

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites;  
Et vitula tu dignus et hic.* VIRGIL.

Disputes like these we can not here decide,  
Nor which the calf that wears the lion's hide,

— *Nugis addere pondus.* HORACE.

To trifles giving an important air.

Hear land o' cakes, and brither Scots,  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it:

A chield's amang ye, taking notes,  
An' faith he'll prent it.

BURNS.

Mount Royal, 17th February, 1825.

MY DEAR MAC,

Being as well by nature, if I know myself, as by inclination and practice, open, candid, and grateful; and believing that you pride yourself; not a little, on possessing the same trio of virtues; (or vices, as the world may please to call them [1] for really, every thing appears to be so ill defined—that is by practice,—that one hardly knows what title to give even to CHARITY.) Premising thus much, you must excuse me when I, as modestly as it is possible for me, inform you that I was a little sorry, (although I have the highest opinion of your judgement,) that you were un-

(1) The world will not venture to call openness, candour, and gratitude, vices; yet all mere worldly men, think them so, or, what is the same thing, act as if they were, and not only never practice them themselves, but boldly call all those who do, fools and drivellers.  
L. L. M.

-der the necessity of erasing some of the stanzas of my last communication. It appears to me to have disconnected what was, unquestionably, too much so before; and I was the more confirmed in this opinion on hearing, somewhat of a judicious reader observe, (where two of the stanzas are missing,) that there appeared a want of connection at those points. (2)

I had like to have forgotten to tell you how much satisfaction your notes gave, not only to myself, (for which I am much indebted,) but to many others. I have heard them read over and over.

I now send you a long communication—too long, I know; but would fain hope, and almost believe, it has, perchance, nearly sufficient merit to compensate for its long irregular *thread*. If it has not, it certainly is no fault of mine, for I could not make it better. (3) But, judging in this case, is not within my jurisdiction.

BLOW-UP.

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(2) The stanzas in the original, which I thought it right to omit, were the 4th, the 9th, and the 13th. Of these the 9th was certainly nothing but an expletive, and rather tended, in my opinion, to disconnect than to connect. I will admit, on re-perusal, that it would have been better had the 4th remained: and perhaps also the 13th, though the latter was involved in such obscurity that I did not comprehend its import.

(3) Excuse me, Mr. Blow-up; it appears to me that you write too much *currente calamo*, and do not take either time for revision, or reflection for emendation. I am convinced your abilities are as equal to the more difficult task of blotting, and correcting, as to that of composing. I have little doubt that similar alterations to such as I have occasionally made, would have occurred to yourself, had you given yourself time.

——— *Minor admiratio summis*  
*Debetur monstris, quoties facit via nocentem*  
*Hunc sexum* JUVENAL.

(N. B. The explanatory notes, by L. L. M.)

A specious TRIO, forming just,  
 Three niaths of that eccentric dust,  
 Which,—tho' the manner's not defined,—  
 It has been said, time out of mind,  
 That it would take, by nature's plan,  
 To make that being, nicknamed MAN;  
 Yet they o'er all the eighths would jump,(4)  
 And thus, at once, to manhood plump.

As lovely Iphis did, of eld,  
 When sweet Ianthe she beheld,——(5)  
 As beauteous as the queen of love,  
 Sweet as the nectar drank above,  
 Luxuriant as the morning's glow,  
 When Iris spreads her radiant bow,  
 And heaven-bespangled objects shine;

(4) If "nine tailors make a man," the arithmetical question would stand thus,—the first ninth wants to jump over all the other fractions, and arrive by itself. without their aid, at the ninth ninth; consequently they are all ninths that it is wished to jump over, and not eighths. I love to state things with precision.

(5) Here the reader may jump to the 19th line farther on—but Blow-up even leaves him in the lurch there, and does not in truth explain what she beheld. To those who are not much versed in ancient mythology I think it right to relate the story of Ianthe and Iphis, for their edification, and in illustration of the text.

Iphis was the daughter of a Cretan named Lygdus by Telethusa his wife. The good man, perhaps having already too large a family of children to maintain, (though the story does not say so,) having to perform a journey leaving Telethusa in an advanced state of pregnancy, laid his com-

Immortal mortals (6) seem divine,—  
 Reclining, thoughtful, how they languish !  
 Buoy'd by hope, depress'd by anguish !  
 The palpitating, leaping, thing. (7)  
 As if from prison it would spring,

mands on her. if she should have a girl, to expose the child in the woods; a custom which was not uncommon in those days. Maternal love, however, when she was delivered of a female infant, induced Telethusa. to pretend it was a boy; and giving her the name of Iphis, brought her up as such. When Iphis had arrived at the age of puberty, the father espoused his supposed son to lanthe, a beautiful Cretan lady. Poor Telethusa, who was a devout good pagan, fearing that her imposture would be discovered, prayed heartily for help to Isis; who, being by no means averse to propagating all good works, effected, on the marriage night, so propitious a change in the person of miss Iphis, that she became much to the satisfaction of the bride, a man, erect, bold and vigorous. What therefore lanthe beheld may easily be conceived. A passage in LACTANTIUS seems very applicable to this incident; *Homo incidit erectus in caelum*, and may be, not unaptly, illustrated by one in GREY COURT, where, in one of his *conversations badines*, Colin ejaculates to his mistress,

*Ayez soin de nos brebis,  
 Je sens que j'entre en Paradis.*

By the bye, the manuscript, a few lines below, reads Isis, where I have altered it to Iphis, whose radiant bow is alluded to, an attribute that does not belong to Isis:—Blow-up, in the hurry of his ideas, probably confounded the two divinities;—which corroborates my opinion of his not taking time for revision.

(6) In all ages, the language of love and admiration has given to the adored possessors of female beauty, titles that shew their claim to divinityship; *immortal mortals* is therefore a felicitous expression, when speaking of the *goddesses* and *angels*, who in the shape of mere mortal women. are daily and nightly compelling us to worship on our knees at their shrines.

