

THE *MacCulloch*
SCRIBBLER.

A SERIES OF ESSAYS,
ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL, MORAL,
AND LOCAL SUBJECTS ;

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire.

Nos. 131 to 143.

From 14th October, 1824, to 26th May, 1825.

FORMING

Vol. VI.

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

MARTIAL.

Un long tableau de toutes nos sottises,
Traits d'etourdi, pas de clerc, balourdises,
Projets malfaits, plus mal executés,
Et tous les mois du Mercure vantés.

VOLTAIRE.

PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL, LOWER-CANADA,

And Printed by the Proprietor,

SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE.

AT PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

1825.



E-2

N. B. A general INDEX or TABLE of CONTENTS will be given at the end of the seventh volume, for vols, V, VI, & VII.

And a suitable apology will be made in due time for the unavoidable omission of PREFACES and ERRATA.

Wm. W. Kelly

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.]

14 OCTOBER 1824.

[No. 131.]

THE SCRIBBLER is published every fortnight in Montreal. PRICE 1s. 6d. per number, or on the following terms.

To SUBSCRIBERS IN MONTREAL, after the present number, and beginning at N^o. 131, which will be the commencement of the SIXTH volume.

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COMMUNICATIONS, ORDERS & ADVERTISEMENTS, will be thankfully received, and are requested to be directed post paid, to the editor, **LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH**, Post Office, MONTREAL, or left at the Scribbler Office, No. 4 St. Jean Baptiste St. MONTREAL; they may likewise be addressed, post paid, to Mr. S. H. WILCOCKE; the proprietor, at Rouse's Point, Champlain, N. Y.

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L. C.

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 14 October, 1824. [No. 13]

Sextus casus est Latini proprius. VARRO.

Volume the sixth, is proof, if proof were wanted,
That public favour to the writer's granted.

"Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that
they do here." EZEKIEL, CH. VIII. V. 9.

—*Summa sequar fastigia rerum.* VIRGIL.

"I fool *them* to the top of *their* bent."
SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet.*

IN the first numbers of each of the anterior volumes of the Scribbler, I have, generally, entered rather at large, into both the retrospective and prospective situation of the work. To do so now, would be little more than a repetition of my thanks to the public for their continued support, intermixed with some degree of querulousness occasioned by the consciousness that, much and universally in Canada as the blue book is read, I am deprived of nearly all the advantage I should derive from its sale, by the incorrigible, injurious, and dishonest practice of lending and borrowing it, by and from subscribers. These and other matters connected with the new arrangements I have adopted for carrying on the **SIXTH VOLUME**, have been stated in the closing number of last volume. Finding that, when once in arrear, it is very difficult to bring things up again, I have resolved upon suffering the lapse of a fortnight extra to intervene between the date of the last,

and that of the present number: which will bring the work again into a regular train; and will in fact, be the same thing to the subscribers, as No. 130, though dated the 16th September was not got ready till the beginning of October. It will not, it is true, be the same thing to me, as it will delay my times of collection, a fortnight, each quarter. Should, however, the arrangements of the printing-office, and the abundance of matter, permit it, I may endeavour to remedy this by overtaking myself again, as it were, (a figure of speech I have heretofore indulged in,) and issuing occasionally a number or two, a week before the regular time.

Thus much in explanation of the discrepancy between the dates and appearances of some of my late numbers: and I will close these preliminary observations, by expressing my anxious desire to render this **SIXTH VOLUME**, at least equal in merit to those that have gone before, and my hopes that I shall be encouraged to proceed in my career, by an extended support, liberal subscriptions, and prompt payments.

L. L. MACCULLOH.

ABSTRACT OF REPRESENTATIONS,

Respecting the Gaol at Montreal.

CONCLUDED.

EXTRACT from the presentment made by the Grand Jury of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in September, 1824.

“The Grand Jury, in obedience to the charge from the Bench, at the opening of this Session, and from the earnest manner in which the subject has since been recommended to them, have again taken up the subject of the deplorable state of

the Jail of this District, and they do so with a fervent hope that their successors may be spared from a renewal of their complaints on this lamentable subject, for most of the Jurors feel it impossible to forget that it is a topic that has already been pressed upon public notice for successive Sessions of this Court, *and it has been with some difficulty that the Grand Jury have been brought to take it into consideration from the apparent neglect, with which so important a matter has hitherto been treated.*

The Grand Jury have minutely investigated every point connected with this institution, and they really find it impossible to detail the numerous defects they have witnessed in regard to it.

The insufficient state of the building generally is such, as in the opinion of the Grand Jury, to render it utterly incapable of being made effectually secure,—but the Grand Jury have been more particularly struck with its internal arrangement and distribution, which are so manifestly bad; that the Grand Jury can not help tracing from these causes much of the iniquity that prevails in this District.

The Grand Jury, for instance, find associated in the same ward, the suspected, but perhaps innocent, prisoner just committed, the hardened criminal—the condemned felon—and the common hangman—and elsewhere in the building foundlings and lunatics are promiscuous inmates of it.

These facts the Grand Jury would fain hope, will induce an early consideration of this important matter, and they trust that they may soon see a building constructed more adapted to its purpose than the present one.

The Grand Jury, after these observations, consider it unnecessary to remark on the complaint,

of the debtors, (for complaint is inseparable from the present state of the building,) but the Grand Jury feel persuaded that this unfortunate class of individuals will meet with all the indulgence that their safe keeping will admit of, until the Legislature can provide for their being more humanely treated.

The Grand Jury have been much importuned to enquire into the state of the night-watch of this city, an establishment that they find to be exclusively under the controul of the Magistrates. —The Grand Jury find that the means placed at the disposal of the Magistrates for this purpose, are totally inadequate to the formation and support of a body of watchmen sufficient for the present extent and population of the city and suburbs, yet they find a remedy to a certain extent to be within the power of the Magistrates, and the Grand Jury venture to express a hope that this notice of the matter will induce that respectable body to place the Watch in as efficient a state as circumstances will permit.”

