

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. IV.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 7th AUG. 1823. [No. 107.

Nil est enim exitiosius civitatibus, nihil tam contrarium juri, et legibus, nihil minus civile, quam composita republica, quicquam agi per vim.

CICERO.

Nothing is a more deadly evil; or more contrary to law and justice, nothing is so opposite to civil rights, or the existence of the common weal, than that force should be employed in any thing

*Fortuna saevo lato negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna.*

HORACE.

Fortune alternate frowns, smiles, vexes, plays, or flies,
A gibbet, or a crown, a purse, a child, bestows,
And takes away, or gives, and none of all who knows,
Whether 't is I, or you, or he, shall fall or rise.

*Hominum qui facta, mores, pietatem, et fidem,
Noscamus* —

PLAUTUS.

Men's manners, morals, actions, follies, here we paint,
Parson's and ladies' too—the sinner and the saint.

THE CHARRIVARRI.

A FARRAGO, continued.

*Sequel of the meeting of bellwethers for abridging
the rights of the people, and setting up guns, swords,
and bayonets as law givers in Montreal.*

Monsieur Let-Demon followed the Hon. Tory
Loverule, viz :

“Shentlemen, De Honourable Tory Loverule

have tell you so mush of our culpability—I beg de pardon, I mean—capability of filling our of-feece, dat I do not tink it necessaire to commend ourself any more. It is ver well known to all of you, dat we be very fine mens, dat we would have take de murderer, if he had not be so *fery smart fellow*: we taut he would stop in de place for long times, dat we might put him in de prisone, but we was mistake: he only stay four days in de town; and we be very sorry to tink he be run way. It is not de fault of de magistrate, because we was very kind to dem; we did send de murderers vord, dat we would put him in de prisone—but he would not wait for us; no—shentlemens, he run'd off, and I am *vraiemment gené* dat it is so. But we must put a stop to de charrivarri. It is one *shameful* custom; no person of *caractere* would join dat charrivarri.”

One of the citizens. “How often have you joined them?”

Let-Demon. “Dat is not to de purpose: we all have belonged to de charrivarri many times, and we did taught our childrens to go dare too; but we have been so fery wrong to let de murderers escape, dat we must stop de charrivarri to shew our vigilance.”

Baren Grunt, then gave three grunts, but they were inaudible.

A citizen took up the word, and said:

“We have assembled for the purpose of putting a stop to the meeting of persons disguised in the evening; who are young men, joined together to amuse themselves by a little innocent recreation. Whether it be right or wrong, I do not say; neither will I censure or commend them. I join with others in saying it should be stopped, and I am willing to assist in checking them; but I would recommend to the meeting, that the

best and most efficacious, just, and easy way, would be to arrest those who have committed the murder, and those who assisted; then there will be an end to it. The people are incensed at the conduct of the magistrates. (*Murmurs, and an exclamation "dare the fellow censure us."*)

And they say, if they whose duty it is to take up criminals, suffer them to walk at large, we will not: if they have aided and assisted murderers, we will bring them to justice; if they have violated their oath of office, we will maintain our rights as men; we will not be basely murdered whilst walking the streets, nor allow our lives to be sported away with an "air of triumph." We will not suffer the privileges we have so long enjoyed, to be wrung from us by a set of pusillanimous knaves in office; (*the bench of magistrates fidget about simultaneously as if they sate on thorns.*) Our rights as Englishmen are sacred, and as inhabitants of a civilized country, we demand that murder be enquired into, that the police do their duty, and THAT OUR STREETS BE NO LONGER GUARDED BY SOLDIERY.

Sheriff Brute. "I rise with indignation to repel the charge made against the magistrates, of whom I consider myself one, and, with noble anger, do I assert, that we have conducted ourselves with justice and propriety; (*hisses.*) I am the able advocate for my own defence. I am the colossus that can walk, with mighty strides, in the fields of rhetoric and metaphor. I wear a golden chain; and who shall deny my privilege? I will, if I choose, let licentiousness "pluck justice by the nose," and I declaim against the man who last spoke. Him I despise, for he has foolishly opened the eyes of the community, and shewn to the world, what they ought not to know. With all my power, I denounce him as a

calumniator. He is not worthy to enter this, our hall of justice; he has *dared in the face of us all* to tell us of facts, stubborn indeed and hard to be got over, difficult to be set aside, but yet we must persevere, and teach the citizens of this our *peaceable and wellgoverned* city, that, although we may shew as much ignorance and wilfulness as we please, and I bless heaven that we have our full share, yet it is not at their hands we will bear reprobation. We must stand forth in all our foreboding terrors to withstand enquiry and baffle rebuke. If they ask why we did not check this growing evil in the bud; we answer, that we took a walk to see them, and they terrified us: they made a noise, they were on horse and on foot, and some of them were armed; their glittering dresses dazzled our eyes, and we returned in much confusion: but now we will issue in grand array, *as special constables*, and they will flee before us as mice run from cats.

Second Citizen. I would wish to put one question to the police and magistrates; which is, why, after a jury of inquest had sate upon the body, and had returned a verdict of wilful murder, there was not a warrant immediately issued to take the perpetrators of the crime; or why two days were allowed to elapse before that was done.

Let-Demon. Dat, dat, dat,——

Sheriff Brute. The, The, Th——

Slipslop Macrope. A—a—a—scan—scan——

Third Citizen. I wonder not at the confusion you are in; when conviction is flashed in the face of guilt, you seek a refuge for your heads abashed in censuring the charrivarri. Had you pursued that line of conduct which every man of even common sense would have followed, you would have escaped this reproof—you would not

then have made a "scarecrow of the law, nor let custom make it a perch instead of a terror."

Sheriff Brute. The gentleman had better write a treatise for the direction of the magistrates, and reduce his oration to writing, for the benefit of the community; he is so able a speaker—(silenced by hisses.)

Third citizen. I make no ostentatious display of learning, nor descend to invective when argument fails; but, possessing an upright heart and a clear conscience, I am able to steer through the deep channel of words with urbanity and honesty; nor am I obliged to shew my meanness to the gratification and contempt of a room filled with hissing auditors."

