

# The Quebec Argus.

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

[VOL. 1.

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N<sup>o</sup>. 8.

## THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK.

### CONDITIONS.

Subscription, in town, Fifteen shillings per annum—  
Sent by Post, one pound, including postage.

### PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, 6 lines and under . . . . . 2s. 6d.  
7 lines to ten . . . . . 3s. 4d.  
Upwards of 10 lines . 4d. per line.

Subsequent insertions—Quarter price.  
All advertisements, unaccompanied with directions are  
inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements to be in writing,  
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 'Pic'!

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 Pic,  
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. Con.

**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  
unite lovingly 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  
seasons 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 adoring 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 impios  
insulters; 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-  
cessive vanity carry 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 I see 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 cheek 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 Paudras'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 Paudras!—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 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 at 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!