

THE SCRIBBLER.

[Vol. V.]

24th June, 1824.

[No. 124.]

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ROBERT JOHNSON,

Montreal 6th June, 1823.

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 24th JUNE, 1824. [No. 124.

—*Rursus sub auras*

Erigit alternos, et sidera verberat unda. VIRGIL.

The ocean's surges beat, and tempests roar,
Incessant, round the island's sandy shore.

*Multi extiterere qui non nasci optimum censerunt, aut quam
citissime abolere.* PLINY.

Many are the existing abuses that ought never to have
been allowed, and which require to be most speedily re-
dressed.

—*Populi contemnere voces,*

Sic solitus. HORACE.

To outrage public decency he's wont.

—*Aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri.* VIRGIL.

There's something wrong, my friends, so place no faith
In horse or foot, as well the scripture saith.

ACCOUNT OF SABLE ISLAND.

*From minutes made by a British naval Officer,
belonging to an armed brig in H. M. service, who
landed there in 1806; as promised in last number.*

SABLE ISLAND, is a small and dangerous spot
in the ocean, lying in a S. E. by E. direction from
the port of Halifax in Nova Scotia, about seventy
leagues. Numerous shipwrecks have occurred
on its inhospitable, and, till lately uninhabited,
shores.

Along the north and south sides of the island
are many spits of sand lying nearly parallel with

the shore at about half a mile distance. On the north side there is good anchorage between the spits; on the south side it is boldest, and these is anchorage, in good weather, in ten or twelve fathoms, within a mile. The surf beats continually on the coast, and, in calm weather, is heard at a considerable distance at sea. The north-west and north-east bars give the island somewhat the form of a crescent, the centre of which rises to a considerable height, and, on a clear day, may be discerned several leagues off. The soil and substance, appear to be fine white sand, intermixed with small transparent stones. The surface is broken into little hills, knobs, and cliffs, heaped wildly together; and in the hollows between them are ponds of fresh water. Between the cliffs on the south shore, the land is so low in many places, that the sea breaks quite over the island, when the wind blows hard from the south. The naked sand-hills, however, are about 150 feet in perpendicular height, above the level of high water. Landing in boats is alone practicable on the north side, and that only in good weather. There are also springs of fresh water in several places. One of the ponds which communicates with the sea, though the entrance is often choked up with sand, which usually opens again with the first strong south wind, may be called a lake, as it is fifteen miles in length, and navigable by vessels drawing nine feet water. This pond contains a great number of lobsters and other shellfish, with a great many seals: also eels, flounders, perch, and other fish, both sea and freshwater. On the south west side there is a bed of remarkably large muscles and clams. The ponds are all much frequented, in the season, by blue-winged ducks, snipes, and other wild

fowl. Their skirts abound with cranberries the whole year, and with whortle-berries, and juniper-berries, in the season. The upland is covered with a kind of sedge-grass, and other harbage, which supports several droves of horses, cows, and hogs that run wild upon it. It grows too, an immense quantity of wild peas; but there is not a single tree. Wrec^s and drift-wood, however, for fuel, may, at all time, be picked up in abundance along the shores.

Shipwrecks have frequently given temporary inhabitants to Sable island; and in 1801, a sum of money having been voted by the assembly of Nova Scotia for the purpose, a settlement was attempted; and a Mr, Morris, was sent out with a schooner, chartered for the occasion, accompanied by his wife, two apprentices, and three men engaged as settlers. They carried with them, three cows, a bull, a horse, a ram, eight ewes, several goats, pigs, and small stock, a 12 lb. carronade, 6 muskets, ammunition, provisions, building materials, &c. and a light well-built whale boat. When they arrived they found a man of the name of King, with his wife and five children, who had been settled there for several months; from him they learnt, that the island abounded in wild horses, and that he had seen upwards of seventy in one drove. This account I had from Captain Fewson of H. M. armed brig Earl Moira, who convoyed the schooner from Halifax; but I never learnt what became of the little colony. Probably they soon abandoned the place. We found the ruins of their wooden houses. Our visit was a preparatory one, on a similar errand, with a view of establishing a few men there, as a naval station, and to assist shipwreck-

ed mariners in case of disaster; which I believe was afterwards carried into effect.

October, 1806.

D. J. L.

The following requires no comment. It speaks volumes for itself.

Mr. S. H. WILCOCKE,

Sir, I send you a true copy of a petition which I sent to Messrs. Bridge & Penn, from whom I received for answer, that they would not grant my request, but would keep me in gaol as long as I live.

In order to shew the public the want of some alteration in the laws of this province, respecting unfortunate debtors, I have thought proper to send you a copy, and request you to publish it in your paper, with such remarks as you may think right to make upon the subject.

I am, Sir,

Your obt. servt.

SAMUEL B. SHELDON.

Montreal Gaol, }
June 7th 1824. }

TO MESSRS. BRIDGE & PENN.

The humble Petition of SAMUEL B. SHELDON, a debtor confined in the common gaol in and for the District of Montreal.

Respectfully Sheweth,

That your petitioner has now been confined in the said gaol, at the suit of Messrs. Bridge & Penn, during the period of nearly three years.

That your petitioner is not possessed of any

means, whereby he can pay, or secure to them, any part of their claim; but, should they be disposed to release him from gaol, and he should live and become able, hereafter, to pay any part of it, they may rely on his utmost endeavours to perform the same.

That the confinement your petitioner has already undergone, has so far impaired his health, that the indisposition under which he is now languishing, places him, in his present situation entirely out of the reach of medical aid; and unless immediate relief be obtained, it must shortly terminate his existence.

Wherefore, your petitioner humbly prays, that you will be pleased to take his case and situation into serious consideration, and be pleased to exercise towards him, as a fellow-creature, such feelings of humanity as will induce you to cause him to be immediately released, and discharged from gaol.

(Signed,) SAMUEL B. SHELDON.

We the subscribers, all knowing the state of the petitioner's health to be such, that nothing will be availing, in his present situation, to restore him to health, or save his life, humbly beg leave to recommend him to Messrs. Bridge & Penn, his creditors, for a discharge from gaol.

(Signed,)	WM. D. SELBY, M. D.
do.	J. STEPHENSON, M. D.
do.	BENJ. TRASK, M. D.
do.	HORATIO GATES,
do.	JOHN BETHUNE,
do.	NATHL. JONES.