(7) Meaning the heart, which I explain for perspicuity's sake, and for fear it should be mistaken for some other thing.

Heaves the bewitching, maddening, breast,  
 Which wants, ye gods! but to be press'd,  
 —But I have got upon a theme  
 On which I could not help but dream,  
 Tho' it's as foreign here, I know,  
 As heavenly joys from *hell's* deep woe,(8)  
 —Returning then— you'll find the *thread*,  
 Which has been broken, when I said,  
 By way of simile—She beheld——(9)  
 Which you may knot, or splice, or weld,(10)  
 And we'll proceed, as soon as mended,  
 Upon the subject we 'd intended—  
 And now, according to my stuff,  
 I cut my coat —'t is scant enough.  
 This *Trio*—I do like a trio!  
 But need not tell you,—that which I know,—  
 The reason, or the reasons, why;—  
 If you can guess them, you may try——(11)

[8] Rather too violent an antithesis for the occasion; yet the allusion to the infernal regions so poetically described by Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub*, will perhaps partly justify it.

[9] See note 5.

[10] Meaning the thread of the simile; for it can not be supposed that it is intended to say, that what *lanthe* beheld, needed either knotting, or splicing, or welding.

[11] A *trio* in music is certainly a pleasing exercise of harmony, and admits of far more melodious combination than even a *quartetto*: a *trio* at the now obsolete, but excellent, game of *ombre*, used, in my younger days to please me much: then there are the *trios* both of the three graces, and the three furies: as to personal *trios* of different sexes, however, a general prejudice exists against them, (which perhaps is merely a prejudice,) because there must necessarily be two of one sex, and one of the other, and that therefore either one of the two disturbs the harmony of the party, or the one alone engrosses too great a share of the *things* of this world. Most of the old patriarchs, however, had two

But they, or it,—as suits you best,——(12)  
 (Another *point* I'll not contest,)  
 Attempted, late, (13) a *ruse de guerre*,  
 Their *bodkin*-manhoods to prefer,  
 A plan, that must, I think, appear  
 To common understandings, queer:  
 For Fame has handed down the list,  
 On which, 't is right we still insist,  
 That three times three (of those who make,  
 From trash—the devil will not take—  
 'Bout something more than nine in ten,  
 Of all ye choose to christen MEN.)  
 Should into one, their *measures* sink,  
 Is nothing more than right, I think,  
 As an atonement justly due,  
 For, stamping spurious coin as true. (14)

wives, and made tolerably harmonious *trios*: then there was a *trio* performed between Lot and his daughters; and both ancient and modern history give numerous instances of two heroes sharing the favours of one heroine: voluptuaries of the male sex, also hold that between two is the centre of happiness: ladies, however, who have studied the case contend that the majority of a trio ought always to be on the male side, for obvious reasons. Q. E. D. I should however be well pleased to have Blow-up's reason or reasons, for liking a trio. I will confess that I have always been partial, speaking mathematically, to an equilateral triangle.

(12) Substantives which denote a numerical assemblage of distinct persons, should, in most cases, govern the plural, although they are themselves expressed in the singular. Distinction, however, is necessary, when differently used; for instance; "the company *have* agreed" — "his company *consists* of fifty men." etc.

(13) Late, by *licentia poetica*, for "lately" or "of late."

(14) The interpretation of which I take to be, although much nebulquusness prevails in this part, that tailors ought to be reckoned by the common standard of nine to one man, as a punishment for making men appear different from what

Now since the students of the law,  
 With wits and judgements rather raw,  
 Conceived the strange, fantastic, whim,  
 That worsted caps, without a brim,  
 (Unless that square be reckon'd such,  
 Which does not look unlike one much,  
 And seems about the size, to me,  
 That quakers' brims, if squared, would be,)  
 Which, topsy-turvy, overspreads  
 The leaden brains of *leatherheads*. (15)  
 I say that, since those hopeful heirs,  
 Of our contentious law-affairs,  
 (Like many other senseless prigs,  
 Whose wisdom's solely in their wigs,) (16)

they ought to be; upon the principle that, as clothes often  
 make a man appear what he is not, so tailors, who make the  
 clothes, are, as the law would call it, accessories before the  
 fact.

(15) A truly poetical descriptive line; and particularly  
 striking, as the village of *Leatherhead* in England is famous  
 for the river Mole being lost, in its vicinity, sinking amidst  
 rushes, and swamps, and mud, underground, as leaden  
 brains do into the abysses of inanity and folly.

(16) The wisdom that is resident in wigs is both proverb-  
 ial, and awful to beholders. Many doubts have, however, a-  
 risen, as to the preference to be given, in point of their being  
 symptomatic of knowledge, to artificial wigs, or to natural  
 beards. King Solomon, no doubt, derived his wisdom more  
 from the use of beards than of wigs; the latter being, I con-  
 ceive, notwithstanding the authority hereafter cited, an in-  
 vention of much later date. There can be no doubt that, ac-  
 cording to the growth of beards, is the knowledge of good  
 and evil acquired, and a bushy one is almost a sure sign of  
 being acquainted with the ways of men. What a pity that, in  
 the male sex, that noble appendage to the "human face di-  
 vine," (which, by the bye, in this season of colds, catarrhs,  
 and sorethroats, would tend, topically, to secure the wearers

E'en tho't (17) that such a paltry cap  
 The gaping gudgeons would entrap;  
 Or add to every pimping face,  
 And 'lily-liver'd' fool, a grace,  
 No one can wonder that the *snips*,  
 Should think 't would rival padded hips;  
 Nor is it strange that they should try,  
 A *spre* in life, they deem'd so high,  
 Since that the ladders were so cheap,  
 That would conduct them up the steep,  
 And needed no support or prop,  
 Except the cap with angled top.

