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THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. II.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 29th AUGUST, 1822. [No. 61

Addunt et affingunt rumoribus Galli. JULIUS CÆSAR.

And like a rolling snow-ball, multiply reports.

————— *E Belzebub in mezzo*
Co' mantice, col foco, e con gli specchi. PETRARCH.

There snug amongst them Belzebub behold,
Esteem'd a saint since he abounds in gold.

O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis numina.
JUVENAL.

O happy land, O glorious state of things,
Where dung-hills bring forth deities and kings.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XII.

We hear it is in contemplation to establish an academy in this place for the instruction of young editors of newspapers, and the edification of those who aspire to the honour of being admitted as privileged correspondents. The rival candidates for the professor's chair for *Editorial Tuition* are, it is said, the well known Tommy Changeling, and that aspiring character, sometimes known by the appellation of Uncle Toby, but more appropriately Empty Tub, Esquire. The latter has, however some scruples of conscience whether he may with propriety take upon himself more than one office of emolument, whilst he is receiving pay from His Majesty George IV. On the other hand whatever scruples Tommy might have once had, conscience has been pretty well seared when he was a blacksmith, for that has been one of the many pursuits of this Jack of all trades.—

Tommy grounds his pretensions chiefly upon the art he has acquired of busying himself with doing nothing in the printing-office, and the lesson he is enabled to bestow upon sub-editors as to the true method of pleasing no party by endeavouring to please all; together with the dexterity with which he can blot out pages of manuscript, and the very appropriate manner in which he supplies their place with the inimitable productions of his own brain and pen. He means to back his claims by a reference to his system of excluding all communications from correspondents, which *he* can not understand (of course much the greater number,) and his determination that should learning ever attempt to display herself in the columns of his paper, to *wall her* in Mr. Empty Tub, however, will prove a formidable rival, especially when his talent for prosing is considered, and likewise his laudable efforts for the diffusion of knowledge by reading (of course under a confidence that does not extend above half through the town) to his colleagues in the pork, beef, and biscuit-office, his correspondents' letters as soon as received; by which means the authors of those which are not admitted to the honours of insertion, are sure, at all events, of some degree of publicity.

MR. GOSSIP,

You lately gave an account of a battle-royal, which induces me to ask whether you want to be introduced to the *Old Boy*; (provided you are not already acquainted with him;) if you do you can see him in the back seat of Mr. Jarrett's new whirligig. I am told the new coachee got him into his present birth, but if I may be allowed to give an opinion, he holds his situation, as of right, from Jarrett himself; and well he deserves it, for with one shake of his cloven foot,

he could let the cat out of the bag, and that would be a most disastrous thing, you know, as she has been kept from mewling and scratching a good while, although I am told she scratches his ears most unmercifully in private; and ears you know are ticklish things in such cases; but time may tell; had it been a poor man, time would have told ere now. In this country, a few yellow boys, and a good dinner and good wine, now and then, go a great way in the way of hush-money.

TRISTRAM.

We would have inserted Ambulator's caution, but request him to consider that courtship is what must and ought to take place between young people; and if there is nothing otherwise improper in the condition or conduct of the parties, it is immaterial whether it takes place behind the Court-house wall, on the Champ de Mars, by the river-side, or in a retired garden.

Ladies who hollow to each other across the street, should not do so on Sundays, when the people are returning from church, especially towards the broad part of St. Paul-Street, where there are so many echoes.

Dogs are cautioned against being frightened at young ladies dancing on planks laid across creeks, as the ladies might be scared in their turn, and in running off display more of the leg than they would like to expose to every puppy.

EXPECTED NUPTIALS. Sir Frederick Brute, it is said, has, wonderful to relate, at length conquered his antipathy to the fair sex, and yields his reluctant hand to the fair Miss Weaver. He has been overheard repeating with Benedict,

"I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud—Happy are they that can hear their detractions and put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous;—'t is so, I can not reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit,——When I said, I would die a bachelors I did not think I should live till I were married".

