

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 6th March, 1823. [No. 88

*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—

Oh, if you won't let me have that pig for what I bid, you may go sing

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

2

Here saunters a dandy with pig's ears so trim,  
Just to shew himself off to the ladies;  
There struts a pert lawyer, all powder'd and prim,  
Old women to cheat as his trade is:  
A fat swagbellied justice, with face like a rose,  
Waddles on to a sirloin of beef, sir,  
Whilst sneakingly past him a thin greencoat goes,  
With a face like a half strangled thief sir.

(*Spoken.*) What a bloody fine girl! Zounds I 'll at her; madam allow me to offer my hand to—A delicate thing, how much will you give for it?—Well, well, tarnation take me, if I did n't guess you came from Slab-city—Three shillings for that turkey—why, where's your conscience?—Gone to the devil long ago.—Arrête, arrête, sacré crapaud, prends pas mon butin, sans payer.—Why, ye maun ken, I dinna speer a word o' what ye're bletherin about.—I say, Mr. Butcher, how much for your prime piece? Why ma'am, things are high today, so I expect a good price—Oh, Mr. Butcher, there's more in the market—Here, Mr. Stitchlouse, here's a fine goose.—No, thankee, my friend, I 'm on the look-out for cabbage.—Donder and blixem! you don't mean to shay I shtole your tam tog?—Py Cot I have de mind to pring you to the poleesh offish, and make you sing

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

3

"Can't you give me some room?" says an old lusty dame,  
"For I'm nearly crush'd into a jelly."

"By Jasus," says Pat, "I am just served the same,  
"Divil fire the whole gut in my belly."—

"La' me! I'm afraid," cries a pert dandizette,  
"I 'll not find the thing I am after"—

Says Pat, "as to that, dear, 't is aisy to get."

And the bye standers shout out with laughter.

(*Spoken.*) Well now! who'd have thought tommy-cods were so scarce! but I must have some for mother she's so fond of 'em.—Friend, is that your son? His mother says so, sir.—I ought to know that.—What's the matter, Sophy?—Why that ugly feller there put his dirty greasy paw on my

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-

thrumbo the great, even my lord Goddamnhim himself; and the Count Oldjoseph, surnamed the Stalker, yea and Simple Jarrett likewise, with a number of others, the noted persons of this city; and when they saw the man of the south they were sore afraid.

Then Samuel spake unto them, saying; what is it that is written in this book that makes you tremble? Is it because the truth is revealed and that the scorners are made to scoff at you?

And Simple Jarrett lifted up his voice, and said; why hast thou traduced my fame? Am I not president of the Mount Royal Bank, and hath not judgment been given against me for twenty-four thousand pounds Halifax? Am I not major of the militia, and have I not retired from business to make room for others? Or is it because I did kiss the sacred book in order to keep what I had got, that thou endeavourest thus to injure me, in the estimation of those who do not know me?

Then the Count Oldjoseph addressed the man from the south, and said; why hast thou called my head a calf's-head, and my wife's tongue a pickled tongue? and made me and mine the jest of this great city? Is it because I look erect and curl up my nose when I walk abroad, or is it because I caused thy book to be committed to the flames, in the Gossiproom, even into the very stove?

And when lord Goddamnhim heard this, his eyes were like unto two fiery balls, and vengeance foamed at his mouth, and he spake in his wrath, saying:

Thou evil spirit of hell and damnation; is it because I did all I could to take thy damned life, that thou makest me, goddamn me, the scorn of all people? Have I not begotten both black and



white children, yea, mayhap, some that are pieballed,—and have I not seduced more females, and caused more to become prostitutes than all the men of this large city put together?

And lo! a great noise was heard, and the earth did tremble, and Goddamnhim did swear to be revenged on Samuel, and he said unto his friends, Count Oldjoseph and Simple Jarrett, we will cause this Scribbler to be suppressed, and those who take it shall not have discount at the bank;\* but Simple Jarrett spake to the man of wrath, saying, we had better leave this Samuel alone, or he will bring further shame upon you and us.