Now, my opinion's simply this,  
 The top-mast-gallant-sail to bliss,  
 From king to cobbler, of each grade, is, (18)

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from such disorders,) is so universally and unmercifully, amongst christian nations, submitted to the razor. There was a very erudite "History of Beards," published by a learned monk, in the sixteenth century, which D'Israeli refers to; and much information on the subject of wigs, may be obtained from a work entitled, *Histoire des perruques*, by J. B. De Thiers, D. D. 12mo, 1778, which is a quite serious, and very learned book, in which wigs are stated to be a diabolical invention, and alleged to be as ancient as the time of Cyrus; and to have been first used by women: whether the ladies of the present day can acquit themselves of the accusation of using wigs, or false hair on their heads, is extremely doubtful; fortunately both nature and fashion supercede any pretence for their wearing false beards.

[17] I have copied my correspondent's orthography here, in order to enter my veto against the improper elipsis here made use of, which is becoming pretty frequent. No words ought to be abbreviated at all, excepting in verse, and then only when the metre requires their being pronounced in a shorter way than their spelling seems to demand.

[18] Perhaps in poetry this bastard Anglo-american word may be allowable; but I never see it without protesting against its use in any production pretending to be genuine English. It is true, that it is legitimately derived from the



To Port-Favour, (19) (which the ladies,  
 From Eve, and other ancient mothers,  
 Retain their right to, 'gainst all others,)  
 The *needle* pointing to the pole,  
 (Or, if you will, say Symmes's hole.) (20)  
 Thus, doubtless, thought our *thimble* knights,  
 Whose vivid fancies flash'd delights:  
 Which, cynics tell you are ideal.  
 But, if so, nothing can be real,

Latin, but when we have real English words synonymous to any sense in which it can be used, such as degree, rank, step, station, &c. it ought to be scouted as at best needless affectation.

(19) A geographical description of this harbour, with the natural history of the adjacent parts, and sailing directions for entering it, may be found in "The Electrical Eel, or *Gymnotus electricus*, by Adam Strong, naturalist, 4to, 1777;" in chapter V, "(Of the coasts, harbours, creeks and inlets frequented by the eel." The author happily applies to this secluded and dusky haven, the quotation from Virgil,

—*Vidit Æneas in valle reducta*

*Seclusum nemus.*

(20) I think it again necessary to elucidate the apparent (and probably studied,) obscurity, that prevails in the text. The position intended to be maintained, is, as I conceive, that "the top-gallant-sail which will lead to the happiness to be found in Port Favour, is, for all ranks of men, the needle pointing to the pole, or, if Symmes's hypothesis be true, to the hole that leads to the central parts of the globe."— Apropos of the terrestrial system of that "learned Theban," Captain Symmes:—if the curious reader will refer to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1753, he will find an hypothesis of the configuration of the earth, very similar to his, with an explanatory plate, in which this planet is represented as consisting of concentric circles of terra firma, inhabited and cultivated, with intermediate atmospheres; but in the centre of all there is placed a Hades or Hell. So that Symmes's idea is by no means new, excepting as to access being obtainable to these interior regions through the trap-doors he places at the two poles.

As Solomon found out at last,  
 When ruminating on the past. (21)  
 Behold them now, equipt complete;  
 To prove a theoretic cheat:—  
 At no great distance from the town,  
 A temple that has won renown——  
 Not like th' Ephesian one of old,  
 Where all was marble, chaste, and cold,  
 Like heartless Dian—whom men name,  
 The virtuous! !—oh, fie! for shame! (22)  
 Changed on such little premature—  
 I'd not in my nomenclature. (23)—

[21] Most true; if the delights alluded to are ideal, then none can be real. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit," said the Preacher; which, in his second chapter, will be found refers to mirth, wine, building, planting, slaves and servants, music, wealth, and even wisdom, all which he had tried, and; in conclusion he tells us [v. 24.] "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and *delight his senses*," as the Hebrew is more properly translated in the margin, than in the text, of our bibles. Women, however, are not included in the catalogue of vanities, and the recommendation to man to delight his senses, obviously refers to the—only heaven on earth that can be found.

[22] Diana, the chaste! indeed! witness Endymion, whom the salacious Diana, wore so out, that when she suffered him to return to the earth, as ALEXANDER TASSONI, sings:

*Dormiva Endimion, tra l'herbe e i fiori,  
 Dianco del jancar uel lungo giorno.*

Must herbs and flowers, Endymion lay asleep,  
 For one long day's languor, a whole day's rest to reap.

Moreover, it is evident the prude must have known—what's what—or she would not so readily have discovered the cause of Canope's swelling about the waist.

[23] Call her Diana, the prude, in your nomenclature, my dear sir, and men every one who knows what a prude is, knows too she can not be entitled to the epithets of either virtuous or chaste.

(But this again's a parenthesis,  
 All full of which you'll say my piece is;)  
 The temple on which 't was my cue,  
 To speak, must, if you take a view  
 External, lay no kind of claim  
 To rival that which bore a name,<sup>(24)</sup>  
 So frigid, that its chilling blast,  
 Love's fervid current binds as fast  
 As mighty streams, transform'd to plains,  
 By Boreal winter's icy chains;  
 And stands, as Love's antipodes,  
 Where I have mark'd its true degree  
 Upon my *anerometer*,  
 Affection's queer thermometer—  
 A temple which, just at the birth  
 Of him who deluged half the earth  
 With human blood, was wrapp'd in flames  
 By Herostratus, t' urge his claims,  
 To immortality. ( I fear  
 His title is about as clear  
 As most of those who win renown,  
 Which black oblivion ought to crown.)

*The length of Blow-up's production, and the great  
 extent to which I have spun out my notes,  
 compels me to break off the thread  
 of it here, in order to resume  
 it in the next number.*

L. L. M.

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(24) Notwithstanding the frigidity supposed to be inspir-  
 ed even by the mention of the temple of Diana at Ephesus,  
 the *Nugæ Antiquæ* give various amouroe anecdotes of the  
 priestesses of that goddess, which must have cut a figure in  
 the *Atlantis* of those times.