Hastily glancing his eye to the bottom of the print, Mr. Soapsuds said: "Ah! I see here's a great deal more of it; but the long and the short is, that we are all to be *special constables*, and here's Mr. Thing-em-bob, has brought his horse to be shaved before he is sworn in. Have any of you any jackasses that are to be sworn in, gentlemen? for such are in most request. But stop, here's something I must read.

"Enter Captain Rock, threatening to read the riot-act, followed by a band of watchmen and constables, with a squad of soldiers in the rear, and one hundred lighted lanthorns in front to warn the mob of his approach."

Egad that's as good a way as I ever heard of to take up rioters, for then they have not only sufficient warning, but light enough to run away by.

Aud so ends this chapter.

Mr. Soapsuds having descended from the rostrum, the back scene opens, and discovers

Tom Thumb, (solus, soliloquizing.) Gloomy re-

trospect! wherefore press thus heavy upon me? Harrassing future, why present a barrier to the accomplishment of my wishes? There is a book, methinks, the which I've heard of, where it is said, "swear not at all." Yet do all mankind swear; to swear at all is deviating from the injunction, then, where is the extra harm of swearing falsely? better swear falsely, and after court the favour of forgiving heaven than—lie still thou busy devil! at least lie snug and undiscovered.—But, this soliloquizing mood will never supply the *dull, neglected, times*, with editorial matter. I must make another promise of something *better* in my next, which will keep them still in lethargy, a mood of drowsiness they've long indulged in, and to which I owe my fame thus far—(*takes his pen and writes* :) "Owing to the non-arrival of foreign intelligence we throw ourselves upon the indulgence of our patrons for the flood of local matter found in our pages of today. In our next we propose a biographical sketch of our *Slab-City* friend, or a canto of our midnight peregrinations round this mighty town." (*Throws down his pen, rises from his stool, and swears the doctor ne'er will come.*) The evening's fast advancing, and yet he loiters with his *two* favourite *sluts*, for doctors keep *one* more than we editors! Hold, the doctor comes, under whose arm a dirty scrubbing-brush I see!

Enter the doctor, throws down the scrubbing-brush, and advances to take Tom's hand.

T. T. Welcome, my dear doctor, most welcome at an hour like this; hast any thing 't make a paragraph, and fill a vacant corner?

Doctor. Nothing, Tom: I'm duller than an ass.

T. T. Nothing? 't is strange! No news of Rock tonight?

Doctor. Yes. Again he's out, surrounded by his trusty followers, and shines the brightest star in my opposing train. And thou must leave this sleepy hole of thine, and hie thee to seclusion's dampy cavern; or thy young wings will soon be fledged with larger *plumes* than e'er yet were together joined by *tar*.

T. T. (*Much agitated.*) Gods! must I to my filthy prison-house again? No serjeant-at-arms hunts for me now, but one I fear much worse. Thou 'lt come with me doctor, for I do not think you're fond of feathers either, and I will there relate the sequel of my barber-chace.

Scene changes, and discovers Tom and the Doctor in the attic story of the reverend Mr. Noates's charitable mansion.

Doctor. Now my gallant dung-hill cock, proceed, and dwell upon the witcheries of thy voluptuous Thespian dame.

T. T. Had I not promised to divulge it all, thou shouldst hear no more, for I find thou art against me, and pleasure dost receive from making those sarcastic thrusts at me. But—Let us *progress*.* He dragged me forth, and grasped my neck, as if it were a nose he captive held, the face of which he meant to shave. Oh! I choak to think how hard I strove to gasp a little breath—Oh, barbarous barber!—'t was thus he held me in his awful gripe, till I was safely lodged in watchhouse drear. Here I groaned, and cried, and puffed away the longest night that ever murky curtain spread o'er *Day* I longed to see: but the most abandoned wretch must have a ray of hope for anticipation's eye to gaze upon. The courted dawn arrived, and I was bailed to prowl again around the barber's shop, and

* A yankee word for "proceed." *Glossographus Americanus.*

enjoy the arch glance of the bewitching eye of her for whom I had suffered disgrace and degradation vile. But "the devil that killed poor Tom," was the mighty sum of forty dollars! a heavy damper that, upon a youth who lavished all the profits of his pills upon a faithless, false, and jilting wanton! Easy access to all her inmost sweets did others get; but I, alas! was not permitted like Moses, to "put off my shoes before the bush that burned with fire." She never even deigned to let *me* press the soft nectareous coral lip from which I fancied honey in profusion flowed.

Doctor. Ha, ha, ha! didst thou not know she played the punk with others, and coquet with thee? The wild *lord William's* purse was not like thine; e'en in the lap of *Littledale*, whose beef and butter purchases reduced his stock to six and eight pence in the pound, did *lord William* partake the wanton's kiss, which thou and *Littledale* had paid for. Ha, ha, ha! to support a slut for other curs!—

T. T. Brimstone and blue antimony! must I suffer this from one who——keeps his sluts as well as others.

Doctor. No recrimination, Tom! But still you can not say I lavished my cash on such kind of sluts as thou didst, or that I ever begged the pardon of a barber.

T. T. By hell! thou art a hardy wretch to brave me thus. Dost thou not fear to have thy impudence pourtrayed in *biographic sketch*? But I have yet another, and another yet—yet other pranks to recount. The forfeit of my former rashness being paid, I wished to dip again in some new scheme to raise myself in public estimation. My dear Frances having left the country, with an urchin of an hundred fathers, without alas!

my having a share of the desirable paternity, I turned my thoughts towards the lovely daughter of my patron; But she, sarcastic maid, would laugh at all my amorous words, and say, she never wished to see the inside of a gloomy watchhouse; or sigh for the polluted lip of one who boasted to have been a green-room favourite. Chagrined at her unkind, tho' just, retort, I swore to do some high and mighty deed, and gain a hero's name, to gain a lady's love. I placed a huge three storied foolscap on my head, which well it did become, and lashed a rusty scythe to my lank thigh, my face besmeared with *cheap carmine*, I joined the rabble of a *charrivarai*, whose leader claimed the orphan boon from admiral Nul.

Doctor. What thou! the very Sampson, the miniature Goliath that stalketh forth to crush the *charrivarri*; to captive take the leaders;—thou! didst thou thyself join the like throngs in times by gone?

