

The Quebec Argus.



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

[VOL. I,

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 8TH JANUARY, 1842.

N^o. 20.]

THE QUEBEC ARGUS.

PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK.

CONDITIONS.

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

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.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light of life, and truth,
That flits across the brain;
And Love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild so warm, and so new,
That in all our after years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years
More turbulent by far;
'Tis a vision of blood, and woman's tears,
For 'tis the theme of that dream is War;
And we toil in the field of danger and death
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store;
Of sums not down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er;
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid in the last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
In the path which all are treading?
Is there nought, in that long career, to save
From remorse and self upbraiding?
Oh! yes! there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
And the theme of that dream is—Heaven.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS ON DANCING.

TEXT—

Lost they not then all sense of present woe,
In that wild dance? Thus musing and I gazed,
O it was beautiful to see them throw
Up their sinister leg, and with hands raised,
Politely imitate while poised so,
At each gyrations close, that they did jump Jim
Crow.—*Amos.*

My dear hearers—I have no doubt but the subject before me might be a source of buncum delight to young men afflicted with levity, and girls of hyperbolic giddiness, were I to descend upon it, according to their notions, of fun, pleasure and happiness, in this taken-in sort of a world. I wouldn't have you to think that I am tee-totally opposed to dancing in every shape—for the very plain reason that I used to heel and toe it a trifle; my old legs had refused to perform the bidding of the will, as is now the case;—but the fact is I was wont to cut it down too strong altogether—I carried the step too far—went the double shuffle too mightily—but I couldn't help it. I was obliged to mind the music and keep up with my partner, and the way she would balance up, and right and left, was significant of something more than nothing. I soon began to lose health, flesh, cash, and morality, and finally told all the frivolities of the world to go to pot, and I would go to preaching—preach good morals, moderation, temperance, love, and a particular cautious step in the scientific practice of dancing. I don't like the looks of such ball rooms as they have lately, nor the way they manage matters. Artificial corruptness covers over and drowns all that beautiful simplicity which graces the domestic circle. The girls are all so titivated off with false beauty and flippant jigs, that a fellow loses his heart before he knows it: and the plague of it is, he don't know which of the fair ones has got it. Generally speaking, it's much better for him if he never finds it out; for he should take it into consideration, that every thing is not gold that glitters—neither is every girl an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with the rainbow and studded with stars. He may behold his admired object, on the morrow, in the true light of reality—perchance emptying a wash tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pale for the want of paint—her hair mussed and mossy, except what lies in the bureau—and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel rammed through a bush fence into a world of wretchedness and woe. Now my dear friends,

supposing a young man does happen to find his snatched up beauty in such a predicament? I say it is a glorious recommendation for him—and if he don't like it, he must keep away from those places where loveliness is patched up for the occasion, and where a she devil and a she seraph are the same thing. Every ball now-a-days is a masquerade—its attendants are false as the moon to be fair—and when day light comes to unmask them, they can boast of no great attractions, either inside or out. They are too fond of blowing it out 'till day light doth appear,' instead of hanging up their heads at eleven o'clock and winding off with 'Lord dismiss us with your blessing,' as was the case in good old days of yore. Dancing has been gathering a thick coat of corruption for a long time. The primitive Shaker jig is the only pure pigeon wing to my notion, though I never went their figure. The old down-out-side and bark, is the next natural and simple form of leg worship; the Jim Crow jump is a falling off from either—and the fashionable capers cut at the present day, are all stupid nonsense. What meaning is there in what they call a quadrille? It's all full of such hog latin as dose-adoze; lemon de all pussy! alamide at the corners! chase-herede-chase! and so on, and so forth.—Waltzing is more stupid yet—no body can do it real slick unless they have the spring halt in one leg, as horses sometimes have. When I see a chap hugg'd up to a girl, performing constant revolutions, at the rate of six to a minute, I can't help suspecting that he is trying to get round her in a very nonsensical way. Oh, this waltzing is a silly piece of business! A puppy whirling round after his tail, makes more respectable appearance than a couple of our heavenly Father's image in the ludicrous posit on of waltzing. If dancing must be done at all, I say let it be done decently and in order—after the manner of the times in which I came the jetta to a nicety. Let the figure be simple—keep a respectful distance while balancing to partners—and when you go down in the middle, don't squeeze hands too tight, and look out for the corn-plantations on either side.