I see the editor of the Canadian Times has taken up the question of the abuses practised in the gaol of Montreal, respecting the treatment

of debtors, by inserting a letter from one of the unfortunate inmates of that worst prison in British America. I have had several communications on the subject, but have refrained from printing them, in the fear that their publication would only tend to increase the hardships, ignominy, and illtreatment the prisoners suffer, since I know, by sad experience, that neither judges, courts, nor magistrates, will interfere to redress the grievances of prisoners, who, in the *most righteous* city of Montreal, are left entirely at the mercy of the sheriff and the gaoler. The ice is now, however, broke; and, if once the popular voice be raised, and the press takes up the cause of the oppressed, it can not be, in an English colony; but that the judges, the courts, the magistrates, and all concerned, must bow down their heads, before the awful tribunal of public opinion. If room will admit of it, before I close this number, I may again take up the question; otherwise in a subsequent one, or perhaps in the Free Press, which is now resumed, and to which work probably, the subject may be considered as more congenial.

L. L. M.

MR. MACCULLOH,

From the numerous instances I have seen of the wonderful efficacy which the Scribbler possesses, in depicting characters, destined to be the subjects of panegyric or of satire, I must naturally infer that those who are desirous of having their names transmitted to future ages, have now a fair opportunity of obtaining the glorious object of their ambition, if they once find a place in the pages of your blue book. As often

as this thought suggests itself to me, the consequence is, that I feel immediately impressed with an idea of the propriety and justice, of procuring, if it be agreeable to your better judgement, a niche in the temple of Fame, through the medium of your publication, for a certain gentleman, who has been long labouring for a share of public notice and distinction. This being the case, it would be uncivil, nay, it would be cruel, not to gratify him in some degree. Let him, as Sylla said of Pompey, "let him have his triumph," consecrate his name to ridicule; like Fingal, let him, at least, be renowned in his own days.

You must understand, Mr. Macculloh, that the individual in question, is a true hacknied quill-driver, a person of extravagant assurance, and of desperate conceit, without the least learning, ever imitating, or rather striving to imitate, the manners and phraseology of his betters, and pretending to be a critic in matters of which he knows about as much as a Hottentot does of the problems of Newton. Before proceeding farther with this rapid and extemporaneous sketch of the character of our hero, it may be proper to say that he is known by the name, style, and title of Sir Spectacles Droll, knight of the Doleful Visage; appellations derived from his ludicrously lugubrious countenance, set off, as it always is, by wearing optic glasses on all occasions, in company or alone, sitting or standing, riding or walking, reading or writing, eating or drinking, or even when kissing* the lovely Mrs. Goat-herd of Campbelltown,† the

* I suspect Mr. Candid here aims a sly hit at me; as it is well known I wear spectacles on all the above occasions, excepting while reading or writing.
L. L. M.

† CAMPBELLTOWN, so named formerly from the *Campbelltownians* who were inhabitants thereof, has since their emigration

most liberal of her sex in distributing the milk of human kindness to her amorous swains, whom she never suffers to die for love. But to return to our present subject; and a curious one it is: it would afford you, I am persuaded, matter sufficient to exercise your pen for a considerable time, were you to see this high-sounding, vapouring, capering, stylish blade, usurp the first seats in the theatre; and to hear him prate about the merits of the drama, and the science of Music! By Apollo! it would make a dog vomit his gall! On one occasion of the kind our connoisseur lately bedevilled himself completely, exemplifying, in his own person, the cant of criticism so well described by the humourous Lawrence Sterne. How often did I hear him both applaud and hiss, out of all reason, rule and season! Now, Mr. Scribbler, since this aspiring dandy, is so fond of climbing to the pinnacle of celebrity, in order to expose his nudity, like the rest of his Yahoo brethren, it is your part to place him as high as you may deem fit in the Scriblerian annals of renown, there to be "damn'd to everlasting fame."

HARRY CANDID.

Whi'st preparing matter for the press, the missing mail-bag mentioned in No. 123 has come to hand. From their priority of date, communications received by it, must now, therefore, take precedence of others intended for this place.

I first take up:

to *fort. Stark*, received the more descriptive appellation of
 MUDDY MEADOWVILLE. L. L. M.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE
 EDMITES* OF NACADA.
 CHAPTER *the first and last.*

In a certain city, which is called after the Royal Mount, dwelt the Opinionites, the Purseproudites, and the Nothingites; many of whom desired mightily to be reputed Loyalites; howbeit they were, generally, bastard descendants of that race; And this good city had, in former times, waged war with a neighbouring state, inhabited by various tribes of the Selfites and the Talkers, whose government is described, by one of their historians, to be a *logocracy*, or a government of words. And in many mighty battles that had been fought between them, the inhabitants of the great city had been worsted. So they said one to another, why should not the good people of this good city provide against an approaching storm; for though the heavens are now calm and serene; behold the wind may blow, and the rain may fall, and the tempest may arise before we can put on our plaids. Let us therefore organize ourselves in martial order, for surely we are valiant, and doughty men. And others answered and said: yea, verily, for brother Jonathan, and uncle Sam, have made a bold demand, and if we do not let them come into our waters, they will dam up our great river, even the great flood of the lakes, and lo! they threaten to turn back the falls of Niagara, and with spades and shovels, to cause all the water to flow away.

And one of the multitude lifted up his voice, and said, why! have we not already vast volunteer

* The Edomites, it will be recollected, upon reference to the 2nd Chapter of Deuteronomy, sold "meat for money," and "water for money."

armies, and is there not Giles Lightfoot's troop of cavalry? why therefore do you not join them?

But the people said, why should we join them? when did they shew their mettle, but in carrying post-bags, and riding about with expresses? And great murmurs ran amongst them, and some wanted one thing and some another; and it was all like to have ended in smoke. But there was one great man, who, when he had heard these sayings, was all in a blaze to display his warlike ardour; for he had fought, or seen, great battles fought, amongst the Grecians, and once belonged to a famous light dragoon regiment, (though it is said he never joined it,) so he was all agog to strut in regimentals and dangle a steel scabbarded sword. Then he said unto the multitude: Be of good cheer, for I have that in contemplation, by which your names shall flame in the annals of your country, as preservers and props of our tottering state; for the great man had great weight with the great chief and the great rulers of the land. And when the people heard these things they rejoiced, and departed, some to their homes, but most of them to idle houses, where they drank grog, and smoked cigars, wondering what the great man intended doing.

