a dirtier office, and be styled a "junior clerk."

Now, Sir, as there is a great stir going on about classifying people in such grades as will admit them to pay ten dollars, without having it despised and rejected, or themselves contumaciously sneered upon, or kicked out of genteel society, I want to find out under what particular classification a junior Merchant's Clerk should be set down; as I have a great longing to buy a pair of white kid gloves, and pumps, and sport one of Farquhar's two and three penny real gold *epingettes* in my stock front. We all know the standing assumed by a "senior" clerks in a counting house, of this there can be no question—at least, I should think so, to judge from the specimen of our senior clerk. True, he receives the enormous salary of one hundred and seventy-five pounds currency, per calendar year, for his work; which he has a very funny fashion of transforming into a cool "three hundred," when condescending to speak of such matters to friends and acquaintances. He talks very pleasantly also, and in a way which edifies much, not being myself conversant with such great people, of his friends in the "Guards"; calling them Tom this, or Dick that, and even ventures on a lord by his surname, in a way which frightens me almost—and talks of the "service," and "our regiment." You see he has a right to do all this last, inasmuch as he used to strut about the streets a winter or two ago, tied to a big sword, as a volunteer officer for a few months. Yet after all this mode of talking before us young chaps in the office, I have noticed that, when even in the streets, he tries a nod upon "the Guards" *en passant*, he might as well "duck" to the wooden Jupiter in John Suburbs for any return he gets,—I believe "the Guards" are said to be subject to curious fits of shortsightedness at times; and they should wear barnacles on such occasions, in my humble opinion. Well, what I want to make evident is, that there is no doubt of our "senior" clerk being quite the "fit" for the ten dollar affair; and particularly, which I should have mentioned before, as he is very fond, and is supposed to be peculiarly happy in speechifying at all public places; and perhaps, if stuck up in the ball room, among the candles of the great chandelier, would astonish folks, with a luminous working oration especially—if permitted to look at the notes

in his hat.—But I somehow have wandered far from my original purpose at setting out, which is to ascertain whether a Merchant's "junior clerk" ranks with a Barber's "man of business," or with the Grocer's senior shopman over the way in his white apron and killing whiskers, who, by the way, is a devilish good sort of chap, and a trump, although he does go into a hoghead of sugar like a diving bell, or whether, the said "junior clerk" comes within the immunity of the office to which he belongs, and has a claim on the advantages of a *sel* rank in society—just as midshipmen, although receiving less pay than a common seaman, are yet classified as gentlemen, and are entitled to move in the same circle of society with their Captain or Admiral.

A MERCHANT'S CLERK.

Quebec, 12th Nov., 1841.

For the Quebec Argus.

TO THE EDITOR,

Will you permit me, Sir, to avail myself of a small place in your paper, to notice of two or three matters which deserve strong public reprehension, and which, in the course of my walks about town and its vicinity, have either come under my own personal observation, or I have been made acquainted with.

Pray, Sir, is there no municipal regulation in force, awarding punishment to those bringing *Measly Pork* into our markets for sale; and is it, or is it not, a part of the duty of the Clerk of the Market to see that no unwholesome food is brought there or sold? For the last fortnight or three weeks a great quantity of pork has been brought into town, and sold at a low rate; and I have heard of not a few cases, in which individuals, not very well acquainted with the aspect of disease in this sort of meat, have been imposed upon. Indeed I have myself seen pork affected in this way exposed for sale in more than one recent instance; and it behooves people to be well on their guard, and closely inspect the article in making purchases.

How is it, that the law decrees all winter vehicles to be driven with bells attached to the harness, under a severe penalty; yet, why is it, that a person may daily witness the impunity with which such regulation is set at naught by carters and others, in the streets of both city and suburbs, who gallop along with an air of perfect indifference and defiance; but, if a gentleman, or a payable person in appearance, should lose the bells of his horse or horses, by the chance breaking of a strap, he is sure, before he goes the length of half a street, to be "pinned," and "lugged" up for a fine!

Why are those accursed pests of our streets and public places, the herds of vile, half starved, and mangy dogs allowed to run at large, now that it is an ascertained fact that mad dogs have been running their dreadful "muck," in certain portions of this city?

There are a few other matters, Mr. Editor, which I could very well and suitably add to my present brief list of queries, if I did not wish to avoid trespassing too far upon your space and indulgence; but I think the foregoing quite a sufficient sample, for the time being, of a certain description of questions, which are "more easily asked than answered."

I remain, &c.

VERITAS.

November, 1847.

To Correspondents.

A PROPRIETOR IN ST. LOUIS SUSURBS would recommend to desist from agitating the question, his letter would be sure, to raise just now, from a reason which must be obvious to him; and taking this view of the case, he will perceive our true motive in declining to insert his communication at present.

STATU QUO has come to hand; but as all our spare space, in to-day's paper, has been long bespoken, he must be content to remain in Statu quo till next week, when he will be duly attended to.

JOHN BARLEYCORN, we think, must have been scraping a very close acquaintance with his namesake, when he wrote his remarks on the recent celebration of St. Andrew's day; and we respect the tutelar Saint, and all beneath his regard, too highly, to admit of such an unmeaning jumble of nonsense as Mr. Barleycorn has taken the pains to string together on the occasion.

KATE DASHAWAY we acknowledge with cap in hand. Oh! Kate, but you are a rare one.

HAIDER, ILEX, KOX, and others, thankfully received, and duly filed to go in the first opportunity.

LEX TALIONIS puts a case to us which has neither law, liberty, nor license about it; and we cannot consent, even had he a gown and wig on, to allow his spleen to make a convenience of our columns—He must go and "jump about" elsewhere. There's no help for it, Lex—you had better employ yourself in calculating the interest on your immense profits, made during the recently closed Inferior Term, than "peg away," as you call it, at our brother's *ads*.

FORWARDING.

FERGUSON & MCGIBBON, MONTREAL.
MCGIBBON & FERGUSON, KINGSTON.

THEIR business is conducted altogether by way of the St. Lawrence, by which route sufficient despatch can be given to goods upwards. GOODS forwarded from Quebec to their care, destined to any other part of the Province beyond Kingston, or on the line of the St. Lawrence below that place will meet with prompt attention and despatch.

Montreal, 15th May 1841.