In the course of what precedes it will become apparent, that, although some minor points of complaint have been remedied, all the more fundamental and important evils remain. It has been ascertained that there is no intention of further amendment, and that the promises made, are so far from being meant to be fulfilled, that it is avowed that the same system of close confinement to the wards, and the non-admission into them of the friends and visitors of the prisoners, is intended to be persevered in, in defiance of the strong and repeated presentments made on the subject by successive Grand Juries.

The evils that exist, as detailed or alluded to in the foregoing pages are reducible to five heads :

1. "Such as arise from mismanagement or neglect, and which are removeable by the sheriff, or by the magistrates, at his, and their, option.
2. Such as are not otherwise remediable than by the interference of the Court of King's Bench, in respect of which rules of Court may be made effectual.
3. Such, for the alleviation or avoiding of which, recourse must be had to the Executive Government, and which it is in the power of His Majesty's representative to amend.
4. Such as can only be referred to the Legislature, and
5. Such as appear to depend more upon the exertion of public spirit, and the liberality of society, than any thing else.

In the first class are, the close confinement of all prisoners to their wards; the denial of admission of their friends into their wards, the want of due classification; the want of any accommodation for female prisoners; and a considerable portion of those evils that would be removed by suggested improvements in the prison, and by providing necessary articles, and messengers. It is to be hoped that the magistrates and the sheriff will be stimulated, or shamed, into the redress of these grievances.

For the cure of those under the second head, may be arranged the authorisation of intermediate receptacles for debtors etc. similar to the lock-up houses at home; the consideration of the propriety of granting *limits* to the debtors upon giving bail; the abolition of the restriction, as to

3

the admission of visitors on Sundays and holidays ; and partly the sanctioning of improvements in the interior of the gaol. It ought to be expected that the Court and the Judges will take these matters into mature consideration, and apply those remedies which their wisdom may point out.

The Executive Government by itself can interfere but little ; and, excepting as to contributing towards the ameliorations recommended in increasing the number of turnkeys, encouraging improvements in the construction, and providing bedding and blankets, can not be expected to do much. On this head, however, it may be worthy of consideration whether a further allowance, beyond the present prison-ration of a loaf of bread, weighing 3 lbs, in two days, to each crown-prisoner, (and which, with water, is the only nourishment most of them can procure,) might not be given, and pulse, potatoes and some coarse meat, added occasionally for their better sustenance. What is in the power of the Governor to do in this respect, need only be hinted, and there is no doubt but it will be performed.

On the legislature alone depend ; changing the sheriffatly from a permanent, to an annual, office ; making provision for an asylum for lunatics, so as to prevent their being intermixed with the prisoners in the gaol ; the entire removal, and separate establishment, of the House of Correction ; the correction of the abuses that have arisen in the police department connected with the gaol ; and the authorisation of the erection of an exterior surrounding wall ; as well as a concurrence with the Executive and others, augmenting the number of turnkeys, and salarizing a chaplain. The great importance of these objects, and the many times several of them have already been before the

House of Assembly, ought to be pledged that they will not go unattended to in the next session.

But without the liberal encouragement of an enlightened public, many of these improvements can not take place, many of the grievances detailed must remain obtrusive and growing evils. Subscriptions for opening an adequate lunatic asylum, for aiding in improving the interior construction of the prison, and in the building of an exterior wall, for providing necessaries for the use of the prisoners, and for erecting a separate and sufficient House of Correction, are not only highly desirable, but almost indispensable, and are therefore earnestly recommended to the citizens of Montreal, and to all who wish well to the District, and to the prosperity of Canada.

I will conclude this lengthened article, with the following extract from Messieurs Bennett and Buxton's report presented to the House of Commons, on the improper treatment of prisoners: which, tho' it relates only to crown-prisoners, is applicable in a great measure also to the treatment of prisoners in general, whether debtors or felons.

“ Let us follow a prisoner from his first commitment, always remembering that as yet his guilt is unproved. You have no right to march him along the street in chains, or to make him a spectacle of public ignominy, perhaps on the very spot, and amongst the very people, with whom he has hitherto held a fair character. Infamy may be the penalty for crime, but it should never be the consequence of suspicion. You should therefore conduct him to his gaol with every possible attention to his feelings, with decency and secrecy. When he is entered within its walls, you

have no right to load him with irons; you have no right to subject him to bodily pain from their weight, or to that agony of mind which must result from such symbols of degradation to a man of yet unblunted feelings, and you have no right to conclude that he is not such. And here we must observe, in the language of Blackstone, that the law will not justify a gaoler in fettering a prisoner, unless where he is unruly, or has attempted an escape.

“ You have no right to abridge him of pure air, wholesome and sufficient food, and opportunities of exercise. You have no right to debar him from the craft on which his family depends, if it can be exercised in prison. You have no right to subject him to suffering from cold, by want of bed-clothing by night, or firing by day; and the reason is plain—you have torn him from his home, and have deprived him of the means of providing himself with the comforts and necessaries of life, and therefore you are bound to furnish him with moderate, indeed, but suitable, accommodation.

“ You have, for the same reason, no right to ruin his habits, by compelling him to be idle; his morals, by compelling him to mix with a promiscuous assemblage of hardened and convicted criminals; or his health, by forcing him at night into a damp unventilated cell, with such crowds of companions as very speedily to render the air foul and putrid; or to make him sleep in close contact with the victims of contagious and loathsome disease, or amidst the noxious effluvia of dirt and corruption. In short, attention to his feelings, mental and bodily, a supply of every necessary, abstraction from evil society, the conservation of his health and industrious habits, are the clear, evident, undeniable, rights of an unconvicted prisoner.

At his trial, either he is acquitted—in which case the least you can do is to replace him in the situation you found him, to pay his expences home, and to furnish him with sufficient to support him till he has an opportunity of looking out for work;—or he is convicted—and then, it is for the law to appoint the punishment, which is to follow his offence. That punishment must be inflicted, but you must carefully guard that it be not aggravated, and that circumstances of severity are not found in his treatment, which are not found in his sentence. Now, no Judge ever condemned a man to be half-starved with cold by day, or half suffocated with heat by night; who ever heard of a criminal being sentenced to catch the rheumatism, or the typhus fever? Corruption of morals and contamination of mind, are not the remedies which the law, in its wisdom, has thought proper to adopt.