Whereupon the great man, having thus pacified the people, drew up a memorial to the chief power, wherein he laid many things to the charge of the commanders of the aforesaid troop of cavalry, and did bepraise himself; and vaunted that he had married one of the proudest women in the land; and how that he was a staunch unionist, and so were all his relations; and he did entreat that he might raise a legion of horse, and be made captain himself. Now when the good easy ruler of the land had read these matters, he said, even be

it as is requested; and he ordered his scribe to write out a commission for the great man upon asses' skin; and it was sent to him: and when the captain received his appointment, he was mightily tickled, and straitway set about raising his legion.

Now when all this reached the ears of the lieutenant, the son of Mary, who is called Moll, he waxed wroth; and he ordered his horse to be kept in readiness, and his coat to be brushed, which was not often the case, and his spurs and other apparatus to be cleaned; and he journeyed to the east; and he saw the chief ruler; and he found that many mistaken statements had been made, both as respected the discipline of his troop, and his own person and capacity; for they had said that he was bandy-legged, and would not do for an equestrian. And the chief ruler, when he examined him, was astonished, and said, surely thou wilt make a good trooper, and as to thy legs, they are a recommendation, for, verily, thou canst sit better upon thy horse; and moreover he said unto him, go thy ways, and return unto thy troopers, and thou shalt still be commander of a legion, for I will order two to be raised.

Then two legions were completed accordingly, and every man received a sword, a saddle, and a bridle, a pistol, and a saddlebag, from the public armoury, and every man made unto himself a sword-belt, a pouch, and other necessaries; and some were made lieutenants, and some cornets, and some serjeants, and some corporals; and amongst the officers there was one whom they called Allspice, because he did traffic in such things, and he was promoted because of his having built a castle in the air, and therefore it was called Castle Folly; there were, moreover, Handleside, and a young cub named *Portefaix*, which

in the English language is called *porter*, from his being a beast of burden, having neither sense nor knowledge, but how to toss a buffaloe-head about; also a Friar; and these, (for even Satan should have his due,) were good enough looking troopers: and there was one whom they called an adjutant, and his name was Rennep, alias Run-up, so called from his galloping most furiously, and with mighty strides, and for that he was mightiest among the little ones, he wore in his hat a tail of horse hair of many colours, which dangled about his face, in graceful confusion. And the last was one resembling a pair of tongs across a keg, for his legs stuck out three feet from his horse, and on his head he wore a hat that was bespoke for Goliath, and it did slouch about his ears, as though he wished to screen them from the assaults of the foe; and this man, because of his comic appearance, and his foresight, was called Independence; and he was brother to the captain's wife. Now because of the advancement of Independence, many were displeased, for they said there were many older and more experienced soldiers who would have filled the office better; and therefore they left the troop, and many did the like, on account of the harsh and authoritative behaviour of the captain. But it came to pass that he made apologies to some, and they rejoined the troop. And there were in all about forty horsemen equipped, who employed a famous trooper to teach them to handle their swords properly, and to cut off people's heads with dexterity. And after they were pretty well skilled in their exercises, they took horse, and assembled on the McGill plains, being the place where the mightiest battle in all this land was—like to have been fought. Then it happened, that as the ruler of those parts was

about to journey to the land of his forefathers, the captain of the troopers, wished to kiss his—foot, and so he prepared his troop to be inspected by the ruler, while he sojourned with them, and he gave orders to his men to drill every evening; and when they had drilled for a number of evenings, and had patiently endured much arrogance from their captain, they said amongst themselves, why should we bear this? And those who were called Mollyites said, verily we will not suffer his revilings, for we have not acknowledged his supremacy, and the next time he speaks to us, we will check him. So, when they assembled again, the captain said that some of them had not washed their faces, and that their breeches were not buttoned. Then the Mollyites spake up, and said, we are not of thy troop, and we will not obey thee. Then said the captain, verily I say unto ye all, that whosoever refuses to obey my commands, I will turn him off the parade, for it's im-ma-te-te-ri-al-real to-to-to-me, whether you go-go-g-gog-go or stay-stay; and I don't care a damn,—I'll be damn'd if I do. Then one of the troopers, who was a serjeant, and did look like Sancho Panza on his ass Dapple, raised himself in his stirrups, and, in a loud voice, told the captain he would take none of his *slack*, with other replies and rejoinders. Then the captain exclaimed, See what it is to have to do with such a set of ignorant fellows; and one of them answered, there are none of us ignorant, and we are as wise as you, which was, by the bye, not saying much in their own praise. And the captain spurred his horse's flanks, and rode off, muttering some uncouth saying, and at the same time ordering them to march. But the troop of the Mollyites all stood where they were, and would not budge.—

Then came their lieutenant to them, and he entreated them to march, and they said, yes, we will march for you; and he ordered them to trot, and they did trot, and joined the other company; and when they had performed their marches to the right, and to the left, and round about, and had cut and slashed in various ways, to the delight of themselves, and the consternation of the bystanders, they departed, until the general review, with admonitions to keep their noses clean.

Now when the grand day arrived, the city was in a great bustle, and no one knew whether he stood upon his head or his feet, and horsemen were seen galloping to and fro, and trumpeters blew their trumpets and made a great noise. And being assembled there were some in their undress, and the captain sent them off the ground in earnest; and when the lieutenant, who was the son of Molly, saw that his men looked so much worse than those of the captain's company, he made two of his men follow him, and he took and bought each of them a hat, for they had none but working ones, and they returned to the troop, amidst the goddamns of the captain. Then they began to stretch themselves, for the scouts came and gave information that the great ruler was at hand; and when he came near unto them, they saluted him with their swords, and they went through their evolutions greatly to his satisfaction, if belief is to be placed in a letter, which he caused to be written to express his approbation; for the chief ruler was a wary North Briton, and said in his heart, surely these old country chaps will serve to help to curb the new country fellows, in case they should dispute the authority of the high and mighty ones; for as to Jonathan and Uncle Sam, that's all dust to throw in people's eyes.

And when all these things were ended the troopers departed to their own homes, and the great ruler went to McKillaway-lodge, and took a luncheon, for it was now the third hour of post meridian.

Behold thus endeth the chapter—as verily recorded by

ST. GEORGE.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO — — —

Il desir vive e la speranza e morta. PETRARCH.

Desire yet lives, tho' hope is dead.

