

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

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No. V.

“ My worthy friend, Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of partics, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the fends ran high between the round-heads and the cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to enquire which was the way to *St. Anne's lane*, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made *Anne* a saint. The boy, being in some confusion, enquired of the next he met, which was the way to *Anne's lane*; but was called a prick-ear'd cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir Roger, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but, going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he enquired after, without giving offence to any party.”—ADDISON—*Spectator*.

THE festival of *St. Ann*, which falls on this day both in the Catholic, and the Protestant Episcopal calendar, produced last night its customary oblations at the shrines of beauty and affection amongst the French inhabitants, and frequent were the salutes that were fired on the eve of this patron “*Sainte*” (why have we not a term for a female saint?) of the Canadian voyageurs.* To those who are unacquainted with the manners of Old France and the provincial customs of Canada, it is necessary to explain that the gallantry of lovers, the duty of children, and the regards of relationship and friendship, are not displayed up-

* LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire, possesses, no doubt, in virtue of his highland descent, the gift of second sight, or perhaps, being both an author and a poet, claims, as the ancients did, to be ranked amongst the soothsayers; which accounts for his anticipation of the events of *St. Anne's eve*; for every one knows, that an essay published and circulated by breakfast-time on Thursday morning, must have been written and printed on Wednesday evening, before any bouquets could be offered.

[*Note of the Publisher.*]