

had with the leviathan of literature, Dr. Johnson, on that species of writing; "I could write," said he, "a good fable on the story of the little fishes who envied the birds flying over their heads, and its chief merit should consist in making them *talk like little fishes.*" Here Johnson laughed, "Why, doctor," said Goldsmith, rather piqued, "that is not so easy a matter as you seem to think, for if *you* were to attempt it, all the *little fishes* would talk like *whales.*"

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. Preparatory to the commencement of the fourth volume, which is fast approaching, I have to call the attention of my subscribers and wellwishers to the statement made in No. 93, respecting the payment of arrears, and advances upon the current and ensuing quarters, in order to prevent the increase of price which must otherwise necessarily take place, for Vol. IV. A memorandum relative to the plan in view, is left, for the inspection of those gentlemen who wish actively to support the work, at the Scribbler offices in Montreal and Quebec. In the hopes that some more of the old arrears may be collected, the Blacklist is still deferred; and subscribers in the country, or who prefer it, are respectfully requested to make remittances, by post, directed to me, post-office, Montreal, whence all letters are forwarded in my own mail-bag, every Thursday, to Burlington. I have to testify my best acknowledgements to an unknown friend and subscriber for his very acceptable present of a cask of excellent Madeira, which reached me safe last week. I am fearful that my Quebec communications will lose their interest by being reluctantly delayed so long for want of room; but I hope my contributors there, will not, on that account, slacken in their efforts to forage for supplies. GREEN FAT, EGO SUM, and HOMUNCULUS are received and will be made use of. I have so many various, and contradictory letters on the intricate and almost unintelligible differences, and quarrels between the methodistic American, Presbyterian, and Scotch, congregations in Montreal that I can make neither head nor tail of them, and am almost, inclined, were it not for the respect I entertain for the writers, to consign the whole to the pigeon hole labelled "rejected communications:" what shall I do with them?

L. L. M.

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