And is it *we* who thus do meet,
 And scarcely do each other greet?
 Oh! where are then the hours we've spent
 In dalliance, love, and merriment?
 And shall no more our amorous eyes
 Inform each other how we prize
 The memory of those dear delights
 That crown'd our luscious, active, nights?
 Oh! if satiety did cloy,
 With sports we may no more enjoy?
 Or, if some sonder youth you bless,
 Who revels now in happiness?
 Or, I my warm desires appease,
 With some bright maid who knows to please?
 Yet, if our love be cold at last?
 Oh! let the memory of the past,
 (Like those famed flowers, that e'en when dead,
 A fragrant odour round them shed,)
 Within our minds still fondly live,
 And yet a tepid pleasure give:
 And when we meet, then let the gleam
 Of conscious raptures archly beam,
 And, in our burning glances, tell,
 We past delights remember well.

For, sweet, the time we yet *may* see,
 When to each other we shall be
 As dear, as fond, as erst we've been,
 Act o'er again each blissful scene,
 And with redoubling joys confess,
 That love renew'd is happiness.

PHILO.

Although newspaper articles are not, in general, "meet quarry for our bow," yet, both to oblige a valuable correspondent, and to expose the incapacity of a certain pretender to literary judgment, who menaces the public with a Review, I admit the following.

MY DEAR MAC,

Montreal, 3rd June, 1824.

As the Montreal editorial articles do not often receive more attention than they deserve, it may happen that the wonderful effusion in yesterday's Herald, the production of the sagacious and sublime editor, of magazinistic notoriety, on the departure, for England, of the countess of Dalhousie, has not attracted, or has escaped, your notice;* occupied, as you are, by such a multitude of arduous avocations. I have, therefore, taken the liberty of transcribing it, for your consideration; while I most earnestly beg and pray of propitious heaven, that when the editor gets the Canadian Review into operation, he will not pourtray us all in

*Not only so, but, thanks to the superlative puppyism of those who now conduct the affairs of the Montreal Herald, since the inimitable Mr. C. has become its editor, I am not even favoured with that paper at all, notwithstanding an arrangement was not long ago entered into for my receiving two copies of the Herald in exchange for the Scribbler and the Harbinger; so that I have no chance to see his wonderful productions in the editorial line. In a late number, I published a note from one John Baird, belonging to that office, com-

the same *magic tints*, to which you will, with me, respond; "Good lord, deliver us!"

Subjoined, you have a poetical, paraphractical, and critical exposition; which, if it suits your magisterial will and pleasure, you will please me by handing them down together to posterity, in your immortal blue book. And I will also modestly propose it to the learned editor, as a subject for dissection and dissertation in his review.

BLOW-UP.

ORIGINAL—*verbatim*.*

Be calm each breeze—be smooth each wave,
While fair Dalhousie treads the main;
Let Albion's coast, from hill to cave,
Hail Albion's virtues back again.

plaining of a mean trick played by two fellows—(I was just going to misc-ll them gentlemen,) in intercepting the Scribbler intended for the Herald. This, was, in fact, intended as a compliment to Mr. B. and which he ought to have considered as such; but has, *mirabile dictu*, so excited the ire of the little great folks at that office, that—dreadful revenge! horrid calamity! they have actually made that a pretext to refuse exchanging either with the Scribbler or the Harbinger. The astounding warning, as to the first, is worded as follows; that is to say; to wit:

"Mr. Scarlett will please inform Mr. Wilcocke, that the Scribbler is not wanted any longer at the Herald office."

Whilst the poor innocent Harbinger, sad chance! has equally been proscribed, by the *polite* return of the one last sent, with an endorsement, "not wanted." My good-natured readers will, no doubt, sympathise with me, in the heavy privation I suffer, by not being able to peruse the luminous lucubrations of the Loverule editor. But I have a wicked little imp, tickling my vanity, and whispering in my ear, that the poor devil is afraid of being still more cut up, and has therefore given directions not to send me the Herald; thereby hoping, (as he knows I shall not think it worth paying for,) to escape notice. Amen! So be it!

L. L. M.

*Not having, from the cause mentioned in the last note, the original before me, I trust of course to my correspondent's accuracy of transcription.

L. L. M.

But spare, Oh Albion! spare once more,
 A boon which ever will be dear
 To a remote, but happy shore,
 Where virtue reigns without a fear.

And when the banner and the sail
 That first proclaims a safe return
 To *fair Dalhousie*, shall entail,
 A joy as pure as joy's own urn.

"Calm breezes" and "smooth waves," how delightfully antithetical and nonsensical! But I am inclined to believe the countess would not thank her bard for wishing her to meet with calms, on her passage across the Atlantic. "Treading the main,"* is undoubtedly a beautiful image, but if the word "deck" had been added, it would have been not quite so extraordinary a mode of locomotion. As to "hills and caves hailing," i. e. in the sea-phrase, singing out "ship ahoy!" it is beyond both praise and criticism. Does he mean by "Albion's virtues," *all* the virtues that exist in Albion.?† And by "virtue reigning without a fear," is it a fear of, or for—what?—but it's no matter, it is all incomprehensible nonsense. Then come "proclaiming sails and banners, that shall," to end the story, "entail a joy," i. e. inalienably, for ever and ever, amen! "as pure as joy's own urn." Now, to conclude, what is "joy's own urn."‡

*As the countess is a mighty religious-tract-society woman, her poet, perhaps, meant to compare her to St. Peter, "walking on the water," and then, wishing for calms would not be much amiss; for Peter, "when he saw the wind was boisterous, was afraid, and began to sink."

†A very bad compliment to the ladies at home, being tantamount to saying that, when lady Dalhousie left England, she did not leave one single virtuous woman behind her.

L. L. M.

‡Joy, like other affections of the mind, frequently vents its overflowings by physical conduits: a vase, sacred to the

EXPLANATORY PARAPHRASE.

Be every blast Eolus puffs
 A perfect calm - and every wave
 Old ocean rolls - if Neptune huffs,-
 As still as "Duncan in his grave,"
 Lest "fair Dalhousie's" frills and ruffs
 Should get deranged, ere "Albion's Cave"
 Shall hail her virtues, when she walks
 Upon the sea, as Chisholm talks:
 But, if she wins proud Albion's shore;
 By this pedestrian tiring task;
 Ye gods and muses! help me soar,
 That I her virtues may unmask:
 And, when you've caught a *spark*, or more,
 I, very modestly, would ask,
 That you return her, where a store
 Of virtues reign, and, what is queer,
 They reign; *without one single fear*.
 And, when "the bunting, and the sail,"
 With trumpet-tongues; like madam Fame,
 On each "calm breeze," or calmer gale,
 Shall chaunt aloud, Dalhousie's name,
 The hills shall catch the sound, and hail
 Her safe return; until a flame
 Enkindles joy; which joy shall burn,
 Till it's "as pure as—joy's own urn."

