

many instances in Montreal. One besetting vice, however, will require long and reiterated attacks, and as I am ready to join heart and hand with all who combat that intolerable pride which is the characteristic of the upper ranks of society in Montreal, and which is as baseless as it is disgusting, and as despicable as it is laughable. I insert a communication I have received from his infernal Majesty, although I have taken the liberty of making some alteration in his poetry, in order that it may better suit these "glimpses of the moon."

L. L. M.

FRIEND LEWIS,

As your Scribbler is quite in vogue, and all the fine folks are on the alert about it, perhaps the following lines, by one of the citizens of my domain, who assures me he has many devotees in your place, will be read with interest.

PLUTO.

I spurn at all the world around,
 From this to earth's remotest bound;
 But kings, and lords, and men of state,
 I envy, for I dare not hate;
 Whilst all who rank amongst the crowd,
 Giddy, sedate or mild, or loud,
 Whether of modest worth possess'd,
 With riches or with virtue bless'd,
 The humble poor, the middle race,
 I frown on all, with scornful face;
 All are an horror to my eyes;
 All but myself I do despise—
 And who are you? methinks you say—
 But stop a moment—stop, I pray—
 My name is what all men deride
 'Tis overhearing, stubborn, PRIDE.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER

FANCY, A ROBBER.

In vain, Modesta, you draw down
 Over those pretty feet your gown,
 Whenever you perceive my glance
 Contemplating their shape askance;
 For fancy, of its food bereft,
 Has a propensity to theft,
 And, (like a stinted servant, driven
 To pilfering by want and spite)