

pearance, proved as faithless as quick-sand; and Count Oldjoseph is said to have bribed the driver to leave his customer in the lurch. In the mean time Mr. Scriblerus' friends attempted, according to Dean Swift's plan, to amuse the populace by throwing a *Tub* to the whale, but the aforesaid tub, being empty, and having no head, refused to be employed on the occasion; a *Turner's* lathe was also tried to be set in motion, to make some toys to divert the attention of the town, but it would not stir an inch, for the manufactory having lately changed proprietors, it seems that it has also changed its *Brown* and sturdy independence and freedom of access, for very different qualities: at last a *Mower* undertook to cut down some of the weeds that seemed to oppose the progress of the people's favourite; and tho' he did but little, as no one else did any thing, that little deserves praise.—Bulletins were issued stating the progress and prospects of Mr. Scriblerus, and the city had in result the satisfaction of again beholding him after a month's unceasing anxiety, in good health and spirits; worn down indeed and emaciated a little by the fatigues and persecution he had undergone, but from all appearance more likely to increase both in corpulency and in popularity than decrease. His return has been hailed by equal demonstrations and expressions of joy, in all parts of the country, for, amongst his other extraordinary qualifications, the gentleman in question possesses a species of unaccountable ubiquity, by which he penetrates into the bar-rooms and back-parlours of country-places, as well as the assembly-rooms, drawing-rooms, and public and private parties, of Mount Royal and Government-City, those emporia of Canadian fashion, frivolity and pride.

Dr. Catapult Puff has resumed his sublime lec-