District of Mount Royal, June, 1824.

Mr. McCULLOH,

I must beg to introduce myself to your notice;
 and, although I am no hand at writing, yet I may
 give you a few outlines for your blue book; and if
 they prove worth your attention, I will, from time

to to time
 mysteries of the *bona dea*; may, therefore, be considered as
 the "urn of joy;" especially when the; to the author, famili-
 ar ideas, combined with the recollection of the streets of Ed-
 inburgh, are taken into consideration.

L. L. M.

to time, transmit you a few articles of intelligence. The clerk of the crown at Quebec, Mr. Ainslie,* who likewise officiated in that capacity, in the other courts of the province, being gone from this wicked world, numbers of applications have been

*In paying a tribute of respect to my deceased friend, Mr. Ainslie, I drop my fictitious appellation of Macculloh and assume my own.

Vera rediv facies, dissimulata parit;

says Petronius Arbiter: on occasions when the heart and feelings bear sway, the stage-dresses of life are laid aside, and convenience, ceremony, or effect, are no longer studied. He was one of the few men, although he held an official situation, who was not deterred from paying me, in the midst of my misfortunes, that gentlemanly respect which those who had fed at my table, and drank of my wine, were miserably deficient in. In the midst of the iniquitous criminal proceedings against me, at Montreal, and, when arraigned at the bar of my country, upon false accusations of forgery, robbery, etc. affecting my life, it was one of the most touching parts of my situation, to hear the voice of a friend, with whom I had passed many a social hour, addressing me, a prisoner at the bar, in his official capacity; "Prisoner, listen to the indictment that is preferred against you;" and then, when he demanded, "What say you, guilty or not guilty?" it will be in the recollection of my auditors, at the time of my arraignment for the fabricated charge of forgery, that, in answering "Not Guilty," I did not wait for the usual query, "How will you be tried?" but in a loud and confident voice, instantly added, "and I will be tried by God and my country; by that God who knows my innocence, and that country which will do me justice." Silence and astonishment at my unusual procedure, pervaded the court; and the customary response of the clerk, "God send you a good deliverance," almost choked the worthy man, and died away upon his tongue. The triumphant result of my trial, stamping my *perjured* prosecutors with infamy, is well known. It is with pride I always refer to that event of my life; and as I have not yet had an opportunity of printing and publishing the whole of my trial, I take every one that occurs, to give an item or two respecting it. In roundly asserting, as I have often done and now repeat, that on that occasion five of the partners of the North West Company, and all the clerks of that concern, who bore evidence against me, infamously, wilfully, and grossly, perjured themselves; I may be

made for his situation; but, as money is immensely plentiful in the government coffers, and an obvious necessity exists for creating new places, it has been thought most proper to appoint a clerk of the court in each district. You must know that Mr. Islandman has been the fortunate person to obtain the situation for this district. He got all the judges and most of the lawyers, to sign his memorial, and has, in gratitude, volunteered to do some little jobs for them. He has actually undertaken to purchase judge Dier's firewood, which

perhaps misunderstood, as, though there were six partners who were witnesses, one was a retired partner; and my accusation might be supposed to apply to the five actual partners, and not to the retired one. I therefore take occasion, in this place, (what I have often intended to do before,) expressly and singly to except from my charge of wilful perjury, the honourable William McGillivray. That gentleman, though one of the bitterest of my prosecutors, was an honourable one, and would not, nor did not, like all the others, "screw his conscience to the sticking point," to procure me to be legally murdered by swearing falsely. As to the retired partner, the late Alexander McDougal, esquire, of LaChine, he was the principal witness; and it may not be irrelevant to state the fact that, after shamefully perjuring himself, and insulting the court and judges, by cursing and blaspheming, while he was in the witness' box, (for which any meaner man would have been instantly committed to gaol,) he left the court, late at night, returned home to LaChine, and never after stirred out of his house, till that day week, when he was carried out a corpse! *De mortuis nil nisi VERUM*, says Dr. Johnson. To return therefore to Mr. Ainslie: I wish further to record, that in the face of the court, and while I was at the bar; he came from his seat towards me, and, in a friendly and familiar conversation, desired me to put his name down as a subscriber to the Scribbler, (which he continued to take till the last,) although he did not know but in twenty-four hours after that, I might be sentenced to be hung. He was almost the only one, besides my professional friends, who did not stand aloof, in the day of trial, from a man who was known to have incurred the enmity of the most powerful and most wealthy set of men in the country. Peace be to his ashes; honour to his memory—happiness to his soul!

S. H. WILCOCKE.

he got for fourteen shillings a cord, and made his honour pay fifteen; but as his honour is pleased with the bargain no one else has a right to be displeased. In short Mr. I. has offered to buy wood for the whole bar, except counsellor Hack, who has been obliged to institute an action against him for the recovery of a small amount, say £80, for assessments on his property for these three years past; which has caused a sort of coolness between them. Report says that judge Dier has not paid his for several years past, no more than some other *great men*, while poor and humble individuals are sued within the first fortnight. Mr. Letdemon is in large arrears with Mr. Islandman for public money lent, but will pay, *as soon as he can*, but;

“When will that be? say the bells at Stepney:
I do not know; says the great bell at Bow.”

Mr. Foresight has now forgot the widow Piero, otherwise Lilly St. George. She says he has told her 't was too expensive; but she adds; *mais il n'est plus capable, il avoit coutume de me donner huit piastres quand j'allois chez lui, mais apresent il ne me donne que deux; et ne fait rien. Il se fatigue trop a picher dans les isles de Boucherville.**

Lord Goddamhim has made a new arrangement with the widow Manger. He has got her

*The lady's namesake, Lilly, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, jeering Brisac, says;

“—— You've kiss'd and toused me,
Handled my foot and leg; what would you more, sir?
As for the rest, it requires youth and strength;
And th' labour in an old man, would breed agues,
Sciaticas and cramps. You shall not curse me
For taking from you what you can not spare, sir.
Be good unto yourself; you've ta'en already,
All you can take with ease: you are past threshing;
It is a work too boisterous for you.——”

L. L. M.

married to one McDung-all, formerly one of the company's clerks, and has given him fifty pounds, as a *douceur*, with many promises, which he will not perform; and has taken a mortgage on madame herself. He has again betaken himself to damning the Hudson's Bay agents, as much as he did before the *union*. He swears he will leave their employment, if they do not change their manner of acting.—“A parcel of damn'd old fog-gusses, damn my soul!”