Montreal, 17th Feb. 1826.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Dear Sir,

It is only to-day that I have learnt that the Scribbler is once more revived, which gratifies me much, I assure you; especially when I know the impracticability of exposing, or censuring, the vices, faults, or follies of any men, or set of men, who enjoy the least degree of consideration in this city, through the medium of any of the Montreal pusillanimous Journals. I have, therefore, availed myself\* of the only channel for exposing the conduct pursued at the annual meeting of the Scotch society called the "Friendly," etc.

Burns' birthday being the day made choice of to celebrate, dinner was ordered, by those who had subscribed to the list, at Mrs. Gillespie's in the New Market—terms, 5s per head, and every individual to pay his own drink-score, after the removal of the cloth. The reason of this might be that some temperate and frugal *bodies* had resolved to be at no further expense than the dollar: previously, however, a committee appointed for that purpose, had selected the toasts and sentiments for the evening, which were, the King, etc. etc as usual on the like occasions. The dinner, or supper, as they had termed it, went off pretty well, with the exception of a few awkward and uncouth attempts at etiquette, a good substitute for which, however, might be found in ignorant consequence. When the cloth was removed, the president stood up, and proposed "the King:" when, to his astonishment, and that of many others, the greater part of the members present rose up, vociferating, "Burns, Burns!" while the president and his party strove to down-cry them with "King

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\* I have allowed this reciprocal verb to stand, that my correspondent may use his own language, but I have before repeatedly reprobated its absurdity and anti-anglicism.

L. L. M.

King," but to no purpose. The next was, coats and cravats off and fists up, but no blows. When his majesty's forces could no longer withstand the Scotch radicals, they retreated in close column, and took possession of higher ground, viz. an upper room, where they spent the remainder of the evening in the greatest good humour, all of them, however, determining to quit the society. In the mean time, the Sandys below set about framing new laws, elected another president, and resolved that that they would have a *s.lect*, i. e. a Scotch, society alone.

But the worst part of the affair is, that the learned editor of the Herald is disappointed in the opportunity he anticipated of furbishing up fresh encomiums on the behaviour and patriotism of his countrymen; for, having nearly run out his extensive fund of malicious misrepresentations of the state of Ireland, (making Scotchmen the subjects of eternal panegyric, and Irishmen no better than barbarians,) gathered from the newspapers of half a century, he was anxiously looking to this meeting, for an opportunity of filling his columns with something like reality, instead of doubtful narrative, and ridiculously insidious political reflections.

The above-mentioned society was got up in opposition to the "Hibernian society," who celebrated the anniversary of St. Patrick last year at the mansion-house, Michael O'Sullivan, esq. chairman. This society has made such progress, both in regard to the respectability and the increased number of the members, that the envy has been excited of the ignorant part of their brethren of the sister-kingdom. Their rules and regulations exclude no nation, nor religion, from the society, and they have already, besides Irish, English, Scotch, Canadian, and American members, although, by being originally formed by Hibernians, that title was taken.

I am, sir,

Your's etc.

PAT PRATTLER.

P. S. Bulls are not all of Irish growth. What do you say to the following editorial bull in the Herald? "If the evils of Ireland are incurable, the proper remedies ought to be applied soon and with caution."

Peru,\* February, 1828.

MR. McCULLOR,

Having perused a few of your numbers, and forming an opinion that the castigation which you so frequently inflict, on all persons by whom you think it is merited, without distinction of rank or sex, serves to reprove and make them conscious of their past errors, and amend their conduct accordingly, I hope what I now communicate will have the desired effect, on the party to whom it applies

Allow me, therefore, sir, to relate to you an incident which occurred while I was in Plattsburgh shortly after the severe indisposition that attacked the Bank of that village,†

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\* Lest some transatlantic readers might suppose my correspondence extended as far as the rich regions of South America, I beg to apprise them that the *Peru* whence this letter is dated, is a township, (or town, as the absurd Hibernico-yankee phraseology of America styles it,) in the state of New-York, washed by Lake Champlain. Though not productive of gold and silver, it yields that which may, with more propriety, be called one of the precious metals, namely iron, the mines of which in that part of the country, are most extensive and inexhaustible. Hence it promises to become, in course of time, a real Peru, and to attract wealth and importance in proportion as its mines are explored, its forges multiplied, and its commercial communications opened. From the mineral treasures it contains, and the hardy population that is spread over this mountainous district, the poet's characteristic of Switzerland maybe applied to it; producing nought but,

“Man and steel, the soldier and his sword.”

L. L. M.

† Here again I have to condemn the universal improper use which is so frequently made of English words in America. Plattsburgh is not a *village*; it is a *town* and even a *county-town*, possessing a seat of judicature, a market, a bank, (query ?) and other attributes that raise it far above a village.

L. L. M.

and which, it it said, is now approaching its crisis. Whilst I was enjoying, one evening, in peaceful mood, with a few friends, the luxury of some excellent oysters, at Gilman's, cooked up in his best "know how," and a generous quantity of good brandy on my right hand; what do you think occurred? Just as I was lifting the sixth glass of brandy to my lips, the door opened, and a person entered who bore the shape of a noman being.

"All are not men that bear the shape of man;"

who, it appears, envied our seemingly happy lot. Without any ceremony, he advanced to our table, took hold of it, and addressing the landlord, enquired "what it would cost for the whole damned mess?" Somewhat astonished at such a question, I looked at him, but found I did not know him.— Catching my eye, "damn you" says he, "drop that," meaning my aforesaid sixth glass of brandy. Surprised, and frightened, I got up, as did my companions, and obeyed his pe-temptory order--jumped into my cutter, and drove home all the way at a full jump: when I arrived at home my horse was in a lather, and I half scared to death. Now, sir, if you will only print this, and try to scare him half as bad as he did me, you may draw on me for two kegs of shingle or ten-penny nails.

Your's

HELL MORE.

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO PSYCHE.