My beloved friends—it always affords me a full purge of pleasure to see my young pupils happy in the enjoyment of rational pastime. I would not, for the world, throw aloes in the wine cups of young men; could I have the cruelty to force wormwood tea down the delicate throats of those dear delightful angels who honor me with their presence. But while drinking from the pitcher of pleasure, you must be careful and not drink so deep as to make a buzzing quill factory of your clock spouts. If you do, you may stand a chance to learn St. Vitus's dance, or be oblig'd to dance down the dark alley, to the tune of delirium tremens. Think of this, my young friends, and to-out like a tea stand! I know full well that you find a good deal of fun in your wild dances—you loose at the time all sense of present woe, and feel light as corks; but mind I tell you, if you keep it up of a night till you get your pores too ar open, the storm that may blow on the morrow will beat in, till you become water soaked, and finally sink down beneath the waves of corruption, to rise no more. May each of you weigh my sentiments on this subject with the steel yards of prudence—dance not on slippery places—and return as far as convenient, toward the good old ways of your ancestors. So mote it be!

The labour of London life is not only carried on by day and all hours of the day, but by night and all hours of the night. Towards midnight, and by the time you have obtained the luxurious oblivion of your first sleep, your breakfast—nay, your dinner and supper, of the coming day, are being prepared; two or three hours before, thousands of your fellow creatures have been snatching hours from rest, to cart and pack the vegetables which will form a portion of your principal meal; and, if you are wakeful, the ponderous rumbling of wagon wheels over the rocky pavement, apprise you of this transit to the vast emporium of Covent Garden—than which, no garden of ancient or modern times boasts earlier or riper fruits, or sooner riles the budding treasures of the spring. From the north, droves of sheep, oxen, and swine, directed by the steady herdsman and the sagacious dog, thread the suburban neighbourhoods, on their way to Smithfield, where, long before dawn they are safely penned, awaiting the purchase of the salesman of Leadenhall and Newgate markets.

The river in the dead hour of night, is alive with boats conveying every variety of the finny tribe to Billingsgate; now are the early breakfast houses reaping their harvest, the bustling host, in his shirt sleeves, conveying refreshments to his numerous customers: here the shut out, and belated debauchees, are compelled to resort in conversation with the unfortunate and degraded of the other sex, to await the re-opening of their customary haunts of dissipation; now the footsteps of the policeman, as he tramps slowly over his beat, awakes the slumbering echoes; every house is shrouded in repose, and the city seems a city of the dead. All, soon again, is noise, bustle, and confusion; the carts of thousands of fishermen, green garters, and victuallers, rattle along the streets, taking up their stands in orderly array, in the immediate vicinity of the respective markets; loud is the noise of bargaining, chaffering, and contention. In a little while, however, they have

completed their cargo for the day, and drive off; the waggons disappear, the markets are swept clean, and no trace remains, save in the books of the salesman, of the vast business that has been done, as it were, in a moment.

Five o'clock gives some little signs of life in the vicinity of the hotels and coach offices; a two horse stage, or railway "bus," rumbles off to catch the early trains; the street retailers of fish, vegetables, and fruit may be encountered, bearing on their heads their respective stocks in trade, to that quarter of the town, where their customers reside; the nocturnal vendors of "saloop" are busy dispensing their penny cups at the corners; and the gilded hall of St. Paul's, lit up like a beacon by the earliest rays of the sun, while all below is yet shrouded in night, indicates approaching day.