Our new police-magistrates are going to look down all opposition. They have stormed and carried a *bordel* in Papineau-road, without the loss of a man, either belonging to the watch or to the volunteers who aided them. I understand their grand operations will take place in the St. Lawrence suburbs. But madame L'amerie declares she will make a stand, and has garrisoned her castle with amazons and light troops of all sorts, and provided every species of defensive ammunition, chamberpots, glyster-pipes, pills, bolusses, inflammable gas, and holy water.

Lord McKillaway has been very ill. *Remords de conscience* was said to be his complaint. He has had both medical and spiritual assistance; and both claim the merit of his recovery; but neither is yet to be paid for, as the *account-current* from the Hudson's Bay Company has not yet arrived, and he can not yet draw for his share of the spoil, having overdrawn already. Oh, Billy, Billy! when you consented to that cursed *union* of the two companies, you parted with the staff out of your hands. Say an old fox told you so.

JOHN TAMKINS.

It is to be much regretted that the regular theatrical performances in Montreal, have been in-

errupted. This has been ascribed to various causes. Without entering into them at present, as I perceive Mr. Turnbull has not succeeded in getting the Montreal papers to publish his statement relative thereto, I print, at as much length as space will admit, the particulars transmitted. My impartiality makes me add, that either contradictions or corroborations will equally be admitted.

E. L. M.

Montreal, June, 1 1824.

MR. EDITOR,

You well know the expense I have been involved in in striving to amuse the good folks of this city, with something in the shape of the legitimate drama, expecting remuneration; but, alas! I am miserably disappointed, owing to the powerful opposition against me, and the misconduct of part of my company.

Mr. Judah, or, as I might, with propriety, call him, *Judas*, was employed by me to engage a meritorious, sober, and, as far as might be, a *virtuous* company. How did he fulfil the commission entrusted to him? By selecting *himself*, as the principal actor, and refusing to engage any one whose talents were superior to his own, although he might have got messrs Blake and Taylor, who would have graced the cause, and Mr. and Mrs. Talbot. In addition to himself, he brought me, Mr. Webb and Mr. Wilkins, with Mrs. Judah, alias Smith, whose husband, named George Smith, now resides in Philadelphia. Webb is a respectable man, worthy of my best praises. Wilkins, a dissipated character, who has, more than once, appeared drunk on the stage; and latterly he left the theatre, at the end of the first act of *Paul and Virginia*, which put an end to the performance for that night.—A virtuous set to “shew vice its own image!”*

*The same absurd principle seems here to be kept in view, which, on a late occasion, I exposed the inconsistency of. To suppose that none but virtuous, church-going, men and women, are fit to represent characters of all kinds on the stage, is not only supposing an impracticability, but likewise an im-

About three weeks ago, the attraction to the theatre failed; and, in a private interview with Judah, as it was deemed impossible to stem the tide of circus opposition, without additional assistance, it was resolved to begin the performers' benefits forthwith; that I should have the last night, with the proceeds of which Judah was to go direct to New York, in quest of powerful recruits; and that in the interim, the theatre was to be shut, unless I could keep it open by local engagements.

This arrangement was well known to the performers and to the public. On Wednesday last I received an open note from the Hebrew, couched as follows:

"Sir,—Understanding you intend closing the theatre after Friday next, I wish to know IMMEDIATELY, what you intend doing with the people you have engaged for ten months, and whom you have brought into a strange country, depending on you for support?—Your's &c.

E. JUDAH

propriety. In general, those who have the reputation of virtuous characters, are, either really, or pretendedly, without that versatility of talent, and attractiveness of deportment, so essential in the actor. Drunkenness in the men, is, however, an inexcusable vice, not *as a vice*, but inasmuch as it physically disqualifies: but, as to what is called *virtue* in women, decency, decorum, and appearance, are all, and perhaps more, than is necessary amongst the daughters of Thespis. I do not say that a chaste woman can not be a good actress; the contrary may be, and often is, the case: but the absence of that virtue in an actress, is no disparagement whatever, *quoad* her merits on the stage; and, in fact, it never has been amongst the acknowledged virtuous portion of female performers, that the brightest theatrical talents have been found. If none but virtuous characters are "to shew vice its own image;" purify the pulpit first; that a parson's precepts and a parson's example, are mostly at variance, has become proverbial; and too many of them stand,

"—like finger-posts, to shew

The narrow path to heaven, they do not go."

The general idea I seek to combat, has been well ridiculed, by our great and sturdy moralist, in his parody on the line;

"Who rules o'er freemen, should himself be free."

You might as well say, said Dr. Johnson,

"Who sells fat oxen, should himself be fat."

L. L. M.

Reflecting on our previous understanding, I could not but consider this note as insulting and impertinent; and said as much in a note. I sent him in reply, refusing to answer such peremptory interrogatories.

In fifteen minutes after, the *Jew* appeared, attended by his *PRIVY Counsellor*, Sparhawk. He placed himself in front of my house, and, with all the blackguardism of a smouch at Rag-fair, invited me into the street to take a caning. When I declined this, he called me a coward; I stood it no longer, but went immediately out, asking him what he meant to do. He immediately seized me by the collar; and the result was that I gave him a sound caning, while the *privy-counsellor* stood aloof, grating his teeth for spite, to think that his advice had done no good.

Thus terminated *the fracas*; but its consequences have been disastrous. Poor Mr. Webb, who was to have taken Friday night for his benefit, was obliged to dismiss the house: and your humble servant suffers in his purse considerably, besides his just anticipation of an excellent benefit, from his new comedy, called *Diamond cut Diamond, or the Navice*, which must now remain until introduced under more favourable auspices. The theatre is closed, for the present; Judah has gone to Quebec; and Mrs. Smith remains here, guarded by the *privy counsellor*, whose assiduity seems commensurate with the additional duties imposed upon him by the *soi-disant* husband's absence.*

June 4.