Thou wert too sad to say adieu,  
 We part forever—  
 Thy faithful heart knew mine too true,  
 To say, we sever.

Ah, yet, in thy prophetic look;  
 I truly pictured fate:  
 And write in my responding book,  
 We're doom'd to separate!

But oh! I did not think so near,  
 The fatal hour had prest;  
 I fancied one more meeting dear,——  
 Dearer than all the rest.

And chide thee for that fancy fled,  
 On disappointment's wing;  
 A theme which long my heart has led,  
 Thro' gloomy sorrowing.

But, yet, I chide, I censure, wrong,  
 Not thee——it was not thee——  
 For thou wouldst not my woes prolong,  
 'Twere they——my curse to be.

But all the harm I wish these foes,  
 For our unpitied pain;  
 The bitterest, to them, of woes,——  
 THAT WE MAY MEET AGAIN.

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True to my principle of giving every one an opportunity of refutation, or justification as to any thing that appears in the Scribbler, I take from a letter I have lately received, the substance of the remonstrance it contains; on the subject of which I will only add; *valeat quantum valere possit.*

L. L. M.

Montreal, 23d February, 1825.

SIR,

On perusing the last number of your Scribbler, I was not a little astonished to see the piece, signed VERITAS, which I would not have taken notice of, had your correspondent confined himself simply to the truth, from which he has widely departed, and, instead of pleasing, he has disgusted the pub-



He, who are far from viewing the matter in the light in which he wishes to place it.

The truth of the latter part of the communication is as follows. The gentleman in question had occasion to call politely on the *young lady* alluded to, (who is an old maid of about thirty-five,) not *to make love*, but in order to see some children who are at her school. Without the least provocation, excepting that of having quarreled with, and hissed at, a certain dear relation of hers, the lady requested the gentleman to leave her house, to which he paid no attention, whereupon, like a demon let loose, she collared and repeatedly struck him, and as your correspondent says, in her rage, laid hold, not of a pair of tongs, but of a large iron shovel, with which she attacked him. Having met with this reception, the gentleman left her, and I leave you to judge of her conduct. My friend; it is true, did take out a warrant against this amiable and accomplished lady, but not with the intention of prosecuting her, but to let her know, that when she forgets herself there is a way of punishing her.

Your's etc.

ACHATES.

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Shampha, 15th February,

OLD MAIDS TAKE HEED!

It has long been a matter of astonishment to strangers, to observe the number of *maiden ladies* with which this place swarms. They are to be seen gossiping and gawding about, at all hours of the day, in groups, without even a single beau to attend them; whilst, if they are to be believed, each has killed, or driven to distraction, at least a dozen of swains. One of them has been heard to run over with the greatest volubility, the names of thirty-seven, to whom she

had given *congee* in due form. I have paid particular attention to these vain antiques. Some of them yet discover the remains of beauty, under their wrinkles and sallow complexions the effects of celibacy. This class will naturally jump at any thing; witness Miss Play, now Mrs. Vin-ce-lett, and the present Lady Fleabite. It is reported that many of them have an amusement at home, until they can get some old fool to marry them; and then, if their helpmate should turn out a fumbler, they can engage a hale, sturdy, substitute, with impunity. Lady Fleabite, it is said, having experienced the impotency of the general, is already on the look-out for a Bergami, to raise up seed to the illustrious houses of the Fleabites and the Vales. A second class have entirely outlived the beauties of their youth, if they ever had any, and yet will scarcely allow themselves to be out of their teens. It is laughable to see the airs they assume, when any one under the rank of a lieutenant in the army, pretends to seek their company. The third class of maiden ladies, are formed of such as Miss Shylock, just in her teens; indeed it will not be this young creature's fault, if she does not soon get married; the only obstacle in the way of her obtaining any chance match which may offer, is likely to be in her rival, her lovely, vivacious, and accomplished cousin Ann: but miss Shylock holds the balance of power, being rich, whereas her cousin has only her amiable temper and accomplishments to compete with her; yet Shylock gives a blow-out now and then, and brother John never does.

I will take another opportunity of sending you a statement of the marvellous courtships of the first mentioned ladies, taken in short hand, verbatim as related to each other, containing an awful account of the number of young men of amiable and accomplished manners who have committed suicide or are languishing, with broken hearts, in various quarters of the world, in consequence of having been discarded by these now men-forsaken damsels.

Mean time, I remain,

WILL O'THE WINE

Herbertstown, 26th February.

DEAR SIR,

I have not had it in my power to send you any communications, concerning the quality of this place, this season, owing to the dulness of the times: and, perhaps, to the happy effect produced by the fear of exposure in the blue-book, for their conduct has, for the most part, been unexpected. A circumstance has, however, lately come under my cognizance, which, in my humble opinion, seems to claim a corner in your pamphlet.

Droll Casper, esquire, attorney-at-law, lately from Government City, arrived about ten months ago amongst us, in bad health, and low spirits. He was obliged to leave that place, on account of the following circumstance. He was paying his addresses to a rich and handsome young lady, and had nearly succeeded in obtaining her hand, when, alas! he was discovered, *en flagrant delicto*, with one of the housemaids. This, perhaps, would not have been found out, but through the jealousy of the servant-man, (whose embraces the maid also received,) and, whose suspicions being roused, set himself to watch, and, on discovering Mr. Casper, in the most unequivocal situation with his enamourta, immediately raised a hue and cry, alarmed the family, who, armed with broomsticks, poker, tongs, etc., almost reduced his body to a mummy. Having, however, got out of the fray with his life, he immediately left the scene of his misfortune, and repaired hither to cure his bruises, recruit his health, and form new plans for his establishment in life.

Shortly after his arrival he was introduced to Miss Woody, whose compassion was first excited by his emaciated appearance. By dint of flattery and fair words, he made an impression on her heart; and, in short, she confessed her passion to him. Elevated by this change of fortune, and by the flattering attention paid to him by his mistress, he does not condescend to shew even common politeness to any other ladies whom he may chance to meet in society. The jealousy they appear to entertain of each other, is ludicrous.