The Miss Armytinkers it it is also said are intent upon changing their condition; at least, anticipating no remarkably good sale for early vegetables, they are about letting out their garden.

Lawyer Boreas of zephyr-voiced celebrity, pays his addresses to the accomplished Miss Swell. As the conjunction is to be about the equinox, it is probable it will produce a series of gales. The bridegroom it is said intends to employ an extra barber on the occasion.

Rumour states that the knight of the Telescope, being now wholly cut out in his plans upon the widow of Sir Blazon, is to be united to the remaining Miss Rumbledale. It is only since the amputation of the knight's wisdom-carbuncle that the young lady has been persuaded to consent.

It is confirmed that the Rev. Mr. Moral Police is to receive the fair hand of the second Miss Hogflesh. N. B. This is the second time of asking.

A report is whispered in some circles that Miss Bebee, and Mr. Ogee, are taking the initiatory steps towards entering the temple of Hymen. This is as it should be; if the breeds were not occasionally crossed, the world would be peopled with Patagonians and Esquimaux.

A SPECTATOR from Government-city has written in praise of an exhibition that lately took place there in Tumbledown-Jack-street. A puppet-show was got up at the windows of a house there, where Punch & his wife Joan (personated by a young Mount Royal couple who went down theretopass the honeymoon) acted to the life, various scenes of connubial toying, that occasioned so much applause, and such suffusions of blushes, that even the taylors on the opposite side of the way were forced to shut their windows, not to die with laughing, and in order that their blushes should not be seen.

The following is the bill of costs in the cause reported in our last, Severe vs. Pelt.

Fine	£ 2	s.	d.
Summons,		4	6
Service,		2	9
1 subpœna and 2 copies,		5	
Service ditto,		5	6
Crier's fees		3	

Entering the cause and plea, -	4
Swearing 8 witnesses, & taking their affidavits at 2/6 - - - -	1
Judgement, - - - - -	2 6
Allowed to two witnesses at 5s each	10

£ 4 17 5

Besides 27s paid to the defendant's own lawyer. This is very moderate indeed, as the costs do not even amount to quite twice the amount of the fine.

POET'S CORNER.

Still dear to my heart are New-England's white mountains,
 Their lofty steep summits envelop'd with snow ;
 And dear are those streamlets, and bright limpid fountains,
 That ceaseless and murmur'ing meander below.

And still round this heart former friendship is twining,
 For those friends of my childhood shall ever be dear ;
 And oft in their absence when sad and repining,
 I remember their love with sincerity's tear.

But far away, I've bid adieu to those scenes ;
 In a distant, though lovely and beautiful land,
 I must wait the fair smiles of an unclouded day,
 And the opening of Providence's bountiful hand.

And ye friends of my heart, so kind and sincere ;
 On whose bosoms so oft I have fondly reclined,
 Believe that pure friendship I cultivate here,
 Which a solace affords to my wandering mind. P.

Heu me miserum. TERENCE.

Song to the tune of Derry Down.

A certain great lord in a certain great town,
 For his whores and his habits of equal renown,
 Goddamnhim by title, ratcatcher by trade,
 In drunk and debauch'ry a swaggering blade.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

This lad o' the trap, in profaneness has skill,
 For lying and perjury a hearty good will ;
 Amongst bullies and cravens he holds the first rank,
 And has oft been employ'd as puffer to th' Bank.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

But riches and wine he has got for to bribe ;
 So he makes ladies deaf, and blinds all the tribe ;
 Who give him his tether, whilst each innocent foe
 Must yield to McRavish, McKillaway, and Co.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 M.

SELECTIONS FROM COUNTRY PAPERS.

