

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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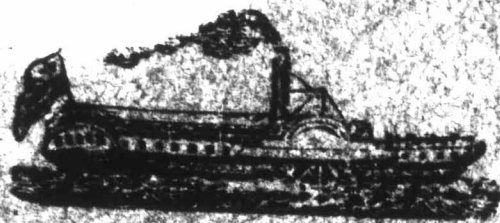
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**ROBERT JOHNSON,**

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# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 10th JUNE, 1824. [No. 123.

*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.*

JUVENAL.

From Nature's law, right reason never swerves;  
But to each subject gives what it deserves.

“Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,  
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair.”

Pope.

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

HORACE.

However hacknied, this quotation be,  
Right well it serves this mix'd miscellany,  
Whose object is the pleasing to combine  
With useful hints; and fancy to entwine  
Around the moralist's and critic's chair;  
To please the grave, the gay, the wise, the fair.

*Speech of Polly Baker, continued from our last  
number.*

Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine, but if you gentlemen must be making laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration, the great and growing number of bachelors in the country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expences of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives; and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder,) thousands of their posterity to the hundredth generation. Is



not this a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them then by law, either to marriage, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do, whom custom hath forbid to solicit the men, and who can not force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any; and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them; the duty of the first and great command of nature, and of nature's God, *increase and multiply?* A duty, from the steady performance of which nothing has been able to deter me; but, for its sake, I have hazarded the loss of the public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment, and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory.

*Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1747.*

Curious as is the above document, its literary history is still more so. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the month of May in the same year, a letter was published, signed William Smith, in which he says, that when he was in New England, in 1745, he saw *Polly Baker*, who was then, tho' nearly sixty years old, a comely woman, and the wife of *Paul Dudley*, Esq. of Roxbury, about two miles from Boston, and had fifteen children by him.

But in the *Magazine* for July 1748, the proprietors, probably fearing, or being threatened with, a prosecution by Mr. Dudley, for a libel on his wife, inserted the following apology.

“Whereas, through the wicked contivance of one William Smith, we unwarily published in our *magazine* for May 1747, a letter signed by him, which we are now fully sensible contains a most groundless, vile, and injurious slander and impu-



tation upon the Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. his Majesty's chief justice of the province of Massachusetts Bay, and his lady, a person of the most unblemished reputation, and remarkable during her whole life for her great modesty, virtue, and other amiable qualities; and whereas the said William Smith has since absconded, so that he can not lawfully be punished for his malicious and gross abuse, and being desirous that all possible reparation should be made in this case, do hereby publicly confess our great concern, that we should suffer ourselves to be imposed on, and become the means of publishing so great a calumny, and ask pardon of Mr. Dudley and his lady for the same.

And whereas the said letter also contains a base and scandalous aspersion upon the inhabitants of the aforesaid province, by representing their customs in points of marriage as extremely irregular and indecent, contrary to the truth and to the standing laws of that province approved by the king in council, we ask pardon of the said province for having published the same."

But this is nothing to the subsequent reputation given to this supposed, or fictitious, speech. The Abbe Raynal, having, some how, got hold of it, inserted a translation of it entire, in the second, amended, and corrected edition of his *Histoire philosophique et politique des etablissemens des Europeens*, which was published, I believe, in 1778;—and latterly, a traveller in America, Lieutenant Hall, I believe, (although, not having it in my power to refer to the book, I am not sure whether it is Hall, or Samson, or some other recent traveller, who has published an account of a journey thro' Canada and the States; but I am quite sure as to the fact,) states that, being in company with Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello, the conversation

turning upon Raynal's work, this very speech was alluded to, as exhibiting the credulity, and love of the extraordinary, which characterized the French historian; when Mr. Jefferson affirmed, that Dr. Benjamin Franklin had declared himself the author of it; and that he had originally written it, as a *jeu d'esprit* for the paper which his brother conducted in Boston. It is probable, therefore, that William Smith copied it from that paper, and sent it to the Gentleman's Magazine, and, afterwards, to give it greater plausibility, named Mr. and Mrs. Dudley as the *dramatis personæ*. If an old fyle of those Boston papers could be discovered, and this piece be found in them, it would prove an interesting document, and a not unworthy addition to the present works of Dr. Franklin, some other of whose literary essays might likewise be recovered by the same means. The Doctor must, however, have been rather young when he wrote it: it must, at the latest, have been 1746 when it appeared in Boston, and he died in 1790, at the age of      years.

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### REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

*The Charivari or Canadian Poetics: a tale, after the manner of Beppo, by Launcelot Longstaff,*

*Continued.*

Of the humourous, or rather the mixed descriptive and humourous, parts of this poem, the following are specimens.

In the description of the widow, one of her attractions is exhibited in stanza

53

But Annette was a person of that ilk

Called widows,—and Love's little charms had known



Not one, who laid out snares, young men to bilk,  
 And left them, then, to look, and die alone—  
 (Her evening dresses, by the by, were silk,  
 And gingham in the morning was her gown ;)  
 But, oh, her pastry, 'twas said to surpass  
 That of the queen of pie-crusts, Mrs. Glass.

This with Baptisto, who,

—— “ was an epicure,  
 And liked good living, such as soups and sauces,  
 Ragouts and curries,---but could not endure  
 Your meats plain boil'd and roasted ;——”

seems to have had more weight than her being

“ Pure as a rose and playful as a fairy.”

—— “ as sweet a creature  
 As ever man could wish to call his own,---  
 Graceful in form, and charming in each feature,  
 Meekness in mind, and melody in tone---”

Her first husband, we are told, “ killed himself  
 from being too fond,” for

“ Like other fryes---Love may be overdone,  
 And not exactly to the stomach suited ;---  
 Like other races, may be overrun  
 'Till out of breath, unless by time recruited ;---”

which reflection introduces a laudatory digression  
 on lord Byron's poetry, and particularly Don  
 Juan, displaying an independence of mind, and  
 unwillingness to bow down before the Baal of  
 pretended sanctity, that cankers, not only fair  
 England, but diffuses its venom to its most distant  
 possessions, which is highly creditable to the au-  
 thor, who says he has still to learn.

“ Why he who speaks Truth boldly, should do ill.”

