

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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(From Fraser's Magazine.)

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Summer's bright roses one by one have passed!
Gone is the beauty of the golden shrubs;
Ye come at last,
Prophets of winter hours approaching fast!

Oh, autumn leaves!
Why look ye thus so brilliant in decay?
Why to the dying year when Nature grieves,
Are ye so gay
With richer hues than graced her opening day?

Oh, autumn leaves!
Ye as ye don your crimson robes of mirth,
While dull decay a moment scarce reprieves
Your forms from earth—
Ye tell us happier far is death than birth.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Lark you 'he dying saint in splendour grows;
With such faint pulse of life that feebly heaves
At evening's close,
His every grace with added glory glows.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Like you he casts aside all hues of gloom,
And of his brightening hopes a glimpse reveals
That o'er his tomb
Throws the glad promise of eternal bliss.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

An Irish gentleman once gave us an amusing account of an evening's adventures there, which will afford a very good illustration of the humors of the fair generally. We will present his account as nearly as possible in his own words, though the absence of the rich brogue with which he spoke, the twitch of the shoulders, and above all, the humorous look with which he enriched portions of it, will make the written account very flat, compared with his description. He was "a lad of the old school," and had been "a right gay fellow" in his time. He had a bitter hatred against temperance societies, and every thing, indeed, which he thought tended to put down "the spirits of the people."

"I think I ought to remember 'The Brook,' anyway," said he, "for devil such a slavin' did I ever get before or since, as the night I went down with Pether Sleevin. A right gay fellow was Pether, and from the kingdom of Kerry, too. He was a medical student at that time, rest his soul, (for he's dead long ago), and for a skirmish such a boy you wouldn't pick out of the whole county. Well, towards the end of August, just the second day of the fair, who should come up to Dublin but Pether, an' of course he came an' dined with me. After we'd dined, an' wur jist mixin' our forth tumbler o' punch, (by the same token that I only used to take three when I was alone by myself,) 'Boyle, sis he to me, 'isn't this Donnybrook fair?' 'Sis he.—'Faith, an' it is,' said I, 'an' sure ther'll be some sport there to-night, I'm thinkin'.'—'An', what's the reason we're not to go?' 'Sis he. 'Is the spirit goin' out of the country intirely, that a decent man like yerself, who knows how to handle a twig with the best of 'em, should be makin' yerself a hermit at this season o' the year?' 'Sis he.

"It didn't want much persuashun thin to make say 'ye' to such an invitashun, for there wan't a trick on the town but I know'd somethin' o' it. So after we'd cleared off our punch, and one tumbler more—to rinse it down—for the boys at that time wo'dn't be botherin' themselves with tay, like they do now, off we went to go down to the fair. It was jist dark, an' the old Charlies wur comin' their rounds, with their long poles, an' their lanterns, as they always used to do early in the night, before any skirmishes begun in the streets, because thin ye see, they always kept in their watch boxes. But no matter for that—the crathur! Sure wan't they better than all the po-lis in the world—barrin' the pathroles? It's the po-lis, the new po-lis, that spoil the sport intirely. Before they wur invented, Dublin was the place for fun and spirits, an' there no comin' up before the magistrates in the mornin', mind ye, afterwards. If a man took a Charleys pole from him, an' tapped him on the head with it—what

matter! Sure a pound note was a good plasher; an' iv ye did get to the watch-house—which ye'd no call to do iv ye only minded how to lo the the thing properly—but iv ye did get to the lock-up, ye had only to have a couple o' pounds or bail, an' they'd do for ye's appearance in the mornin'. But now, och hone! thin Peeters dearsroy us. They're sport sp'ilers intirely. Everythin'g's brought up to the inspicitor: an' they won't take leg-bail.