From an Old Noyeau Recorder. Not twenty miles from a certain island, not much frequented by bull-frogs, at the end of a certain town, something less than twelve months ago was held a great assembly at the tail of a wedding, attended by a motley group of little, great men ; and in consequence of a question having arisen, whether it was or was not proper for the bridegroom to sleep with his bride the first night, and the ruling party not being able to decide, they carried the business before a magistrate, for his decision, who was under the necessity on the occasion of finding great fault with his clerk, who, to extricate himself from the charge called in a rural squire from a neighbouring cottage, who undertook the job in behalf of his son, and contrived to get the whole matter turned over to the miller in order to grind down the parties to their own way of thinking ; and the whole fracas ended by a certain bowman, with a gun from Berry wood, binding the whole affair together, and loading the poor country squire from the cottage in such a manner that he nearly stumbled under the load, in consequence of the clerk, who had promised to assist him, unfortunately falling over a large oak cudgel before reaching their journey's end ; whilst the said cudgel has since been claimed by the celebrated M. D'Argente court of Mount Royal.

From the Shamble Repertory, of 2d August. Whether Dr. Lion generally uses a horsewhip for a cane when he walks out, has not been correctly ascertained, but yesterday he carried one abroad, and unfortunately met with Mr. Mercy-on-us whom he belaboured in such a manner as to leave him striped like a Bengal tiger. This rencontre could not fail to produce a meeting between the parties, when Mr. Mercy-on-us required satisfaction, that is to know the meaning of this strange treatment ; whereupon he was informed that it was for very defamatory language uttered against Mrs. Lion ; this immediately produced a reconciliation, for he declared that had it been for any other cause, he had a written challenge in his pocket ready to have presented to his antagonist.

From the Backbite Mercury. Civil dissensions have risen here to some height, on account of the good people of this place being desirous of having their children better brought

up than they themselves are. Now the government-teacher they hold to be, from manner, disposition, and habit, quite unfit, and although, it is said, he has lost the government-allowance, and another man is ready to take his place, yet it can not be given till a school-house is built, and the people publicly declare they will not give one shilling towards this for the old teacher to continue whilst, (now comes the rub) the revd. parson & the drunken teacher being boon companions, the priest will not allow of any other being recommended, so we remain without a proper school-house, because the parson won't part with his crony.

A Good story. The inquisitiveness of the inhabitants of the Eastern states of America is proverbial, and has been shewn in a very ludicrous light by Dr. Franklin, and by many other writers. The following anecdote illustrates the foible of the Yankees in that respect with no little humour. A traveller passing through those parts, and who had but one hand, was much annoyed by the constant and persevering questions that were asked him as to the mode in which he had lost the other; disgusted and tired with the curiosity of which he was so much an object, he at length thought he had hit upon an expedient to put a stop to it; and at the next place at which he put up, when he was accosted with the usual salutation, "well, sir I see you have lost a hand, pray how did that happen?" "replied, sir, I have been so much plagued by answering questions about my hand, and the inquisitiveness of you Yankees, pardon me, sir, that I had come to a resolution of satisfying nobody any more about it, but as you seem to be a decent person, & not likely to intrude, I will tell you how it was lost it, provided you promise not to ask me another question about it." "O no, sir, certainly I wont, I promise you." "Well then, sir, it was bit off." The other then muttered, "Bit off, sir," and paced up and down the room for some minutes, when, coming to a full stop before the stran-

ger he said, "Sir, I can't ask you any more questions, nor I won't, for I've promised, but I should just like to know damn'd well, what beast did bite it off."

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

I hope my readers will not be alarmed, but I have received communications both from Death, and the Devil. The grim king of terrors has, however, had the consideration to put his in the shape of a humble petition, and I therefore hope will allow himself to be put by till next number, as he must be aware that it is not the custom in Montreal for *humble petitions* to be attended to instanter. But the Devil, what must we do with him? Why I must not affront him: it is always well to have a friend at court, so I will proceed to give you his epistle.

Montreal, 13th August.