And I, Nicodemus, spoke, saying, peace be unto you, my friends; why trouble ye yourselves about the Scribbler, know ye not that ye can not “stop the St. Lawrence, nor turn back the Ottawa?” How therefore think ye to stop this book? have not the post-masters been forbid to let them pass through the offices, and have not the stage-drivers been prohibited from carrying them? yet verily we see them weekly; and every week; and do not you yourselves read them; and were not sundry copies thereof seen to be carried into the Honourable Tory Loverule’s in the dusk of the evening? Ye fools, the only way to stop this work, will be to act in such a manner that Samuel may not find matter to fill up his pages; then and then only will ye be able to rest in quiet.

Now when Goddamnhim heard my saying, he was sore vexed, and, in his wrath, he swore so blasphemously that the whole building shook, and I awoke, and found I had dreamt a dream.

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\*A fact!!!

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.  
THE FARMER.

For thrones and power let kings contend,  
And monarchs wage destructive war ;  
Let heroes clad in glittering arms,  
O'erspread the hostile field with fear ;

Let soldiers fight from morn till night,  
Whilst death horrific stalks around,  
And fearful cries, ascend the skies,  
And blood and carnage clog the ground.

I'm from those dangers quite secure,  
While trudging after the ploughtail,  
Whilst planting, sowing, in my fields,  
And snuffing up the balmy gale.

At morn, I hear the chirping birds  
Hail cheerfully the rising day ;  
And looking round o'er barn and field,  
See poultry strut, and lambkins play.

No cares oppress my peaceful pate ;  
I labour briskly all day long,  
And when I'm tired, I sit me down,  
And listen to sweet robin's song.

When blackening clouds deform the skies,  
And thunder growls in distant roar ;  
When winds and raging tempests rise,  
I thank my stars that I'm on shore.

The sailor on the boisterous main,  
Clings to a plank himself to save,  
Exposed to storms, in danger wrapp'd,  
He reels upon the tossing wave.

With me, when clouds obscure the skies,  
And winter comes with frozen wing ;  
When fierce commingling whirlwinds rise,  
And hail and snowstorms with them bring ;

I from th' inclemencies retire,  
Contented, to my humble cot,  
I sit me by my cheerful fire,  
And bless my happy, happy lot.

I love to crack the mirthful joke ;  
 I love a social pot of ale ;  
 I love to take a friendly smoke,  
 And hear, and tell, the merry tale.

I love the lass that's kind and true,  
 From pride and affectation free ;  
 I love to have a friend in store,  
 With whom to share my mirth and glee.  
 This is the life a farmer lives ;  
 Then, who a farmer would not be ?

MENALCAS.

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“John Toland, in his preface to Tetradymus, says : I own, as much as any one that the abuse of a thing ought not to take away the use of it : though an excess on the one hand, has often thrown people into an excess on the other hand. Nor is divinity the only profession that has suffered in this manner, as may be learnt from the following old poem ; which, though very plain, both in the style and measure, is yet nicely epigrammatical and contains a beautiful climax.

THE TRIPLE PLEA.

Law, Physic, and Divinity,  
 Being in dispute could not agree  
 To settle, which among the three,  
 Should have superiority.  
 Law pleads he does preserve men's lands,  
 And all their goods, from ravenous hands :  
 Therefore of right, challenges he,  
 To have the superiority.  
 Physic prescribes receipts for health,  
 Which men prefer before their wealth ;  
 Therefore of right, challenges he,  
 To have the superiority.  
 Then strait steps up the priest demure,  
 Who of men's souls takes care and cure ;  
 Therefore of right, challenges he,  
 To have the superiority.  
 If Judges end this triple plea,  
 The lawyers shall bear all the sway.  
 If Empirics their verdict give,  
 Physicians best of all will thrive.

If Bishops arbitrate the case,  
 The priests must have the highest place.  
 If honest, sober, wise men, judge,  
 Then all the three away may trudge.  
 For let men live in peace and love,  
 The lawyers tricks they need not prove.  
 Let them forbear excess and riot,  
 They need not feed on doctors' diet.  
 Let them attend what God does teach,  
 They need not care what parsons preach.  
 But if men fools and knaves will be,  
 They'll be ass-ridden by all three."