At balls and parties, he will not allow her to dance with any gentleman but himself, and she is no less silly. On a late occasion, she was near falling into hysterics, at seeing her *cher B c D'argent*, (as she is pleased to call him,) speaking to an apple-girl, the devil knows about what; nor could she for some time be pacified, but at length he succeeded in mollifying her, by assuring her that he had no dishonourable intentions, and would never be so far beside himself as to forget his charming

GROS NEZ.

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*Shamplea, February 1825.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

Encouraged by the success which has attended the publication of the memoirs and characters of noted persons, I have formed the plan of editing a work, to be entitled "SHAMPLEA WORTHIES;" and beg to solicit your encouragement and promotion of my scheme.

As a specimen of the mode in which the work will be conducted, I take the liberty of sending you a few of the characters pourtrayed.

Your's, as in duty bound,

SIMON PURE,

SIR SIMON, alias, *God damn my soul*, so called from a common expression of his, although a great supporter of the church, is yet, like most church-going people, who make religion a cloak for their iniquities, a great blasphemer, and most uncharitable worldling. He has accumulated a hoard of money; but whether by fair means or not I will not take upon myself to say, farther than that it cannot be supposed that an *honest* man would make it his whole study to lay snares to ascertain the honesty of his domestics, whom he declares are a pack of the most dishonest scoundrels in existence. Indeed he says that all men are knaves; and

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February 1825.

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since the case of the unfortunate Fauntleroy, it is feared that he will shortly have occasion for a strait jacket, as he is apt to imagine that his bankers may be in the same situation. With all his riches, he is miserable, and makes all around him unhappy. If an honest tradesman calls on him with his bill, in which the charges are made upon the principle of "live and let live," he damns him for a dishonest scoundrel; and in fact, such is the jaundiced view he takes of human nature, that he imagines all the world have conspired together to cheat him. Should a stranger, in walking along the banks of the Rapids, observe a stout-built man, of a forbidding countenance, shaking his stick, vociferating to a parcel of workmen, and foaming at the mouth like a bedlamite, THAT IS THE MAN.

SHYLOCK, of Scriblerian fame, a shrewd, old, North Briton, whose whole merit consists in his dexterity in hoarding up dollars, usurious practices, and grinding the faces of the poor. Sammy Ketiles can tell a tale—and, as long as the *Bell* has a clapper, such tales will be told—how he didded simple Sam, and pocketed George King's good dollars, through the malpractices of another, who it was said at the time, was well rewarded by Shylock for defrauding his master, the only generous action he was ever guilty of, yet in which he was a gainer, for he pocketed five to one. I have seen a faithful family piece, painted by a young gentleman intimate in the family; in the center is a large oak chest, open, containing dollars, bills, mortgages, &c. at one end stands Shylock, just like the devil on two sticks, eagerly counting, while his miserable rib, with scarce flesh to cover her bones, is noting down, with spectacles on nose, the amount of cash, and remarking such bills as are due. Conspicuous appears a mortgage—l. 75, paid for l. 100, with interest, redeemable in 12 months;—in the back-ground stands master John, who with a significant look at his sister Nell, is saying, "they

know how to make money, and we will find out, by and bye, how to spend it." Nell, in reply, says, "what is got over the devil's back,—you know." Shylock's daily occupations are, counting his money, oppressing such needy people as are obliged to borrow from him on good security drinking to excess, scolding his wife, getting scolded in return, and boasting of what he is worth.

*Hinc usura vorax, avilumque in tempore fœnus.* LUCAN,

HONESTY HOOPER well known, when in George King's employ, as pork and beef keeper, etc. for taking care of No. I. The good man, his master, with true parental regard for his servants, makes their allowance so respectable, that they need not covet more; consequently Honesty, when he retired from the service, had a competent share of the good things of this world; but it happened unfortunately for his good master, that, during all the while Honesty was in charge of the stores, the rats made the most enormous depredation on the biscuit, the flour, the beef, the pork the oats, the hay, the straw, nay even the iron in bars. Now it happened that, not long ago, at a party at Col. Thunder's, young McAndre, chose to ascribe the aforesaid depredations to another cause whereupon Honesty managed to paint his eye for him, which some say he deserved, and some not. That Honesty is not deficient in courage, this incident may be considered as proof, yet it seems strange that, although many challenges, it is said, have been sent him, he always declares "py cot, he never receive it, his pitch of a wife, always open his letters." Honesty has shewn of late both public spirit and spunk, and the people of this place are indebted chiefly to him for the establishment of steamboats on the Richelieu in which he has fought against the monopolists, Pollyson and sons, (or as the French pronounce it, *Polisson et fils*.) with uncertain success hitherto, but in which every well-wisher to this canton, hopes he may ultimately defeat them.

PETER O'MURDER, alias PETER SLY, another servant of George King's, but who is, as the saying is, "as snug as a bug in a rug," and leaves nothing in his practices open to the eyes and ears of the prying people of this good place which is a very difficult task, for the nothing-to-doers here profess not only to know people's actions, but even their inward thoughts.

Peter is a slow going methodist-looking man, which is the more remarkable, considering that he is one of George's knapsack breed, with which this place is almost wholly populated. This probably arises because he has sufficient penetration to know when, and with who, he may appear in his natural and early character, and with whom it is necessary to observe appearances. When in genteel company he has not much to say, excepting, "upon my word;" yet he is more than suspected of being able to write a good thing now and then;—however, Mr. Scribbler, perhaps should be subpoenaed to prove that. By the bye, Peter is a great lady's man, to the no small mortification of of his spouse; moreover Peter is completely skilled in the private history of every individual in the place, and is not a little vain of his discrimination of character.