And asks,

— “why should we distress  
 Poor Truth then, with Hypocrisy's vile dress?”

66

I hate deception under any guise,  
 But mostly under virtue's, and to say  
 What's witness'd constantly by all our eyes  
 And echoed to our ears, each passing day  
 Is crime to publish, and to satyryze,  
 Admits a doubt,—but Truth is, that we play  
 All our parts badly, and when found in fault,  
 Exclaim, “*tu quoque*,” likewise, and revolt.

“But this,” and a good deal more, as Mr. Long-  
 staff says, “is prosing;” and I hasten to the hu-  
 mourous account of the wedding-party, of which  
 I omit occasionally a few stanzas that are not the  
 most prominent,

101

The wedding party met, and there was seated  
 Annette's papa, and ma'—her sister,—brother,—  
 The first was bred a surgeon,—but he treated  
 Cases of physic too,—or any other  
 Which added to his practice,—and had cheated  
 (As it was ssid,)—Death of some later pothor  
 In being before-hand with him,—and ending  
 His patient's pains,—which is one way of mending,—

102

Altho' not the most pleasant,—then his son,  
 His father's counterpart, was smiling Billy  
 Who, also, in the practice had begun  
 And look'd a very Bolus,—rather silly  
 But quite good-natur'd, and more fond of fun  
 Than Physic,—whilst, the sister like a lily  
 All white appear'd,—and Ma' whose orange gown  
 For twenty years, at least,—had grac'd the town.—

103

Then came Baptisto's friend,—an honest chap  
 To act his father upon this occasion,—  
 Which in reality, (as by mishap  
 Report made known,) his kind consideration,



Had done to others ;—Nature's is a lap  
 The softest, and the sweetest in creation,  
 And Love, without a chain, has charms, they say,  
 Beyond the zest, of law's more fetter'd sway.—

104

And there was Dibs, the merchant, and his spouse,  
 And daughter too, a schoolmate of the bride,  
 His trade was wholesale, and the wealthiest house  
 Upon this side, the vast Atlantic's tide,—  
 And then a great North-Wester, Sammy Grouse  
 Alias, term'd "Buffalo,"—who terrified.  
 His hearers, with the wonderful relations  
 Of all, he'd seen, amongst the Indian Nations.

105

He'd talk to you, of beaver, and of bear,  
 'Till your hair bristled as upon their backs,  
 And how, he liv'd for days upon such fare  
 As bark, stew'd down, 'till you believ'd the acts ;  
 And of grass soup ;—next,—he would make you stare  
 Of wrestling with a buffalo,—and facts  
 I scarcely dare, in seriousness here mention,  
 For fear you'd think they were my own invention.

106

Then of the savage tribes,—and of the squaws,  
 Lord, how he'd prate with intellectual chatter,  
 The Crees,—the Castors,—and the Chicasaws,  
 And hundred other one's,—but of the latter  
 (The squaws, I mean), where Love, has no curs'd laws  
 To make a jurisprudence of the matter,  
 His praises grew exstastic, in their service,—  
 Nor wonder, when, you know, Sam, was no Dervise.—

108

Then of the party too, came lawyer Shark—  
 Who lik'd no law, so well as a good dinner,—  
 And laugh'd at Sam, who spoke of eating bark,  
 Saying, "indeed?—you must have got much thinner ;"—  
 And yet the lawyer could make trite remark  
 And had prevented many a flagrant sinner,  
 (By quibble, quirk, and eloquent hum)  
 Making his "exit," like a pendulum.—

But before all arriv'd—now he, and Sam,  
 Got into argument on those said matters  
 Which, in the North, occur'd—this said, "I am  
 "Most positive, that Selkirk, sham'd "the Ratters."  
 At which odd sound,—Sam, answer'd with "a damn"  
 And said aside,—"lord, how the jackdaw chatters;"  
 Whilst Shark talk'd on, saying "I can assure ye  
 "You were all wrong, *de facto*, et *de jure*."

Then, there was aunty Margaret,—lac'd and capp'd  
 With a rich satin, which had been in vogue  
 About the time, when first, the Fronde, enwrapt  
 All France in it,—from Lyons to La Hogue;—  
 Not to forget, gay Captain Casey,—strapp'd  
 From head to heel in gold,—who spoke the brogue  
 In all its elegance,—and as to cousins  
 And their connexions,—they came by the dozens.

This is altogether an excellent satiric picture, the  
 grouping capital, and the effect striking; and, the  
 more so from the circumstance that the originals  
 of each portrait are to be found in Montreal.

The wedding-guests being all disposed of, and  
 the "new-match'd pair," laid in bed, and after  
 "two hours had flitted on," both fast asleep, then

— "all at once, as if the house 'twould shatter  
 There rose a tintinabulary clatter"

proceeding from the charrivarri. A good de-  
 scription is given of the sudden alarm, and of the  
 motley assemblage convoked to celebrate the  
 nuptials of Annette and Baptisto, according to the  
 good old custom

— "yclept  
 Charivari---whence was the term deriv'd?---  
 I'll leave some literati more adept



At telling you,---why Custom had contriv'd  
To make it customary,-----”

A very unnecessary and misplaced digression, however, of eight entire stanzas on English mobs, politics, parliaments, &c. here breaks the story, of which Mr. Longstaff seems sensible, for he proceeds,

142

But I forgot, that I haū left my hero,  
Standing, poor fellow, only in his shirt,  
And that, with the thermometer at zero,  
Most probably, would do him, monstrous hurt,  
But he was, a most valiant Cavaliero,  
And stood, with nerve, and limb, on the alert  
Whilst Annette, now recover'd from her swoons,  
Cried out, “pray, love,---put on your pantaloons;”---

And speaking of “long digressions metaphysical,”  
adds:

“The only man, who does not this way tire one,  
Is that most fascinating fellow Byron.----”

Going on to describe the uproar, Mr. L. tells us,

151

I like a row myself,---that is to say,  
I like to see some frolic for variety,---  
A good stout pugilistic match,---or fray  
Betwixt two vulgars, deep in inebriety,---  
A fair,---or fire,---or any other way  
(For Time without some change, is dull society,)---  
What signifies a broken head or two,  
Provided it is neither I,---nor you?---

The night scene, with Baptisto in the hands of  
the charrivarriers, his mild and polite behaviour,  
their crowning him with antlers, &c. is well paint-  
ed, neither too highly coloured nor too minute,  
They hailed him,

“ With wishes bountiful of every sort,  
 And with much ridicule and jeer assail'd him---  
 But all in Humour's laughter-loving sport,  
 And he took all in patience, which avail'd him  
 More than inflam'd resistance or retort,---  
 And at each salutation, frankly bow'd  
 To the obsequious wishes of the crowd.”

