

# The Quebec Argus.

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

[VOL. I.]

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## THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

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For the Quebec Argus.

[We beg to call particular attention to the following touching stanza by a Correspondent, who strangely persists in keeping to a signature which certainly seems out of place appended to verses like these. Truly "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." However, *chacun d son goût*. There is a searching and melting tenderness, together with much sweet and appetizing beauty of figure, characterizing these lines strongly, and conveying a foretaste of the excellence of a shortly forthcoming volume of poems, from the same rich and happy pen.]

### THESE NIGHTS OF JUNE.

TO ADELIN.

These nights of June—these nights of June,  
How link'd with fondest thoughts of thee,  
As, gazing on yon shining moon,  
Its placid splendour seems to me  
Oh! far less radiant than the bright  
Pure beaming of thine own dark eyes,  
More holy than the melting light  
Which falls to earth from yonder skies.

These nights of June—canst thou forget,  
Or time or absence change or dim  
The hope that should be glowing yet,  
The memory of thy joys, and him  
Who, in thine own bright eyes, bow'd  
Hath breath'd his soul's idolatry,  
And, in the rapture of that hour,  
Hath knelt, and madly worshipp'd thee.

These nights of June—are lovely still  
In stars that shine, and flowers which bloom,  
But thou art wanting—and I feel  
How dull the lustre and perfume  
Of things so bright and sweet appear  
Bereft of all their charms of hue,  
For, my beloved, thou art not near  
To gaze upon and bless them too.

These nights of June—these nights of June,  
How prized—how fondly prized by me,  
Thou'er a more drear than the black noon  
Of midnight's darkling canopy;  
For they are link'd with dreams that make  
A very heav'n of memory's shrine,  
Concenter'd in those joys which wake  
Sweet thoughts of thee—my Adeline.

SNOUT

Grand Battery, 10th June.

### Rough Every-Day Maxims.

Never borrow money from a friend if you wish to retain his friendship. Never wear a shabby coat, even although the tailor's bill should be unpaid, for the world regards the outward garb more than the inner man. Never go to law—it is expensive and harassing, and you have often the supreme satisfaction of "gaining a loss." Never, if your wife is a vixen, ask a friend to dinner unless it is one of her "sunny days;" and, above all, avoid a "washing day." Never run upon the street unless you are chased by a mad bull or the police. Never, if you are given to after-dinner oratory, speak above ten minutes—conscience in such cases is a cardinal virtue; and avoid such expressions as "proudest day of my life"—"inadequate to respond"—"overpowering gratitude"—"never-to-be-forgotten honour"—"cherish till latest hour of my life," &c. &c. If you are given to action, you need not sweep the crystal from the table. Never marry a young lady who depreciates her female friends—it is envy and spite; and ten to one she will turn out a shrew. Never be witty at the expense of others—it may provoke laughter; but it will infallibly raise enemies. Never, if you intend to sing, pretend you have caught a cold, but "strike the lyre at once." Never aim at being "king of the company"—it is an unamiable and usurped exaltation, at which the feelings revolt—and rather be a listener than a speaker. Never lose your temper in an argument—it is a sure sign that you have taken the wrong side, or got the worst of the debate. Never speak disparagingly of absent friends—"walls have ears," and a "little bird will carry the tale." Never read a book in the street—it is a silly piece of affectation. Never praise yourself; and if honours are thrust upon you, carry them with meekness. Never leap from the railway coach when it is flying at the rate of thirty miles an

hour—it is safer to sit still at all hazards. Never, when you are shaking hands with a young lady, squeeze her fingers, till she is obliged, in self-defence, to call out, "O ye!" Never be surprised that your letters to your friends remain unanswered—correspondence costs trouble. Never use singularity in dress—it is arrant poppynism, excessively vulgar, and worthy only of tailors' apprentices who, on the Sundays, play the part of "imitation Highlanders." Never rejoice in the misfortunes of others—the clouds may be rising which will overshadow your own prospects. Never oppress your dependents—it is the act of an unfeeling coward: "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Never get in debt—it is the devil, and you are at the mercy of you know not whom. Never, if you can help it, employ an attorney—the six-anti-eightpences quickly accumulate. Never show "the lions" to your "country cousins" unless you are sure they "will pay the piper." Never though you are short-sighted, and use an eye-glass, stare ladies out of countenance—it is rude and vulgar. Never fight him. Never marry a widow with a small family else you will not have your sorrows to seek. Never associate with those below you in station—the world is censorious, and "a man is known by the company he keeps." Never wear your hat in a room—it is excessively vulgar or excessively impudent. Never, although you are handsome, strut before ladies like a turkey-cock. Never, although you sport imposing whiskers, twist them every five minutes—as for moustaches, they should be put down by act of Parliament. Never play off a practical joke—it is characteristic of a weak and puerile mind. Never listen to the "little tattle of" busy-bodies—it is poison. Never contradict a lady—it is rude. Never despair when things seem to be going wrong—it is along wind which has no turning. Never pretend to knowledge which you do not possess—detection may be sudden and humiliating. Never, if you are numerous, descend to buffoonery. Never chuck your landlady under the chin—it may originate surmises. Never live beyond your income—thus only will you maintain your independence. Never plead poverty, it is the most heinous of crimes, and you will be shunned as if you had the plague spot. Never violate truth—veracity is the crown of virtues. Never pay court to a jilt, maid or wife, she cannot be depended upon. Never do a dishonourable act, because it may escape the observation of the world—for, when you lose self-respect you lose peace of mind. Never play the sycophant—he is a crawling reptile despised by all good men. Never get intoxicated, and "put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains." Never boast of your courage—the truly brave never boast. Never if you wear a wig, jerk off your hat in bowing to a lady, else you may cut a very ludicrous figure, to the great amusement of the good-natured public.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