I hope Mr. Scribbler, this specimen may please you.— If I do not succeed in getting subscribers enough to my work, I may probably send you, for your's, in addition to the above, the biographies of Mr. Hope, Mr. Nagre, Jonny Ale, Joe Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Meadowgrass, and all concerned, Black eye and all: and when I have finished with the gentlemen, the ladies will come under consideration.

In the mean time, I remain,

Your's in the spirit,

SIMON PURE.

Bull-frog-island, 22d February.

Sir,

A few evenings ago, a ball was held at Billy Tellit's, by a party from this island; amongst them was Mr. McKaky the water-drinker, with his foppish airs, his toothbrush, hair-comb, looking-glass, scent-bottles, etc. Mr McKaky is very fond of fingering the bagpipes while dancing, and keeps time to his own music, as no other music can keep time with his dancing. During the evening, as McKaky was touching up his instrument, one of the ladies observed that it made very dull music; another said it was set too flat; but McKaky said it was the best he had got, and intended for his favourite air, *Barley Rigs are bonny*; but I understand he is no great musician, and his bagpipes are in very bad order. This sober, water-drinking chap would do well to go to a dancing-school, and learn manners, before he attempts to go into company with his betters again, so as not to behave as if he was in a barrack room with his own associates; or he may chance to have another such lesson given him as Mr. Sha'n't once did, by way of teaching him good breeding. It will be of no use for McKaky to say any more that he drinks no rum, for no body will believe him, after his getting so drunk at Billy Tellit's, that he had to be carried out of the room by Long George and put to bed; moreover, I am informed that McKaky now seldom goes to bed sober.

Your's  
WILL WIMBLE

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In my 80th number, [vol. 3, p. 27,] I animadverted in very severe, but well merited, terms of reprobation on a public sale of pews, which was advertised and held in the Scotch Presbyterian church, and I had hoped that I should not have had occasion to lift up my voice again against such a sacrilegious abomination. It is therefore with renewed feelings of disgust and indignation, that I have perceived by the public papers, that a similar disgraceful transaction has recently taken place in Montreal. Nay, even in the Parish, or Episcopal church, which, being the dominant, and established religion, as relates to the protestant population of Can-



nada, ought at least to set an example of decorum, if not of purity to sectarian congregations. Few people, I believe, excepting those who are the traffickers, the "money-changers," whom the Lord scourged from out of his polluted temple, will be found to vindicate such an audacious profanation of an holy place. What though we may have thrown off, perhaps too hastily, those prejudices, which are venerable, and solemn, and sacred, and sanctioned by the deity in the inspired writings, whereby cities of refuge, sanctuaries, and holy places, preserved, for ages, their privileges, we are not therefore to allow an edifice that is dedicated to the Most High, to become the scene of avaricious speculation, and one where the basest and most sordid passion of the human mind, insatiate avarice, can, with brazen face, expose to the highest bidder, the right of hearing the word of God. As well, or far better, might it be made the theatre of dramatic exhibitions, or of gymnastic exercises: for, although to use a church for such purposes, would not be decorous, it would be far more innocent, far more excusable, in the sight both of God and man, than an infamous open barter of "the high Places in the synagogue," for gold and silver. The chief priests, and the scribes, and the pharisees, who either took part in, or suffered, such a disgrace to the name and temple of Christ, ought, to be consistent, to have placarded at the front of the desecrated building, the text from EZEKIEL, VIII, 9.

"Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here."

Whilst the indignant population might have, as appropriately, have applied to them that from JEREMIAH, VIII, 12,

"Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush: therefore shall they fall among them that fall."

The rector, the churchwardens, the trustees, even the poor clerk who signed the notice, as well as every purchaser, ought all to blush. Go, go, for shame, hide your unworthy heads, and do not venture to look a fellow-citizen, or a protestant christian in the face!

L. L. MACCULLOH.

I have understood that a communication on the above subject, and reprobating the abuse I have stigmatised, was offered to more than one of the public journals in Montreal, and refused admission, probably for fear of incurring the displeasure of the trading concern of the reverend John Bethune & Co.

### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. LIII.

#### SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

*From the Shampla Repertory.*—The young lady who promenaded alone, some time ago, after dark, disguised *comme une femme Canadienne*, was recognized through her disguise, and ought to be more cautious in future. She can not, perhaps, be blamed, for, as somebody said, it is better to marry than to burn, and all the difference, in this case, is, that she quenched her fire without going through the marriage-ceremony.

At the wedding of Dr. Mount here, great joviality prevailed, amongst the company present were Mr. and Mrs. January, who both did great honour to the glass, and it is said the lady was unable to undress herself when she went to bed. Dr. Jalap's son, was in want of another pair of inexpressibles; and amongst the feats of the day that of three gentlemen drinking eight pints of brandy in three hours, and starting early the next morning for Mount Royal, is worthy of honourable mention.

*From the Meadowville Herald.*—The nuptials of the amiable widow Play-away-care, have been celebrated in this place, with great rejoicing. Mr. Donaldson has proved

the happy man, and has carried away the palm from all his rivals. May he prove worthy of the felicity he has attained. The good old ceremony of the charrivarri was duly observed on the occasion, and went off with great eclat, and excellent effect and good humour.

*From the Smuggle Port Recorder.*—The honourable DANIEL, it is said, has expressed his intention of presenting a certain blue book, as a nuisance, to the Grand Jury of the County. It is hoped in his speech on the occasion he will cause his notes to be written in a large text hand, that he may be able to speak the speech, without quite so great a lack of fluency, and so sheepish a look, as occurred, once on a time, which is well remembered at the county-town. He means to bring forward evidence to contradict the assertion that he was himself a constant and eager borrower (being too mean to pay for it,) and reader, of the aforesaid blue book, until he, and some of his colleagues, happened to be exposed in it.

Mr. Smallbeer and his lady, intend, it is reported, to pay a visit to Mount Royal in a short time, in order to be introduced to, and know something of the great world. They mean of course to sink both the pill boxes in Green Mountain state, and the chandler's shop, and seven pence halfpenny dining shed, at South Cumberland; and to cut as great a figure as if they descended from Tom Thumb, or Ricket with the Tuft.