In result,

————— “ it cost Baptisto  
 Full thirty gallons of old rum at least.”

—————  
 “ And after some short time's inauguration,  
 They led him to his door, with cheers, not hisses,  
 ‘ Printe of good fellows.’ —————”

a proper termination to these scenes of laudable revelry, and popular frolic; in lieu of such a sanguinary and disgraceful close, as the stubborn resistance of the established custom of a country by stiffneck'd aliens, and upstart proud outcasts, lately produced: a mode of thinking congenial to that of the author, as expressed in stanza

And having got Baptisto to his bed  
 Once more---in safety to his heart's delight  
 And all the crowd dispers'd who had been led  
 To join in sports, which Custom form'd, not spite,  
 And which, I trust, will ever still be said ;---  
 Tir'd of my idle rhymes,---I wish, Good night,  
 To all, who may or have not been amus'd  
 With thoughts, in harmless humour here diffus'd.

My extracts have already been so copious, that, although I had marked many other passages, for copying, I must confine myself to one which displays a perfectly novel, but poetically captivating, and appropriate, idea: Talking of the rigours of



a Canadian winter, (which the author seems very little partial to, notwithstanding its healthful qualities, and delightful round of amusements,)

“But what think ye,---of being found---(tho' odd,)  
As stiffly frozen as a tommy-cod?”\*

74

The ultra climax of all preservation,—  
To which th' Egyptian's art of mummy-fying  
Were a poor offering quite, of consolation  
To keep the frame, unputrified on dying,—  
That is provided,---Sol's consideration  
Would hide his beams, to keep the skin from frying;—  
But with the frost, the flesh looks so like marble,—  
That you might say, it was,—the “*veritable*.”—

75

The sculptor's then would be a sorry trade,  
Ye powers,---how many would we then behold  
Stuck up in mortal effigy;---array'd  
As deities upon the shrines of old;  
And Hook's (Tooke's) Pantheon, tho' it hath display'd  
Olympus and its gods,—could not unfold—  
With Jove himself,—with Hercules, or Venus . —  
So much, pride, strength,—or chastity—between us.—

I had also marked a few places for reprehension; several prosaic lines, (unavoidable, however, in a poem of any length,) an uncouth epithet or two, and an occasional bad rhyme, false accent, or halting measure, but these defects are so few in number, and are so much eclipsed by the beauties and merits of this piece, that I abstain from enumerating them.

\* To Canadian readers it is not necessary to explain what a tommy-cod is, but to others it may be right to add, that it is a small fish, caught in very large quantities in the lower part of the St. Lawrence, from 5 to 8 inches in length, shaped exactly like a cod, but being like a whiting or a sperling in flavour, tho' in my opinion superior to either. They are always brought to market in Montreal in a frozen state.

At the close is a short prose-account of the custom whence the piece derives its title: not, I believe, perfectly correct as to its origin. I am waiting some information I am promised from Old France on the subject, which prevents me from enlarging here: and shall therefore conclude this article with explaining that the word itself Charivari, (or as I spell it, when writing English, Charivarri, in order, by the duplication of the *r*, to bring it nearer to the French pronunciation,) is originally a term of venery, and is applied to the noise made by a kennel of hounds, when a hare, or other game, is placed before them within their reach, and when they are yet prevented from attacking the animal, in order to teach them, subserviency and attention to the huntsman's voice.

The typographical part does great credit to the press whence this little book has issued, but which is not named in the title page. The errors of the press are very few.

L. L. M.

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MR. MACCULLOH,

Being at present out of employment, I beg the favour of your recommending me to your friend, Dicky Gossip, for preparing and inditing paragraphs for his Domestic Intelligencer. As a specimen of my abilities, I beg to present you with the following paragraphs. I will confess that I borrowed the ideas, generally, from the cross readings of newspapers, but the grouping, to use a painter's phrase, is entirely my own. I shall not require much salary—a pair of cast-off trowsers twice a year, with a bone to pick, and some butter milk every day, and a glass of whiskey on Sundays, is as much as either poets, painters, au-



thors, and editors, or such djudges, who are born to wait upon and pamper the mental appetites of the scum of mankind can expect. Mr. Gossip will, therefore, find it a bargain to engage with

Your very humble

LUKE THE SIGNPAINTER.

Yesterday, the driving-club turned out for the first time this season; there was of course a grand display of—beggars, thieves, and other vagabonds—After parading through the principal streets they drove to—the Banks of Newfoundland—Report says the dinner consisted of—Seven quintals of codfish, a consignment of hand-saws, and ploughirons, and a cask of London-made Wellington-boots.

On Tuesday last, the lady of — — esquire, was safely delivered of—a pair of beautiful bay horses, harness complete, with carriole and skins to match.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, on Monday next—the honesty and conscience of—two eminent speculators in grain—and the chastity of—half a score old maids—The above will be positively sold, without reserve, the owners having no further occasion for them.

DARING ROBBERY. Last Thursday night a fellow was detected in the act of running off with—the Montreal water-works—but, being closely pursued, he cast them down, and to aid his escape, threw off his great coat, in the pockets of which was found a—Jewish synagogue—which, it is hoped, will lead to a discovery of the offender.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, John —, an indented apprentice; he had on, when he went

away—a bale of west of England cloth—he is—fourteen hands high, trots remarkably well, and is apt to kick and bite at times—being a useful beast, his master will give a considerable reward for his apprehension.

**FATAL DUEL.** On Monday morning last, at half-past three o'clock, a duel was fought—on the top of a house in St. Paul street—between—two ram-cats,—which, after two or three exchanges of—hugging and scratching—unfortunately terminated in one of them being precipitated into the area below—A love-affair, it is whispered, was the cause.

