

A. S. S.—there I am equally wanting,—indeed now my friend J. P. has taken the field, I shall resign all pretensions to it, and with a generosity which he will I trust fully appreciate, add my scant claims to his redundant qualifications, and thereby remove all impediment to his enjoyment of an honorary title he seems so eminently qualified to render illustrious.

That his Worship should have displayed himself so paradoxically satirical may be cause of wonder; an elucidation, however, he has himself furnished. He taxes me with "a dissection of their Worship's brains;"—no very arduous task to judge by the specimen of amount he himself possesses—an operation by which he must, in common with the rest, have been a loser to some trifling extent, and which has interfered, it will be seen, with that lucid and forcible defence of his confreres' intelligence for which his effusion is so sorry a substitute.

Despite J. P.'s labours to the contrary, I reiterate my charges; and my conviction of the necessity for substituting for the Bench, as at present composed, a more legally competent tribunal. That there are men of superior talent adorning the Bench, and rendering painfully conspicuous their less gifted co-J. P.'s, no one will deny; and that such men, and I doubt not, conscientiously discharge the duties of their trust. These, however, suffer for their own sakes, and undeservedly are reflected upon for the vacancy (f) of such ornaments as my friend J. P.

Quoth he (the J. P.) "what are the weighty matters" which they cannot settle "whilst demurely seated under the Lion and Unicorn of old England?" Why, the very "Lion" in question (in our Quebec Court) wears a sort of half grin, imparted, presumably, by the wag of an artist who knew the absurdities, and legal crudities, His Majesty of the forest would have to be an auditor of.

Among the trifles their Worship sometimes dispose of any petty larceny, it would seem. Admitting J. P.'s assertion as to the "ignorance of jurors," it is well known the Magistrate's "charge" is all to them. They pin their faith to his sleeve, and are unquestionably guided in considering their verdict by his exposition of the facts and bearings of the case on trial. It is a fact equally notorious that the gentlemen of the Bench are markedly impatient of litigation on legal points. What then remain for one trusting to "his own head," and not harkening to the elucidation of those skilled in forensic matters, charging a jury and leading them by his ignorance to an improper and illegal decision. Would not that Mr. J. P. be a "weighty matter" to the individual arraigned?

Would he a further instance in the way of trifles? I think I can lay my hand upon a recent file of one of our Quebec papers, wherein it will be seen, that in consequence of painful suspicions of teaching to an individual of this city, arising from a fire with loss of life, that person was summoned before some one or other of their Worship, and a rigorous investigation of the disastrous accident proceeded with. This, we read in one number of the paper, resulted in the finding of such testimony as warranted his committal! In a subsequent notice we are told that their Worship did not find the evidence sufficiently strong or conclusive to warrant his detention in prison, and that he was on the following morning liberated on bail!

Now, many persons may have read of his commitment, who never had an opportunity of hearing his release on bail, and have therefore remained with a conviction of his guilt, to his eternal detriment. His innocence, I need not state, having been ultimately thoroughly established in a legal point of view. There's another "trifle" for you, illustrative of managerial acumen and knowledge of law, Mr. J. P.

I regret I have not time or space, at present, to enter more minutely into, or illustrate by further example, my first position; and in taking my leave, try to state that my remarks are not intended to reflect personally, or bear the most remote individual application. I have sought to generalize them, as as not to wound the feelings of any one member of the Bench, or of the LOCAL MAGISTRATE.

From *TOBY*—I was more to me than blind
I speak not lightly, but I mean to show
Th' being I was twenty years ago.

She used to pass our dwelling every day,
And I from schoolmates and their sports would stay;
And, anxious lingering there, for hours would watch
To see her pass, and one slight glimpse to catch
Of features—but I must not, dare not, dwell
Upon a theme my heart once for'd so well.
I will be brief. I left my peaceful home
In my youth's halcyon season, doom'd to roam
A needy wanderer o'er life's stormy sea,
To earn a pittance—but such things must be.
I struggled on, and the sure course of time
Saw me reach manhood in a distant clime;
And years flew by—an' once again I trod
My native land;—and pass'd the receding sod,
Which freshly grew before my father's door.
And then, methought, I ne'er would leave it more.
And friends were there, affectionately kind,
Who wak'd each thought with them I left behind,
I ask'd for her, whom, in my wayward lot,
I never for a moment once I got!
The tale was told me—Oh! I wish I ne'er
Had reach'd my home in state of woe to hear.

Poor Ellen Hyde!—A fiend came by,
Titled and wealthy—Ellen caught his eye,
He mark'd her for a victim—gold has power,
As well as love, o'er woman's weaker hour;
At least it had on her—and she became
That lost and wretched thing I will not name.
He liv'd in splendour, but her guilty day
Pass'd quickly by, and she was not away
By him who was her ruin—basely hud'd
To meet the scrofs of an unfeeling world.
She could not live to hear it taunt and chide,
But wept in silence, brokenhearted died!

