

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Nil est profecto prestabilius, quam plane intelligi nos ad justitiam esse natos, neque opinione, sed natura constitutum esse jus.

CICERO.

Nothing is more truly certain, or to be more plainly comprehended, than that we have an innate sense of justice, and that law consists in natural right, and not in opinion, precedent, or authority.

*Nec videt interea, qui terminus esse malorum
Possit, nec quæ sunt penarum denique fines.*

LUCRETIUS.

Unknown as yet when misery will cease,
Or suffering change, to happiness and peace.

— *Et ingenue culpam defigere ludo.*

PETIUS.

To laugh at follies, and to lash at vice.

DRYDEN.

ABSTRACT OF THE TRIAL OF J. T. BUCKINGHAM,

Concluded from last number.

In reporting Mr Austin's closing speech, as well as the charge to the jury, I shall follow the same plan of merely extracting those parts that have relation to general principles, and omitting all that applies alone to the particular features of this individual case.

After an exordium hinting at the difficulties he experienced, and complimentary to the impartiality of the jury, he said

"He had heard it suggested, with some surprise, that indictments for libel were never to be countenanced; and that they, in fact, partook too much of the Gothic austerity of former times to be countenanced in this era of liberty and refinement. He could not yield to such impressions. Was the

paraphernalia of justice assumed merely for the protection of property? Was the possession of a man's gold all that required the aid of the law? Or, was personal security considered the important object of regard? No. Great as were these high interests, society had done but half its duty when it had secured these to its citizens. It was their good name and reputation in which the great body of the people were concerned. This was the inalienable and invaluable property which the humblest and the meanest, as well as the highest and the mightiest, had a right to retain. This was, perhaps, the only property which was above the reach of fortune or accident; and could be deserved by a man's own actions.— This was the legacy, which, in the wreck of all other blessings, he could leave to his children as a compensation for their orphanage; and this he had a right to demand that society would protect and preserve from the inroads of slander, and the malice of detraction. He did not contend for any novel strictness inconsistent with rational freedom. Discussion, enquiry, free examination, and able argument, however injurious to private feeling, were within the liberty of the press, and should never, by his agency, be interrupted. But malicious defamation, wanton scurrility, artful exaggeration, and contemptuous ridicule, were the unquestionable evidence of that licentiousness, which no liberality would sanction; and to pretend that it had any immunity under our institutions, was, in itself, a libel on our constitution and government, which no morality or intelligence would venture to maintain. But in the present case, every thing is conceded to the defendant, which the most strenuous advocate of a free press ever demanded. Right or wrong, with or without law, he is permitted to defend himself by shewing that the matters published were true, and printed by him with good motives for justifiable ends."

He then entered upon the merits of the individual case before the court, in the course of which he observed;

"The Jury are to decide why it was written. Was it to give information? to extend correct opinions? Let its manner, its style, its correctness, its tendency, determine. If it was fairly and honestly done; then, if it is true, it is not wrong. But was this its object? Was it written to gratify the puerile disposition of depraved minds? was it provided to feed that cormorant appetite for slander which grows by indulgence, and craves more as more is obtained? These are dishonourable ends; and however true may be the facts, such

a publication is injurious to the best interests of society, and can not be defended."

Recapitulating and dissecting the evidence, Mr. A. came to the conclusion that

"Of the thirteen specific accusations, no proof had been offered as to many, and that, of the others, the proof was inadequate and defective. Lightness, frivolity, and imprudence were one thing,—crime, guilt, wickedness, depravity, were another. The last had been charged by the defendant, at most he had proved only the former. This was not enough in law, as the law has heretofore been found in the books. A party who accuses another of crime at the bar of public opinion, must be held to as strict proof as he who does the same thing at the bar of this court. Any other rule would break down the moulds by which reputation is preserved, and overwhelm all that is dear to us in the unbounded current of calumny and detraction."

The Court then adjourned till the following day. In the CHARGE TO THE JURY which was then made, the Court commenced by following up the assumption, the erroneous nature of which I have in the former parts of this abstract endeavoured to expose, namely that "by the common law of England, the truth is not admissible in justification," and went again over the ground, upon which, at the commencement of the trial they had controverted the propriety, though not the existence, of this supposed maxim of the common law in England. After the able and luminous display by Mr. Hooper of what was actually the common law of England on the subject, in opposition to the arbitrary dicta of a few of the judges, it seems to have been a perfectly supererogatory kind of fighting a windmill to have laid so much fresh stress on the subject. I pass that over therefore, as well as the repetition of, and animadversion upon, the evidence adduced, and proceed to the close of the CHARGE, which was, in substance, as follows :