T. T. By hell, if thou interruptest me, I will—(*Doctor frowns.*)—resume the thread of my discourse again. Well—My figure, height, and stride, bespoke the *spy*, and e'en the *ugly devil* who bore their coffin, pushed me indignantly away, saying, he should get me into his clutches soon enough. Thus I was forced outside the mob, and unwillingly occupied a post of danger, where the watchmen picked me up, and did so unmercifully batter my poor shins that I can shew the scars of my chivalrous devotion, to generations yet to be. Again the cursed watchhouse opened its grinning portals to receive their constant guest—but fate, less unkind than when she was the barber's friend, doomed me not to spend the night in durance vile. A chosen few of brave and feeling hearts, beat down the loathed

asylum, and gave me liberty; which generous disinterested friendship I now return with black ingratitude—for, “list, list, oh! list”—the very man who first assailed my prison-gate, I now prepare to falsely swear against. How can I better recompense his noble nature, the risk he ran of fine, imprisonment, or transportation, than to risk my soul, on his account!

Doctor. There is no other way—and I too will swear—Ye gods, how will I swear!—But hast thou not another monkey-trick on file, which I would like to hear?

T. T. Yes, dear doctor! but I'm quite faint, and something smells of powder, which frights me much. But let me take a double glass of our reverend Noates' boiled down brandy, and tell all the rest. *(He fills a half pint mug of brandy, and quaffs it all, to the thirsty doctor's sad dismay.)*

Doctor. O! thou diminutive toping cur! not one drop hast thou left to quench my parched mercurial lips. But true, thou hast all the preaching here to do: our reverend friend is on his couch asleep, and, would to captain Rock, that I were with him! Go on, and, and tell the glory of Champlain.

T. T. Well, if, if, like my friend Othello, I must be the herald of my own exploits, here's at thee!—eh! eh! ha! *(reels, and falls upon the reverend's bunk,)* ha! doctor! thou art surely drunk. Good night,—nay do not dance so round and round—what bacchanalian dreams will riot through thy brains, but do not fancy them my story of Champlain—which thou shalt hear when thou art sober—good night! *(scene closes.)*

NOTICE TO SURGEONS AND ANATOMISTS.
The body of Charles Joshua N. Shaw, which was found hanging at the lower end of McGill-Street, on

the 16th instant, is offered for sale, well cured for dissection. Any person wishing to purchase the same may find it by applying to Captain Rock, at his War office, in the field of Mars, No. 1. at the sign of Justice balancing her scales.

The above named malefactor was hung in *effigy*, (more's the pity) amidst a great concourse of spectators. He left the place of his confinement at about three quarters after eleven o'clock A. M., accompanied by a numerous escort, for fear of being rescued by the "well disposed." He appeared much dejected, but his countenance betrayed few symptoms of contrition, being said to have become quite hardened in his guilt. The cap was drawn over his eyes precisely at twelve o'clock, and he swung off without a struggle, amidst the shouts of the collected people. It is said that some of his accessaries in the bloody deed for which he suffered were present, and could not refrain from tears, whilst, however, they consoled themselves with the reflection, that the great, and the wise, the noble, the discreet, the magnanimous, the just men, the just-asses, of this city have resolved to let

"Their crimes be steep'd in dark oblivion's lake."

The name and crime of the malefactor were exhibited in large letters, and the following lines placed upon his breast, in conspicuous characters.

"Oh ! captain Rock, pray cut me down,
And I will give you half a crown——
Pray, sir, can you be such a ninny,
When old Black Ben wo'n't take a guinea :
Stay where you are, you bloody villain ;
A man devoid of shame or feeling :
Justice awaits you, be prepared
To meet a murderer's just reward."

Those whose business it was to have taken down the corpse, neglected their duty, and the sad spectacle was suffered to remain many hours. At last it was cut down by one of his accomplices, said to be in a state of inebriation.

N. B. Sunday last dying speeches and confessions of the aforesaid malefactor, having been hawked about, this is to certify that they are all impositions, as he did not utter a single word, but maintained a most obstinate silence all the time.

CAPTAIN ROCK.

(Further particulars another time.)

CAROLINE SUMNER,

(continued from last number.)

Nothing could be performed with greater punctuality than the benevolent commands of this hospitable pair. The fair wanderer found herself treated with as much tenderness as she could have been, had she been known for what she really was.

But the hospitality of these worthy persons did not stop here; They would not suffer her to think of prosecuting her journey in the manner she had hitherto done. They informed her that a waggon always passed that way, which went to the place to which she was going, and that she should be put into it, with her children, and money given to her to defray the expense. This was joyful news indeed to Caroline; not only as it would relieve her from that incessant and nearly insupportable fatigue, which had worn her delicate frame almost to perfect weakness; but also that, by that means, she would arrive at the place of her destination, much sooner than she could hope to do, by travelling on foot: Now all her prayers to heaven were, that she might find Lothario there on her arrival. "Should he happen to have left his seat, and have gone to London, whilst I have been pursuing him with weary steps," said she to herself, "it would be the extreme malice of my fate, and all I have so long suffered would be but the beginning of my sorrows."

But these desponding thoughts only just flashed over her mind and were gone. She would give way to nothing that might render her unworthy of the care of providence, by mistrusting it: and, resolute to be always thankful for the good, and to endure with patience all the evils it might inflict, she brought her mind (which

had been not a little unhinged and affected by the misery she had the day before escaped from, and the unexpected merciful aid and relief she had met with,) again into that state of composure, which had given her fortitude to commence, and perseverance to abide by, the resolution she had formed.

It was on the third day after she had reached this asylum, that the waggon was expected to come by; but little did she think she was much nearer to the accomplishment of her wishes than her most sanguine hopes could have flattered her with. Mysterious and wonderful as are the ways of heaven, wonder must give way to admiration and gratitude when we perceive by what unhopèd-for, unexpected, means the greatest events are brought about, whether in the imperial chambers of Cæsar, or in the humble walk of the beggar.

She had risen early in the morning, to give as little trouble as possible to the servants, while they were preparing her breakfast, and furnishing a small basket with some cold provisions, and necessaries, which the lady of the house meant she should take with her; and as she was sitting with one infant on her lap, and the other lying on a little stool near her, a footman came hastily into the kitchen, and called to the butler, saying, "John, here's your brother at the gate." The man ran out hastily, and returned along with a person, whose face Caroline thought she was acquainted with. On viewing him more attentively, and hearing his voice, she recollected him to be no other than the one who had assisted at her marriage, and had been passed upon her as a country-gentleman.