The moon was shining, and the hour was late
In which I open'd the little churchyard gate,
And thro' the rank, wet grass I made my way
To where the headstone told—our Ellen lay.
Oh! as beside that humble grave I stood,
Where she who once was beautiful and good,
Lay cold and mould'ring in that narrow bed,
Keen memory like a flash of lightning sped
Across my burning brain—Each hope that slept
From youth till then came o'er me, and I wept
As tho' my very soul would melt away
In tears above that hollow'd spot of clay.

You ask'd me, yesterday, the reason why
I left my home, and came so far to die.
I could not bear to live where I must find
So much would bring poor Ellen to my mind.
I left it—nor e'er yet the pang is past
Which turns to night the hour will be my last.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER.
Jaul's Barrack's, Quebec. 14th Nov. 1841.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

THE FRAGMENT OF A THOUGHT
There are some men who, harking, love to lie
In the mild sunshine of a soft blue eye;
And some fond fools in ecstasy will sip
The holy fragrance of a rosy lip—
Enraptur'd, they in fondness call it bliss,
Who place their *summum bonum* in a kiss.
And there are many, too, who can't withstand
A well turn'd foot, a handsome arm, or hand—
With such I differ, tho' I don't condemn
Those traits of beauty which enrapture them.
Mine is a charm that would a saint beguile,
And 'tis the *Widow's* fascinating smile—
A smile when turn'd on me, I feel there's giv'n
All that I ask, while here on earth, from Heaven!

Quebec, 1841. FLIRTATOR.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

MR. EDITOR,
Will you permit me to occupy a space in your journal, in continuation of the subject broached in the letter of "Quis" in a former number of your paper.

I must premise, that in offering a slight sketch of the management that might be adopted, to carry out the views expressed in that letter, I by no means consider those particular arrangements as essential, nor, perhaps, the best that could be adopted. I merely state them as a means of carrying out the principle for which I contend, in order to secure the well working of our Literary Institutions, namely,—union of purpose, combination in action. There are states of society, where division is best adapted to promote the welfare of institutions of the nature of those referred to; but that is only the case where they can each be adequately supported, and be also subjected to the guidance of those persons most peculiarly fitted to manage them. But, in Quebec, where it is scarce possible—I might say impossible, without the extraordinary exertions of individuals, excited by a praise worthy zeal, to support with vigour even one institution devoted to science and literature, it requires no argument to show that the contrary principle, that of combination, is the correct one. Those to whom I particularly address this letter will fully admit the truth of this statement.

But how is this union to be brought about? Those who have the management of the different institutions of which I speak, best know by what detail of measure it may be most readily effected. It lies with them to think over the project, with them to determine upon its utility, and whether it be feasible. It has been said that sectional prejudices, the exclusive feeling, arising from the circumstance that those who manage one of the institutions in question, stand high in the scale of society, will prevent the harmony necessary to carry out any measure to unite them. I trust that the feelings of any persons who profess to desire the mutual improvement of their fellow men, and who cause themselves to be placed as leaders in the march of advancing intellect, are not altogether so low and unworthy of

the place they presume to occupy. But, be it so, if the few who have really at heart, the desire to establish on a truly public basis an institution which shall furnish the means of improvement, and invite the public to use these means by offering every facility of access to them, will but assume, as their peculiar duty, the task of forming such an institution out of the materials the city institutions afford, they will be able in time, to do it, in spite of all prejudices, and all non-sensical feelings of aristocracy.

But as notions are more easily comprehended, when they are embodied in some palpable form, and do not exist as mere abstractions, I shall succinctly offer a plan, which may perhaps, be only one of a hundred as good or better.

I would have an institution to be called, say, "The Public Institute," all whose general affairs should be regulated by a committee elected by all the subscribers. This committee should have the control of the funds of the Institute, keep accounts, and report annually, previous to resigning office.

The committee should nominate sub-committees, to whom should be given the control of the different departments into which it might be thought fit to divide the Institute. The powers of the committee and sub-committee to be defined by a constitution, which might at some future period be embodied in an Act of Incorporation. The departments should be organized to carry out the objects of the present Literary and Historical society, and Mechanic's Institute. The libraries connected with these institutions to be thrown into the Quebec Library, to form one department under the management of a sub-committee. Duplicate copies of works to be sold, and the proceeds invested in new books. The sub-committee to lay applications for money, &c., for the service of their peculiar department, before the general committee, upon whose order the treasurer should issue the amount voted. It happens fortunately for the formation of a department of art, that an extensive collection of paintings exists in this city, the property of our talented fellow citizen, Mr. Légaré. I have reason to know that his liberal wishes would be fully gratified by seeing them become public property; and that until the Institute were able to purchase them, they might be had on any terms consistent with justice to their present owner. Alas! many of the most valuable of the paintings once contained in that collection, have been sold, and now adorn the galleries of foreigners; but enough remain as yet to form the nucleus of a collection which may become such as to be unrivalled on this continent.

