

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Tout ceci me paroît un songe, me disois je ; mais la vie humaine est elle autre chose ? Je rêve plus extraordinairement qu' un autre, et voilà tout.

CAZOTTE.

*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolas ———*

VIRGIL.

O happy, did he know his happy lot,
Each rustic farmer in his homely cot.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem ———

HORACE.

See what a double face I wear,
And Proteus-like change voice and air.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

THE OLD MARKET, *a comic song,*

as sung with unbounded applause at the Mount Royal.

All ye who love bustle and fun to enjoy,

And a squeeze in a crowd, I give warning,

That such can be found, if you choose for to hie,

To th' Old Market, on Friday i' th' morning.

All colours and sizes, French, English and Dutch ;

A sample of all can be found, sirs,

Yankee-doodles, and Indians, and Irish, and Scotch,

Who sing, as they keep moving round, sirs ;

You 'll shove away, and I 'll shove away,

And we 'll all shove together, my hearties.

(Spoken in different voices.) I say, can 't you let me have that there fish for a dollar ?—How mush dat you sell dat pok for ?—Hallo ! colonel ! how goes pork today ? Why low enough, by Geesus !—Oh ! damn your awkwardness, you nearly crushed— My wife's favourite piece, cut it off, if you please.—Any fine beef today, sir ; any calvesheads ? No, thank ye, I 've a good one of my own—I wish you 'd keep that thing down—Dont fear, madam, it shan't hurt you—