"It has been stated to you, in substance that it was incumbent upon the defendant to satisfy you of every, the minutest,

particular of the allegations stated in the publication. I apprehend that the rule can not be of that rigid character, in cases of this kind. The rule of every case results from its nature and relations. The nature of this case is that of one citizen using the press to destroy the public, moral, influence of another citizen which he assumes to say, or to believe, is working mischief to the community. Now, if one citizen, deliberately and honestly, assume that task, from high public motives, and from no other, and if, in pursuance of his design, he make various specifications of a solemn and weighty character, and he be brought into question for them by the law, I apprehend that he has a right to an acquittal, if first—he substantiate to a jury the truth of such of the charges, either in nature or number, as shall satisfy the jury that the facts proved, justified such an attack, on grave and weighty grounds of public interest; and, if, secondly—he also satisfy the jury, with respect to those allegations which he shall fail to prove, that he had reasonable ground for them; and that they were not made from base and malignant motives. The great ground of defence is the right, growing out of the nature of the facts proved, to drag that individual to the bar of public opinion, and destroy his influence. He who assumes that task assumes a high and awful responsibility. It would be absurd to say that, if the assailant make out the great points of the charge to the satisfaction of a jury,—viz. that the facts proved are such as ought to be known, and ought to deprive such an individual of the rank and station he fills in society,—it would be absurd to say that, in such a case, a defendant should be punished criminally, because in some one of his allegations he was mistaken, or in relation to it his evidence may be lost. What the jury are to require is, that such of his allegations shall be proved, both in nature and in number, as shall fully justify such attempt to destroy the moral influence of the person assailed."

"But when the court considers this to be a just rule, applicable to the defendant, there is another rule, equally clear, and equally obligatory upon a jury; and that is, that the defendant shall be holden to satisfy the jury, strictly, rigidly, and beyond all possible doubt, that such of his allegations, either in number or nature, are true, as justified such a public attack. In this there is to be no compromise. Prejudice, suspicion, surmise, are not to be taken for proof. The person charged has a right to require at your hands that the evidence to which you give credit is sufficient, in its nature, to justify such allegation, and of a character such as by which you would be willing that your own reputation should be decided."

"But, if you are satisfied of the truth of the allegations, ac-

According to the rule now explained, you have yet another duty to perform. You are bound to look into the motive or end. Mere truth is not a justification. The liberty of the press essentially requires that the publication of truth itself shall be limited by good motives and justifiable ends. The reason of which is a plain inference from the nature of things, and the relations of men in society. Otherwise the press might be an instrument of cruel and wanton sport with the reputation of another, without other objects than mean, or light, or malignant purposes. Such a use of the press is as contrary to its just liberty, as it is to moral duty and religious obligations."

I stop here, to admit that, as far as relates to civil prosecutions for libel, or private demands of satisfaction for injury sustained, this doctrine has my concurrence; but I will not admit it in public prosecutions, in which the State is alleged to be injured. The common weal need not look to motive in the detector, and publisher of vice or even folly, no more than whether the betrayer of treason, or the accomplice of robbery, be induced to give his evidence from motives of interest, revenge, malice, or self-preservation.—Such motives, if they appear, will, and ought to, weigh with the jury, as to the *credibility* of the witness, and that alone, but they will not destroy his evidence, if true. The analogy appears to me so obvious, that it needs no further elucidation than a reference to the arguments I made use of in No. 82 (*p. 55 of last vol.*) relative to the general principle of prosecutions for libel upon indictment.

Proceeding, however, on the subject of motive, Judge Quincy went on:

"Now there can be but one good motive, or justifiable end, for such a publication as this; and that is the exposure of vice and crime, existing in one who assumes the character of a christian teacher. This motive, if it exist, must be gathered, among other circumstances, from the character or tenor of the publication, and from the nature of the allegations.—With respect to the tenor or character of the publication, if the allegations are proved, I apprehend that the form, manner, or style, in which the writer has chosen to clothe his senti-

ments, diminish nothing of the right to make the publication ; unless indeed they are of such a light and loose character, as necessarily to imply motives, other than those great and grave motives, which alone can justify. On the other hand, no form of expression, be it satirical, interrogatory, by way of supposition, allegory, or insinuation, shall enable a writer to cloak a substantial allegation, which he does not dare to make openly. The jury must construe words according to their natural import. If however, the truth of the allegations is substantiated to the satisfaction of a jury, and they are in their nature such of which the publication is justified by good motives, a jury will hardly find a defendant guilty, because the temper or manner of the publication may be, in other respects, exceptionable. For, after all the nature and truth of the allegation, must be, in the nature of things, the material consideration from which the jury must deduce the motives."