“The convicted delinquent then, has his rights. All measures and practices in prison which may injure him in any way, are illegal, because they are not specified in his sentence. He is therefore entitled to a wholesome atmosphere, decent clothing and bedding, and a diet sufficient to support him.”

Clarencetown, 1st Sept. 1824.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

It was more the want of time than the want of matter, that compelled me to keep silent so long. And, for the present, I can only send you a few odds and ends. The intermediate parts I may communicate at another time. Know then, that Jack Boxer is as active and mischievous as ever, and has succeeded in making of his heir, (there is too much floubt hangs over the

connubial family-history, to style him his son,) a very—but let things speak for themselves, This hopeful was, as a last resource, sent to Triflavia, to finish his studies in the law, but has lately been banished from the *trident*, for some small deviation from the conduct of a gentleman. Blood can not be drawn from a stone, nor can a silk purse be made out of a sow's ear, saith the proverb-grinder; so drinking, whoring, running in debt, with a little long-finger conduct, and a few other etcæteras, have sent him back again amongst us, to the no little dismay of our worthy burghers. He has not only a hollow tooth for drinkables, but also a hollow pocket. Into the latter he conveyed a bunch of keys, (not your keys, Mr. Scribbler, but substantial keys of iron and steel, with wards, and all the properties of real keys,) belonging to the respectable old Mrs. Waggoner, and also a few bank-bills, purloined from the-drawer of the old lady's really respectable son, the Esculapius of the borough. Finding his pocket not yet full, our hero went to the *graves-yard*, where the post-office is kept, and enquired for letters in the name of the doctor. Two were given him; one for the doctor, and the other, (a love-letter perhaps,) for Miss Polly Bramble. These he opened, read, and kept, together with the keys, that he might have ready access to tumble the old lady's drawers—As for the bank-bills, he had ample use for them, as Sophia, the servant-girl, was in want of shifts, and petticoats,* her's

* Illustration : from *La Legende Joyeuse*, CLXXXII.

*L'autre jour de ma Jeanneton
 J'allois caresser le teton,
 Et secouant un peu la crotte ;
 Mais de lui donner une cotte,*

being in bad condition by much rubbing by both father and son. Being taxed with the theft, he ran, blubbering, to his father, saying that Ned Waggoner and his mother had called him a damned thief. The Boxer, alias limping Jack the staggerer, (for he is fond of wetting his clay sometimes,) hobbled, like a broken legged gander, to the widow's; and "was greatly astonished that a lady should call the son of a gentleman, a damned thief." Now the theft of the bunch of keys, and the bank-bills, though quite certain, could not be so well substantiated as that of the letters. "There, madam, there are the very letters that the doctor caught my son reading behind the gate. They are my own, look at them." The old lady, too knowing to be caught with chaff, took them, and, to her great surprise, found them to be from the *Cardinal* to his *protege*, which the Boxer had put in his pocket to prove that his son had not embezzled those he was charged with. But these letters were old and greasy and dated three months before. But, alas! how shortsighted is human cunning, and how much, as old Horace says:—

———*hæ nugæ seria ducunt*

In mala.———

Their contents have transpired, and principally consist of an injunction to the Boxer to set about building a house in the woods, for the reception of one of the Cardinal's *maids*, who was

Elle m'importunoit toujours :
Enfin je lui dis, "mes amours,
Qu'avez vous fait de la dernière ?
Je vois qu'il vous en faut souvent."
"C'est," me dit-elle, en se levant,
"Que je les use par derrière,
Et vous les usez par devant." L. L. M.

in that state "in which ladies wish to be who love their lords." Now, in pursuance of this behest, it appears that Jack, being an adept at hiding the faults of his patron and protector, set to work at the "hobby"* about half a league from the town, and there began erecting the building. But—worse and worse, he was led astray, & built the intended seraglio, on the land of another man; who, being a knowing one, let Jack get on with the chateau, and then laid claim to it. How this will terminate is not known, but great fears are entertained that the *maid* will fall to pieces, before the lawyers fall to work to decide this momentous affair. But, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Your's respectfully,

TELL-TALE.

Mem.—He threatens to become a subscriber of yours.†

Chambly 1st Sept. 1824.

MR. MACCULLOH,

PASSING through the village, a few days ago, I was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, and was forced to seek shelter in the nearest habitation. The small house into which I fled, consisted of two rooms on the first floor,†

* So called because many persons of the borough have little boxes and farms there, and, tho' it is a wilderness, are fond of a jaunt thither.

† TELL-TALE is thanked for his hint on this subject.

L. L. M.

† I take this opportunity of correcting an error into which my correspondent, in common with a great number of others, has fallen, as to the meaning of the words "first, second, and third floor," when speaking of a house of more than one story. It is the "ground floor" he means, which is (excepting where there is a basement story underneath,) on a level with the main, or street-door, entrance: the story over that, and to

divided by a thin wooden partition. The family, who were employed in the first room, kindly introduced me into the other, or parlour, as it was called. I had scarcely seated myself, when I perceived, through the window, a short, thickset, little woman, with a communicative countenance, and a quick, penetrating, eye, strongly expressive of satiric humour, approaching the house, probably induced by the same cause that had brought me to it. Her appearance was hailed with joy by the whole family, who immediately prepared a comfortable seat for her, in the midst of them, and familiarly saluted her by the appellation of Peg Prattler. Her name was indeed appropriate, for she did not cease talking from the moment she entered, until she left the house. The following is one, and in my opinion, the best, of the stories I heard her relate. I can not, however, give it you exactly in her own words, as the richness and humour of her dialect and expressions, I find, evaporated in the notes I took down of her conversation, in order to amuse myself.* But the substance was nearly to the following pur-

which the first flight of stairs leads, is the "first floor," the next is the second floor, and so on, till you come to the roof, and the chambers, (if any,) immediately under the roof, constitute the attic story.

L. L. M.

* It is indeed a difficult task to suit language to various characters, in attempting to do which, even experienced writers, are apt to forget who the interlocutors are represented to be, and to substitute their own words and ideas for those which are more characteristic of the speakers. I have, in some other part of the Scribbler, which I can not now refer to, illustrated this by an anecdote of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, when the latter told the former, that if he were to write a fable about "little fishes in a pond," he would make all his "little fishes," talk like "great whales."