*Albany Microscope\**

\*Though, in general, the system is adopted in the Scribbler, of not copying from any contemporary paper, in order that it may be, as much as possible, an original work, exceptions may occasionally be made, for the sake of the merit of particular pieces, or of their aptness for illustration, or adaptation to the circumstances and plan of my book. In addition to the quaint terseness of the above lines, and their epigrammatic excellence; their being taken from an old and rather scarce author, gives me the opportunity of expressing how much I lament that *old books*, are scarcely ever to be met with in the stores, or at the auctions, in this country. Nothing hardly but the commonplace and standard works, which every body that has any pretensions to literature, has read and reread, in his youth, are imported or indeed sought after; whilst more is to be gleaned from old and neglected volumes than can easily be conceived: and most true it is, as old Chaucer sings, in his *Parliament of Birds*,

"For out of the old feldès as men saieth,  
 Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere;  
 And out of oldè bokès, in gode faieth,  
 Cometh all the new science that men lere,"

I cannot but recollect with sensations of delight and regret, the many truly epicurean treats I have had at the old book-stalls that are to be met with at the corners of almost every street in the capital cities of Europe. Turning over heaps of wormeaten, tattered, and timeworn volumes; frequently discovering a rare treatise that the lovers of literature would consider a refund treasure; or meeting with some novelty in the page of a writer unknown to fame, that makes one willingly throw down the sixpence or the shilling at which he is priced, and eagerly hie home to devour the new food, that stimulates the appetite for literature, jaded and palled perhaps even by the choicest morsels from Greece, or Rome, from Milton, or Hume, Montesquieu, or Racine.

L. L. M.

## MATTHEWS THE COMEDIAN.

During an excursion which this unparalleled actor made, through one of the Eastern States, he exhibited, at a country-town where he stopped one evening and night, to the astonishment and delight of the spectators, the greatest possible changes in the "human face divine." He performed the principal part in an interlude, got up by himself, called the *Table-friend*, of which, the following pantomimical sketch will give some idea.

SCENE I. A mercantile office. Enter *Matthews*, in the character of an itinerant ratcatcher, meets *Mr. Somebody*, throws into his face, an appearance of the utmost satisfaction, openness, frankness, honour and gratitude, shakes him most cordially by the hand, and expresses his thanks for the benefits bestowed, both in pecuniary assistance, and otherwise, upon his family and friends during his absence. *Mr. Somebody* welcomes him with real friendship and invites him to his house.

SCENE II. A dining room at *Somebody's*: a table spread, and servants waiting. Enter *Matthews*, as a *furtrader*. He is received with every attention and treated with the best.— In this scene his countenance exhibits, the true table-friend, praising his entertainer's wine and viands, his taste, liberality, &c. &c. The scene closes upon the dinner-party.

SCENE III. A prison. *Somebody* behind the bars. *Matthews*, as a would-be dandy, with gold seals in abundance, having some business with another prisoner, nods superciliously, promises to put his name down to a subscription, turns upon his heel and exit. His face here completely depicts the man of the world, and speaks volumes to the admiring bystanders.

SCENE IV. The parlour of a tavern on a frequented road. *Matthews* is discovered in the style of an American merchant, travelling on business, sitting across a chair, with his face to its back, and his back to the stove; enter *Mr. Somebody*; here the actor's inimitable art was displayed in a manner that extorted instant applause. Never was a blush more naturally counterfeited than at that instant; the blood appeared to rush to his cheeks, forehead, and neck, and seemed even to tingle down to his fingers ends, as he instinctively raised his hand to hide his face, being ashamed to look upon *Somebody*, who seemed as if he neither was, nor need be, afraid or ashamed, to look any one in the face. *Somebody* talks with



the other persons in the room, & appearing to have adopted the plan, since he had been relieved from prison, not to speak to any one whom he had known before his troubles, unless they spoke to him first, tries various methods to induce Matthews to quit his conscience-struck posture; but in vain, and he retires.