"Well Pether an' I went up to Stephen's Green, and there got a car, or course, that wur goin' down to Donnybrook. 'Fourpence a piece,' sis the man, 'an' off at once.'—'That'll do, sir,' sis Pether, an' so up we go, with four men more on the seats, an' two in the well o' the car, which ought to carry only four altogether; an' indeed the horse seemed to think he'd got his number. But cruelty to animals wasn't minded then, when people were goin' to 'The Brook.' 'S' the horse drove us down, an' may be we warn't merry on the road at all! But when we come to pay our fare.—'Sixpence each,' sis the man.—'Oh, the devil fly away with yer sixpence, sir!' sis Pether. 'Do you see any cobwebs in my eyelashes?' 'Sis he. 'An' do ye think I'd be after insultin' ye with sixpence, when ye only asked fourpence?' 'Sis he.—'Ah! don't be humbuggin' me,' sis the carman. 'Oh, ye's a note lad?' 'Sis Pether; 'but I'll not give ye as much as would bite two small praties, over yer fare!' 'Sis he. The fact is, we wanted a bit o' a skirmish about the twopence, an' so we bothered the man till we see the perspiration comin' through his hat! an' then he was after callin', Pether 'a Jackeen P'. When he said this, Pether knocked him down, like Oliver Cromwell did the Pope, an' 'pon me conscience, in a minute we'd fightin' enough for twenty Connaught men. For when the Carman got up, he took another man, in the dark, for Pether, an' least him such a touch on the side of his hat, as brought him down like a lufe on a windy day. 'Thin, what wid people interferin', to stop the fight, and what wid boys comin' up to fight, in less time than a pig wo'd uncurl his tail, they wur twenty 'twigs' at work at the smallest. But, as Pether an' me, said Mr. Boyle, with an arch wink of his eye, 'didn't wish to make a disturbance at the first of the evenin' we thought it was judicious to lave the spot, and so, owing the carman (who was a fightin' wid a friend) his fare till we met him again, we went on very quietly to have a glass of punch in a tin.

"At that time temperance wasn't understood in this country, and Donnybrook was a whiskey brook. But them days are gone, so they are. Father Matthew has destroy'd the spirits of the country. Think of their havin' a temperance tay-party at Donnybrook last month—think o' that now! and not a drunken man among all the tay-totallers but only one; and he only getting drunk in fun! Ah, I suppose they'll lave off smokin' dudsens soon!

"Iv ye could have seen the fair at that time, you'd never forget it. The large green on each side of the road covered with tents and people, an' every one wid a dudsen an' a shillelah—the men I mane, and not the tents. Then, to see the row or big tents behind, wid all the conjourers, an' the boxin' men, an' all the players of the country. An' thin to hear the music, an' the beautiful pipes, an' the fiddle's a-scrapin in every tint; an' every boy wid a lass dancin' for the life on the hall doors that had been borrowed from half the Liberty. Ah! that was the time for the fair, N. temperance—no po-lis then; all fun, an' all in good humor. But wait till I tell ye's. There wur a fight sometimes, or how would I be sayin' what a slatin' I got! But such a fight as I'm goin' to tell ye of didn't often happen.

"The night we went down there wur two men met in the fair who oughtn't to have come together there by any means. One of them was a shoemaker from the Liberties, Pat Reilly, an' he had been a-cheatin' an' playin' his tricks upon Jim Murphy, an' he came from Dundrum. Jim tho't he'd meet Reilly, an' he said iv he did, he'd slaughter him, an' so he did—met him, I mane. Jim had twenty boys at his elbow, an' so had Reilly nearly, for the Liberty boys wur always ready for a skirmish at Donnybrook. Well, in a minute 'im sped out Pat Reilly, an' he was wid him in a whisper. 'Stop, ye ould ugly bla'guard! ye thief of the world!' 'Sis Jim, I've got a reck-onin' wid you, I have, sis he. 'An', boys, mind, let this turn be only wid Reilly an' me, an' let none of ye's interfere, an' by my mother's blessin' I'll slate him.' The boys stood round 'em an' in a moment they wur at it. Jim Murphy was an illigant made by. Every limb of him looked as iv it had been made for a giant, an' his big thick fist grasped a shillelah that hadn't been cut for ornament. Pat Reilly was a dury little bla'guard. While Jim had his Sunday clothes on, though they wur covered by his large frieze coat, which he scorned to take off, out of contempt of the shoemaker, Pat hadn't a rag on worth askin' for. He wore no coat—because he had none, an' his breeches were all untied at the knees, and his stockings hangin' about his legs. An' yet, for all that, ye could see by his knowin' face, an' his malignant eye, that he was more than a match for Jim in cunning, though he hadn't so much power to his elbow.' But, however, at it they went, and everybody said that Jim would slate 'em other as he'd promised. 'Pon my conscience it would have made a good pictur.' They had got in front of one of the largest shows in the fair,