L. L. M.

port. " Ah! how are you? I am so glad to see you. I have so much news, and no one to tell it to. There's that meddling fellow, and incessant talker, the grocer from Mount-Royal, has run *mad* again, and been here these two days. To look at his face, you'd swear that he's afraid to be seen to smile lest any one should try to borrow money of the hunks; and that he had corrected the natural appearance of his countenance with verjuice.— What do I say? Its *natural* appearance! I'm sadly afraid it never had one; for, ever since I've known him, he has sported the most *unnatural* phiz I ever beheld. Now, as I've thought of it, I'll tell you an anecdote of him worth listening to. Some years ago he kept an a-b-c-darian school in this village, and, by the way, I remember it well, for I've often laughed at the ignorance of the fellow, and at his being so easily duped. He was persuaded by a wag, to style himself "*Literator*," and was so proud of the title, that he always attached it, in large letters, to his signature, conceiving it to be of the same signification, (though a much more learned word,) with Philomath. He then lived with Mr. O'Rourke, who, by the bye, was obliged to introduce his toe to an acquaintance with the other's seat of honour, when they came to a settlement. The wag who played him the prank I have just mentioned, and who was delighted by imposing on, and exposing, the fellow's ignorance and stupidity, likewise persuaded him that he was an attractive object to the fair sex, and even that the soft emotions of sensual love, were raised in his breast. (which was never agitated by any other love, than the love of lucre,) by the sparkling eyes of a brown egg-girl, ycleped *quatre piastres*; so that he finally enlisted as full private in the wars of Venus. But, Oh, la-

mentable catastrophe! from the very first engagement he was forced to retire sorely wounded. To avoid the expense of a doctor he resolved to confide the particulars to Monsieur *l'hote*, who was considered to be as skilful as any practitioner in such matters. At that time Mrs. May, from whom I learnt the affair, kept house for Mr. O'Rourke, who was a widower. My hero had several times attempted to take liberties with her, but in so awkward a manner that he always received for his pains, either a slap of a dish-clout, a sprinkling of soap-suds, or some other culinary salutation, and, at one unlucky time, that he had entered her bed-room, a shower of *holy* water. On this account a grudge existed between the parties; and upon a tub of *warm* water being ordered for the gentleman, she, being previously acquainted with the whole affair, and imagining it a favourable opportunity for revenging herself, sent up *boiling* water. In a few moments, a cry that pierced the very welkin was heard from the impatient patient. Every one ran to the door of his apartment, which, being burst open, presented the pedagogue to view, disencumbered of his small clothes, though wearing his upper garments, with his posteriors in a state easier to be fancied than described, as he had, in pursuance of the directions of mine host, sat down in the water, without first trying its temperature."

After this and some other stories, which I may take a future opportunity of communicating, the rain ceased, and Peg Prattler left the house, with nearly as much precipitancy as she had entered it; but not till she had repeatedly promised to call again, and relate some even more ludicrous anecdotes. The conversation that ensued after her departure was of an uninteresting nature, and

I then thanked the inmates for the kind shelter afforded me by their humble roof, and took my leave.

AN IDLER.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO ODIN.

TRUE, Odin, true, my *dress* I often change,
 But not, like thee, in midnight scenes to range:
 And skulk into some dark and lone retreat,
 Where souls like thine flame with adulterous heats
 Hast thou not oft in *woman's* garb appear'd,
 With female air, and with close-shaven beard?
 Hide, hide, thy face from virtue's piercing stare,
 Cleanse thy foul bosom of what's rank that's there,
 First count thy errors, and the crimes thou'st done;
 And then, accuse me, if thou canst, of one.
 Say not that I would sever man and wife;
 Hast thou forgotten then, those days of strife,
 When, questioned, you acknowledged all was true
 Which this one said, or thought, a motley crew?
 Did I not act then, as became a friend,
 Reproved, wrote, counsell'd, wish'd the thing to mend?
 If *curse* I did, the one *you love so well*,
 May now that curse for ever on *you* dwell!
 Again, traducer, tell me when and where,
 I cursed the *chastity* of woman fair?
 Odin, Oh, basest of the basest kind!
 Alike to honour, and to virtue, blind,
 O, learn, henceforth, to let thy themes be true,
 That Justice may be judge 'tween me and you.
 Bow then before her scales, and fear her rod,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

TO LOXIAS,

With a ring, chain, and heart, of HAIR, bearing my initials.

O, LOXIAS! let this trifle prove
 A talisman from thy parted love ;
 Oft let it on thy breast be laid,
 To mind thee how thou'st often play'd
 With curls from which this lock I sever,
 A keep-sake for thine eye for ever :
 And if thy lip incline to press
 This little trifling auburn tress,
 Kiss softly, lest thou should's't displace
 The letters, and my name deface.
 Do not this braid a weakness deem—
 I twined it for our parting theme—
 After my vesper prayer was said,
 I thought on thy devoted head,
 And drew this token hair by hair,
 Which midst the battle thou must wear.
 I wove it on the *toilet-stand*,
 Which thou hast oft with envy scann'd,
 To see my cheek its cushion press,
 And let it steal thy last caress.—
 Poor abandon'd, lonely toilet !—
 Oft deck'd by thee, with rose and violet,
 And choicest of sweet Flora's flowers,
 To dissipate my gloomy hours—
 Who is to furnish thy *bouquet*,
 When Loxias is far away

My mother call'd—"doth Psyche sleep?"
 I answered, no,—but she doth weep ;
 Yet in a voice so soft and low,
 As not to give my mother woe ;
 Then trimm'd my dying lamp again,
 And half composed my phrenzied brain.
 I, from my finger drew the ring,
 There placed by thee when sorrowing,
 That it might not one hair retain
 Intended for this farewell chain—
 I plaited twice, and once again—
 And still appeared thy well-loved name ;

My own the hair would not compose
But every turn *thy* name disclose—

* * * * *

Thy heart and soul to truth allied,
Both, by our troubles, firmly tried ;
I know that thou deserv'st it not ;
And I have tried t'expel the thought :
But, still within my inmost breast,
My heart a jealousy confest—
For woman will be woman still,
And foster a capricious will—
Perchance some smiling Spanish fair,
May braid for thee her glossy hair,
May throw the glance of jetty eye,
And draw from LOXIAS, *Psyche's* sigh,

When with some fond Peruvian maid,
On Alameda's promenade,
Or on Turina's banks ye stray,
Wilt think on *Psyche*, far away ?