She blushed a deep scarlet, as first a thousand various thoughts assailed her:—to see before her

eyes a person, who so well knew the truth of her engagements with Lothario; and at the same time, to see him in a character so widely different from what she could have expected, raised the most confused emotions in her mind—her spirits were unable to sustain them—her colour fled, was succeeded by a deadly pale, and she fainted away.

The servants running to her assistance, made the stranger turn his eyes that way. At first her emaciated form, her faded and sunburnt countenance, deceived him—he half thought he knew her, but was turning away, when the full blue eye of one of the infants caught his attention. Lothario's features, and Lothario's smile, struck him at once; and, turning to his mother, what was his surprise, his satisfaction, his joy, when he then plainly discovered in the face of this poor wanderer, her, whom he had been searching for so long in vain! All the time they were bringing her to herself, and for some moments after her recovery, he was able to utter nothing but exclamations of transport: and Caroline herself was the first to regain presence of mind sufficient to enquire about Lothario; which yet she did in the most guarded manner; being still determined to keep the secret of him, whom she had sworn to love, honour, and obey, until he should himself release her from her promise.—But not so the rejoiced dependant of a repenting master. He knew there was now no occasion for concealment, and gave her a brief detail, only slightly glancing at the accidents that had occurred to Lothario, of the anxiety he was in to see her, and the impatience which the good old lady his mother herself expressed to embrace her and her two grand-children: of the fruitless enquiries he had made for her all over

London; and how he was returning with a heart oppressed with grief and disappointment, when he had been so fortunate as to come a few miles out of his road for the purpose of seeing his brother, and by that means had met with her, his honourable mistress and lady, for he now acknowledged himself to her to be only Lothario's servant.

Although Caroline did not comprehend the whole of the affair; yet she gathered enough, from what he said, to know that heaven had, whilst she had been suffering hardships almost indescribable, been working great things in her favour.

The discovery of her quality and rank, was plain enough to all the servants who heard it: and one of the maids, who had taken a peculiar fancy both to the travelling fair-one, and her young charge, was so delighted with it, that she could not forbear running in to her lady, and acquainted her with the scene that had just taken place in the kitchen. The lady was astonished at so extraordinary an event, and, impatient to be confirmed, sent to beg Caroline would come to her, along with Lothario's servant, with whose master, and his station in life, they were well acquainted.

After having fully gratified her curiosity, and understanding the dangerous situation of Lothario's health, both the lady and her husband, who had just come in from a morning's excursion round his grounds, and was made, in a few words, to comprehend the whole affair, considered that no time was to be lost, and they informed Caroline that they should now insist upon her taking their own carriage, with four good horses, which, as the roads were good, they thought could carry her home that night.

(To be continued.)

Chambly. 19th July.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Having come to this country principally through curiosity, and a desire to travel, I needed no other inducement to visit the romantic little village whence I now write you. The evening of my arrival, when the influence of an ardent sun had become moderated, I sauntered forth to enjoy the delightful scenery of the bason, with its verdant islets, the towering mountains in the backgrouud, the old fort, the stragglng village, and distant spires, which present beautiful landscapes, from almost any point of view.— Before I had proceeded many yards, a person walking before me in such a manner as to appear as if counting his steps, attracted my attention. He was dressed with all the foppishness I had observed among the aspiring class of shopboys in Montreal, only that, instead of a *Leghorn*, he wore a straw hat of this country-manufacture,* turned up in the form of a three-cocked hat, and ornamented with a profusion of ribbands. Believing him to be some such fop, who had come from town, “to shine his little day,” and astonish the natives by a display of his finery, I passed him, which his portly step rendered very easy, without appearing to take any notice of him, much to his mortification, as was evinced by a toss of his head, held in a posture, not easily described, by an enormous stiffener in his cravat. I had advanced to the upper part of the village, where the two roads running through it unite, and form the highway to St. Johns, and where a very fine view of the river is to be had, and approached an old, but, in despite of his dress a very respect-

* Which, my correspondent says, are brought to almost as great perfection in this part of the country, as in England.

able looking man, who was sitting on the bank of the river, of whom I made some enquiries respecting the scene before me, when the three-cocked straw hat, with a man under it, appeared in sight. I observed a flush of indignation darkening the features of the old man, but as if recollecting himself, he made an effort to subdue his feelings, and, as the first mentioned person passed us, he saluted him in a very humble and respectful manner, but which was answered merely by a look of haughtiness by the other. By enquiring, I learned from my companion that the original was no other than the *very reverend* Mr. Nick Rap. His father, an itinerant methodist preacher, had once visited, literally on speculation, the north of Paddy's land, where the narrator then lived in comparative opulence, but the people took an aversion to him from his being able to recite but three sermons, and that in an indifferent manner, so that he was reduced to great distress, and my informant kept him in his house for some time, and at length provided him with means to get back to his own country.—Some time after this, the old man, from the calamities which befel the unfortunate land of his birth, was forced to seek a living in some happier country; and, after his arrival in Canada, heard that the son of his former guest was a member of the established church, and living in a species of ecclesiastical grandeur at this place. This he could scarcely at first believe, the father having informed him that he was about to give his son the choice of either of the professions he himself had followed through life; namely; a cobbler, or an itinerant preacher. He however, wrote to him, stating the circumstances I have detailed, and received an answer from the reverend gentleman, desiring he would come up from Berthier.

where he then was, and that he would settle him comfortably. This he did, and Mr. Rap gave him a room, in an unoccupied house, for which he could then get no tenant ; but this spring, an offer being made to hire the house, he was turned out, his reverence saying, he would have nothing more to do with him or his wife, as he had heard they were about to become converts to the Roman religion, and that no Catholic should ever live in a house of his : But, added the old man, that is not the real reason, as they who now occupy the house are papists, and I think the reverend gentleman would never have invited me up, but that he thought I knew more of his family than I did, so that, when he found I knew no more than what I have related to you, (the major part of which he was aware was already known,) he was determined to cut us ; as he imagined, that from my old age, and inability, a longer acquaintance might be attended with expense. He therefore seized the opportunity of our having accepted of some services, (although he would not do us any himself,) from a few of our Catholic neighbours, to desert us ; and we now live upon the charity and benevolence of those persons, whom he would have us hate, because they despise him.—In spite of his endeavours to conceal it, I saw the tears tremble in the old man's eyes, as the recollections of past and better days, and the stings of ingratitude, passed across his memory ; and not wishing to appear further intrusive, I took my leave, fully convinced with Savage that

“All priests are not the same, be understood,
Priests are like other folks, some bad, some good.”