**ELOPEMENT.** It is said—that a beautiful water-spaniel—contrived to elude the vigilance of her relations, and ran off with—a large black mastiff—Strict pursuit is making after the fugitives, but, as yet, without success.

**GRAND DINNER.** On the occasion of the departure of the—Dey of Algiers—a grand dinner was given, by the—empty puncheons, old nails, and other refuse government stores—where many complimentary toasts, and—much hypocrisy and falsehood, under various garbs—looking particularly well in tartan—made their appearance on the slack rope—The bells were tolled on the solemn occasion—and struck up to a lively air, the old song of “a good riddance.”

---

On reconsideration, and having acquired some information which makes me consider IOTA'S subject, (“I say nothing of the execution,”) as one that may, with advantage, appear in print, I insert his tale, in which, in justice of course to the then editor of the Herald, I make no alterations. It was accompanied by this letter;

Sir,

The enclosed trifle having appeared at the bar of the Herald, and received from its dispenser of the law, this (as I conceive) very singular sentence, "Iota is inadmissible *from the subject*, not from the execution."—Not being altogether satisfied with the verdict, I have ventured an appeal to your higher tribunal. For, in good earnest, what in the name of any thing, every thing, or nothing, there can be in the *subject*, (I say nothing of its execution,) that should exclude it from any publication, is certainly beyond my sagacity to discover.\* Though I am free to acknowledge, that my powers of perception do not penetrate exactly to the centre of gravity, perhaps those of the more learned editor may, or at least he may fancy so. Judging, however, from some late aspirations of his, one feels more than an inclination for supposing, that he is less under the force of gravity, than the influence, (as Romèo has it,) "of that bright orb that silvers o'er the fruit tree tops." Yet, in making this appeal, allow me to say, that it is not done with any of those feelings which generally arise on appeals of any description whatsoever.

IOTA.

*Montreal, 15th April, 1821.*

THE PARSON AND THE SAGE.

A MORAL TALE.

"We shall meet again at Phillippi."—CÆSAR'S GHOST.

A Parson who was something vext,  
Made use of my impressive text,

\* As before said, the personality of its allusions was the real objection. L. L. M.



Which you must know, as well as I,  
 Made even Brutus heave a sigh;  
 And, springing from a human source,  
 If with a strong emphatic force,  
 Tho' less electric on the ear,  
 Than supernat'ral threats appear,  
 It might, no doubt, a sudden thrill,  
 In any nervous frame instill.  
 But tho' I've said, the text he took;  
 Which had at Sardus, Brutus shook;  
 I must, to make the matter clear,  
 Take the leave of stating here,  
 That it was not the fruitful source,  
 From which he drew his grand discourse,  
 That custom has, time out of mind,  
 Fixt for the teachers of mankind;  
 But rather seem'd a climax sting!  
 Which Bloods might think, presaged, to wing,  
 When winding up an auditory,  
 That look'd, perchance, a little gory.  
 But I'll proceed, to let you know,  
 The circumstances, con and pro:  
 Since the fates, who spin and reel  
 The thread of life, (till Clotho's steel  
 Shall cut the tender filament;)  
 Have, from the shades, their orders sent--  
 If but one single muse, or all,  
 Will deign to hear, a suppliant's call.  
 Know then; a sage, who's staunch to truth,  
 And forced upon our wayward youth  
 His strict injunctions, oft to tickle,  
 With, what is term'd, a rod in pickle,  
 Had felt indignant, at the young  
 Perambulating, flippant, tongue,  
 Of this same Parson; (reverendless,  
 Or, may be, reverend to excess:)  
 And had, on more than one occasion,  
 Charged him with prevarication:  
 Or to be plain, but not audacious---  
 Aspersion rather pertinacious,  
 Which coming to the Parson's ears,  
 Awakened Michael Cassio's fears;

(Who, in racking torments tost,  
 Bewail'd a reputation lost ;)  
 But my hero thought it folly,  
 In ruminating melancholy,  
 Like Niobe, uselessly to grieve  
 For that which action might retrieve :  
 Since, floating in the *chances* all,  
 A most propitious one might fall,  
 That would repolish up his name,  
 And his opponent's blur with shame ;  
 And after much deep cogitation ;  
 A week, or so, of perturbation :  
 Then, "pricking" up his resolution,  
 He put the plan in execution.  
 And that there might not be a flaw,  
 As proof, is every thing in law—  
 (Altho' in law, and in divinity,  
 There is, perhaps, not much affinity :)  
 He fixt upon the bold invasion,  
 When the sage, in consultation,  
 Met his associates—(not to enlarge,)  
 On an important, public, charge ;  
 And with some skill, th' attack commenced,  
 But soon appear'd too much incensed :  
 For anger can have little force,  
 In argumentative discourse ;  
 And oft, instead of adding weight,  
 Even truth it seems to enervate :  
 And being always just at hand,  
 'Tis best to make it contraband :  
 Altho' he seem'd too greatly vill'd,\*  
 His judgment was not so beguil'd,  
 But that he clearly understood,  
 What constitutes our greatest good—  
 "A name"—while we sojourn in life,  
 As pure, as Cæsar, wish'd his wife !  
 And much descanted on the course,  
 To which a man might have resource ;  
 When slander's tongue, if false as cruel,  
 Would rob him of the "precious jewel :"

\* So in the original.

A jewel which—the world to nought—  
 Should be esteem'd—or else it bought.  
 And he who would direct an aim,  
 With poison'd shaft, to slaughter fame,  
 Attempts a *treason* more *accurs'd*,  
 Than Caligula's, when he nursed  
 That demon bantling in his breast,  
 That all mankind; might be compress'd,  
 So as to form one only head,  
 That he, by one gigantic tread,  
 Might crash it to this earthly ball,  
 And by one blow, “to murder all!”—  
 And further hinted, that he might  
 Be forced, perhaps, himself to right;  
 Unless those aspects were displaced,  
 That had his prospects so defaced:  
 And here, 'twas thought, he seem'd to feel,  
 That sound had force, like lead or steel:  
 If so, it proved on this occasion,  
 An error in his calculation.  
 For amidst this threatening storm,  
 (Resembling Thistlewood's reform,)  
 The sage, undaunted, bore the shock,—  
 Like some stupendous surly rock,  
 That rears its head above the waves,  
 And frowns at Neptune while he raves—  
 Merely replied, he would not flinch  
 From what he said, a single inch.  
 Now *Themis* interposes here,  
 Mal-a-propos, I something fear;  
 And charges me, your bard, to swear  
 To this one truth—tho' truth is rare,—  
 That man—unless himself shall aid—  
 Need not of *slander* be afraid.—  
 The Parson rose, and—flashing red,  
 Like Jove's immortal wrath o'erspread  
 His visage, as he trembling spoke,  
 With heaving breast, what seem'd to choke—  
 “If that is your determination?  
 “I shall not press accommodation:  
 “We'll meet again at Phillippi.”—  
 Then wheel'd about—and so must I,