DEAR SCRIB,

You will be surprised at the Devil's opening correspondence with you, but many of my own intimates, (that is who in public disclaim having any thing to do with me, but those you know are my best friends) so confidently assert that you are my good friend and ally, that I am determined to give you a short account of my late adventures here. I am you know always "going about seeking whom I can devour," but I do n't nowadays, as I did in Job's time, come like a roaring lion; no I know a trick worth two of that. It is always under a sanctified face, and with a pair of breeches pockets well lined, that you will find me now, a disguise I generally put on, as soon as I have alighted, and stowed away my horns, and large leathern wings. The first place I lit upon was the English church; where to my surprise I perceived the Rev. Mr.

Nick Rap had mounted the rostrum, and was making a sort of apology or exordium to the assembly, saying he now rose to address them, agreeably to invitation, in order to deliver a charity-sermon in aid of the society for promoting christian "nole-age," as he was pleased to pronounce it. He then accordingly proceeded in an harangue which I was heartily glad to perceive was no more adapted to the occasion than the song of yankee-doodle in prose would have been. Mr. Rap prayed very heartily (as if he knew I was there) for the damnation of all heretics, particularly those of his own neighbourhood, who he said were a great hindrance to the propagation of christian "nole-age." I was much edified and pleased, and so was the rev. parson Mortgage, who indulged himself in a comfortable nap, to the annoyance of some delicate ears on his left. Now the best joke of all this was that the reverend gentleman had been applied to on behalf of the society, to contribute his mite towards the increase of their funds; but like Sterne to the monk, he buttoned up his coat, being predetermined not to give them a single sou. He told them that he never contributed to charitable institutions, but that if they would accept of a sermon, in lieu of money, it was at their service. In one part of his discourse, indeed the only part applicable to the occasion, he strongly recommended the giving of alms, for without money, he said, how did they think christianity and its supporters were to be maintained. The congregation, however, who were pretty well up to the thing, followed the parson's example more than his precepts, and contributed very sparingly. Dr. Rantall wisely absented himself on the occasion. As for parson Mortgage, he candidly confessed that he could spare nothing, as his new

Juno

Mrs. Loverule.

Minerva

The widow.

Hecate

The Countess.

The rest of the gods, goddesses, demigods, heroes, etc. by the rest of the company.

Ganymede, Hebe, celestial attendants, infernals, etc. by the *Roscii minores* of the kitchen, and stable.

Scene draws and discovers

A magnificent saloon decorated in the most superb style, upon which the invention of the most celebrated London upholsterers east of Templebar, appears to have been exhausted; exhibiting an appropriate mixture of Grecian elegance, Egyptian clumsiness, and Oriental frivolity. A sideboard of the newest fashioned plate from Leadenhall-Street; curtains and trimmings from the most fashionable warehouses in Cheapside; and every thing else to match. A table set out according to an original chart of a Lord Mayor's feast, procured by particular favour from Sir William Curtis.

Enter a groupe of attendants, celestial and infernal, bringing in covered dishes, containing every delicacy in and out of season. They dance round the table to the tune of "à la mode beef," singing the following chorus.

Come bustle, my lads, bustle, bustle and hurry,
 Jove gives to his friends a grand dinner to-day;
 The guests are coming in, all hurry scurry,
 But we'll have a taste when we take away,
 Of the à la mode beef.

They dance off. The band strikes up a grand overture and enter the Gods and Goddesses, two and two. After the usual celestial ceremonials, they seat themselves, and prepare to fall foul of the ambrosia and nectar before them, when a loud knocking is heard at the door of Olympus; and enter Cacus, who, making up to Plato, shakes him by the claw, & seats himself at the table of the Gods. Jupiter wonders, Mars

frowns, Saturn grunts, Mercury starts, Minos stares, Bacchus reddens, Apollo whistles and their goddessships turn up their noses. When Pluto, to appease the rising storm, explains in dumb shew to Jupiter and the rest of this good company, that Cacus is a good friend of his, and tho' a notable chief of robbers, is a favourite of Plutus, and will afford much entertainment by a masque he has got up for the amusement of the celestials after dinner. Jupiter hereupon nods, Olympus shakes, the company signify their assent, and the banquet proceeds.

