

*Montreal, 6th Dec.*

DEAR SCRIBBLER,

The astonishing number of students-at-law, has induced me, on my own account, (as being one) to enquire into the cause of so general an effect. In my humble opinion, it originates in that natural vanity and blind love, with which all parents are prejudiced in favour of their offspring. Every mamma must have one of her dear boys a lawyer, and John, who, after having been at school seven years, does not understand the impropriety of a double negative, is pitched upon to be an honour to the family, and immortalize his name by his persuasive eloquence, and fascinating humour, of which mamma declares she perceives the earnest in the manner in which he recites "the orphan-boy." John, who has been used to have his hair cut according to his mother's fancy, takes every thing she says for gospel, imagines himself, like Don Quixotte, the redresser of wrongs, and protector of the weak, and enters an office. After plodding through five years of daily attendance, with the help of a horse and cariole, and the refreshing contents of Mr. Rasco's shop, he finds he knows no more of law than a dog does of mathematics. Obligated to apply himself, he studies hard for a month, learns the answers to fifteen or sixteen questions, which is all that is necessary for admission, (for you must know that the old gentleman who examines us, has a stated round of questions through which he marches,) and obtains a seat in the court-house. Now, arrived at the pinnacle of his ambition, he expects to rise to fame and wealth by the flood of business that will flow in upon him; but when he finds, at the end of the first year, that the produce of his practice is not sufficient to pay the rent of his office, and that