SCENE V. The same parlour. Dusk of the evening.—*Matthews* in conversation with a gentleman, when *Somebody* again enters. The muscles of the actor's face become distorted, he falters in his voice, with the most natural semblance of consternation, retires to the darkest part of the room to avoid observation. Enter *Mr. Nobody*, a traveller, who appears to be going the same route with the Table-friend.—*Somebody* and *Nobody*, enter into conversation about the weather &c. and *Nobody* promises to take charge of a small parcel for *Somebody*; *Matthews* rises, and hiding his face again with his hand, retires into another room. Scene closes.

SCENE VI. The same parlour. *Matthews* discovered talking loud with some of the company. Enter again his tormentor, *Mr. Somebody*, upon which his voice fails, he stops, and shortly rises, and with affected indifference, but evident embarrassment, again quits the room. Then; exeunt omnes. *Matthews* continues *Matthews*, *Somebody* will always be somebody, and *Nobody*, nobody.

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Quarterly report of corpses admitted into, and disposed of from, the general burying-ground, in Civitas Humbuggatorum.

Remaining in the burying-ground last quarter,	18
Admitted as stationary corpses	99
ditto as casual and transitory ditto.	53
	—152
	170
Dug up again	82
Dispersed over the burying-ground	7
Bones carried off in baskets, of	22
Devoured by worms &c.	3
Secured under tomb-stones	25
Let out nightly as wandering ghosts,	3
On leave of absence as a <i>loup garou</i> ,	1
Remaining quiet for the present in their graves,	27
	—170

Scientific classification of the *diseases* by which disposition has been made of the said corpses, during the last quarter.

<i>Apparitio,</i>	3	<i>Lupus nocturnus,</i>	1
<i>Congelatio,</i>	3	<i>Monumentum,</i>	25
<i>Desiccatio,</i>	1	<i>Mouldering-to-dusta,</i>	2
<i>Devoratio porcis,</i>	1	<i>Ossificatio,</i>	1
<i>Dispersio ossium,</i>	2	<i>Putriditas,</i>	16
<i>Dissectio,</i>	15	<i>Resurrectio,</i>	52
<i>Exhalatio,</i>	1	<i>Revivificatio,</i>	1
<i>Exhumatio simplex</i>	5	<i>Skeletonia,</i>	2
<i>Exportatio,</i>	2	<i>Vermiculi,</i>	2
<i>Fractura coffinium,</i>	7	<i>Vulnus a spade</i>	} 1
<i>Fossa mortis,</i>	27	<i>gravediggeri,</i>	

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IGNORAMUS PEDANTICUS, M. D.

*Superintending Resurrection-man.*

LITERARY, MEDICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Oxford Nov. 16, 1822.* On Saturday the degree of Doctor in Divinity was unanimously conferred on the Rev. J. L. MILLS, B. D. of Magdalen College : chaplain to His Majesty's forces in the Canadas, and now residing in Quebec. About the same time the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on the Rev. W. D. BALDWIN, of Corpus Christi college and now residing at St. Johns, Lower Canada. And the degree of Doctor of Laws on HENRY BLACKSTONE, Esq. of Brazen-nose college, residing at Quebec.

MONTREAL MUSEUM. This meritorious establishment is already assuming an aspect of importance. A considerable number of coins, some of which are of great antiquity are collected. A manuscript of Burns is not the least valuable object in the collection ; and there are also a few articles that derive their merit from having been in the possession of illustrious or noted individuals.\* These, however, are the mere ornamental *auge* of a museum ; and it is pleasing to observe

\* Amongst others a *platina* snuff box, said to have belonged to Charles XII. of Sweden. Query, was *platina* known as a metal at the commencement of the eighteenth century ?

that the mineralogical specimens that are contributed, are rapidly increasing ;\* it is to be hoped that the contributions from all the kingdoms of nature, will soon render the museum, not only an object of curious attention to the inquisitive, but a medium of improvement and assistance, to the student and the natural philosopher. The possessors of rare and curious objects of nature or art, are invited to deposit a portion of their stores, for the benefit of the public, in the museum, which is under the direction and guarantee of the committee of the Montreal Library. †

Dr. Von Iffland, intends shortly to publish some observations on inanition and abstinence.