And leave you here, in some suspense,  
 To draw—as suits—an inference:  
 As I might err—till pregnant time  
 Shall be deliver'd—in my rhyme,  
 But should there be an inanition,  
 In consequence of this coition;  
 Something *shall* be sung or said,  
 “And so good night”—“to bed! to bed!”

—JOTA.

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## INTRIGUES OF EDITORS.

### DIALOGUE.

*The Hon. Tory Lovertule, (in a passion.)* I say Mr. Changeling you must turn off this Mr. Bulwark: he is too much of a John Bull for me; he won't do—turn him off I say—He has the impudence to think for himself—aye, and to write too—and even to alter my luminous paragraphs—Turn him off—Have done with him I say—

*Mr. Changeling.* Thy will be done.

*Harry McHarry.* Good Mr. Changeling, please to notice my young friend here, Mr. Spasm. He is of the true Scotch breed: he'll not refuse any dirty work, if he can but get the siller.

*Mr. Changeling.* Thy will too be done.

### SOLILOQUY.

*Davy Spasm.* Here I am, in Canada—bred to the law in a pettyfogging writer's office in my native country, in a small village, I hope I *will* never forget—to boo—and boo—and mak' mysel' usefu' to my superiors—but hooly and fairly! Davy! you must forget your Scotch dialect here, for, in good truth, the natives begin to smoke us Scots—North Britons I mean—yes, that's the term.—However, now, let's see—I *will* get by this editorship—psha—no matter what I *will* get—

I see Tommy Changeling can be humbugged as well as another—and he sha'n't want for it from me. Here I've got the siller, (*takes a handful out, and smells to it,*) feh! it stinks—but what's that to me?—no matter that I got it from the Rat-catchers for putting together a string of lies,—forging and altering letters—being a tool to publish private letters,—and all manner of trash raked up out of a multitude of incoherent scraps, and copies, of which they robbed—yon poor rogue, who they have tried hard to hang—But, the devil take the fellow—he has beat them all—and, by the virtues of brimstone and treacle! he'll beat me too—No matter. I say, how I got it—I have got it, and that's enough.

## DIALOGUE.

*Printer's Devil*, Mr. Spasm, copy is wanted for the Gazette, and the Magazine, above all things.

*Spasm*. Damn the Gazette, and the Magazine too—Haven't I marked enough for the paper. Here my dear! (to his consort,) come sit on my knee. I say, you devil, be off.

(*After a scene of matrimonial toying, enter again the Printer's devil.*)

*Devil*. Mr. Changeling says he must have copy for the Magazine, sir. We are at a stand and can't go on without you.

*Spasm*. I know that well—that's the very thing, boy—I'll make the old fellow raise my salary—or he sha'n't have copy—He can't do without me, Tell him that—tell him that—I say, my dear, I shall write to Old Changeling, and say that if he don't raise my salary immediately, and enter into a long engagement with me, I shall cut him—cut him off—and cut him out of copy—and then I'll cut

a figure myself, and be a REVIEWER, and what not—for I'll be my own *magnus Apollo*. (*Exit devil.*)

SOLILOQUY.

*Tommy Changeling, (spitting about on all sides.)*  
So, so, so, so—this Spasm defies me, does he? but he shall see I can do without him. There's Dr. Alick, he's the man for my money—if I can but draw him from the woods—he'll beat Spasm hollow.

*So it came to pass that Dr. Alick was installed as editor in lieu of Mr. Spasm, who was sorely galled to find they could do without him.*

DIALOGUE.

*Neddy Falcon, meeting Mr. Gushe.—*By gosh, Gushe, I'm glad to see you; how do you like my old birth?

*Gushe.* O very well, very well indeed; Reap-er's a good fellow; I fancy I shall soon be able to pay off some of my old debts, But what made you leave the place.

*Falcon.* O, I wanted to better myself, that's always my way. Besides who'd be the man, when he could be the master.

*Gushe.* But you are changing and changing for ever.

*Falcon.* O Archer and I did not draw the same bowstring. But you may rely on it, as to my present partner, *cunning I am*, and I shall not fall out, as long as we are of the same mind.

SOLILOQUY.

*Spasm, (afflicted with a spasmodic affection.)* Curse it—that's what twitches me—Here I've got all the great ones, the bigwigs, the Loverules, &c. &c. as my patrons, yet my Review hangs an arse; (*looking round, for fear of being overheard;*) I hope



nobody heard me, or I shall lose all my reputation of sanctity, morality, virtue, religion, and such fine words which I am, in duty bound, to please my hypocrites of patrons, to have constantly in my mouth. Well, the Review, I'm afraid, will be a bad spec: and while the grass grows, the steed starves: so I'll try to oust Gizzard from his place in the court of Blazonry—and stop—there's the high constableness too—I must have a slap at that—Dal don't like he there, *of the Island*, should have it—and tho' McCulloch's my good friend—(McCulloch, ominous sound! how like to McCulloch, of direful import, my redoubted reprovor, my dread, my bane;) yet while I profess the warmest friendship for him, I'll snugly and secretly, thro' my great friends at court, apply for the place myself. 'Tis well to have two strings to one's bow—O! there's a twitch!—I verily thought it was my consciense; but 'tis only a spasm. Well to work—to work—brains and feet—hands and tongue. (*Exit.*)

#### DIALOGUE.

*Mr. Gizzard discovered in bed, with a greasy nightcap on, a bottle of whiskey, and glass, by his bed-side, papers, and letters strewed over the quilt, with books of various kinds, the Latin and Greek classics, poetry, criticism, and history; a half-smoked cigar in his mouth, pen in hand, a folio book before him, with a sheet of paper, scrawled over, but no part blotted out. (Takes the cigar from his mouth, and breaks out abruptly.)* O galaxy of heterogeneity; is sense to be made out, or homologous particles to be inundated through the tube of egregious passion. O Luna, goddess bright who inspireth my cogitations; or rather thou, O mighty spirit of whiskey——who the devil is there?