for the light of the lamps, an' when the people of the shows saw a faction-fight was goin' to begin they stopped their dancin', an' the only music ye soon heard was Jim an' Pat's shillelahs as they met in the air. Jim poured his blows down so hearty an' so well, that there was little doubt who would kiss the sod first. But, as Reilly got werten, so he got more venomous an' full o' revenge, till at last he was like a devil from the infernal place, an' leppin' about the ground like a madman. Jim hardly had a scratch upon him, while Reilly's head wid wounds an' blood, that run down the sides of his face, like a fountain; an' his head all glotted with gore. At last Jim aimed a blow that he intinded should finish the business. He swung his thick shillelah round his head, and while it was in full swing, he brought it down, intending it for the forehead of Reilly. But it took him on the ear, an' it tore it off as iv a winch had done. Reilly shrieked out wid the agony, and he seemed to be faintin'; but, in a moment he put his hand in his breast, an' like a wild hyena he rushed in upon Jim, and clutched him by the head. The villin had armed himself wid his shoemaker's knife, in case he should be beaten, an' now he used it. Before Jim could tell what he'd be at, he caught him by the hair wid his right hand, an' wid his left, he made a gash across his windpipe, that almost cut his head from his body!

"After this, I can hardly tell ye what happened, for every boy who had a stick wid him took a part in the fight. Pether Sleevin an' I tried to get under one of the caravans, but some ruffian that saw us and were constables in disguise, an' in a moment a hundred wild savages were down upon us. Pether fought like a gentleman, as he always did; but we wur both ten senseless, an' the first recollection findin' myself on a low bed in one of the public houses of the town, wid Pether standin' by me, an' his head pitched all over like an ould quilt! A-for me, I don't know for a day or two whether I had any head at all, for it was jist the size of my body, but by degrees I got round, an' as I got married the next year, the mistress wouldn't let me go near 'The Brook' again; and so, ye see, I've a better remembrance of the fightin' than the fun; though, mind ye, I wo'dn't speak dispragin' of the fair for all that."

"At length, the Lord Mayor of Dublin determined, if possible, to put a stop to this annual celebration of riot, debauchery, and robbery; and on the establishment of the new police, in 1838, the Mayor for that year caused every tent to be closed at dusk, and prohibited the fair continuing more than three days. The consequence was, that it pass'd off quietly. But the person who received the rent for the show-booths, &c., during the continuance of the amusements, was far from being satisfied with this arrangement, and brought his action against the Mayor for interfering in the manner described. The cause was tried before the Chief Justice, who delivered an excellent charge to the jury, on the necessity of preserving the public peace, by limiting the continuance of the disgraceful scene to the shortest possible period, and a verdict was given accordingly. The police, acting on this authority, have since obliged every drinking-booth to be closed at dusk, though they are still allowed to remain on the ground a week. The number is diminishing every year, as the owners do not find it worth their while to visit the place, and the late temperance reformation amongst the poorer classes of Dublin will, no doubt, put them down altogether. Donnybrook Fair is therefore virtually abolished.—*Bentley's Miscellany for October.*

FINAL FETES OF VAUXHALL.

The cherish'd things of life's young day,
Alas! that thus they pass away.

The summer fetes of Vauxhall Gardens are in process of consummation: moreover, their final fate is decreed. The besieging forces, whose munitions of war are bricks and mortar, have determined their plan of operations, and are drawing lines of approach; and an advanced guard of hodmen are lying in ambush ready to rush in and plant their scaling-ladders. The ascent of Mr. Green's balloon will be the signal for the fall of those groves, redolent of gas and gunpowder, the thread of whose existence was the rag-rope of its car. The glory of Vauxhall departed with Simpson the genius loci of "the royal property": his flame once bright, and fugrant when fed with the perfumed incense of fashion, had sunk so low in the socket that its revivification seemed hopeless. For the last two seasons its feeble flickerings had ceased altogether; but it has now burst forth in a final flare-up, under the cherishing breath of Mr. Bunn. Indeed, we cannot but think that Allied Bunn, with the presence of a prophetic bard, had the fate of Vauxhall in his mind's eye when he penned that plaintive effusion "The Light of other days."