The History of the CANADAS, is preparing for the press in London, including details of topography, geology, natural history, and statistics, illustrated with maps, plans, and engravings, in two volumes quarto. By a late resident in the country ; also

A translation of FRANCHERES journey to the North West Coast of America ; with a memoir on the furtrade, in one volume octavo.

It is proposed to collect, and publish, by subscription, in one vol. the proceedings of the constitutional meetings in Lower and Upper Canada, with the speeches delivered on those oc-

\* The chrystals from Cape Diamond, the different species of marble from Missisquoi-bay, the oilstone from lake Memphramagog, the lead-ore from the township of Potton, the green marble, or *verd d'antique*, which is found near Gananoque, the copper-ore, and virgin-copper from Lake Superior, &c. ought all soon to find classified places in the museum.

† If the committee of the Montreal Library, can so far overcome their antipathy towards so notorious a scourge as they have found in the Editor of the Scribbler, (& will again, if they don't print a better catalogue,) as to accept of some trifles from him, towards their museum ; he is in possession of an object or two, that he will take an opportunity of causing to be offered to them. He had many more, but was plundered of them by his mean oppressors of the ci-devant N. W. Company ; who like the Goths and Vandals, their brutish progenitors, considered them as rubbish, and sold them along with all the old nails, bits of stone, rags, &c. that they could scrape together about his premises.

asions; and the official documents relative to the projected UNION; together with a selection of the best essays that have appeared on the subject in the Canadian papers.

*Office of the Gazette Canadienne, 27th Nov. 1822.*

PROPOSALS, for publishing by subscription, a succinct report of the speeches made; the resolutions entered into; and the petitions signed, by the inhabitants of Lower and Upper Canada who were favourable to the Union of the two provinces: to which will be added, a selection of the communications which appeared in the public prints advocating that measure. By the editor of the Montreal Herald. In one volume octavo, price, stitched, five shillings.

Subscriptions received at the office of the Herald; at the Gazette and Mercury offices, Quebec; at the Chronicle office, Kingston; and at the Gazette Weekly Register office, York.

Montreal, Feb. 15, 1823.

#### MEDICAL INSTITUTION.

The Medical Officers of the Montreal General Hospital, having seen the great difficulties, which the student of medicine, in Canada, has to encounter, before he can acquire a competent knowledge of his profession; knowing the inconveniences, resulting to many, from the necessity at present existing of spending several years in a foreign country, to complete a regular medical education; considering that the recent establishment of the Montreal General Hospital affords the student a facility of acquiring a practical knowledge of physic, never before enjoyed in these provinces; and that this advantage will be greatly enhanced by delivering courses of lectures on the different branches of the profession, took into consideration the practicability of founding a Medical School in this city.

The circumstances which render the success of such an institution probable, and the measures intended to be adopted, for carrying the same into effect, having been submitted to his Excellency the Governor in Chief, he was pleased to signify his entire approbation of the plan.

Lectures will therefore be delivered on the following branches of the profession, during the ensuing season, to commence in the second week of November.

Anatomy and Physiology,  
Chemistry and Pharmacy,  
Practice and Physic,  
Midwifery and Diseases }  
of Women and Children, }

*John Stephenson, M. D.*

*A. F. Holmes, M. D.*

*Wm. Caldwell, M. D.*

*Wm. Robertson, Esq.*

Materia Medica & Dietetics,  
Surgery,

*H. P. Loedel, Esq.*  
*John Stephenson, M. D.*

In the Summer of 1824,

Botany,  
Montreal, 15th Feb. 1825.