(*Door opens, and enter a friend.*) *Friend.* Fie! Gizzard, always lounging a-bed and whiskyfyng! Up man, and arouse yourself. A man of your real abilities to obnubilate, your faculties thus; whilst brainless puppies are supplanting you!

*Gizzard.*—Ha! who talks of supplanting?

*Friend.* Spasm, Spasm, the favourite of the Loverule faction. He is to be the future *Herald* of the party.

*Gizzard.* By my great-grand-father's soul, who was peppered, and roasted, and bedevilled in the reign of queen Mary, I would not care, if't were a man of abilities, like mine own; if't were a man who could write two paragraphs of sense or grammar—but to be ousted by a Spasm—O! that sticks in my gizzard. But give me 'tother glass of whiskey, and another puff or two, and then will my brains ingender, and bring forth, the prospectus of a new paper, with which—with which—but where's the whiskey? (*scene closes.*)

#### SOLILOQUY.

*Spasm,* (*with all his plumes erect, as a newly installed editor.*) Now, Richard's himself again—And yet, I fear, I *will* be humbled, and nobody shall be sorry for it. But, hence, misgivings, hence! and welcome my pristine pride and pedantry. If ye can not have exercise sufficient in the *blazonry* of our paper, repair to our *Review*—but soft—who is to print this promising bantling of future celebrity; True, I promised it to Reaper; but what's that—'ts more convenient, for reasons, me thereunto moving, that Falcon should do it—The question being decided therefore who is to print it—another perplexing one arises; which is, who is to read it?—Be still, be still, thou busy devil; always intruding thy doubts and

fears, in the full tide of vanity and expectation. By heavens! if nobody else reads it, I'll read it twice over myself.

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Government City, 27th May, 1824.

D. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

All our fashionables are on the alert. Cards of invitation have been flying about in every direction for a fete to Lady Viceroy, on her leaving our Canadian soil. By the bye, our good folks like a ball and supper better than the signing of a complimentary address: indeed, after the Mount Royal farce, our's could only be a kind of puppet-show interlude. The committee of management thought proper to have me amongst them, and a few days ago I was put in possession of a blue (query: *true blue?*) printed card, couched in terms the most courteous, summoning me to a ball and supper, given in honour of the countess, on the 26th. As I returned late from my country residence, it was near eleven before I reached the banqueting-room. The crowd was great, as might be expected; but *il y avoit trop de melange*, and I do not believe her ladyship had occasion to exult much on the selection of the company invited to meet her. Kissing, however, goes by favour, and so do ball-tickets. I was not long enough with the party to make many observations; but I could not avoid laughing, (in my sleeve, that is, for I am so ill-bred as not to venture to do so aloud in a ball-room, altho' others consider that as the quintessence of fashion and ton,) at a lady, who, I was told, had been taking special lessons in quadrilles, purposely for this ball, the first, I believe, of any note, which she has attended since she began to move in the *grand monde*. Imagine



to yourself a woman, upwards of fifty years of age, (tho' appearances by candlelight make her look much younger,) learning to cut *ailes de pigeons*, and *pirouettes*, &c. Madame Chloe, whilst attempting to execute some of these arduous steps, missed her time, made a *faux pas*, and would have reeled down on her knees, had she not been supported by her *cicisbeo*, who was fortunately at hand. A lady near me attributed the circumstance to the tightness of her corset, by an extraordinary degree of which, she endeavours to rejuvenilise, (if I may be allowed the expression,) her appearance. As I retired soon after supper, I had no opportunity of witnessing a few other rather ridiculous matters, which I have been told richly deserve a place in your miscellany. One thing, however, I noticed, which was the flippancy of Madame La Proserpine's tongue, which is indeed in her "an unruly member."

Your's, &c.

ÆGON.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXIX.

*Continued.*

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

*From the Government-City Advertiser.*—An unfortunate occurrence happened lately to lord Northland. His lordship was one evening studying over the following couplet, in a modern poet, who amused himself with writing heroic verses on the memorable affair of the Commander-in-chief of the forces, and Mrs. Mary Ann Clark;

"And, like a noble duke, resign'd his place,  
For fear of being kick'd out, with disgrace;"—

and resolved to resign his situation as cashier of a certain bank, the next day. The next day, however, came, and another, and another, whilst his lordship could not forego the

tempting titillation, which counting of bank notes, caused to his finger and thumb; when, dreadful to relate, his lordship was suddenly saluted by a violent kick on the breech, which, — turned him out of office, *sans ceremonie*.

It is now said that a *chapman* will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar, Madame Torchon, the flashing young widow of John Street. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, adds, that the lady has presented her *pretendant* with the costly breast-pin of the late Sir Robert, as a token of her love. We understand the lady is on tiptoe, to pronounce the irrevocable "yes." After the ceremony, the happy pair are to pass the honeymoon, at Carter's valley.

It is rumoured that the daughter of Mr. De la Chataigne has attracted the regard of Baron Levoý, of the city light-horse. The engaging manners of the young lady seem to have had their usual efficacy on the amorous baron. The Chevalier a la Lorgnette, who once considered himself as the lady's favourite swain, is, we understand, inconsolable.

*From the Trifluvian Reporter.* The ladies, young and old, particularly the former, who are so anxious to see the blue-book, as soon as it arrives, and even before it is due, are recommended to persuade their papas, dearys, or brothers, as the case may be, to subscribe for it; \* which would prevent their muddying their silk stockings, or getting blowzed, in running after it.

*From the Shamplea Repertory.* We are authorised to contradict the statement that appeared in our *Newsroom Report*, that "the taylor's wife's sister had swallowed a little schoolmaster, with all his books," which is declared by W. Y. Lookout, to be a positive falsehood. Indeed it seemed *incredible*, when we admitted it.

Dr. Whitehat is recommended to use his companion with more consideration. He should recollect that, though the ladies like the *fortiter in re*, they are also attached to the *suaviter in modo*.