After a few more observations he concluded :

"The press in this country is constitutionally free. It has the right of bringing government, magistracy, and individuals, to the bar of public opinion. The right is given. But it is given only for public purposes, and for an honourable use. Satisfied of these and of the truth, the defendant must be acquitted. Without the concurrence of both such truth and such motive, no defendant can, in law, be justified "

The jury then retired, and at 4 P. M. came again into court and enquired whether, if they found some of the allegations true, and others not proved, they might give a general verdict. The court said in reply that the question was not without its difficulties ; that it had been anticipated that such a question might arise, and some observations in the charge were directed towards it ; which were recapitulated by the court ; after which the jury retired again, and, in about ten minutes, returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

STORY OF CAROLINE SUMNER, *continued.*

On leaving the old Nag's head the honest landlord gave her a sixpence, and the compassionate hostess put half a loaf, a slice of bacon, and some eggs boiled hard, into a bag for her further assistance on her weary way. With a heart thankful

to the giver of all good, and to the humble instruments of his bounty, she now proceeded with lighter steps and increasing hopes. At times she summoned courage to address the travellers she met, with her short tale of distress ; and met the varied fortunes of all whose precarious means of existence depend upon the charity and humanity of their fellow-mortals. It would be endless to recount the many rebuffs she met with when craving assistance ; and the difficulty she found in getting lodging for herself and her little-ones, although she offered to pay for it beforehand : indeed a gratuitous shelter in a cottage was more frequently readily and cheerfully given to the wanderer, than a hard and coarse bed could be obtained, even for pay, in a house of accommodation. She was not unfrequently threatened to be taken up as a vagrant and impostor ; and as she travelled without a pass, could claim no relief from any of the parish-officers of the places through which her journey lay. Some few she met indeed, who, whatever their opinion might be of the cause of her distress, that distress was sufficient to excite their charity, and they relieved her wants, both for the sake of the goodness of the deed, and for the pleasure it imparted to their own breasts.

Alternately she happened amongst Christians and amongst savages, but even the former, too much influenced by appearances, and the caution which experience of imposture produces, were very sparing of their bounty ; and it would have been utterly impossible for her, weakened as she was by hard living, and the immense fatigue she underwent, had not that Almighty Being, who, when we may think him least regardful of our miseries, is often nearest to us with his aid, snatched her almost sinking soul from the state of

wretchedness in which it was plunged, and graciously rewarded the virtue it had tried.

She had not reached quite midway to the end of her purposed journey when an unexpected aid presented itself ; which proved to be the more desirable, from occurring the day after a dreadful occurrence that had nearly sunk her, body and soul, into irretrievable agony and ruin.

Amongst the evils she had to encounter, it was not a little one that her personal charms, faded, wan, and as she thought obliterated, as they were, by anxiety, toil, and hunger, every now and then attracted the notice of some licentious rustic ; and in more than one instance her entreaty for charity, had been replied to by a coarse proposal to earn the pittance she begged for, by prostitution in open daylight, by the way-side, or under an adjacent hedge. Scalding indignation enabled her to quicken her pace in silence ; but the exposure of Lothario's wife to such indignities sunk deep in her mind, and produced the only feelings of exacerbation against him for his neglect that she had indulged in. But to the incident alluded to.

She had in the weary afternoon of a toilsome day rested to suckle her infants, and begged a little water, and some half pence at the door of an alehouse, where several men with their carts and teams were resting and drinking: the road before her lay up a steep hill, but just before the ascent began, three of the men, who had observed her at the alehouse door, though she had taken no particular notice of them, and whose passions had been fired by the delicate fairness of the breast which her tattered garments but ill concealed, and which seemed so little consonant with the sun-burnt and faded figure of a female beggar, overtook her in a cart. They stopped, and asked her,

as she was tired, if she would have a ride, to avoid the hill : thinking no harm, she thankfully accepted the offer, and got up. The cart turned off a bye road that led along the bottom ; she observed that was not her way, they said it was a better road, though a little longer, than over the hill, and would be less toilsome. She soon, however, became alarmed by some indecencies which the two men between whom she sat (the third was driver) began to take, and said she would go no farther ; but in short, her remonstrance was in vain, the horses were whipped on, and in a few minutes the track entered a thick grove. Mean while, encumbered with her children, she could not defend herself from the most licentious liberties which the men took with her person : her screams were of no avail, no one appeared ; the cart stopped, and they dragged her out, tore her children from her, threw her down, and thrust a handful of grass into her mouth. Why repeat the minutizæ of the outrage ? two of the villians held her head and arms, and after a violent struggle, the third had all but fully completed the brutal deed ; one other single moment would have beheld her irretrievably polluted by the lust of a villian, when a gun went off close to them, and a spaniel sprang through the thicket. The fellows instantly left their prey, and not waiting to encounter the owners of the dog, jumped into the cart, and drove off. Ere Caroline could recover her feet, two young men made their appearance. The sight of a more than half naked female, for in the struggle, her clothes had been nearly all rent off, and two miserable looking children, stopped them in the pursuit of their game. She could not at first speak, her mouth was full of grass and soil, and her exhaustion such that she fell again to the ground before