Your's &c.

A TRAVELLER.

CENTO, *from* ENGLISH POETS;
addressed to ALTHEA.

"What, tho' my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few, and far between;" — CAMPBELL.

—"Be fair, or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine;
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been and I have had my hour." DRYDEN.
"T is thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night;
O night! more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms.

Then round your neck in wanton wreathes I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender vows, I hear and speak,
A thousand melting kisses, give and take:

"For never woman charm'd like thee,
And never man yet loved like me."

POPE.
NUGENT.

"When in the chronicles of wasted time,
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and loving knights;
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd,
E'en such a beauty as you master now." SHAKESPEARE.

"Let others wear perfumes for thee unmeet,
If there were none, thou couldst make all things sweet;
Thou comfort'st every sense, with sweet repast,
To hear, to see, to feel, to smell, to taste." DRAYTON.

"Where stretch'd at ease her tender limbs were laid,
Her nameless beauties nakedly display'd," DRYDEN.

"Mutely each quiet sigh I number'd,
That stole, unconscious, while she slumber'd
Within my fond encircling arms;
And wish'd, but fear'd her dream to break,
Till, all entranced, I saw her wake,

And smile, and give me all her charms." BLAND.

"She look'd, and laugh'd, and blush'd with quick surprise,
Her lips all love, all extacy her eyes;" MERRY.

"And o'er her face the mantling colour flew,
And dyed her lovely cheeks to crimson hue."

HOOLE.

'Was Helen half so fair, so form'd for joy,

[DOWNE.

Well chose the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy."

LANG.

"For this thou seest, for this I leave,
 Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,
 Ambition, business, friendship, news,
 My useful books, and serious muse.
 For this I willingly decline,

The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine."

PRIOR.

"If all those glittering monarchs that command,
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
 I would not change my fortune for them all:

Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
 The world's but their's, but my beloved's mine." QUARLES.

"Without thy presence, Earth gives no refection,
 Without thy presence, Sea affords no treasure,
 Without thy presence, Air's a rank infection,
 Without thy presence, Heaven itself's no pleasure,
 If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd, in thee,

What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heaven to me.
 In having all things, and not thee, what have I?

Not having thee, what have my labours got?

Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?

And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be.

Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of thee."

QUARLES.

"A letter, heavens! 't is from that hand adored,
 'Tis from the sovereign of this captived breast:

What soothing magic hangs on every word,

How sweetly is her tenderness express'd."

TREFUSIS.

"Reflection tells that absence must improve,
 The dear delight of meeting those we love."

HOOLE.

"Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
 From your glad eyes, a kindly welcome find;

And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
 Absence itself awhile suspends its grief:

So may it do with you, but strait return;

For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn,

His fate who, this long time you keep away,

Dreams all the night, and sighs out all the day:

Burning yet more, when he reflects that you

Must not be happy, or must not be true.

May you alike with kind impatience burn,

And something miss till you with joy return."

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

"Then we'll renew the jocund nights we've past,

Thinking whole years have run their course too fast,
And that thy peerless charms have but few more to last."

PALMERSTON.

"With you, no matter where, while we're together,
I scorn no spot of earth, and curse no weather." ARMSTRONG.

"A kiss shall tell thee that it's early dawn,
A kiss shall tell thee that 't is rising day,
A kiss shall mark the progress of the morn,
Bright Sol's meridian beam, and setting ray." TREFUSIS.
S. H. W.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE, No. XXV.

Various parties and fêtes amongst the fashionables of Mount Royal have distinguished the last month. A grand gala at the Loverules; a ditto, at Mr. Bigman's; who, by the bye, it is said has it in contemplation, in conjunction with a neighbour, to gratify the public with a superb display of fireworks, &c. &c. but amongst others we have been requested particularly to notice a splendid entertainment that took place not far from the New Market, and nearly opposite a colonel of the Indian department. "I understand," says Simon Observer, from whom we derive our information, "the party mustered to the number of about twenty, amongst whom were some of our firstrate Scotchmen. The portly lady of the mansion did the honours of the table with inimitable grace, and considered it as peculiarly set off by the presence of her loving husband's partner, who, report says, is a great favourite of hers.—The spacious board was covered with dishes of various kinds. At the head appeared the venerable bones of a turkey hen, supposed to be the mother of many generations, to which the tough and compact nature of her joints and sinews bore testimony. Opposite to this, smoked a noble sirloin of—*mutton*; and, interspersed in variegated shapes, dished up with exquisite culinary

art, ragooed and fricasseed, appeared the delicious remnants of a quarter of veal, that had delighted the palates of the family some previous days, but would not, perhaps, have equally pleased their sense of smelling on the morrow, had not this grand dinner intervened to take them off. After having gone to the expense of this superb party, Mrs. Portly means in future to conduct her house with more economy and frugality, as her dear love, as she calls her hubby, though engaged in very profitable trade, is so thriftless as to be constantly getting children, which all the world knows are great drawbacks both on the husband's purse, and on the wife's symmetry of shape."

EXPECTED NUPTIALS &c.

The union of Miss Shedmot with the Merry Andrew, formerly announced, is still protracted. Prudential motives are said to be the cause, paint being scarce, and straw hats plenty. The lovers have it in contemplation, however, it is said, after they have written a sufficient number of love-letters to each other to form a 12 mo. vol. to publish them by subscription. As two or three letters are sometimes sent backwards and forwards in a day, this object may soon be attained.

The courtship between Mr. Scaldier, and Miss Hairy, of the establishment of the high priestess of fashion, has been renewed. All difficulties, it is said, were smoothed over during a late trip which the parties took to the village of Goodland.