The proper "local habitation" of our literary institute should be a public building devoted solely to its wants. A building, of which Quebec might be proud, and which might be worthy of the objects of our institution. The building should also contain, in addition to the necessary apartments for the library, &c., a picture gallery, and a public lecture room. But the glorious vision must fade away for the present. The future may realize it.

It is evident that, on the union of these institutions taking place, a building must be obtained where they may conveniently collect the objects with which each is conversant, and which will accommodate the public. The House of Assembly is already occupied by one of the institutions in question, and it is not improbable that the others may possess influence enough to obtain a habitation in the same locality.

I throw out these hints, Mr. Editor, in the hope that they may seriously and practically be taken up by some of the zealous sons of science and literature, that they may bring their stores of knowledge together, and accumulate materials both for self instruction, and the diffusion of knowledge over the public mind.

MR. ARONS,
Among the number and variety of Correspondents to whom the columns of your journal are generously open, will you permit me a place. I am a young man, possessed of a fair portion of animal spirit and excitement, and, as may be judged from the circumstance, exceedingly fond of sport and amusing exercise of all kinds, and of none more than skating. The season is quickly drawing near, when ample opportunity for this latter delightful recreation will be afforded; and it is with reference to the means of probably improving on its enjoyment that I address myself to you.

We have Curling Clubs, Cricket Clubs, Driving Clubs, Sparring Clubs, Spouting Clubs, and I mean Debating Clubs, and a dozen more, clubs of one sort or other, and I see no reason why a Skating Club may not be got up as well as the rest. My years ago, when I was a very little boy, Mr. Editor, I will remember to have witnessed, on one occasion, the "turn out" of the Snow Shoe Club which existed in those days. I was excited, for I believe it no longer holds "a habitation and a name" among us. My view of the day I was but a passing one, as the band filed past over the snow it double quick time on their clattering skates, on some set excursion to the vi. vi. of the Three Falls of the Morne. As far as my memory presently serves me, (and the lapse of time since the occurrence taxing it to the utmost) I have a dim vision of some twenty or so, stout, rattling young fellows, habited in a similarity of costume, all be-feathered, and be-fox-tailed, with knife, tomahawk, and flask slung round them; and a brace of pistols in the rear, holding each a tobacco-pipe, laden with the requisite for a comfortable capping out—and it seemed to me, even in my childish perception, that the Club was bent on a jolly spree in their own fashion.

Could we not, therefore, among the smart and spirited young fellows of our city, manage to get up a Club of Skaters, to meet as often as desirable, and mutually improve each other in the pursuit; a number of us practicing and performing in set figures and evolutions, as is latterly become the practice in Europe, an object of acquisition in itself to be valued, independent of the pleasure of a friendly and social meeting. Excursions of

a distance might be occasionally made—among others to the Lakes around Quebec, the Calvaire Lake, particularly, which, at the proper season, holds some of the finest skating in the world.

A skating match of a few hours, in a locality of this description, could be followed by a snug dinner in the vicinity, say at that inimitable snuggerie of country comfort, the *Cabane* kept at Old Lorette, by worthy old Madaine Gauvin.

I might say a great deal more, Mr. Editor, in support of my proposition, but I will not too far intrude on your indulgence and valuable space; but will leave my project to the favourable consideration of those who, like myself, are strongly partial to an exercise so delightful, harmless, and healthy as that of skating.

A SKATER.

Quebec, November 13th.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

MR. EDITOR,

In a number of your excellent little journal, bearing date the 13th inst., I observed a letter from a correspondent of yours, who signs himself "Quis" who very laudably, endeavours to stir up the sluggish citizens of Quebec to active exertion.

Upon the first part of his letter, containing the exordium, &c., I do not intend to offer any remarks, further than that it is all very good, and that I hope we, readers of the "Argus," may be regaled with something more from the same pen. Upon the latter part, however, of your correspondent's letter, namely, his "particulars," I do intend to offer a few remarks; chiefly in furtherance of the object which he appears to wish to attain.