she could rise ; she covered her bruised limbs and torn bosom as well as she was able: and after a while sobbed out her tale, and thanks for her deliverance. The young men, who were two neighbouring farmers, offered to go with her to a magistrate, but this she declined as it would lead her five or six miles back ; and all she begged of them was to see her safe to an open part of the road. This they did, and at parting, one of them gave her five shillings, and told her, that a stage-waggon would soon come past, by which she might get to the next village. She sat down by the road side with her crying infants, with sensations of mixed horror and despair at what had happened, and of fervent hope and trust that even in greater distress, should she be doomed to encounter it, the saving hand of providence, would, as now, be again interposed to deliver her. She had just finished a mental prayer for fortitude and strength, when the waggon came in sight ; into which she got, with assistance. The liberality of the sportsmen enabled her to recruit her bodily powers, and partly to repair the damage of her wayworn dress, at the house where the waggon stopped. There she passed a feverish night, but the morning saw her still, bruised, sore, and wretched as she was, plying on her dusty road, almost counting every step and upholding her fainting spirits with the thought that each one brought her nearer to the end she sought. Yet even this feeble resource to while away her fatigue, was not always in her power. She rather crept than walked, and sometimes was near falling :—unable to support the weight of the two children at once, she would lay one down, in as secure a place as she could find on the bank, and carry the other a little farther, then place that in the same manner, and go back to fetch

the one she left behind ; and, in this way, though she eased her burthen, she increased her steps.

Either a pebble, or some piece of broken glass in the road, had cut one of her feet, (her thin shoes and stockings had long been worn out,) and she was forced to sit down under a hedge, to look at it. The blood run pretty plentifully, there was no water near at hand, but her tears supplied her with enough to wipe the dirt and dust away, and taking a torn hankcherchief out of her little bag which contained the necessaries she had for herself and her infants, she bound up the lacerated foot a little, hoping to be able to hobble on to a house she saw on the road side at some distance. Little did she think that any eye but that of heaven, beheld her in this employment, till, having rested a while, and given suck to both her children, she was preparing to pursue her dreary journey, when she was prevented by a man, dressed in a livery, which bespoke him to belong to a family of note, who came running hastily across a field to stop her.

As soon as he came near enough to be heard, he cried "stay, good woman, stay, you seem to be ill able to travel ; my master and his lady have observed you, and have ordered me to take you to the house and offer you some refreshment."

She lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven in token of acknowledgement, and saw, which before she had not done, the back part of a house, behind which was an extensive garden, shrubbery, and terrace, from a summerhouse on which, directly opposite to the spot where she had been sitting, the humane owners of the mansion had beheld her.

The man took both the children out of her arms, and carried them for her ; she followed, though with a very limping pace, through a lit-

tle gate on the farther side of the field, which opened into a yard, that led to the back part of the house. Caroline was then conducted into a parlour, where sate a lady and gentleman, both of middle age, and who had all the traits of virtue and humanity imprinted on their faces. The lady asked her several questions, such as whence she came, how far she intended to travel, and the reason of her being reduced to such a miserable situation; to the two former she answered with plainness and sincerity, but as to the latter, only said, that many singular circumstances had concurred to render this so. The gentleman then said, "I suppose you have lost your husband, perhaps before the birth of these children." "No, sir," replied she, "I hope he is still living, and that the same gracious power which has brought me so far on my way, will in the end conduct me to him."

Perceiving that she spoke with much agitation, and that the marks of grief were bursting in her eyes, they would not then increase her sorrow by further interrogatories; but ordered the footman to let the house-keeper know that this unfortunate stranger was to have every thing needful for her refreshment.

(To be continued.)

MR. EDITOR,

If you think the following conversation which I overheard some time ago between two of the St. Regis Indians, at a public house near Chateauguay, worthy of publication, it is much at your service.