*A. F. Holmes, M. D.*

MR. SCRIB,

As I was walking along Notre-Dame-Street the other day, I met a couple of young upstarts, whom you have, not unappropriately, denominated the young Jerry Sneaks. Their appearance was of that ridiculous nature, that I burst out into an inordinate fit of laughter, and should, in all probability, have subjected myself, in my turn, to much ridicule, but happily there were no other persons just then in sight. Doubtless you have seen monkeys at a show, and I therefore need not describe them to you, otherwise than particularly noticing the stiff parchment they had round their necks. They appeared to be descendants of that "tribe of worthless men," whom Merrick speaks of as being turned into monkeys by Jove, who was then greatly incensed against them; but as they soon became repentant, he, upon their unceasing importunities, gave them back the human shape, and suffered them to walk upright: yet still, says he,

"The head remains unchanged within,  
Nor alter'd much the face;  
It still retains its native grin,  
And all its old grimace."

However, hoping they will ere long consider their own conduct in the light in which it is viewed by others, I shall leave them to notice one or two others, who are yet young enough to profit by my advice.

The handsome young man, clerk to an Insurance, or rather Assurance Company, at the lower end of St. Paul-street, should have a little more



politeness when he enters an office other than his own; as he may rest assured that, whatever his own custom may be, it is one observed by all others to pull off their hats, and all who deviate from this rule, cannot but be considered as clowns.

The longlegged one should observe the same rule. with the addition of guarding against swinging his arms against, or running over other people in the streets; a dangerous custom, particularly in these slippery times.

PETER GRINDSTONE,

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

THE RAPTURE DISSOLVED.

The evening spent in Chloe's arms,  
 Unheeded passed away;  
 No pause we knew from love's alarms,  
 Till rose the dawning day.  
 Then to the lovely girl I cried,  
 For blissful joys like these,  
 No splendid gift shall be denied,  
 That may thy fancy please.  
 What brilliant *gem*—what lustrous *pearl*,  
 Shall deck thy white ears tip?  
 Or grace thy waving auburn curl,  
 I said, and press'd her lip.  
 Nor *gis* nor *purl* will I receive,  
 She answer'd with a frown,  
 You'll surely give what others give,  
 Come—tip me half a crown.

PETER PINDAR JUN.

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A young clergyman, rector of a country parish, was called upon to preach upon a grand solemnity, at which the bishop of the diocese, who was a cardinal, appeared in the Roman purple, surrounded by his clergy in their white surplices. The preacher performed his task to the admiration of every one. After the ceremony, his eminence meeting him, seemed to wonder at his not having been abashed when in the presence of a cardinal in the full blaze of his red parapher-

nalía. The simple and honest clergyman replied, "Your eminence will cease to wonder when you know that I learnt my discourse by heart in the garden, and used to practice declamation before a plot of WHITE cabbages, in the centre of which stood a RED one." A preferment was the reward of this answer.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. Why has M. discontinued his valuable communications? There were particular reasons why the last could not be inserted. G. F. G. will find a letter at the address he indicates. CENSORINUS, although too severely censorial, will at least partially be availed of. CROOK, TAM O'SHANTER, and others, referred to *Dicky Gossip*. Correspondents are again reminded of the necessity of sending keys; and also of paying the postage of their letters *the whole way*. SKIN from Chambly, has skinned me of postage, for an extract from an old spelling-book, he will please keep his children's fables to himself another time. TELL TRUTH will appear, and a private letter will be written to him. A CITIZEN'S remarks on JAMES IRONY, will be admitted. RODERICK RANDOM, CUT-UP, and MONTEZUMA, just received, and will all probably be availed of. The request of a FRIEND TO THE SCRIBBLER, shall be endeavoured to be complied with.— A letter to me from a person at Three Rivers, pretending to be a gentleman, whose name begins with a B. will appear in next number, with an exposure of the rebellious manner in which sundry of the good people of that place have thought proper to treat my Scriblerian and Censorial authority, to deter others of my subjects from being so refractory.

L. L. M.

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*Subscribers in Quebec will be pleased to make their payments to Mr. John Walley, who is at present the sole person authorized to receive the same.*

*Editors of Newspapers in Canada, and elsewhere, who exchange with the Scribblér, are requested to direct their papers to Burlington, Vermont, instead of to Montreal, where they are often delayed or lost; and editors of papers in Montreal will have the goodness to send theirs direct to Burlington, per post.*