The orange, lemon, and the palm,
O'er canopied our bosoms' calm,
When hope was flush, and love was young,
And laurels on thy brow were hung ;
But now the gloomy cypress-tree,
Is meeter shade for thee and me.
Yet only grant this last request,
That wheresoe'er may wave thy crest,
Thou'lt let this little ring of hair
Thy smallest finger ever wear ;
And let this auburn chain and braid,
Thy bosom's only star be made
If thou but this will swear to do,
'T will partly soothe my heart of woe.

PSYCHE.

—O*O—

TO NANCY ANN.

The Bacchanalian takes his wine,
And pledges all his friends of fancy,
Thoughtless of such, in taking mine,
Mentally, I drink to—NANCY,

His song, his laugh, his wit, his wine,
 Added to all his fancy can ;
 This breast—this soul—this heart—of mine,
 He'll never win from NANCY ANN.

L * * * *

Montreal, 1824.

—*—

THE SIGHT.

"Once, only once, I saw the hairy sprite
 And now it haunts my vision, day and night."

SAMMY BARDLINGS

I saw a sight which ne'er before
 I ever laid my eyes on ;
 And live I may till I'm three-score,
 But, to my heart's vexation,
 May ne'er again the same behold,
 For it is seldom seen, sir,
 But, if I should,—why, I'll make bold
 To touch it, with my finger.

The sight when first it caught my eye,
 Set me in such a twitter ;—
 That I could scarcely heave a sigh,—
 But, belles and beaux, why titter ?
 When liable as me you are
 To have a chance so pleasing,—
 But, let me tell you to beware
 Because it's very teasing.

'T will make you dream, both night and day,
 Perhaps of sleep deprive you ;—
 And, if your soul's not made of clay,
 'T will make you feel as I do
 When musing on what once—no more—
 I saw with fond emotion,
 Which raised a flame in every pore,
 And threw all in commotion.

What was the sight ?—Ah ! that's the thing,
 I'll leave you to conjecture.

ng,

CHE.

But thro' the whole world's ample ring,
 I see nought but that picture.
 My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
 Do still that vision trace.
 'T was black, and red, smooth, rough, and white;
 All blended in one place.

R. ———.

Although rather inconsistent with my plan, I admit the following effusion, in its original French, as it appears intended to produce a personal good effect upon the parties to which it applies. It must not however be taken as a precedent, as I reserve my right of altogether declining any French piece in future.

L. L. M.

A MADAME S. E. C.

O, Sophie, ou est le front serein qui vous rendoit si aimable; ces yeux, remplis de tendresse, ne le sont aujourd'hui que d'une melancholie sombre et tarie par les larmes: cette bouche, aussi vermeil que le corail, que sourioit en exprimant les choses les plus aimables, ne prononce a present que les plaintes les plus ameres.

Laissera-t-on perir une fleur encore dans son printems? est elle coupable? non—elle ne l'est pas—mais elle est malheureuse—un cœur trop tendre, trop franc, et trop constant, pour un trompeur—voila son crime.

*Arrete, respecte la cendre,
 De celle qui perit pour t'avoir trop aime'.
 Tes pieds pressent ce cœur trop facile et trop tendre,
 Que tes yeux avoient enflamme'.
 Tu foules ces tresors qu'hier dans nos ivresses,
 Mon sein te prodiguoit avec tant de plaisir,
 Et qui n'ont connu les caresses
 Que de toi seul, et du Zephyr.
 Pense a Sophie, pour adoucir sa peine
 Pres d'elle quelques fois viens chasser la douleur,
 Et, que ton ame encore, jusqu'au fond de son cœur,
 S'insinue avec ton haleine.*

Although the persons exposed in the following communication, are in themselves, beneath my notice, and too contemptible even to be held up to public ridicule, I give it a partial insertion, as I make a point of exposing whoever ventures to insult or vilify that lady who, all Montreal knows, is the fostering genius of this work, the Muse to inspire, the Grace to approve, and the Goddess to reward my labours.

Some apology is due perhaps for the repetition of the language used on the occasion; but in the first place, the abuse of such low characters is no abuse at all; and next, be it remembered, as I mention in the preface to my fourth volume,* that the Scribbler shews people in their undress, in their every day clothes, and conversation, in their bed-rooms and at their firesides; not in their Sunday or holiday apparel going to church, or stately and stiff, with visages formed for the world's observation. I shew them undisguised, and do not mince matters or words, but record the "living manners as they rise,"—as they are, and not as they should be: and this I take it to be one of the chief merits of my book.

I beg to give my thanks to the writer, and as he has given me his own name, I return his frankness, by subscribing also my own, as

His Obliged Servant,
S. H. WILCOCKE.

Montreal, September, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

I beg you will excuse my calling your attention to the King of the Cobblers in this city, who has become a very overbearing, preposterous,

* Which, by the bye, is not yet printed, though it has been written for some time.

purse-proud fellow. He looks on the rest of us, poor cobblering devils, as a mere pigmy race of beings, not fit to live in the same place with him, I am informed you are a first-rate workman, and have done a great deal of good here. Do pray, have the goodness to try your hand on this upstart.

Permit me to point out what I have learnt and seen of him, and his crooked rib, since I came to this city. He is almost as black as his Satanic Majesty, and has a huge mouth, from ear to ear, with large nostrils which he spreads out flat when he grins. He came to this place, about five or six years ago, and set up his bulk in a negroman's garret, where he carried on his trade, until he took to himself a bedfellow of masculine size, and almost equal in beauty to himself.

“Sure such a pair were never seen!”