A number of them had been out to Saranac to draw from the bank there an annuity which was due to them, and were on their return to their tribe. The eldest I knew to be a chief that bore

the name of Captain Williams ; the younger I did not know, but was afterwards informed by the landlord that he was a young chief who had come out thus far to meet his brethren. The old man was relating to his attentive auditor, the many curious and surprising things he had seen and met in the renowned town of Saranac ; amongst other things he spoke of *bowling-alleys* somewhat after this manner. " Having received our dollars," said the old man, " we were all sitting taking a social smoke at the door of the great white wigwam, when suddenly a noise was heard to proceed from the back yard. It was a sound somewhat resembling the rumbling of a distant earthquake, and was immediately followed by a crash, as if some vast building was tumbling to pieces. All our brethren, but myself, were greatly terrified : I, however, summoned courage enough to go in search of the cause of it, and observed, on approaching the yard, an unusually long, low, and narrow wigwam, from which the noise proceeded, and where I could distinctly hear the sound of human voices. I tapped gently at the door, which was opened by a very demure looking man, with a pipe in his mouth, who politely asked me to walk in. I accepted his invitation, and quietly took a seat on a bench which seemed to be provided for spectators, who take a glass now and then, at the expense of those who are engaged in the chief pursuit of the place. There was a platform about sixty feet in length, and four in width, at the farther extremity of which, ten wooden pins were set up in a triangular form by a boy. When the pins were thus arranged, in battle-array, a very grave looking personage stood up, at the opposite end of the platform, and, after giving two or three hearty puffs from his pipe, and near-

ly suffocating his companions with a deluge of smoke, took a large wooden ball, and, with deliberate aim, as if shooting an enemy, threw it half the length of the board, whence it rolled rapidly along till it struck the foremost pin, when they all instantly fell prostrate on the board, with a crash the same as I had mistaken for the fall of some mighty mass of matter: the boy at the further end of the board immediately cried out "*that's the chequer board,*" and began directly to set them all up again."

Here the old man was interrupted by the young Indian, who observed that perhaps it was the council, or chief men of the corporation who had met to transact some important business, and that the triangular form of the pins might indicate some geometrical problem they were solving and reducing to practice. The old man shook his head, and resumed, "No—the thought does you honour—but I fear it proceeds from a less justifiable cause; and besides I was told that the act of incorporation has long since been violated, unlike the illustrious dead, has been consigned to its mother earth," unhonoured and unsung. "Then several other rollers came on, but they did not all meet with the same success as the *smoker*. One tries his luck, and all but the right hand corner pin falls: with a tremendous and horrible oath, unknown in our tribe, and too profane to be repeated, he cries, "*down, come down, you rascal.*" The pin laughs at his folly and stands fast—he hurls a second, and surely down comes the devoted pin. Another, somewhat privileged above the rest, seizes two of the balls, one in each hand, and squatting down very deliberately, takes aim at the head pin, while the standers-by frequently indulge themselves in a pleasant joke at his expense, encouraging and advising him to throw, and where not, what pins to take, and which to leave stand-

ing—but he has frequently disappointed them all, and throws off the board, either to the one side or the other. So in succession, all who are engaged in the play, shew their skill in throwing the ball, not excepting lawyers, doctors, merchants, and deacons, (I do not mean to include orthodox deacons,) each one having some peculiarity to distinguish him from his comrades.”

Here the young Indian again interrupted the old man, by saying he supposed the utmost harmony and good will prevailed among them.—“Not always,” replied the old chief, “nothing more frequently happens than petty bickerings and disputes: and it is whispered, how true I will not say, that water and iron ramrods are very dangerous instruments there. I was repeatedly solicited to join in these diversions by one of our red brethren who inhabit this section, but not being acquainted with his tribe, I, as often, declined.” Here the old Indian drew a long sigh, and, rising from his seat, exclaimed; “May the great spirit ever preserve and watch over the best interests of our beloved nation, and save us from all contaminating vices—and may our young warriors, the guardians of our hunting-grounds—the bulwark of all that is dear to us on earth—our aged fathers—our squaws, and our papouses, never be led astray from the path of duty by the seductive pleasures of the BOWLING-ALLEY.

After this the old Indian and his brethren, having sufficiently refreshed themselves, pursued their journey. B.

I have been requested to print the following verses, and, although they are of a nature not to be thoroughly understood by any but the inhabitants of Cataroqui, and are withal ornamen-

ted with expressions of the coarsest kind, I deem all parts of my dominions entitled to attention in their turn, and trust my delicate readers will pardon the roughness and grossness of the language in consideration of the vigour and force they display, and (as I am told,) their peculiar and striking applicability to the circumstances they are intended to illustrate.