The first of the final fetes was celebrated on Monday. The lustre of the illuminations and fireworks was more than usually effulgent: as fires blaze brightest before they become extinct. The paintings with which Hogarth adorned the supper-boxes wore their blackest, and the sand-

walks their whitest hues; but the bows of hot punch and cool salad, flanking the attenuated chicken in its wading sheet of foam, were rarely seen; and even the mellifluous flagolet of Colinet failed to inspire the feet of the visitors with Terpichorean ardour. The orchestra, newly garnish'd without, shone brilliantly; but to the view of a mournful fancy its luminous fretwork seemed glittering pinnacles of frost, soon to melt away before the sun of the Surrey Zoological, as Ranelagh faded before the rising splendours of Vauxhall: that massive shell which once was the sounding-board to the strains of B. Kingdon and Incedon, and echoed the vocal facets of Charles Taylor and Tom Cooke, now canopied the food-rishing of Monsieur Julien's baton, the round hats of his band desecrating the dome beneath which the *chapeau bas* alone was worn till now. The German chorus occupied the stage of old devoted to the puppet-like evolutions of tight-rope dancers; and the floor of the rotunda was defiled with sawdust and trampled by the hoofs of Ducrow's stud. The "lustrous long arcades," in days of yore swept by the hooped trains of beauty and fashion, were trod by plebeian boots; linen blouses usurped the place of court-suits; oaken ruggels supplanted the dress-sword and clouded cane; and, horror of horrors! the smoke of cigars reeked where the perfume of lavender and musk once exhaled. Apart from these profanations, as a sexagenarian beau of the old school styled the changed usages, the aspect of the Gardens was as brilliant as we ever saw them on a gala night, so far as the illuminations were concerned. The trophies and inscriptions in coloured lamps on black grounds had a very rich and magnificent effect; and only the lugubrious fancy of our sexagenarian friend, whose pathetic lamentations on the condition of Vauxhall we have but faintly expressed, could have perceived in this dark background of a funeral character, or in an imperial crown of opaque yellow lamps, imitative of the effect of dead gold, an emblem of the Royal Gardens. This dark walks are ornamented with statues and vases, whose whiteness and relief, combined with the fresh hues of the foliage and flowers in which they are embedded, produce a chaste and cool effect, at once agreeable and picturesque. "These must be the articles of virtue (virtu) that the bills tell us to take care of," exclaimed a roaring blade, hugging a plaster Diana, "for I see no others." The fountains squirted out very tiny streams, and some were absolutely dry: for Neptune, driving his four sea-horses, monopolized all the resources of the Lambeth water-works, and his web-footed coursers emitting streams of water from the nostrils, and his trident spouting at every prong. The fire-works of D'Ernst were one of the most superb displays of pyrotechny that we ever saw—not so much for quantity as quality: the devices were most ingenious, and the colors intensely beautiful. The showers of sparks, served as a golden fringe or setting to the luminous gems that blazed in the centre, like circles of ruby, emerald, and sapphire, glowing with preternatural lustre. The rockets rushed upwards as though they would reach the moon, and burst forth in showers of golden tears, silver stars, and amber bills; while some changed as they fell from deep lustrous green to burning crimson: fiery rings darted to and fro like comets, jets of fire went spinning upwards, and nests of serpents were shaken out into the air. In short, D'Ernst might achieve a Gorgon's head with snaky tresses and flaming eye-balls, as a feat of *feu d'artifice*, if he were so minded.

The company was numerous, and, with one or two exceptions, grave and sedate; and, if rank gives son to a place of amusement, the presence of the Duke of Brunswick and Prince Esterhazy, Count D'Orsay and the Marquis of Waterford, surely may suffice as a sample of the fashionable society frequenting the final fetes of Vauxhall.

THE HORSE.

"Of a two-horse team, belonging to the Earl of Oxford, one was very vicious, the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse stood one that was blind. In the morning, when the horses, about twenty of them, were turned out to pasture, this good-tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after, and smell round him, and when recognized would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to grass in the field. This horse was so exceedingly gentle that he had incurred the character of being a coward, when only himself was concerned, but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend, he would fly to the rescue with such fury that not a horse in the field could stand against him. This singular instance of sagacity, I had almost said of disinterested humanity, may well put the whole fraternity of horsejockeys to the blush. They, to be sure, will fight for a brother jockey, whether he is right or wrong; yet they expect them to fight for them on the first similar occasion; but this kind hearted animal could anticipate no such reciprocity.—*Kriegerbocher.*