**The Arms of the Chinese.**—The weapons of the manarius consist of a sword similar to that used by the ancient Romans, with a short straight blade, the scabbard being ornamented according to the fancy of the bearer. This is invariably carried on the right side, in order to prevent the weapon from getting entangled with the slings of the quiver for arrows, which is fastened round the waist by a handsomely embroidered belt, and hangs on the left side. The quiver is made of leather, appropriately ornamented, and has generally a species of sabretache attached to it, in which the bow is placed; some of which I have seen with a hinge in the centre, to admit of being folded up into a smaller space. The arrows are of various lengths, some armed with a ball and perforated with holes, which in their progress through the air, causes a whistling noise, and is supposed to strike terror into the hearer, the point is barbed, hooked, and broad-headed, while the butt is generally decorated with bright coloured feathers, those of the Tartar pheasant being most esteemed, and used by the mandarins only. The arms of the soldiers are shields, matchlocks, spears, bow and arrows, and double swords. The only kind of armour is a round cap, made of rattan, painted with a huge pair of eyes, and well calculated to ward off the blow of a sword; sometimes the soldiers wear a cap similar to that of the mandarins, without any button. The shields are of different sizes, made also of rattan, containing a ring inside sufficiently large to pass the arm through; and a little farther is a bar to lay hold of. They are generally painted with a devil's or some such fascinating animal's face, intended to intimidate the beholder. These shields are not bullet-proof to a close shot, but no sword can either pierce or cut through them. The matchlock is as nearly as possible the old European weapon of the same name. It is not held in such estimation by the Chinese as the bow, from its danger to the bearer, in consequence of the liability of the match either to ignite his clothes or to blow up his powder pouch, which is carried round the waist in a cotton or leatheren case containing fourteen or sixteen wooden tubes, each holding a loose charge. This pouch is adorned with a representation intended to resemble a tiger's face, and

from the careless manner in which the powder is carried the probability of the wearer blowing himself up is extremely great. These spears are of all sizes, kinds, and shapes with which, in coming to close quarters, we found that they inflicted most horrid wounds. The favourite pattern of them is a long broad blade. They also use pikes and also a species of straight-scythe with a handle very short in proportion to the length of the blade.—*Machenzie's Narrative of the Second Campaign in China.*

### THE SONG OF THE STROMKERL.

[The Swedes delight to tell of the Stromkerl, or boy of the stream, who haunts the glazy brooks, and sings gently through green meadows, and sits on the silver waves at moonlight, playing his harp to the elves who dance on the flowery margin.]  
Come, dance, eldins, dance! for my harp is in tune,  
The wave-rocking gales are all lulled to repose;  
And the breath of this exquisite evening of June,  
Is scented with laurel, and myrtle and rose.  
Each lily that bends to the breast of my stream,  
And sleeps on the waters transparently bright,  
Will in ecstasy wake, like a bird from her dream,  
When my tones stir the dark pines of silence and night.  
My silken winged bark shall career by the shore,  
As calmly as yonder white cloud on the air;  
And the notes ye have heard with such rapture before,  
Shall impart new delight to the young and the fair.  
The banks of my stream are enamelled with flowers  
Come, shake from their petals the sweet, starry dew  
Such music and incense can only be ours,  
While clear falls the summer sky's curtain of blue!  
Come, queen of the revels—come, form into bands  
The elves and the fairies that follow your train;  
Tossing your tresses, and wreathing your hands,  
Let your dainty feet glance to my wave-waited strain!  
'Tis the Stromkerl who calls you, the boy of the stream  
I hear the faint hum of your voices afar—  
Come, dance! I will play till the moon's rosy beam  
Late splendor shall melt the last lingering star!