Mr. Fred. Drewsan, is making his addresses to Miss Squallwell: but, to use his own expression, "his fate is not yet decided;" the pride of the Squallwells being rather a bar to his success.

Mr. Alick Busyboy, to Miss Lowland.

Mr. Idem, to Miss Knight.

Miss Shackle, is to have her hymeneal fetters from young McJack, at Hardtimber's hardware store.

Mr. Slye, it is said, is the intended of Miss Firelock; but other accounts say she will burn priming, and have another name engraved on the gunstock. In either case, she will go off well.

At Government-city; a purveyor's seven fingered key is filing

down in order to fit the lock of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Fanny Fitzthomas. The upper story of the young lady's house has for some time been besieged by an army of upholsterers, and as soon as they have finished their decorations, the said master-key will become part of the premises.

INTRIGUING CALENDAR, continued from No. 22.

It is no wonder when a certain handsome widow's affections take *root*, that they should spring up into young fruit; but why think it a sin and a shame, and go off to the States? The Charrivari won't hurt you.

Miss A. and Miss B. and Miss C. and Miss D. and so on half through the alphabet, have been caught out, at a certain young ladies' seminary, in carrying on an amorous correspondence with Mr. Z. and Mr. Y. and Mr. X. and Mr. W. and so back to meet them;

"Delightful task——

"To teach the young idea how to *shoot*."

Mr. Edgenorth is very jealous of his prentice boy; and thereby hangs a tail, which will appear when we treat of the disturbances, and fracas that have lately arisen from the suggestions of the green eyed monster. But what, in the name of lemon-juice and crab-apples, has he got to be jealous of?

A certain *vigorous* lawyer in the street of good success, who is in the habit of confessing, and saying a *basse messe* every Sunday morning, for a certain lady in St. Lawrence Street, will do well to be cautious, as her husband, who has for upwards of half a century been a *cardinal*, swears he will excommunicate him as soon as he becomes pope.

Monsieur *Moucheron* is advised by a particular friend to abstain from visiting a certain pimple faced amorous *mar-chande publique*, residing not far from the watchhouse.

A certain married gentleman from La Chine, when he takes a lady to a restaurateur's another time, should stop up the keyhole, before paying his adorations upon the sofa, as peeping Tom swears, by the heavens above, that the lady's garters were blue.

A counterpart of one of Boccacio's merry tales is said to have lately occurred in this city. A young couple being recently married took up their abode with a pair, who, tho'

farther advanced in life, were neither of them past those years, when

“ Warm desire still stirs the amorous blood.”

The young man's business required his very early attendance at a store in town; whilst the elder husband taking great pleasure in gardening, equally rose with the sun. One morning, returning earlier to breakfast than usual, the merchant's clerk, instead of finding his friend digging in his garden, on repairing to his own bedroom, perceived he was busy in cultivating a bed which he thought belonged exclusively to himself; he made up his mind, and stealing away as softly as he could, sought the more tempting couch of the buxom matron in an adjoining room. In a few words he disclosed what he had seen, and proposed a sweet revenge. This was accomplished with little difficulty; and it was agreed, that, in the evening, an eclairsissement should take place. The blushing young bride, and delinquent husband, were taxed with their infidelity; and an avowal of the retribution practiced, silenced all scruples and reproaches. As the parties were too wise to make a noise about it, their names shall be concealed; for they now make an excellent *partie quarrée*, each wife having two husbands, and each husband two wives.

Young gentlemen are cautioned how they look in at a confectioner's window in the New Market, for fear they should meet with a worse reception than they did before Nelson's Pillar, to wit.

A gentleman recently entered into house keeping would be glad to know at what hour it would suit Mr. Jack Allspice, and Mr. Dan Piscator, to spare the iron pot which they lend one another to cook the dinners for their families; as those gentlemen dine respectively, he believes, at two and three o'clock, he will fix his hour either at one or at four, as may best suit their convenience.

Deacon Elisha, who lives under the patronage of general Brock, it is to be hoped will, for the future, be more guarded in his remarks upon the blue book; nor call it a blackguard and scandalous production, and condemn those who peruse it, one minute, and send to borrow it the next, because the revd. Mr. Noates figures in its pages. Query: how many osh-

*ers do the same?** It is further hoped that, in warm weather, when his stomach may be out of order, he will select a more fit place than under a neighbour's window, to relieve its unpleasant heavings.

JACK ON THE GREEN.

It is reported that Johnny McDunce has behaved himself in an exemplary manner, at the circuit court; not having charged more than two and sixpence in all, for the whole of the causes he has been engaged in, either for plaintiff or defendant.

CAUTION AGAINST SPITTING. *Young ladies in Craig Street, who are in the habit of promenading on their galleries in the evening should be cautious how they spit, when gentlemen are passing. Spitting at all seems to be rather unbecoming in ladies, but if they must spit, let me advise them to get a handsome japanned spitting box, or quispedoor as the Dutch call it.*

AN ADMIRER OF THE FAIR SEX.

We have received, for insertion, the following advertisements from Government-City.

FOUND, in the ruelle du lit de Mlle. Dralla, a Manuscript, apparently intended for publication; containing principles for the conduct of a public man, by a Baker; arranged under the following heads.

1st. That, as *Member of parliament*, it behoves him to propose and concur in the wisest and best laws against all houses of ill-fame, and of public debauchery, at the same time to be in the habit of spending his nights in the one, and encouraging the other.

2d. That as *Magistrate*, it becomes him to be loud and indignant in declaring against all who lead dissolute lives, but still to follow those evil ways himself, nor to suffer any one to have the insolence to reproach him with it.

3d. That, as *Notary*, it is not inconsistent with his duty to take advantage of his knowledge of private documents and circumstances, to benefit himself.

* Hundreds do so, Jack!

4th. That, as *Commissioner for soundings*, it is his duty to encourage and assist in the manufacture of those objects of public charity.

5th. That, as *Churchwarden*, he is allowed to assist with propriety at all the ceremonies of the Christian church, notwithstanding his nocturnal devotions to Venus and Bacchus.

6th. That, as *Justice of the peace*, he is entitled to attack gentlemen in the street, and give them a caning, making no other apology than that he mistook them for others, who had advised him against frequenting the company of bad women.