The band play a symphony to accompany the murmuring recitativo that is heard from the table.

RECITATIVO, alternately by the company.

Some Turkey your Lordship—some goose Baron, hey.

A bit of the breast—a slice of this fish—

Shall I have the honour to drink with you pray—

Madeira or Port?—John bring me that dish—

Some sauce to your beef—the salt if you please—

This custard is fine—a jelly good ma'am—

A slice of this ham Sir—never eat better pease—

There's nothing like capers to boil'd leg of lamb.

And so on—and so on—and so on—and so on.

After several courses have successively made their pearance and disappearance, Jupiter to enliven his guests, makes a sign to the orchestra, and breaks out in the following

AIR.

I rule the roast and rule the skies,

And Juno 'tis that rules the kitchen,

And every one who has his eyes,

Can see that state and pride we're rich in.

So all of you, who hear me sing,

And see me look so burly big,

Think of Mount Royal, I am king,

Tho' once the master of a brig.

Mars now cocks his hat and tunes his voice to the following words.

Pray gentlefolks liken me not to his Grace

With his hat in his hand to gain popularity ;

What care I for this garlic-fed mean populace,

I'll have nothing to do with all such vulgarity.

Sing high crowns and cock'd hats for ever.

The band here accompany the aid-de-camp of his godship in the recitation of the celebrated anticlimax,

And then, Dalhousie, the great god of war !

Lieutenant colonel to the earl of Mar.

Pluto's turn comes next, and with a rough and Stygian voice he thunders forth,

Goddamn me, Goddamn you, Goddamn him,

With Sacré Mille Foutres blastation,

Goddamn us, Goddamn ye, Goddamn-em,

And curse it all, blast it, damnation.

Then a deep tragedy-groan from all the celestials ;

Oh ! Hurlothrumbo, Hurlothrumbo, Oh !

Saturn is excused, as all the company know that his best song would be a groan, and his best speech a grunt. But Mercury, being called on, starts up and sings.

With sandy locks I rise at morn,

And chide the clerks and count the cash,

For I'm just made a gentleman born,

And care not now for all their clash.

I'm learning to be bully hector,

And mongst the dons to make a pother,

For you must know I'm bank-director,

And pray why not, as well as my brother ?

For birds of a feather, flock together,

Ri-tum-tiddle-dum-di,

Chorus by all, For birds of a feather, flock together,

Ri-tum-tiddle-dum-di.

Cacus then rises, stamps with his foot, and enter two Fauns and a Dryad. The fauns are decorated in the most superb Indian style, their faces painted with various colours, with tomahawks, calumets, etc. The Dryad as a squaw of the first rank, jingling with all manner of silver ornaments, a beautiful five point blanket gracefully thrown over her shoulders, a silver breastplate fourteen inches in diameter, and a silver hatband to correspond. Cacus makes signs he is going to sing.

May it please your godships,

Here's prince Katawappawa,
 And that there is his squaw ;
 T'other's a flathead from the hills,
 Who eats all he kills,

And I declare as true as my name is n't Alick,
 Their language is as beautiful as Gaelic.

*Thunders of applause follow this speech ? the
 Fauns and Dryad then commence the bear-dance in
 which they are joined and led off by Cacus. At the
 intervals of this graceful dance they electrify the com-
 pany by occasional Indian yells, in the imitation of
 which, Cacus is particularly expert. Bacchus, how-
 ever, shews signs of impatience, and at length breaks
 out into a song,*

Have done with this mummary,
 Jove give us a toast,
 This is nothing but flummery,
 For wine I love most.

So fill up the glasses,
 And toss them off merrily,
 And as the toast passes,
 So time passes cheerily.

And that's your sort my merry boys all.
Chorus by all. Aye that's your sort, my merry boys all.

Your sort, your sort, your sort, your sort,
 Aye that's your sort my merry boys all.