He then removed to a little back-house in a yard in Notre-Dame-street, where he remained until the arrival of his present Desdemona from Dublin. Beauty and the Beast then parted, and he took a small house in St. Paul-street: where, all of a sudden, his coal-black majesty became rich, petulant, and proud. How he rose all at once from filth and poverty has not transpired, but every cobbler knows he could not have got it by honestly making mouths over his last. About this time he became a Methodist, and never did hypocrite sigh, sob, and dissemble, more than he did, to ingratiate himself into the good opinion of that respectable body.

His signboard is a large *Bell*, with the figure of *Joshua* the son of *None*, commanding the sun and moon to stand still. Some days ago, I was standing in his shop in St. Paul-street, when a lady passed by, who, I understand is highly es-

teemed by you: when he exclaimed! "There goes the Scribbler's whore." O! dear, yes," cried his dear madam, "I wonder if she has paid my friend such a one, the ten pounds she swindled him out of, I am sure she did not." With a graceful grin he observed in reply, it was serving him right to have any dealings with such a strumpet. A by-stander more curious than wise, enquired how it was, when madam entered into a long detail about the pledging of furniture, and shewing how her friend, as she said, was swindled out of his money.* This is but a trifling specimen of their elegant conversation. They both of them deal largely in scandal, at the expence of all the town. He goes about collecting news, which, with additions and emendations, he relates to his dear wife, and she retails to their followers, a group of poor Irish dependents. For her part she is so perfect a newsmonger, that if any of her followers come in, and have not something new to relate, they soon know it by the snappish and disdainful reception she gives them: but if they are so fortunate as to be the bearers of some scandalous tale, they are regaled with grog, and receive in return another budget of lies. Nothing is more common, both with him and with her, than to entertain their acquaintance with an account of who are their debtors, and they will run over a long list of respectable merchants, who, they say, owe them money; remarking upon some that

* The fact is that the friend of Madam Cobbler-King here alluded to, was in fact the swindler, and not only attempted to swindle the lady in question out of some furniture, but likewise out of money and notes of hand, for which, were it at all worth my while, he would receive the soundest and sorest castigation he ever had.

they are sure they are going to be bankrupts, upon others that they are sad, silly, imprudent people, and so on. But there would be no end if I were to relate all.

I almost forgot to mention, that when he came by this money, nothing would do but a fine horse, carriage and robes, that cost him 300 dollars, to dash away with among the dandies, and display his black mug. One day while driving down St. Paul street, thinking he was wetting shoes, he drew his reins crossways, and run his horse's head through a shop window.

Report says that the lady left her better part in Dublin, to follow the black cobbler. If you will be so good as to take this upstart snob down, you will confer a lasting obligation on all the jolly sons of Crispin in Mount Royal.

I remain,

Your's very respectfully

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XLVII.

THE *China-Bay Flying-Post* gives so full an account of the circumstances relative to the arrest of Dr. Raveltail, as mentioned in our last, that we think it best to lay the whole before our readers. It is included in the following communications from one of the correspondents of that paper:

MR. EDITOR,

A few evenings ago, a company of ladies, having met together, at this place, their conversation, as soon as the first compliments were over, took the following turn.

First lady. Ladies, I am very glad to see you; I want to tell you some news, or to hear some. I presume you have all heard what has been reported about Miss Wintertown, while she was at Mrs. Danderson's boarding-school. Of course, this was before she became Mrs. Pin-her. Hush, don't let 'em hear us. It is said she had a red haired child there, (but I beg of you not to mention to any one, that it was

who said any thing about it ;) for the child was sent to the Black-Nunnery, as no father could be found for it.

A dispute then arose among the ladies, whether it had a father or not—but the general opinion was it had: however, the *first lady* proceeded.

Well, perhaps the devil was its father; the evil spirit has great power over poor girls when they lie on their backs, and are ridden by the night-mare. But Miss, it seems, takes up the trade again with the doctor; and here is an extempore verse made by our village-poet, on the occasion.

The doctor in the woods did *pin her*
Behind the chapel—what a sinner!

Second lady. That's witty. But you surprise me; has she turned out to be such a creature. How people are liable to be imposed on by those who keep up appearances, Thank heaven, I can keep all odious men at a distance; all you know, excepting my husband and the foreman.

Third lady (commonly known as Madame Flame, the heiress of a high running green cart, who had a child by her father-in-law, and was Sir Jemmy Roman's kept mistress on the Lakes, for three years, till he turned her off for giving him—the lady's fever.) "What! the young woman have a child without a father; and has now got scarcely a husband for herself.—O, frightful! what an impudent, wicked, hussy—strange! that any of our sex can have so little modesty! what a shame to womankind! what a disgrace to us chaste, modest, women, that we have admitted her into our society. I wonder how the women can go with the men so—but it is an odious subject. I can not bear to think of it. It's strange to me how we came to talk about it.

So here the clatter ended,
Just as I've penn'd it.

TELL-TALE.

MR. EDITOR,

It is well worthy to be publicly noticed how the doctor has been used by Mr. Charley Pin-her. Any prudent man would have put his horns in his pocket, and as uncle Toby advised Mr Shandy, on a certain occasion "he should have wiped it up, and said no more about it." But instead of that, he entered an action against the doctor for five thousand pounds, taking it for granted that he was the author of the pieces, announcing the growth of his antlers. Now Mr. P. relied upon the testimony of two young men from Indianapolis, in the canal employment, namely Mr. Dennis, and Mc Dagger, who, being jealous of the doctor, swore he was the man. By this means they have, for a time, succeeded in driving the doctor into retirement; but he swears by Styx

he'll make them all smoke for it, before he has done with them. But to proceed: The doctor, rather afraid of being committed to prison, was walking by the wharfin Mount Royal, to see if there was ever a steam-boat ready to start for Muddy Meadowville, when a "mere anatomy," of a creature came up, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "you are de prisonere, and me de king; come along wid me." The doctor asked him for his authority to take him; he said it was at Mr. Islandman's; whither they went, but there was no authority there; thence they went to the Army-tinker's office, but the army-tinker not being risen, the doctor persuaded the baliff to go with him to his brother's in St. Laurie street to obtain bail. When they got there, however, his Irish blood flew into a volatile vapour, and off he bolted through an open window, leaving the poor bailiff quite dumfounded, and *au desespoir*.*

The sequel of the doctor's adventures may be hereafter continued, if you give this an insertion.