As the suppression of this work would be a public loss, the owner may have his manuscript again, by applying to Mr. Duretête, one of the society of free and accepted brother-starlings, at Mlle. Dralla's; Fauxbourg St. Jean.

NOTICE TO THE APEISH TRIBE. The Misses Odds, alias Sprawlers, respectfully make known to the Dandy and Exquisite tribe, (male and female,) that they intend to open an academy for teaching the graces and acquirements of the *bon ton*. The instructresses trust they will be found worthy of the patronage of the fraternity in teaching the following arts, viz. The military attitude; the Waterloo swagger; the Dandy waggle of the tail; the Exquisite grin, (to shew the ivory;) the look of self-importance; the sneer of arrogance; with a variety of other accomplishments from those of the *humble taylor's daughter*, to those of the *great retail-dealer in millinery*. Persons of the apeish tribe, who are desirous of taking a few lessons, may see a specimen of their abilities, as they parade to the Scotch Kirk on Sundays. N. B. Male and female corsets made to order for the dandy-tribe only.

WHEREAS Snuffy Barnaby, belonging to a hammer-concern, has sometimes been mistaken by the public for a bear, sometimes for a puppy, and sometimes for a monkey; this is to give notice that, notwithstanding his appearance, and ostentatious consequence, he actually belongs to the human species, having formerly been a culler, and having even attended the dancing-school the whole of the last winter. If the public will condescend to allow him to belong to the same species with themselves, it is his intention to leave off grog-drinking and snuff taking; and he will promise not to introduce himself again to persons whom he never saw before, when he finds his acquaintances are shy of doing it for him. N. B. He means also not to neglect tying his garters the

next time he goes to Mr. Harris's ball, so as to avoid figuring down a country dance with his hose over his shoes, exposing his enormous ankles to the admiring company.

From the Bullfrog Island Calendar. The dashing Mr. Peter Contract who, as we formerly predicted would be the case, has been united with Miss Stitch-em since good friday last, rather doubts the propriety of the saying, "the better day, the better deed," and wishes he had found a good woman,* as well as a good day; instead of which, he begins to find that his "belle has a clapper."

Now to Mount-Royal let us all return,
Where you much merry news have yet to learn,
Of sundry matrimonial fracas,
Militia-musterings, & cetera:
For which, if space and time, can't be found here,
In number twenty five, they will appear.

CONNUBIAL QUARRELS, and FRACAS IN CONSEQUENCE.

Mrs. Quarterbushel, has lately found out that her juvenile spouse, a youth between 65 and 70, has, for some years, been indulging himself in the arms of beauty, for a few hours each day that he pretended he was attending auctions; while she, worthy soul, was industriously lining his pockets at home, from the profits of grog, beer, cyder, &c. and has moreover discovered that his frail damsel has four fine children, which the aforesaid youth looks upon as of his own begetting. The mode in which she discovered his incontinency was by letters being frequently brought for old Cornelius, which were to be delivered to no one but himself, which, rousing her suspicions, she bounced, like a tygress, upon the poor Canadian porter, laid him instantly prostrate, and seized the billetdoux with which he had been entrusted. A divorce is talked of; and, it is said, the offended fair proposed to meet the usurper of her rights in single mortal combat, which the latter prudently declined, as Mrs. Q. (descended from a military ancestor,) it is said, has even given proofs of her prowess in the fortress of Gibraltar, and thinks no more of taking a

* A common sign in England is the figure of a woman without a head, which is called *the good woman*. Brady, in his *Clavis Calendaria*, says that this sign was originally meant for some female saint, a *bely*, or a *good woman*, who had met death by decapitation, in the times of the martyrs; but that it has been perverted into a sarcasm upon the female sex, on account of their alleged loquacity, and the sign is now very commonly called *the silent woman*.

Canadian by the collar, giving him a kick in the posterior, and sending him headlong out of doors, than she does of taking her half pint of bitters of a morning.

Mrs. Edgenorth, whose amazonian feats, arising from jealousy, we have heretofore recorded, upon having similar reproaches retorted upon her by her *cara sposo*, fell upon his neck, not with a flood of tears, but with griping fists; then, sallying forth, she fetched a guard herself from the watch-house, and had him placed in personal arrest for three hours. Alas poor devil!

Not long ago Mr. Dolt, (who, by the bye, is very far from being one, tho' the people call him *mad Dolt*;) paid a friendly visit to lawyer Terrossi; saluted him with various polite epithets, but forgot to call him a gentleman; told him that two years ago the coat he wore was not so new as his present one; nor did he get a new one till he got his (Dolt's) money, and seduced his young wife; and, to conclude, broke the fanlight over his door all to pieces.

WANTED; a handsome servant girl or two, to walk with the mistress of evenings before a confectioner's shop, in order to attract customers.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURE. Miss Calcche from Government-City, *unmarried!* A lady in a broad morocco-belt, from the States; a genuine specimen of the Yankee dandizette. N. B. It is said to be the same belt which was lately advertised to have been found, and was called a *bellyband*, thought to belong to a lady or a inare, they could not tell which.

The Dutchess of Kent, for Government-City, with the best wishes of all who know her. Mr. Dolt, for Saratoga springs, or somewhere else; his departure will save many of his friends the trouble of being bail for him upon warrants of assault. Some time ago, Lieut. Spoggy, for England; the disconsolate widow Oggy has ever since been seriously indisposed.

Mrs. Yorick ought to consider that anger and hatred are great enemies to female beauty, and if she indulges too much in them, on account of the cautionary paragraph which happened to appear in our paper, even her handsome features may be affected by them.

Besides it looks as if she was vexed because King Lewis has now betaken himself to the shrine of her next door neighbour. Rubbing down a horse, and washing a gig, are indeed good employments to drive away vexation; and tho' some people think them strange for a fair lady; yet, so great admirers are we of the charms of the sex, that we think a pretty woman can give a grace even to these.

On a late occasion, the spirit of the book (which is, by the bye, a female sprite,) having appeared to a learned doctor—he exclaimed

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
You’ve got me in the book, but I’ll be damn’d,
E’re I will pay another farthing, should
I be put in again.

Spirit. Nay, Sir, ’t is Doctor L. he too has dogs.

Doctor. Dog me no dogs, he guesses not, I guess.

Spirit. Well, if you will put on the cap, pray wear it—

A voice from behind the curtain.