**Walter Scott's Love for Music.**—I leased as my illustrious friend appeared to be when I first sang for him at Abbotford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper table, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the quail taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table, for the song of "Hey tattle tattie," and gave it out to us with all the true national relish. But it was during the chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbor on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth vociferously "Hey tattle tattie, Hey tattle tattie." Sir Walter's enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus—a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it—gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.—*New Edition of T. Moore's Poetical Works.*

**Singular Delusion.**—For some weeks past a singular impression has been entertained by the lower classes of Irish residing in the metropolis that London is to be destroyed by an earthquake, and the day fixed for this event is the 16th inst. A great many Irish people have already left the metropolis for distant parts of the country and for Ireland, and others are preparing to follow, to evade the earthquake. Many have removed eastward of Stepney Old Church, on the supposition that the earthquake is not to extend beyond that venerable edifice, which is to fall, with St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. By some it is believed the earthquake will not be satisfied with swallowing up the metropolis but that 25 miles of country are to go with it. A few days since, at the Thames Police-court, an Irishman was charged before the magistrate with beating his wife; and the cause of the dispute was that the woman would not leave Shadwell, and proceed to Cork with her husband, to avoid the earthquake. The ushers of the court had no less than 100 letters put into their hands by persons who have been written to by their friends in Ireland, requesting them to avert the threatened calamity by leaving the metropolis. The publicans have lost many of their Irish servants from the same cause. The prophecy is said to be an ancient one in Ireland. It is a fact that on Tuesday afternoon an Irish coalwhipper came to the Thames Police Office, and gravely inquired if the earthquake was put off, and he was assured by the ushers it was—that the rainy weather had stopped it.—*Standard.*

**A New Carriage.**—Saturday, a vast number of persons assembled in front of the premises of Mrs. Rickards, coach builders, Great Newport Street, Long Acre, to witness the evolutions of a newly invented carriage, which can be propelled by

these who ride therein with the greatest facility whether on level ground or ascending a hill. It is of a very light construction, not weighing more than 150 lbs, beautifully fitted up and will hold two persons. It runs on three wheels and is propelled by two fly wheels communicating with two joule cranks, which are set in motion by those in the carriage; and an arrangement is made for shifting the pressure from a smaller to a larger on ascending a hill. The carriage has been tried in the presence of several of the nobility and gentry for a distance of ten miles and was found to answer in every respect. Orders have been given for several such carriages—some for Eton and other public schools.

**Genius not Impaired by Age.**—"It is worthy of notice," says D'Israeli, "that some of the most lively productions of several great writers have been the work of their maturest age. Johnson surpassed all his preceding labours in his last work, the popular *Lives of the Poets*. The *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer were the effusions of his advanced age; and the congenial versions of Dryden were thrown out in the luxuriance of his latter days. Milton might have been classed among the minor poets had he not lived to be old enough to become the most sublime. Let it be a source of consolation, if not of triumph, in a long staid life of true genius, to know that the imagination may not decline with the vigour of the frame which holds it. There has been no old age for many men of genius."—*Amenities of Literature.*

**Going Different Ways.**—Dr. Hosack has more than once, in his lectures, contrived to bring in the following anecdote:—Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, former President of Princeton College, was once on board a packet-ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. This fellow was very fond of troubling every body with his peculiar belief; & of broaching the subject as often as he could get any body to listen to him. "He didn't believe in a God; & a future state—not he?" By & by there came up a terrible storm, & the prospect was, that all would go to the bottom. There was much fear and consternation aboard; but more was so horribly frightened as the atheist. In this extremity he sought out the clergyman. He found him in the cabin, calm and collected, and thus addressed him:—"Oh, Dr. Witherspoon! Dr. Witherspoon! we're all going for it—we have but a short time to stay. Oh, my gracious! how the vessel rocks. We're all going—don't you think we are, Doctor?"

The Rev. gentleman turned on him a look of most provoking coolness, and replied, in broad Scotch—"Na doubt, na doubt, mon, we're a' ganging; but you and I dinna gang the same way."

**Original Anecdote.**—When Dick Ainz first crossed into York State from the Canada side, he took lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting maid sat at table with him and Dick spoke of her as the *servant*, to the no small scandal of mine host, who told him that in his house servants were called *help*. Very well; next morning the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick of "Help! help! I water! help! help!" In an instant every person in the inn equal to the task, rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water. "I'm much obliged to ye, to be sure," said Dick, "but here is more than I want—to *shake with!*" Shave with! quoth mine host, "you called 'help?' and 'water?' and we thought the house was on fire." "Ye told me to call the servant 'help,' and do ye think I would cry fire when I meant water?" "Give it up," said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

**The Right of Instruction.**—"Look hea, Pompey," said a negro, yesterday, to a brother darkey, both of whom are working at the "harat district"—"look hea, Pompey; what for you to put more water in dat mortar?" "Just 'cause as how I don't like to do it, nigger—dat's all." "Well I tell you wot it is; I instruct you to do t—dat's nuff." "No, it aint nuff, neider, nigger. I'm pseed to de doctrine ob 'structions. I ain't no Waziny 'structionist, no how; dis child's a creole nigger, and so be his chlders 'fore em."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

**Whales.**—A great number of whales have made their appearance in the offing of New York harbor. Two whale boats were in pursuit of them, within a few miles of the Hook. New York boasts already of several large fish, and is famous for its fish stories.

## THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

QUEBEC 18TH JUNE, 1842.

The political, or general news, brought by our United States and Colonial papers, is not of much importance.