*From the South Cumberland Intelligencer.*—This place has been visited by two singular infectious disorders, which still prevail to a great degree. Medical men give them the names of *Hydrophobi-phobia* and *Furor saltandi*. The former attacks all ages and sexes, and is produced by any of the canine species that is perceived to snarl, or whine, or bark, or caper, or run fast, or stand still: it immediately produces an unconquerable desire to destroy the animal that has occasioned the alarm, and no remedy has been found effectual, excepting a rifle loaded with ball, and fired at the unsuspecting victim. The approach of spring, however, it is presumed will abate the virulence, both of that disorder and of the *Furor saltandi*. The latter, attacks chiefly the young and the gay, and vents itself in constant resort to places called dancing-schools, where tailors teach the graces, and boys and girls hop about and shuffle along, without re-

gard to music or figure. The physicians<sup>1</sup> say that feeding the humours of the patients in this disorder, like those who are bit by the tarantula, is the only way to cure it; but it seems rational to suppose that that mode of practice ought not to be indiscriminately adopted.

A patent-right is about to be taken out by some of our patriotic citizens, who have invented a most approved method of crossing over the muddy streets of this place. It is so simple, ingenious, and economical that it ought to be universally adopted; it consists in the placing of chips in the thick mud at intervals that will allow a long legged man to jump from one to the other, so as not to sink deeper than just above his ankles; which, considering that, without this aid, he would go half leg deep in the mud, is a great advantage. An improvement has been attempted upon this plan by others by means of a rotten board here and there, but this is objected to as the boards are apt to jolt the carriages that pass along, and which would otherwise keep steadily and softly on through the quagmire.

*From the China Bay Flying Post.*—Captain St. Vincent King, (who 'd have thought it?) after a bachelorship of some standing, is now pretty certainly going to get spliced to miss Charlwood, from the Lake of more than one Mountain. The doughty captain, having been disappointed in a former love-affair, went off, post-haste, to the Lake, but had not courage enough to ask the lady himself, so he got a friend to do it for him. Report says she is herself on the wrong side of—twenty five.

## POET'S CORNER.

### To ODIN.

Once in thy life, hast thou the truth confess'd,  
Most brave, most gallant, is that noble breast,  
Which you have, to your everlasting shame,

Not once, but twice, attempted to defame;  
But ere thou canst effect thy base design,  
The sun, the moon, and stars, must cease to shine.  
Whate'er you've said, or yet may say, of me,

Will injure, who? yourself most certainly.  
 Why canst thou not continue to speak true,  
 And vent thy spleen, as honest men would do?  
 Falsehood's a weapon honest men ne'er choose,  
 But it is that which you ne'er fail to use;  
 I'll leave you then to wield it as you please;  
 You ne'er can hurt, nor rob me of my ease,

“List, list, O, list!”

The ghost of a former member of the GARRET SOCIETY, wishes to know what has become of about fifty dollars in cash, which was received from Mr. Bigman? The poor are in want; and no drunkard ought to filch aught from the indignant; for the miserly gripe of possession without distribution, is as much filching as any petty larceny that has been tried at the sessions.

KEEP DARK.

—NOTICE.—

Gentlemen who give five dollar bills to chambermaids, at social parties, expecting to receive certain douceurs in return, should not, when the girl jilts them, and refuses to consummate, make an outcry about it, and say they were robbed.

A certain very handsome lady, at My lord's Hill-side, has been detected by her husband, with her gallant, whom report says is a limb of the law. All we wish to do on such occasions, is to recommend more caution, and then no harm will be done; for as the poet says, or something very like it, for we have no time to look for the passage:

He that is robb'd, not knowing he is robb'd,  
 He is not robb'd at all.

The following anecdote, from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for March, 1751, may not be irrelevant here.

“ A dealer near Banbury, on his return from Warwick fair, caught a man in bed with his wife; on which he got assistance, and took them out of bed, and tying their arms together set them before a good fire, and had tea, coffee, and punch, provided; then he sent to invite his neighbours, to whom he exposed his wife and her gallant, for some hours to their extraordinary mortification, while the husband appeared perfectly contented.”

Printed and Published By DICKY GOSSIP,  
at the Sign of the TEA-TABLE.

*The backwardness, and want of punctuality and consideration, experienced on the occasion of the collection that has been lately making in Montreal for the present quarter, requires remark. It ought to be considered that it is very expensive, very troublesome and fatiguing, and even dangerous, at this season to travel, seventy miles to Montreal, for that purpose; and that to cause a lady to call ten times running, in all weathers, for the small sum of two dollars, is disgraceful to those who promise profusely and perform most unwillingly. All defaulters are apprised that they will be called upon again, in about another month, when they are requested to be prepared, as directions will be given to withhold their numbers till they pay up.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—VINDICATOR, will certainly find a place, though too much seems to have been already said on the subject; I can not, however, comply with his request to substitute gall for honey, should I find any; the contrary has always been my practice, and the world may be assured I do not give half the gall that my correspondents infuse into their letters. LYDIA details too common an occurrence, the seduction does not appear to have had any thing atrocious in it; no promise of marriage is even hinted at, and sending the child to the grey nunnery, where all foundlings are exceed-

ingly well taken care of, was the best course to be pursued. ROBIN GOODFELLOW is a good fellow enough, but so obscure, so bad a speller, and worse writer, that his communications cause me more trouble than any other: he is, besides, often too highly seasoned; nor does he send proper keys; two or three of his letters are before me, the consideration of which is postponed on the above accounts. TIMOTHY TICKLE-EM is under consideration, not on account of the gentleman, but on account of the lady. SAMPSON JUN, inadmissible. The verses on WATTY may perhaps get into poet's corner, some day.— The continuation of the remarks on the subject of false imprisonment, are unavoidably postponed. MARGARET tells too incredible a story. L. L. M.

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