’T is only harmless pleasantry, so bear it—

’T avoid a harder hit, say after me —

Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te.

FOUND, by Mr. Sheriff Brute, as he was stepping into bed, between the bedclothes, two twin-children of an unknown father; when examined by the light of a lanthorn, they proved to be the two first cantos of an heroi-comic poem, called the War of the Charrivarri. A reward will be given, of three cast-off wigs, to whoever will take them away as they are a great annoyance to the family. N. B. various bedrooms, counting-houses, parlours, &c. in town having been furnished with similar intruders, and others expected, a proclamation has been issued for the discovery of the fathers, godfathers, and nurses these incorrigible brats.

A number of partnership concerns have lately been established in Mount Royal, for taking the Scribbler in common. Disputes, however, appear likely to arise as to who shall have the first reading; and it has not been properly provided for

in the articles, who is to pay for binding, and to keep the books when they come to be volumes. Mr. A. and Mr. B. Mr. C. and Mr. D. Mr. E. and Mr. F. Mr. G. and Mr. H. are among these very economical gentlemen. On account of the hardness of the times partnerships in wives begin to be talked of: one is almost as bad as the other.

*Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP, at the sign
of the Tea-table.*

ANECDOTE OF A SYSTEM-MAKER.

In order to establish the insanity of Dr. Elliot, (who in 1797, fired a pistol at Miss Boydell, but the pistol not being loaded, he was acquitted, but detained for the assault, in consequence of which he starved himself to death in prison,) a letter was produced written by Dr. Elliot, intended to be presented to the Royal Society, in which he asserted, "that the sun was not a body of fire, but that its light proceeds from a dense and universal aurora, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants of its surface beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft, as not to annoy them. No objection," says he, "ariseth to that great luminary's being inhabited. There may be water and dry land, hills and dales, rain and fine weather; and as the light, so the season, must be eternal, consequently it may easily be conceived to be far the most blissful habitation of the whole system." To this the Recorder objected that, if an extravagant hypothesis were to be adduced as a proof of insanity, the same proof would condemn Burnet, Buffon, and other theorists; on which ground the plea was not allowed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

UPPER CANADA.

Mr. Charles Fothergill, of York, the editor of the Weekly Register, has published a prospectus of a
CANADIAN ANNUAL REGISTER,
or, a view of the history, politics, literature, and growth of the Canadas.

PLAN.

- SECT. I. *Ancient history and annals of the country, from its discovery, to these times.*
- II. *General politics, and present situation of the British provinces of North America.*
- III. *Chronicle of every domestic incident of interest to the public.*
- IV. *Appendix to the chronicle, containing marriages, births,*

deaths, promotions, removals, &c. prices current, shipping lists, statistical and commercial statements, &c.

V. *Parliamentary Register* of the proceedings of the parliaments of both provinces, with the titles of the acts passed during each session.

VI. *State papers*; proclamations, orders of council, memorials, manifestoes, correspondencies, &c.

VII. *Biographical notices* of extraordinary characters connected with Canada.

VIII. *Natural history*, containing all new discoveries, and extracts from new and valuable books of travels.

IX. *Agriculture*; to contain notices and details of every foreign practice and discovery that may be of utility here.

X. *Useful projects*; new inventions, implements, experiments, patents, &c.

XI. *Antiquities*; will contain such details and discoveries as tend to throw light on the ancient history of the country.

XII. *Miscellaneous essays*, or such original productions contained in the more ephemeral publications of the day, week, or month, as may be worth preserving.

XIII. *Poetry*, to be confined as much as possible to original pieces.

XIV. *Account of books*, including new publications having reference to the country.

Should any important changes occur in Europe at all likely to affect this country, they will be also noticed under a suitable head.

As it is presumed that the work, even if conducted with no more than moderate skill and industry, will gradually become a standard book in this quarter of the world, it is hoped this sketch of the design, will be sufficient to obtain that patronage which is so necessary to the support of such an undertaking. If this work is encouraged, it will gradually become of vast importance to public men in every profession, as a book of reference, and, in process of time will, in itself, contain an immense body of Canadian history, such as no other book or books could afford. Had such a work been commenced in England soon after the gloom of the middle ages had begun to disperse, instead of in 1758, (the year when Dodsley's Annual Register, first began,) its value would have been now beyond all price.

It being necessary to insure the sale of at least 300 copies before the work is put to press, the prospectus has been early published, in order to ascertain the degree of patronage it is likely to obtain. The price to subscribers will be D.3 1-2 per annum—to non-subscribers D.4—printed on fine English

paper, and handsomely done up in boards and lettered. No payment will be desired until the work is delivered, but an early intimation of the names and addresses of subscribers is earnestly requested, either at the U.C. Gazette office in York, or at any of the various agents for the Weekly Register.

AT QUEBEC

Case of GEORGE ARNOLD, Plaintiff, vs JOHN BOYLE and others, defendants, argued and determined in the court of King's Bench, April 1822.

Report of a trial, L. T. MACPHERSON, Esq. vs GEORGE ARNOLD, in an action of Slander, in the court of King's Bench, April 1822.

The Editor has to present his acknowledgements to the numerous subscribers, who have cheerfully paid the advance required upon the present volume. It is by that only that he can be enabled to continue the work, at the very moderate price, for which he now furnishes it. He takes the liberty of reminding defaulters that, according to custom, a BLACK LIST will be published, (immediately on the return to headquarters of the Secretary and Treasurer,) of those, both at Montreal and Quebec, to whom she has unsuccessfully applied for their arrears.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Tho' I am anxious to gratify my valuable correspondent under the signature of TALLTALL, I must decline to insert his last communication in its present shape: something, however, may be gleaned from it for the Domestic Intelligencer. The learned epistle of ΜΙΝΟΡΟΒΕΡΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΙΣΗΡΕΡΕΡΕΡΑΝΟΣ, will appear, altho' it would have been desirable had he sent a key to the whole. The substance of a PLAIN DEALING MAN'S letter, in next number. ALONZO, and CANADIAN BARD, are on the poetry-style, for first opportunity. THISTLE & Co. will please to observe I can not make the Scribbler a vehicle of any personal threats.

L. L. M.

[PRINTED AT BURLINGTON, VT.]