\* Do, dear ladies! I assure you I owe more than half my subscribers, to the persuasions of the females of their families.

L. L. M.

## POET'S CORNER.

*From the Twirlingtown Spy.*

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

How come you on, messieurs Rub and Go?  
 Or do I mistake, when I say 't is so?  
 Were n't you the men, who talk'd large of sales;  
*And who reach'd and raised the ladies veils?*  
 Yet proved plain Boobies;—O, for shame!  
 (Dear Sawney don't mistake the name.)  
 You think you've got th' exclusive right,  
 And won the fair, by your pleasing sight;—  
 You've rivall'd all, is what you say,  
 Hill, Pearl-street, Statehouse-square, and Bay.  
 If so, our fair must have a curious taste,  
 When men like you, are by their custom graced.  
 But let me tell them, what you know yourselves;  
 Th' outside's all show; the inside ill-fill'd shelves.  
 You play out all your trumps, and at the last,  
 The game you'll lose, because you play too fast;  
 Besides you've yet to learn—'t must be confess'd—  
*That scissars always sell by pairs the best.*

ITINERANT.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Doeskins tanned in the hair, with live oak,  
 GRATIS, by TOM TAN, of the Mount Royal ex-  
 perimental Tannery, in St. Gabby Street.

T. T. has practiced with great success upon  
 the hides of black cattle.—Shape, colour, or size,  
 no objection. As he carries on the business  
 merely for his own amusement, he makes no  
 charge; but, on the contrary, will pay the owners  
 of the skins, and handsomely reward the bringers  
 of good articles.

General rate given for the privilege of tanning  
 a new doeskin, \$4--; and \$2 to the bringer.—  
 Retanning old hides in proportion.

DEAR DICKY GOSSIP,

I am a young man who loves quietness and decorum, and frequently indulge myself in a walk in the environs of Mount Royal. A few evenings ago, I engaged a fair friend of mine to accompany me in a walk; to prosecute which we had to pass through the St. Laurent Suburbs. We went on, for a while, very well; but coming to one of the cross streets, we heard a great bustle in the corner-house; and before we had time to form any conjecture as to the cause, the door flew open, and out started two figures, running as if for their bare lives, with their inexpressibles, which they held up with their hands, unbuttoned, and their shirts flying, like streamers, behind them. I was thunderstruck, and my companion shocked. Recovering from my first surprise, I discovered that the fugitives were Sandy Chrystal, the wee wee grocer, and Will Longchin, a great camroque of his. I afterwards understood that Sandy had to go through the surgeon's hands, in consequence of his visit to the corner-house: his companion did not suffer much, excepting a little cold, caught by his naked posteriors in making good his retreat. This disgraceful scene I think deserves recording in the blue book.

PAUL TELL-TRUE.

#### NOTICE.

*Preparing for the Press, and will be published, as soon as a sufficient quantity of fine wove paper, (hot pressed,) arrives, THE AMOURS, INTRIGUES, AND CORRESPONDENCE, between Count Old Joseph, and the Maid of the Mill; comprising about 1000 letters filled with the most obscene and low language possible. To which will be added a complete Glossary, and notes explanatory of the cant and bawdy expressions, and jargon contained in the said letters; with additions and emendations by DAVY SPASM, esquire, alias the MAN OF ROSS; to be printed under the auspices of the dishonourable the ci-devant Rat-catching Company, by Hunha Reaper; in two folio volumes. Price, three guineas; Payable in advance.*



## AMATORY INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

Miss Julia Heyday, with all her beauty and good sense, may perhaps catch a tartar, if she trusts too much to the professions of Mr. Sammy Cut-her. This gentleman may be known by the flourish he is always cutting with his cane, as he walks the streets; and at Mr. Heyday's by his cutting and carving for himself whenever he visits the young lady; which it is said he does very frequently of evenings, getting as much to drink with his victuals as he can, without ever thinking of any other payment than kind looks, and soft words. Five years, say the chronicles of the Old Market, has he constantly pursued the plan, (which at home is called sponging and bamboozling,) and is as far off as ever from entangling himself in the matrimonial noose; altho', it is supposed, that the amiable girl he ostensibly courts, both loves him dearly, and is ignorant of the suburban beauties to whose company he frequently devotes his hours.

TOM PEPPER reports that the admiral, (*vide* Dom. Int. No. 35,) has become a constant attendant on the Methodist chapel; whence it is thought that he has changed his mind, and neglecting the *bois brulee*, has placed his affections, not "on things above," but on an earthly nymph, and some say it is the amiable Miss Bella Allspice, that is the magnet that attracts his steps to the conventicle of assignations and love-meetings.

PAT SKYBLUE, being perched in the maintop, descried not long since, a *Mount-and-go-merry-ly* kind of a chap, in confab close, at what may be called a merry house, with a merry girl of *wax*. In the back ground behold a certain just-ass, dubbed a marquis by some, but often distinguished as Jeannot Bonnepaye, passing, peering, and peeping, round the corner; who no sooner saw the coast clear, than he whips in, and hits the *wax* doll a hard slap on the back, as a memento for not recollecting that, as police-magistrate, he was entitled to monopolize all the prostitutes he thought proper, and be welcome in every *bordel*, scot-free, by virtue of his office: and indeed Jeannot used to stretch his prerogative of office pretty well in the respect; popping out of one house of accommodation, into another; kissing here, fumbling there, and spending his time—not his money, nor any thing else—in all, in succession. But, praised be the claws of St. Nebuchadnezzar, when he eat grass! even so, it is rumoured, are the Marquis and his worthy compeer and assessor, the knavish and foolish old woman

Abigail Slipslop McRope, to be turned out to "eat grass as oxen."

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

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LITERARY NOTICES.

N. B. Authors and publishers are reminded of the propriety of sending a copy of their publications to the Scribbler Office, in order that they may be promptly reviewed.

JUST PUBLISHED,

IN MONTREAL,

THE WIDOW OF THE ROCK, and other poems, by A LADY. (*This is the work formerly announced to be published by subscription.*)

IN UPPER CANADA, at KINGSTON,

St. Ursula's convent, or the Nun of Canada,\* in 2 vol. 12 mo. printed by H. C. Thomson.