L. L. M.

SONG OF REJOICING, written in honour of the first appearance of the honourable officers of the Inquisition at Cataroqui.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
 See the Inquisition's come!
 Bring the screws, and bring the chains,
 Bring all Hell's most damning pains,
 Bring the rack to *Landmark*, quick!
 He burns his enemy to prick
 With piercing goads, till he confess,
 Where he'd say *no*, he *must* say *yes*.
 Our grand post master, *Johnny*, too
 Would kick up an hallo-balloo.
 For him bring pincers, red hot tongs,
 To tear the flesh, and scorch the lungs
 Of errant men, who dared oppose
 The bank of York to their very nose.
 He is it's agent (by this light,
 Let's hope he'll ne'er fleece *Lewis Night*,
 Like cousin George, whose honours red,
 I've bang'd about his silly head;
 When Charon takes him 'cross the Styx.
 I'll warrant he'll think on the bricks
 Which flew, like hail, about his ears,
 And made his "*een*" gush briny tears:
 He'll think too of certificate
 Of lie, hatch'd in his silly pate,
 Which oft he press'd poor *Night* (to save him
 From shame,) to give, which *Night* ne'er gave him,
 "Because," says *Night*, "how can I do it?
 "The thing is true, and I may rue it;
 "I may be called to testify
 "On oath, that I have told a lie!
 "A pretty figure I should cut,
 "When cunning counsel questions put,—

" Pray, sir, is not this your handwriting,
 " Your own confessing and inditing?—
 " Why, sir, I should be fit to sink,
 " To creep thro' any hole or chink,
 " Fly any where, to hide my shame,
 " For blot so foul on my good name:
 " E'en you, *yourself*, might hold the book!
 " Then, pray! which way could *either* look?
 " Could either turn our guilty eyes,
 " For shame, towards the azure skies?
 " I'd sooner sail in crazy baskets,
 " Than once again I'd have you ask it.
 " Think on your station, my good friend;
 " Think also on your latter end.
 " You know the King looks up to you,
 " For your advice, *what he shall do*.
 " If you counsel him, as you counsel me,
 " The province may, I plainly see,
 " *Sing tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!*
 Thus ended honest *Lewis Night*;
 And *Landmark* shrunk abash'd away,
 But soon recover'd from his fright,
 And in soliloquy did say:
 " *Inquisitor inquisitorum,*
 " I'll reign o'er all, for I've a quorum
 " Of *kindred* folks, who will uphold
 " My *honest* deeds, and I'll be bold
 " To say I'll lay (by Jove that's pat!)
 " *The better half of Kingston flat!*
 Now *Kingston's* in a pretty box,
 To be prey'd on by wolf and fox?
 Fox lures in, and wolf snaps up,
 Between 'em both they'll void the cup.
 An *honourable's* one, that's *George*,—
 Could *Vulcan* such another forge?
 The other thinks he's put upon,
 'Cause he's not too, " your honou''," *John!*
 T' advise the King, he feels a wish,
And dip his finger in the dish!
 That honied sweets he eatn might lick,
 And make his neighbours " cut their stick."
 This sure is *John*, unto a *T*.—
 Or else say I'm not *Thomas D*.—
 Now let the public judge, and say
 If e'er they are to get their pay?
 Depend upon 't it's all a farce:
 " To grease the fat sow in the a—e,"

Was the main object of the bill,
 So said I first, so say I still.*
 And I will prove it, if, I ween
 The sow should not prove cursed lean.

* It is said that the identical expression here alluded to, was the one used at a board of directors of a certain "pretended" bank, upon the first proposition being made for a certain "honourable," to take up the management of the affairs of that concern; and that, whilst it occasioned an instant roar of laughter amongst the grave and sedate personages there assembled, did grievously confound and put to flight the ideas of Kit Cut Esquire, who acted as jackal on the occasion.

Note by One of the Squad.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXIV.

Erratum in last No. p. 24, line 6. *for keep, read kiss,*
 and line 7, *for marks, read, what you please.*

The following critical observation was also presented to us just as we were closing our labours for last number: we sent it in all haste, but were told the sheet was worked off. Mr. Macculloh laughed heartily at it; and said he was glad of it, as he had often laid such traps for critics to fall into, and meant, in a very learned disquisition he was preparing for the press, to defend the original reading, though it does seem to break Priscian's head.

MR. GOSSIP. I have just seen the manuscript of a farrago called *The Charrivarrri*, intended for publication in the present number of the Scribbler, and must protest against the transposition in the verses, p. 12, of *re in rem*, for *rem in re*. The author's plea of a poetical license for the sake of the rhyme, ought not to avail, for, besides the notorious breaking of Priscian's head which he is guilty of, I suggested to him to read,

"Began to fear no peace for them the e'd be,
 Should they get church's leave to *rem in re*,

(tho', by the bye, there being no verb governing the accusative case, it ought to be *res in re*.) But he was obstinate, wouldn't alter it, and said 't would be a handle for the critics

and a bone for the snarlers. "A fico for thee then," said I
Said I right, master Gossip?