Pluto, now makes signs to Cacus to draw off his attendants ; who thereupon claps himself down upon his haunches, the Fauns and Dryad do the same, and beginning to croak like a hundred bull-frogs, they perform the frog-dance and after hopping three times round the table, they hop out of the saloon, amidst the clappings of the company.

The company then rise, advance to the front of the stage, and sing in chorus.

'Tis thus that in Olympus we,
 Apart from vulgar ken,
 Stuff well our guts, each deity
 Gobbling like twenty men.

And thus we pass the time away
 In fun and foolery,

And all this elegant display,
 But shews what fools we be,
 Sing rantum scantum fools all, fools all,
 And scantum rantum fools all.

*They then all set to dancing Scotch reels, dance off
 the stage, and so* EXEUNT OMNES.

I fear there is too much truth in what is represented in the following; Answer to Mr. Macculloh's request to the students at law for reports.

Dear Sir, To gratify your request is utterly impossible, as we are employed from morning to night, literally, as limbs of the law; for, devil take it, we do nothing else but run of messages, carry notes, take out invitations to dinner, etc. and when our patron comes into the office, it is only to say, Tim run here, Toby run there; and when we get a respite from servant's work, we have to set to quilldriving, (I wish you could teach me to drive four in hand,) most unmercifully; so that, instead of being students at law, as you had the politeness to call us, we are nothing but scrivener's slinks; and what is the reason of this degradation? it is because the lawyers at the Montreal bar take indiscriminately turned off carpenters, shoeblacks, broken down old market trash-sellers, etc. as students, and the only qualification required is to be able to write, and hence they think their clerks are only to be used as errand-boys. We might have a decent bar, and the students would be able to furnish you with reports, if, as at home, no lawyer were to take a student without an adequate premium.— I should be glad, sir, if you could suggest the means by which we may get rid of these meanesses, that put us upon a level with stable-boys; and then, I assure you, we will, with gratitude and pleasure, send you as many reports, as in

your multiplicity of other matter, you will have room for. Your's etc.

A DISGUSTED QUILLDRIVER,
alias STUDENT AT LAW.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

My pocket book by JEREMY TICKLER, (to which, however, I hope to receive some additions,) SKIMMERHORN'S lines to Lucy, ANTI-DORIC, & SAM GINGER, will probably appear in next number. M. will see that tho' his poetry has been partly availed of, his prose has been deferred, the fact is there would then have been too much of a good thing in this number, so his conversation with Lord Goddamnhim is reserved for another. DICK DOWLAS has touched upon a subject, that of the gross & disgraceful perjury so generally admitted in civil cases in the Courts of Montreal, which it has often been my intention to expose, but which will require an essay of itself: this I will undertake at my first leisure, when I will avail of his communication, and of any other suggestions and information that may be transmitted to me in the interim. JEREBEL and other enquirers, respecting the title-page, preface, and index to the first vol. are respectfully informed, that severe illness, during which I was obliged to employ an amanuensis, and found the greatest difficulty in preparing the weekly Scribblers, to which my utmost efforts were scarcely adequate, prevented me, during that time, from attending to any thing else; Those promised appendages to the first vol. would otherwise have long ago been distributed: they are in a very forward state of preparation, and now that I am slowly recovering shall receive early attention. The same cause has prevented my bringing up my arrears with those "puny whipsters" to whom I am in debt for their newspaper attacks on me in May last; and other arrearages of various kinds. L. L. M.

A Commission is about issuing under the sign manual of the Scribbler, for the appointment of Mr. Jeremy Tickler, as deputy inspector and reporter in and over the towns and villages situated between the boundary-line of Lower and Upper Canada, and the line that divides the district of Three Rivers and Quebec. The said commission, with instructions to the said deputy inspector, will be published in due form, next week; and he is in the mean time authorised to commence his functions forthwith; Witness my hand, this 29th of August, 1822.

LEWIS LUKE MACGULLOH.