Judah has returned from Quebec. I believe he has been foiled there. In the mean time an attempt is making to wrest the theatrical property out of my hands, by G. Cosser and Co. assisted by the *privy counsellor*, and Joe King, the proprietor of the theatre-buildings. The means they employ are, first; a balance of rent of \$ 36, due by me to Cosser; next, a transfer of Cosser's lease to a third person, who demands security for \$ 220, rent to accrue until May, 1825. This I resist, as the original agreement exacts no other security than the materials forming the interior of the theatre, which are worth treble the sum. I have locked all up, and keep possession; but

*For further particulars, and another account, see *Domestic Intelligencer*.

I suppose a *saisie gagerie* will be the result. In fact, the intention is to oust me, and put the Jew in possession, to reap the harvest of my exertions.

Make what use you think proper, of this information, in support of an injured individual.

J. D. T.

O Tommy, Tommy Thumb! why art thou Thomas Thumb?

A certain editor is informed, that it is not consistent with the "Times," for authors to praise their own productions. He, as well as the public, have a knowledge of an address, spoken by Mrs. Smith, at her benefit, and written by him, not for that particular night, but intended to have been spoken after the play of *Adelgitha*, patronised by the 70th. Our little editor, in his remarks on the theatre, as far as I can recollect, saying that on such a night such pieces will be brought forward, adds, "and we have learnt that Mrs. Smith will recite an address, written for the occasion; we have read it, and do not hesitate in declaring that it possesses merits:" now this is the identical address which flamed so conspicuously in all the papers and handbills, with the editor's name exhibited in capitals, EDWARD V. SPARHAWK, Esquire.* Why thou treacle-faced egotist! But thou dost well to sound thy own praise, for no one else would do it for thee. But while on this theme, I will add another notch to the editor's score. He had better be less assiduous in his attentions to the pretty actress, or, I swear, by *Judah*, that he'll receive, upon his seat of honour, a salutation from

MONSIEUR TONSON.

But, Monsieur Tonson, you are wrong as to authors not being allowed to sound their own praises. It is often done; I do it myself; and—*ecce signum*—I add;—*Palman qui meruit ferat*.

L. L. M.

*Taking my correspondent's word for this, how is it to be reconciled with the apology made, when it was published, to wit: that it was "the hurried production of the moment?"

L. L. M.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XL.

At the annual meeting of the Mount Royal "SCANDALIZING SOCIETY," under the patronage of lady Vice-roy, the following members were unanimously elected, for the ensuing year:—viz,

The right honourable lady Vice-roy, countess of Dal,
The honourable Countess Oldjoseph,
The honourable Mrs. McRope ;

Honorary members.

Mother Leather-jaws, alias Double-lungs,
Presidentess.

Mother Landlord,
" Portly,
" Dolt,
Auntly Loverule,
Moll Flaggon,
Mother Elm,

Mrs. judge Dier,
Widow Holy-water,
Mrs. Jarrett,
Mrs. Brewbeer,
Miss, Armytinker,
Mrs. widow Bobson ;
Committee.

and Kate McCracker, surnamed Kate the curst;
Tea-maker, mischief-brewer, and news-spreader to the society.

N. B. The members are requested to assemble earlier, at the next meeting, in consequence of the multiplicity of matter before the society. Amongst other important subjects for discussion will be, the propriety of still further diffusing the already widely circulated reports, in which the Count Oldjoseph, and his countess, are materially concerned, and in which the honourable Tory Loverule, in his quality of Busy-body general, in and for the district of Mount Royal and other places, has interfered. Also a proposal to appoint a secret committee to correspond, and tamper, with the dependents, and devils, belonging to a well known printing-office, on the other side of the line, in order to procure the rejected pieces, and old manuscripts, belonging to the Scribbler, for the purpose of remanufacturing the scandal they may be found to contain, into fresh articles of consumption.

GLIBBER-TONGUE WIDE-MOUTH, Sec'y.

CAUTION. A certain student at law, a spark red-hot from the anvil, is cautioned not to get drunk again at the circus, in company with Dr. Burnt-mouth; as he did a few evenings ago; lest he should gain a pair of black eyes instead of one, by stumbling over the pit seats

TENDERS WANTED.

Scaled tenders will be received from the 1st of July next, till it is convenient to stop; at the subscribers, office, opposite No. 10, St. Antony's suburbs for the supplying of a few thousand quarters, halves, or wholes, of the first rate lean mutton, for the use of the St. Antony soup and chop-house, and lanthorn-manufactory. Persons desirous of contracting for the same, will state the price per four quarters. Tenders to be endorsed "*Tenders for furnishing mutton;*" and will be received till twelve o'clock at night, every day, by the subscribers, who are appointed agents for the above.

FRYINGPAN & Co.

N. B. *Gentlemen* will knock at the back gate; but *blackguards* will come to the front-door.

THEATRIC UPROAR & FRACAS.—To be performed, as soon as the impertinence which gave rise to its rehearsal is repeated; a grand Tragi-Comic Interlude called

A PEEP INTO THE DRESSING-ROOM,

OR

THE TRAGEDIAN IN A RAGE.

Scene 1.—Discovers an actress dressing; a peep hole; and a young man looking through. The lady, startled at the stir of a chair, which proves to be the one on which the youth is standing, screams and hides her—beauties; an actor runs to her assistance, sees at once, the object of her terror; rushes out, and seizes him by the collar.

Scene 2.—The actor dragging the young man down stairs—arrives at the bottom—pulls him into the street, and gives him eight or ten tragic kicks—a great croud—who hoot the young fellow and make him go-bare home—great confusion, and the scene closes.

ACT 2.—Represents the street before the manager's house.

ENTER—the Tragedian;—who calls lustily for the manager—the manager appears at his door, and is solicited to come

out by the invocation of "you damned old rascal, come out here and I'll cane you," which the manager replies to, by asking him, in his turn, to walk in and he'll do the same good office for him: but, receiving some further provocation, he rushes into the street, and is soon laid violent hold of by the actor—he, however, extricates himself from his gripe, (for the actor is more accustomed to use a tin dagger than his fists,) and gives him a few drubs with his cane; and is then interrupted by a hop-o-my-thumb Cock-Sparrow, who, during the contest, kept himself in the back scene, dreading a squeezing similar to the one he received from the shaver. The manager re-enters his house; the actor exits in a rage; followed by the cock-sparrow; whilst the curtain falls, to the tune of loud laughter.

GOFFINGORFFE.