CRITICUS NUGATORIUS.

LOST; Somewhere on the road between South Cumberland, and line 45° an elderly gentleman in a handsome gig, with a good horse, not the best he had in his stable; he was seen last, driving with a girl, and a young child, holding down his head.— The girl has since returned to her friends, and gives but a lame account of the gentleman.

N. B. He left the cushion of his gig behind him at a house where he stopped, which may be had for calling for; and farther this deponent saith not, at present.

A sporting character of Government-City, not the late president of the pretended Bank of Cataroqua, who occasionally takes a trip to Mount Royal, for the purpose of taking in the flats, is requested, when he chances to meet with a reverse of fortune, as some times will happen at City-taverns. to come to a settlement with his opponent, or it is feared it will go hard with him.

A noted gambler, who comes from a borough in the middle of the Green Mountains, should not boast that he makes more than enough to support his extravagant family, by the art and mystery of cardplaying; lest some one, suspecting he hoards the money which he lends out at interest, might procure a double set of locks and keys, (which are to be had at Boston of most excellent and convenient quality, when wanted by cashiers of banks for the iron chests and vaults,) and come it slick over him.

The Museum of Mount Royal has lately been enriched with two noble grinning monsters, certified to be human heads of New Zealand chiefs. It is recommended to the directors to apply to the creditors of the celebrated Dr. Carriole, for the invaluable relics left by the doctor in his temple of Chiron, which consisted of a large collection of bones in his surgery, and scattered thro'

the house, and of human flesh, both boiled and raw, in a vault ; over the surgery door were two skeletons, with a miniature coffin, & this inscription,

IN MEMORY OF DEPARTED TRADE.

By early application too, to the purchasers at a late auction, which was held in Quebec by an M. D., the well mounted skeletons, which were then and there sold, after the risible muscles of the audience had been gratified by the said skeletons being caused to perform various tandangoes and hornpipes upon the table, may probably be obtained.

These acquisitions, in additional to the beautifully ghastly figures now exhibited there, would render our museum as elegant a charnel-house as any in the civilized world, and perhaps only to be equalled by Nadir Shah's pyramid of heads, or the catacombs of Egypt,

P. S. We are informed moreover that by writing to a place not very dissimilar in sound to the chorus of the French song, *Mirliton, mirliton, ton, taine*, the directors of the museum might have an excellent opportunity, never probably to occur again, for acquiring an extraordinary treasure.

A military burying ground, where numbers of soldiers had been interred about eight or nine years ago, has, by the indefatigable researches, accurate noses and active exertions, of several professors, practisers, and students of the medical art, been discovered. It is astonishing the avidity with which the valuable remains of antiquity & mortality that were found there, have been sought after ; coffins, blankets, nails, and other articles, which would, in any other case, have been

considered as precious relics, were neglected for the more attractive specimens of parts of skeletons, with the decayed flesh adhering to them, skulls with the natural hair, and jawbones with teeth which shewed that the men of those times actually ate in the same mode as our modern deacons and select men do. These were carried away in quantities, and deposited in various museums, called doctor's shops; some putrid carcasses were laid under sheds and in outhouses, and in short, many places of the town, assumed the delightful characteristics of a charnel house.* It is to be hoped that the Mount Royal museum will be enriched with some of these curiosities before they are dispersed, and buried in the private repositories of the learned.

1 July 1823.

MR. GOSSIP,

On Sunday night week at about half past ten,

**Extract from the Boston Medical Intelligencer.*

In the summer, 1783, M. Fause, merchant of Narbonne, Lower Languedoc, bought a house previously occupied as an anatomical hall. In digging in the cellar three men came to the wall of a necessary, the covered receptacle of the remains of dissected bodies; they extracted a few of the stones; an offensive, putrid, matter rushed through the aperture and suffocated them; they died in two days; Mr. F. went to see them; he descended but two or three steps, fell senseless, and died in four days. The neighbours struck with the putrid smell, went to the house; of nine who entered to bring out the sufferers, six died. In four days the smell increased so as to create a pestilence; the neighbours were obliged to remove; a great many of them died. The mayor had the cellar filled up, and the house closed. The malignant effluvia pervaded the town; a great many died of the pestilence, attended with black vomit. During the calamity I lived with the former owner of the house, was accurately informed of the state of the privy, and attentive to the progress and nature of the disease."

