

new——Des petits poulets, mamselle, en voulez vous.—
 Lord, what a fuss about nothing!—Well, Yan, I suppose
 blackpuddings are dear——No, Py Cot, dere too sheap—
 Here here. who wants staggering bob, or a watch and chain,
 I 'll trade with you, my boy, and then I calculate

I 'll shove away, and you 'll shove away,
 And we 'll all shove together, my hearties.

COMICAL JACK.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

THE DREAM.

I, Nicodemus, to all the people in Mount Royal, of whatsoever nation or language, of whatsoever age or sex, peace be unto you.

I had a dream, and the visions that passed before mine eyes caused me no trouble; yea, altho' the Grand Jurors of our lord the king, in his city of government, did present those things that are of the nature of my dream, yet I was not afraid.

For I knew that they have been sore galled at hearing the truth.

And lo! a man of short stature, whose name is Samuel, and who by some is called Lewis, appeared before me.

Now this man had been driven to the south to seek shelter from the devouring Rat-catching Company, and to avoid the snares which the wicked and the false swearers had laid for him.

In his hand he held a volume in which were written the good and bad deeds, of all people; but behold, the good were like unto the black swans whereof singeth the poet, and the bad were as the leaves of the forest that are heaped together by the winds of autumn.

And upon the back of the book was written in letters of gold, "The Scribbler."

And behold there appeared before me, Hurlo-