TELL-TALE.

Sept. 1824.

MR. GOSSIP.

SOME time ago there was a lady came to this place from Boston, whose name was Mrs. Queer, and she had a Mr. Morass as a guardian. She has some very beautiful paintings to be seen, which are executed with great art; these are open to daily exhibition, but some cabinet pictures she possesses, and which report says are warmly coloured, are not to be seen at all times. These being her *personal* property, have caused her to have a great number of admirers.— Amongst others a Mr. Benny Smitten, boarded at the same hotel where the lady and her guardian put up, and where probably they would have stayed, as long as they remained in town, only she could not get a room to answer her purpose of the private exhibition of her cabinet pictures. Mr. Smitten, is one of those old bachelors who have many curious ways. He fell in love last winter with a lady, but in consequence of his not being able to raise the steam to set the matrimonial engine to work, that lady declined the engagement.

* Though I am very much pleased at the doctor's escape; it is a pity, for my own sake, that the question of the libel can not be agitated in the Court. It would be fine fun; bring all the parties into notice; and the Scribbler before the Court; a circumstance, which I believe the Court would be not a little hampered with; as if they said nothing severe about it, they would incur the blame of the high and mighty, King Love-rule and Co. and if they did, they would expose themselves to a severer cutting up in the blue book.

Now, however, he reckons he is more able, and has paid great attention to Mrs. Q. He has presented her with a beautiful watch and seals, which cost eight pounds York; and a handsome ring. In fact he shews every symptom of being quite *smitten*, although probably she may turn out, with respect to him, to be *queer*. Give this a place, and oblige

Your's

TOM TELLTALE.

Mr. EDITOR,

It seems nobody has given you an account of the race that was run at St. Marie's lately: which is highly interesting to the lovers of such sport. It was between the beautiful filly Camelneck,* and the old colt Oliver Cromwell. He has been run, and has been entered for a good many races; but the filly had never run, or been entered before this time. The bets were five to one in favour of the filly. When she was entered it took half a score of old maids with a bridle and martingale complete, to hold the wild young thing in. However, when she got full headway, she won with ease, although she had to carry, according to contract, about one hundred and thirty pounds of leaden *weight*. The old colt in a race he had run with another filly, won it, and gained six young ones by it; which made his friends think he could beat Camelneck. This filly is very handsome, of the most perfect symmetrical shape, a black mane, and beautiful strait white legs, and one black mark above the knee, Your's &c.

A BEHOLDER AT THE WINDOW.

THE accomplished lady Mrs. John Piscator is just about going home to London, to fetch out the latest and cheapest fashion of housekeeping. When she returns she will offer to teach the young ladies of Mount Royal, the grand and skilful art of housewifery, or how to make a pound of beef go farthest.

She can produce certificates that two pounds of beefsteaks, and two small fish, make a Friday's dinner for seven people upstairs, and five in the kitchen; and that three quarters of a pound of soup-beef, weighed out, answers to dish up an Irish stew for five servants.

Some people say Mr. Piscator is right to take his lady with him, for it will prevent her from doing,—what married ladies often do in the absence of their dear husbands.

* The Arabians think it the greatest compliment they can pay to a woman, to compare her neck to the graceful curve of a white camel.

Whilst we have to congratulate the play-going public of Montreal with the re-opening of the little theatre in the New-Market, (though report says the stamina are deficient,) we have to condole with them on the loss of the amusements of the Circus. Messrs. West and Blanchard, with their meritorious company, have taken their departure for Quebec. If there they obtain success equal to their deserts, they will be successful "to the top of their bent," as Shakespeare has it, or in plain English, to their heart's content.

PREVIOUS to the departure of the company a curious scene and rencontre occurred between two rival performers. Not rivals, gentle reader, for the applauses of the public, but rivals for the approbation of a daughter of the Thespian, or rather the Histrionic, family. We will give it, as it has been communicated to us.

Montreal, Oct. 6. Last Sunday evening, an affray took place at Mr. Bold's in the St. Lauric's suburbs, (where the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, of the Circus, board,) between Mr. She-not-I, and Mr. Brazen. The circumstances were these: Mr. She-not-I, when in New-York was rather under a kind of engagement to be married to Miss Brownage, but the union was postponed, until they should meet each other in Montreal, whither both were bound. The lady arrived here first, and *a la mode des dames*, ever since madam Venus brought inconstancy into fashion, soon forgot her lover, when Mr. Brazen paid his addresses to her. When Mr. She-not-I arrived, hastening to clasp his intended in his arms, how was he surprised, when she turned her back upon him, and would have nothing to say to him. Mr. S. soon smelt a rat, and determined on being revenged on the interloper, who had run off with the affections of his Dulcinea. On the aforesaid memorable Sunday evening, Mr. S. who lodged in the same house with the lady, found Mr. B. had been invited to spend the evening with her, and interrupted their *tete-a-tete*. An altercation of course ensued, and the result was that the rivals met on Monday, not with dead-doing pistols, swords, daggers, or other instruments of murderous assault, but with nature's arms, offensive and defensive, viz. fists. After some severe rounds, Mr. Brazen gave in, crying he had enough. Af-

ter all was over, to the eternal renown of the combatants, but especially of the victor, he it known, that they shook hands, declared themselves friends, and amicably settled their difference by She-not-I telling Brazen that now, as he had got his revenge, he would give up the girl to him, and trouble him or her no more.

Some say, however, that in right of his victory he reserved to himself certain rights of *cuisage et jambage*; but as, if such is the case, they are secret articles of the treaty of peace, treating in fact of *secret articles*, the public can not expect them to be communicated to them.

ADMONITION.

Would it not be better for the young men who board at the Bath-house, to reserve any observations they may have to make on the ladies who pass them, until they are out of sight.

It is with great pleasure we perceive Mrs. East's dancing-academy is again *on foot*. We anticipate a rich repast both by exercising our talents in describing the attractions of the scene, the hostess, and the company; but also in the humorous sketches we trust our correspondents will transmit to us, on this subject, as matter may occur for observation, for commendation, or for censure.