Chambly, 24th May.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me in mamma's absence to present you with a number of the Prattler—This is the day of publication, and mamma don't appear to be coming. I suppose she has met with some gallant, as is the fashion here: a circumstance, which, when it happens, lays the burthen of the editorial department on my shoulders: This was the case with the first number that you gave publicity to: but there's so many hard words in the news of the day, (which has been delivered verbally,) that you must either correct the bad spelling, or make an apology to your readers, saying that you received it from your

humble correspondent, and &c.

PEG PRATTLE, *Junr.*

PRATTLER, No. IV.

To continue—there's Joe Fry, took it into his head that his servant-girl was handsomer than his wife; but Mrs. Fry convinced him of his mistake, by turning the girl off, and scratching his face, for rising too early one morning. Old mother Seamster says that it is a 'tarnation shame for old Purse-gut who is now near sixty years old, to be hankering after such young women. Mr. Roast says the Scrib's a liar, for he never was seen dancing, and the story rose from his being discovered, with his instruments, making some improvements, in *whorizone-tail* dialling. There's to be so many schools here this summer, and they are each to teach & switch, till there will

Be never a dunce, nor a whole bum, in the parish : they'll teach *Cough's hearth-emetick*, *Retreat and dismount*, *Book-skipping*, *The use of the clubs*, *Let in & Creak Long wedges*, and *Die-all-ing*, if Mr. Roast remains, God help us! they'll turn the brains of all our young men ; and there's my sweetheart, Bill Evesdropper, scartely ever comes to see me now : I suppose they'll make a *petty gawk* of him too.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Chambly Repertory.—Query: what use does Nick Rap make of all the raps collected in his church, on Sundays? Do they serve to pay the boys' weekly allowance money? or to what other family conveniencies are they applied? for we can not find out that our parson has the poor "in daily remembrance, unless it be that he thinks Charity ought to begin at home;—and then I want to know, whether she should never venture beyond the threshold of his door?

Pray answer

A RAP AT THE RIGHT DOOR.

From the Trifluvian Reporter.—We beg to warn Monsieur Jean Jacques, alias, *le gros visage a brandy*, against visiting too often the servant-maid of the long white house, for the old mistress, being jealous, has determined he shall have a smell at her broomstick.

A. Q.

From the Coldspring manorial Register. NEW METHOD OF LEAVING A REMEMBRANCE. Sir Savory Foot-att, from Back-bite, who was on a visit of about five days at Mr. McCome-again's, took a singular and *delicate* mode of leaving a memento behind him, to a young lady, by which to recollect his delectable visit. The evening before his departure, it happened that he had just returned from a shooting excursion, when he encountered a young lady, sitting on the steps of Mr. McCome-again's house. He asked her, what he should shoot at, so that she might remember him when he was gone. Shoot at the old gardener's small clothes, said she, which were hanging up to dry. No, said he, you won't see them at all times, so I'll shoot two balls thro' the little-house-door, and so when you go in there every day, you'll remember who was here last.

A TRUE BILL.

QUIZ THE YOUNGER.

FROM THE BULL-FROG ISLAND CALENDAR.—SIR JAMES the knight of the blanket, has declared, upon his own veracity and his wife's—agility—that he ha; ascertained, beyond a

doubt, the rascals who wrote about him to the Scrib; nay, that he hath had conferences, and confabulations, with discharged and deserting, printers, and others, coming from the head quarters of the chief scribe; and that he knows all the letters, and writers, and hands, and seals, of all the correspondents of the said Scribe, both in and out of this Island of Croakers; nay addeth he, I went myself to the chief scribe, and he offered for fifty dollars to let me know every one and every thing. But, said a shrewd kind of a chap: did you pay the fifty dollars? Whereupon Sir James held down his head: and he was laughed at without measure for his bouncing.

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, *Extracts from the TWIRLINGTON SPY, and sundry other articles, postponed, for want of room.*

*Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP,
At the sign of the Tea-Table.*

P. S. *Rouse's Point, 29th June.* Owing to the sudden desertion of my principal hand, (inveigled away, I suspect, by a person in Montreal who, if I find it so, will be most severely cut up,) and being, otherwise, short of assistance, the present number has been unavoidably delayed several days beyond its time: and in fact, besides being the writer, publisher, and printer, I have myself been compelled to be the compositor at the case, of the greatest part of it: so that the public, appreciating my incessant occupation, day and night, will, I trust, excuse the delay.

They will please, at the same time, to bear in mind, that the present is the first number of another quarter, and that, in a few days, a collection will be made for the same. It is therefore earnestly requested that prompt payment may be made: in Montreal, as soon as called for; and in other places, by immediate remittance.

Mem. *By mistake, some receipts for last quarter, were given as for Nos. 118 to 124, instead of 118 to 123; six numbers constituting the first half of a volume, and seven the last.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—PUSHPIN has partly received attention in the Free Press;—the remainder in next Scribbler. J. W., A BEHOLDER, A GLEANER, A WITNESSER, A PLAIN MAN, and many others deferred for the want of room. W. O. C., F. L., S., and John J. from Clarencetown, laid by, for want of keys.

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CIRCUS,

OPEN EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK.

Messieurs WEST & BLANCHARD,

Have spared no pains or expense to make the Circus deserving of the encouragement of a liberal and enlightened public.

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES are exhibited, (according to the bills of the day,) every evening, a handsome stage having been erected, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. and several eminent performers engaged for the purpose.

HORSEMANSHIP, VAULTING, OLYMPIC FEATS, GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING, TIGHT-ROPE DANCING, SLACK-WIRE, BALANCING, and a variety of other entertaining feats, are introduced between the performances.

An admired comedy, and an amusing farce, are presented every evening, with occasional songs, pantomimes, and ballets.

Doors open at 7, and performance to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.—Tickets to be had at the Box-Office of the Circus, at the Bookstores of Mr. Jos. Nickless and Mr. James Brown, and at Mr. Bennet's Lottery-Office—Box, 2. 6d. Pit 1s. 3d.—Children to the Boxes half-price.

The Managers beg to suggest, that by purchasing Tickets in the day time, it will save ladies and gentlemen much trouble and inconvenience on entering the Circus in the evening.

The liberal and increasing support which the entertainments of the Circus have received from the inhabitants of Montreal; while it is flattering to the Managers; and is also, they humbly trust, a proof that their efforts have, in some measure, merited success; is likewise the most powerful incentive to future exertion, and will ever demand both assiduity and gratitude.