For Sale by G. HART, Kingston, U. C.

AT YORK.

*Just Published,*

A faithful and correct report of the several trials held at Lockport, for the alleged murder of John Jennings, in the memorable Riot of the 24th December, 1822.

Price 2 shillings, for sale by JOHN COLLINS.

York, May 10th, 1824.

ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED,

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, a further attempt to substantiate the legitimacy of INFANT BAPTISM,† in a series of letters, addressed to the Rev. WILLIAM ELDER, by GEORGE JACKSON.

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\* I have to acknowledge receipt of a copy of the above work, which shall be noticed the next time I resume the review of new publications.

L. L. M.

† The book of the Rev. Mr. Elder, to which the above is a reply, was published, I believe, in Boston, and does not therefore come within the scope of Literary Notices for the Bri-

This work which is printing in octavo is expected to comprise about 240 pages, and embraces a comprehensive view of the subjects at issue between the parties.

April 24, 1824.

### SABLE ISLAND.†

A Descriptive CHART of this very dangerous place will be published and ready for sale on the 1st prox. at the Stationary Store of Mr. C. H. Belcher.

April 28.

A new periodical publication, entitled the COLONIAL ADVOCATE, and JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE, has made its appearance in Queenston, in Upper Canada. Being published in an octavo form, and each number containing 16 pages, it of course assumes a superior rank to that to which the transitory sheets of a common newspaper are entitled; and will claim a due portion of attention in this miscellany. It is avowed to be conducted on independent principles, and, with respect to politics, is understood to be, what at home would be called an opposition paper; such are much needed in Canada, particularly in the Lower Province; and I am happy to perceive the dawn of free and liberal discussion which has been for some time increasing its light, thus maturing into a daybreak of happy promise. The editor of the COLONIAL ADVOCATE, has adopted a novel mode of introducing and recommending his work; as he announces his intention of circulating weekly, for four weeks, about 900 copies, GRATIS. I hope he wo'n't forget

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH,

*Scribbler and Free Press Office, Montreal.*

I copy from the Canadian Courant, the following intimation:—

“We have understood that a gentleman, to whose pen this community is indebted for some former valuable publications, is now busily engaged in preparing a history

of the British Provinces; but I omitted to copy the advertisement of the first reply, published by Mr. Jackson, to which this is a sequel, although it did appear in the Halifax papers.

L. L. M.

† A short description of Sable Island, from the personal observation of a friend of mine, who landed there from on board a British armed vessel in 1806, will be given in next number of the Scribbler.

L. L. M.

of the Earl of Dalhousie's administration in this Country from the period of his arrival to the close of the last Session of the Provincial Parliament. This work, it is said, will also include a brief statement of such events as may take place in public affairs from the above period 'till His Lordship's departure for England."

**MONTREAL MEDICAL INSTITUTION.** The Lectures on Botany,\* by A. F. Holmes, M. D. will commence on Monday, 31st May, at seven in the morning.---Montreal, 15th May, 1824.

\* The science of BOTANY, if it do not degenerate into a mere pedantic nomenclature, which is too often the case, is so interesting in itself, and promises such peculiar advantage, both of instruction and utility in a new country; that, if any of the students who attend Dr. Holmes's lectures, will, (with his permission,) make minutes of them, which perhaps he will have the goodness to correct, I will, with pleasure, publish them in a series of numbers, in the Scribbler; reserving, however, to myself the privilege of declining to do so, in case I find them deviating too much from what I conceive to be the proper use of Botany, namely practical utility, in medicine, agriculture, and natural history.

L. L. M.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Before receiving IOTA's last favour, with its inclosure, the *whole* of his piece was in type. SÜETONIUS, whose paper on the subject of the late trials, gave great satisfaction, will, it is hoped, again wield his pen, on the Charrivarri business, and procure and transmit the heads of the judge's charges, which are essential, to found the intended remarks upon. St. GEORGE refers to a former communication, which has not been received yet: a mail-bag belonging to the Scribbler-Office, has been missent southward, whence it is expected back soon, in which, no doubt, that and other communications have been forwarded. HUMPHRY CLINKER is under consideration. A DEVOTEE ought to be aware that nothing in the shape of a personal threat towards another, can be admitted: besides, numerous pilgrims are always, and properly, allowed to worship at the same shrine, and it is not the devotees themselves, but the goddess before whom they bow, that is to decide as to the propriety or acceptability of their adorations.



# THE FREE PRESS.

THE public are respectfully informed that the above work will be resumed very soon, and, it is hoped, before the next number of the Scribbler can be published.

The state of political affairs in Canada at present appears highly critical. The Scotch faction still talk of their Union project, and, if not narrowly watched, will again endeavour to undermine the dearest privileges of Englishmen and Canadians, who are identified in feeling and in abhorrence of that unconstitutional system which it is too much the fashion to advocate in the colonies. A curb ought to be put upon the unbounded rapacity and arbitrary conduct of the Executive, and nothing can be more conducive to that desirable end, than a Free Press. The public in Canada know the untamed, and undaunted, spirit of the author of the work under that title, and, it is hoped, will patronise, and support him, not only by their subscriptions, but also by active contributions of patriotic essays and correct information, on every political subject that comes within his scope.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

Rouse's Point, 15th April, 1824.

## Samuel H. Wilcocke, PRINTING OFFICE, ROUSE'S POINT,

CHAMPLAIN, STATE OF NEW YORK:

Offers his services to the public in CANADA, for all kinds of Printing.

Books, Pamphlets, Hand-bills, Cards, Notices, Catalogues, Labels, Circulars, Blanks, Deeds, &c. printed in the neatest manner, with new type, and on good paper, with accuracy, dispatch, and SECRECY, (if required.)—On moderate terms, for Cash, or approved credit.

The Printing-Office being beyond the boundary-line of LOWER CANADA, from which it is only a few yards distant, offers obvious advantages for printing political, or other, pamphlets, circulars, or hand-bills, which prudential motives may render it inexpedient to do in Canada.

Orders taken in at the Scribbler Office.

LETTERS, dropped into the BOX, punctually attended to.



## NOTICE

THE title page, preface, dedication, (to the Swiss 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 fourth 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, 13th May, 1821.

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