

THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostra est farrago libelli.* JUVENAL.

Within this little varied book you'll find
Whatever agitates the human mind;
Sweet love and shivering fear, red wrath, and joy most jolly,
Wisdom's attractive robe, and motley coat of folly.

In my younger days, when travelling on the continent of Europe, I was often much amused by the performances of the wandering Savoyards, who with guitars, hurdy gurdys, songs, stories, and *magic lanthorns*, afford a fund of entertainment to the population of France and Germany. They are collectors and retailers of anecdotes, political, public, and domestic, and some of their exhibitions are pregnant with satire on the reigning follies, the evil practices, or remarkable personages, of the countries they visit. I often made notes of what appeared interesting in their performances. Amongst others, at a town in Switzerland, situated, as *Chambly* is in this province, on a smooth bason formed by the waters of a turbulent and rocky river, I encountered, some twenty years ago, a Savoyard who had attracted a crowd around him, and was haranguing them in his patois; his manner, and the ready application which was made by his auditors of the traits of character he exhibited, to their neighbours and acquaintances, attracted my particular notice. Ladies and gentlemen, said he, (I translate his jargon into English) I have followed this profession full thirty years, and