"Quis" proposes to unite the "Historical Society" with the "Mechanic's Institute." This, Sir, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and, in my opinion, lies within the range of moral possibilities. There are, however, difficulties in the way; and it would be well to examine them. They are chiefly to be found, as "Quis" has hinted, in the exclusiveness of the "Historical Society" and, as he has not hinted, in the independence, and jealousy arising from the "competence" possessed generally by the members of the Institute. These, Mr. Editor, are jarring, and, in fact, irreconcilable elements; and, therefore, before any step be taken towards forming the compound society we must be satisfied, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the "Historical Society" be willing to amalgamate with the "Institute" upon the principle of equality. I am willing to admit that the "Institute" would be the greatest gainer by the union of the two Societies, but I know enough of human nature to be convinced that the Mechanics would not sacrifice their freedom of thought and action for the attainment of any advantage, how great soever it may be. As I before observed perfect equality must exist; the members of the "Historical Society" must be content to sit at the same table with the Mechanics, there must be no assumption of authority on the part of either party, the libraries and philosophical apparatus must become common property, and the rate of admission must not exceed that at present charged at the "Institute."

It would be highly improper, in me, were I to conclude my letter without observing, that I am aware that, in conforming to these conditions, the Historical Society would be making great sacrifices; if we take into consideration the superior value of their library and apparatus; but, Sir, I take it for granted that that society is composed of men solicitous for the improvement and literary advancement of the community of which they form a part, and think that I may be permitted to say that such literary advancement depends, in a great measure, upon their making those sacrifices, and will be more than a sufficient inducement to them to comply.

One word more, Sir, from the tone in which I have written this letter, it may, were I not to explain, be deemed a semi-official sort of "feeler." This, Sir, is not the case, although a member of the "Institute," I have received no authority for writing this letter; it, therefore, must be considered as containing the expression of opinions of an individual only; although I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that I believe them to be the opinions of the "Institute" generally.

W. A.
Nov. 14th 1841.

To Correspondents.

A LAWYER will perceive, in our columns, of to-day, the subject of his communication has been anticipated from the proper quarter; and feel certain he will agree with us, that quite enough has been said on the occasion.

We beg to apologize to A. ARONS, Subscribers for my seeming neglect on our part of his first and excellent opinion of its merits, in reference, alike to its motive and meaning, regarding it more in the light of a playful hoax than the "boys above stairs" or "the la" below; than a serious matter of business, that we passed it over without our usual notice. Our correspondents assure that he pays for the paper. Query.

TAYLOR, AN EXPONER, No. 57, ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, and several others received, to be duly attended to and considered.

THE *Quebec Argus*.
It will be published at No. 20, St. Peter Street, Lower Town, at the Printing Office where "THE PATRIOT" is printed. It has been hitherto published, and here Mr. A. JACOBS, the Proprietor and Editor, will receive subscriptions and orders for advertisements. Terms the same as for the B. N. American, viz. \$1.50 per annum, or six months payable in advance. JOSEPH TAYLOR, DUBLIN, IN THE BEST STYLE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

HAVANA.
MR. WATTS'S BOARDING HOUSE,
No. 68, Calle Impudica.

PASSENGERS arriving at Havana, and desirous of going to this House by dispatching a message to the Proprietor, will be immediately furnished with the necessary permit to disembark, with their luggage, &c. A regular passport is also of course indispensable.
New York, Nov. 13, 1841.

26th Nov. 1841.

For the *Quebec Argus*.

(Mr. Editor—Will you kindly vouchsafe a corner in your paper to the following and a few similar "lovely effusions," which I hope may not be rendered the less acceptable to yourself or readers, because they were composed either on a Guard bed, or during the silent stillness of a sentinel's night watch, or the noise and bustle of a barrack room, by the humble weaver of a worsted epaulette. I remain, respectfully, &c. &c.)

IMITATIONS OF POPULAR POETS.

No. 1.
THE MILLINER'S GIRL.

(A Sketch, after the manner of Crabbe.)

She was a girl endow'd with every charm
Could touch the heart, or poet's fancy warm—
So lovely and so innocent she seem'd,
Such tender feeling from her eye thro' beams de-
Oh! one kind glance from that soft, pale blue eye
Would make you turn and gaze when she pass'd by,
And fondly fix your soul on it alone.
It spoke so sweet a language of its own,
And she, by fate's decree, was humbly plac'd
For, hark! that rank her beauty would have grac'd!
But she was happy, nor had learn'd to feel.
One thought of wish her breast would dare conceal,
Spotless and pure, she knew and fear'd no ill,
Her life was placid as a summer stream,
Without one care to spoil so sweet a dream.

I was scrippling then—a bashful lad,
Untaught by the world, or taught was bad;
(But I am sadly chang'd, I know not how,
And few who knew me then would know me now.)
Yet I was all romance; and o'er my soul
The charm of woman's loveliness had stole
In all its soft seduction, and a kiss