MAJOR DOMO presents his compliments to the partner of the firm of Scalding and Burning, who so vehemently declaimed that if he could only have the pleasure of an introduction to the major, (who, poor man! he took to be a commissioned officer!) he would give him a box on his *nose*; and begs to inform him, that he declines that honour; the *nose* being a most sensitive part, and the major having a very handsome one, though rather rosy, that is much approved of by the ladies, would be sorry for it to be disfigured, scalded, or burnt, (as is the case with other *noses*.) But he assures the gentleman there are many, besides himself, in Ste. Rose, who know something of him, and can send items to the blue book. For instance how as how he is soon to be married to the little funny eyed Miss Rob-Roy, who, he exultingly boasts, has a thousand pounds, and better than that, good *connections*.

Shanplea, September, 1824.

Dr. GROGG begs leave to inform the ladies of this vicinity, that, as he has lately kicked his wife out of doors, he is at their service for the remainder of the season. For their accommodation, he will stand at his own house, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday nights; and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, at the house of Mrs. Whiteskins. For terms enquire at his office, at the sign of the cross'd swords, or of Miss Brown at Lackaday.

Mount Royal, Sept. 16,

The old debauchee who, like Ahab of old, "has done more evil in the sight of the lord than all they that were before him." should neither pay such frequent visits to the suburban beauties, as to interfere with his official duties, (a little relaxation may be permitted,) nor perambulate so open a place as the *Champ de Mars*, with the well known meretricious Mrs. Hoax; for the old cornuted swears by the great hind quarter of his faithless spouse, that should he again hear of her amorous intrigues, they shall be made a matter of public investigation. *

The old debauchee has two daughters, who, perhaps in order to be more chaste than the daughters of Lot, have opened an establishment of their own, where they serve their customers at all hours, in the neatest manner, and on the shortest notice. For further particulars enquire on their premises or of Alick Bybush, Long Point.

POET'S CORNER.

THE HEART'S EASE.

I pluck'd this morn a little flower,
 Blooming by my favourite bower;
 And, one of fancy's thoughts to please,
 I, Nancy, call'd the sweet *Heart's ease*!
 O, what a little worthless thing,
 Previous to its christening—

• The more fool he!

Note by Prudentius Cuckoldus.

But now of all the garden's boast,
 I love this humble heart's ease most.
 My beating bosom wears the gem,
 Fresh blooming from its native stem;
 Where it shall flourish ne'er the less,
 To it I've given a fond caress.

L * * * *



Written after the flower had withered on my breast,

Why droops my pensive gem so soon?
 Thy petals fade ere yet 't's noon.
 Did my fond lips too warmly press,
 Indulging in a loved caress?
 Or are the throbs this bosom gives
 Too rude for thy poor tender leaves?
 Can not this lone abandon'd, heart
 Enough of life and warmth impart,
 To repossess thy leaves of gloom
 With all their former lovely bloom?
 Thy silent no—too well replies—
 But never, Nancy, tho' this dies—
 This heart's ease,—Yet, if fate should give,
 To meet—then—that heart's ease will live.

L * * * *

Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP,

At the sign of the Tea-Table,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is so often that explicit keys are omitted to be sent with the communications transmitted that it is necessary again to remind the contributors to this work, of the essentiality of that circumstance, without which they run but a poor chance of insertion. The article from Chambly, beginning "Colonel B." QUEBEC INTRIGUES, and MUSCICULUS, whose story is otherwise exceedingly well told, can not be inserted for want of them. The same defect prevails in many others. G. H.'s statement is of too insignificant a nature, so also L. L. Three or four SUBSCRIBERS TO THE SCRIBBLER; A NIGHTWALKER, TIMOTHY GRUM, MY OLD BOOTS, TOM TATTLER, HUMPREY CLINKER, and A WRITER, are received and under consideration. In next number will appear The Essay of PHILOGYNES, whose future favours will be most welcome, and meet with every encouragement and attention; not so much on account of the friendly and acceptable channel thro' which they are conveyed, as on account of their intrinsic merit.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED
IN QUEBEC.

A volume of PRECEDENTS, extracted from the Registers of the Prevoste' of Quebec, by JOSEPH F. PERRAULT, Esq. one of the Prothonotaries of the Court of King's Bench, for that district. "The work," says the Quebec Mercury, "appears to have been compiled with much industry and judgement, and is a curious and valuable acquisition to the libraries of our legal practitioners."

—ALSO—

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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 will be 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, will be introduced between the performances.

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

Doors open at 7, and performance to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.—

The managers flatter themselves that, in like manner they trust they have obtained the favour and support of the citizens of Montreal, towards their endeavours to amuse, entertain, and instruct the public, so also they may succeed in entitling their performances to the decided patronage of the discerning and liberal community of Quebec. They will make no further professions but will appeal to their exertion in future, for confidence and encouragement.

NOTICE.

THE title page, preface, dedication, (to the Swinish Multitude,) and index, of the **THIRD** volume of the Scribbler, are now ready for delivery, at this office, and at the Scribbler Office, Montreal, to subscribers who have had the whole of that volume, *and have paid for it, GRATIS*; and to others for one shilling Halifax. Similar appendages to the **FOURTH** volume, will be ready in a short time.

It is found necessary to add to the conditions of the Scribbler, that henceforward subscribers who wish to discontinue it, must give three months notice; and no subscription will be allowed for less than six months.

Those who have not paid up, or remitted their arrears, to the end of the **FIFTH** volume, will please to observe that the Scribbler will not be sent to them, till they do. To take away every excuse, they are informed that remittances in bank notes, directed "S. H. Wilcocke, post-office, Montreal," will be sure to come safe to hand, and be punctually acknowledged.

Agents for the Scribbler at the country places in Canada, are requested to use their exertions to collect what is due, both of arrears, and the advance on the present volume, and remit as above. Some agents are so neglectful that it will perhaps be necessary to form a Blacklist, also of those who neither collect nor remit, nor even write.

Rouse's Point, 16th Sept. 1824.