Six o'clock announces the beginning of the working day, by the ringing of the bells of various manufactories. Now is the street crowded with the sustian-coated artisan, his basket of tools in his hand; the newspaper offices, busy during the night, now "let off" their gas—the sub-editors and compositors go home to bed, leaving the pressmen to complete the labor of the night. Now even the smoky city looks bright and clear, its silvery stream joining as it were, in the general repose; the morning air is soft and balmy, and the caged throats, lark, and linet, captives though they be, carol sweet and melancholy lays.

There is an interregnum until eight, the shopkeeper then begins his day, the porter taking down the shutters, the boy sweeping out the shop, and the slipshod "prentice" lounging about the door; the principal comes in from his country-box about nine; the assistants have then breakfasted and dressed; at ten the real business of the day begins.

At ten, too, the stream of life begins to set in city ways: the rich merchant from Hampstead and Camberwell, dashes along in his well appointed carriage; the cashier, managing director, and principal accountant, reaches his place of business comfortably seated in his gig; clerks of all denominations, foot it from Hackney, Islington, and Peckham Rye: the "busses" are filled with a motley crew of all descriptions, from Paddington, Piccadilly, Elephant & Castle, and Mile-end.

From eleven till two, the tide of population sets in strongly city ways: then, when the greater part of the business in that quarter has been transacted, the West End tradesmen begin to open their eyes and look about them; although in Regent-street, business is not at its maximum until four or five o'clock, and soon after the city is almost deserted. About two, all over London there is a lull; important business that brooks no delay, must then be transacted—the vital business of dinner; for an hour, little or nothing is done, and no sound man of business expects to do anything: the governor is at dinner, the cashier is at dinner, the book-keeper is at dinner, the senior and junior clerks are at dinner; and behold! perched on a stool, in a dark corner, the office keeper is also taking a lesson in the "philosophy of living." Dinner over, business re-commences; the streets, lanes, and passages are blocked up with vehicles and men, pressing forward as if life and death depended on their making way; now would a foreigner, at the top of Ludgate-hill, imagine that the living mass about was hastening to some national fete, or important ceremony instead of going about the ordinary business of every day. About six o'clock the great business of the city is totally at an end; the tide is then a tide of ebb, setting out through all the avenues of the town to the westward, and to the suburbs, and the "busses" that came laden to the city, and went empty away, now go out full and return empty. Now the coffee-houses fill, and crowds gather around the theatres, awaiting for an hour or more, the opening of the doors. Hyde Park is now (if it be in the fashionable season) in its glory; the eye is dazzled with the blaze of opulence, beauty, and fashion, for at this hour is the world of wealth and fashion more prominently abroad. Nine o'clock the shops begin to close, save those of the cigar-dealers and gun-spinners, whose business is about to begin; the streets swarm with young men about town, and loose characters of all descriptions issue from their hiding places, prowling about in search of prey; now the shell-fish shops set forth their crustaceous treasures in battle array, fancifully disposing their prawns and lobsters in concentric rows; the supper houses display their niceties in their windows, assailing the pocket through the appetite of the eye.

About midnight the continuous roar of carriages indicates the breaking up of the theatrical auditories, while the streets are crowded with respectable persons hastening to their houses; one o'clock all is shut up, save the watering houses opposite the hackney coach and cab stands, the subterranean singing rooms, the à la mode beef houses, lobster taverns, and ham shops; at two the day may be said to end and the nocturnal industry with which we commenced our dairy begins over again.

Did you ever hear of a poor man who got into a difficulty with a rich one, who was no a great rascal? In such a case was the rich ever in the wrong or the poor man ever in the right? Ask our law courts?

Incredible—A gentleman at Salem the other evening in announcing a teetotal meeting, to be held in the Grand Hall at that place said the meeting would be addressed by six females who had never spoke before!

Gentleman—one who robs the poor.

A house maid in the country, boasting of her industrious habits said that on a particular occasion, she rose at four, made a fire, put on the tea kettle, prepared breakfast, and made all the beds, before a single soul was up in the house!

PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS—It would appear that the custom of "coughing down" an offensive motion is not of modern date. It is found on the reference to the parliamentary journals of the 27th of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (A. D. 1584), that, on the second reading of the bill for the "Reformation of Manners," it was "much argued upon," says the Journalist; "some arguments were not liked; divers of the house endeavoured to shorten them by coughing, hemming, spitting and the like." Whereupon Sir Francis Hastings made a motion, that it were to be wished for the honour and gravity of this house, when any member thereof shall speak to a bill, the residue would forbear to interrupt or trouble him by "unnecessary coughing, hemming, spitting, and the like."

History of Hats.—The use of hats, that is of caps with brims to them, is of ancient date. Among the Greeks, the Dorian tribes, probably as early as the age of Homer, were characterised by the brimmed hats which they wore when on a journey. The same custom prevailed among the Athenians, as is evident from some of the equestrian figures in the Elgio Marbles. The Romans appear in general to have used no covering for the head except a corner of the toga or upper garment, but at sacrifices and festivals they wore a bonnet or cap, and this being permitted only to freemen, part of the ceremony of manumitting a slave consisted in putting one of these caps on his head. But on a journey the Romans were accustomed to wear a hat called *petasus*, with a margin wide enough to shade their faces from the sun.

In the middle ages, the bonnet, or cap with a narrow margin in front, appeared to have been in use among the laity, while ecclesiastics wore hoods or cowls; but Pope Innocent the Fourth, in the thirteenth century allowed to the cardinals the use of scarlet hats. About the year 1440, the use of hats by persons on a journey appears to have been introduced in France, and soon became common in that country, whence probably it spread to the other European states.

The cap of the ancients was certainly made of wool; and this, as well as the hat, was probably knit. I do not know when felt was introduced as a material for hats, but it is stated that the hat worn by Charles the Seventh of France, on the occasion of his triumphal entry into Rouen in 1440 was of felt.

The Lovers Parted.—But thither daily, in rain and sunshine, came the solitary lover, as a bird that seeks its young in the deserted nest; again and again he haunted the spot where he had strayed with the lost one; again and again murmured his passionate vows beneath the fast fading times. Are those vows destined to be ratified or annulled? Will the absent forget, or the lingered be consoled? Had the characters of that young romance been lightly stamped on the fancy, where once obliterated, they are erased forever; or were they graven deep in those tablets where the writing, even when invisible, exists still, and revives, sweet letter by letter, when the light and the warmth borrowed from the one bright presence are applied to the faithful record? There is but one wizard to disclose that secret, of all others; the old grave-digger, whose churchyard is the earth, whose trade is to find burial places for passions that seemed immortal, disinterring the ashes of some long-crumbling memory, to hollow out the dark bed of some new perished hope; he who, in the bloom of the fairest affection detects the hectic that consumes it, and while the hymn rings at the altar, marks with his joyless eye the grave for the bridal vow. Wherever is the sepulchre, there is thy temple, oh melancholy Time! *Bulwer.*

Regulate your thoughts when not at study. A man is thinking even while at work. Why may he not be thinking of something useful?

Keen Sporting.—It has been remarked that nothing tends so much to make a field select as a "good rapping brook," like the Whissindine; for if the horse falls he generally falls backwards, with his master under him; and the prospect of a good ducking is enough to cool the courage of all but the most ardent. It is notwithstanding by no means an uncommon occurrence for sportsmen to clear a brook five or six yards broad; and Mr. Mytton once leaped more than seven yards, the space actually covered being nine yards and a quarter. What makes this exploit more extraordinary, it was performed in cold blood on his return from hunting. He afterwards kicked the same horse, Baronet, to clear nine yards over hurdles; but he performed the task so often before the appointed time that he refused it then, and lost his master the bet. It stands recorded amongst the annals of Melton, that a wager of 100 guineas was made between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Maher, that each did not leap over a brook of six yards width without disturbing the water. Both cleared the brook, but Lord Alvanley's horse threw back a bit of dirt into the water, whereby he lost his bet. This is a curious exemplification of the verbal nicety to which the members of the Jockey Club restrict themselves. Like Mrs. Baffle at whist, they invariably insist on the rigor of the game.