P. C. VARLE.

To Dr. J. Vaughan Wilmington, Del.

as I was walking in St. Paul Street, the sudden cries of murder, thieves, fire, &c. met my ears, and hastily proceeding to the place whence they issued, I found, to my utter astonishment, that it was from the house of the ci-devant widow Stout's. *There's much ill bere,* says I to myself, as I pressed through the crowd to enquire the cause of such an unusual noise, and that too, on Sunday; after some suspense, I learnt, from a person coming out of the house, that a certain earl, or at least a person who bears the name of a British peer, and who had recently come from Government-City, and had some mercantile transactions with the lady of the house, thought that that blessed day was regarded by all in the same light as he regarded it himself, and insisted upon settling them that night.* This being declined, he became somewhat turbulent, so much so that the governor of the mansion was obliged to threaten him with a forcible ejection from the house. On this, the noble earl opened the casement, and *let off* the vociferations that had drawn the crowd around the place; not satisfied with this, he descended to gross and personal invectives, in consequence of which mine host was reduced to the necessity of applying those parts of his forefinger and thumb used in taking snuff, to a certain organ, by no means the least prominent in the visage of the noble dealer in silks and muslins, which, with a sound kick on the breech, put an end to his turbulency. Whether his lordship has made a private apology for his misconduct, or not, I can not tell; but I think a public one is due; as, from the notoriety of the disturbance, the public, if unacquainted with the

* In one of the neighbouring States of America, if it be proved that a creditor has made any demand whatsoever of his debt on a Sunday, he loses it for ever. L. L. M.

facts, might be inclined to think unfavourably of the lady and family, which would be as undeserved, as it would be grating to their feelings.

Your's &c. CUT-UP.

POST'S CORNER.

Annette of the Vale.

an elegy.

Where blooms the wild rose 'neath her one favour'd bower
Of myrtle, entwined with the low weeping willow,
And, o'ershading aloft, the tall elm doth tower,
The fair Annette sleeps, on a clay-mantled pillow,
And, ever repeating, the murmuring gale,
Soft whispers the stranger who passes her tomb :
If e'er thou didst pity a frail fair-one's doom,
Oh, shed one kind tear for Annette of the vale !

Annette was all tenderness, kindness, and truth,
Her sweetness and beauty a passion did move
In Adellan's breast, bright blooming with youth,
Who told his affection, and wooed her to love.
She smiled on his vows, as he swore to be true,
Nor dreamt that young Adellan e'er could betray,
'Till he'd borne the fair blossom of virtue away,
And bade his Annette, for ever, adieu.

Flush'd with sorrow and shame, the wretched forlorn,
Saw adversity's storm beginning to lour—
Remorse wounded her breast—an object of scorn—
Ee'n the pleasures of friendship could cheer her no more.
She strove to forget her misfortunes in vain—
Repentance and anguish her bosom had torn—
Her heart was fast bleeding, transpierced with a thorn—
And she found that death only her grief could restrain.

And death gentle death, soon brought her relief,
Soon the angel of mercy seal'd poor Annette's eyes,
Soon suspended her woes, soon ended her grief ;
And here, resting in peace, the pale penitent lies.
If e'er thou hast felt sweet pity prevail—
If love, that soft passion, e'er glow'd in thy breast,
Oh, then, pause awhile where the frail fair doth rest,
And shed one kind tear for Annette of the Vale."

Montreal, June, 1823.

FLORIO.*

* These verses were accompanied by the following note
" Do not, my dear sir, go into fits, I beg of you, to find me

It is much to be hoped that the precentor of the holy Kirk will comply with the wishes of the congregation, and tie his head on to his body, before he commences singing, as they are sadly afraid that in one of his, what he thinks graceful, shakes, it may be apt to tumble off.

It is no bad excuse when a young man wants to have a complete stare at a lady, and, for that purpose enters a confectioner's shop four times running, while she is there, to summon courage at last to say, "send me a dozen and a half of those things," (*ecrivisses*) for that will convince the ladies, both that he likes choice bits, and that he has modesty e-

adopting the signature of the farfamed FLORIO of New York. A high-sounding title will go a great way—and, although my rhymes may not flash with that originality, or abound with that sublimity of sentiment, which characterize the productions of that writer, by sending them forth into the world, under that name, they may, at least, attract some notice."

In reply to this I beg to state, that I disapprove very much of the adoption of the names of other writers, even in the slightest newspaper compositions. It is not only deceptive and perplexing, but betrays either a great want of invention, or great laziness, where the whole range of all the dictionaries is open for the adoption of some appropriate signature. Florio, it is true, is like Damon, or Pithias, or Alexis, or any other common poetic cognomen, and may be looked upon as one of the *fers natura*, fair game for any one; but here, it being one, by which a gentleman, who has gained some celebrity, (well or ill founded I will not stop to enquire,) in the New York papers, has distinguished himself, it has become a kind of exclusive property. It is monstrous affectation to see so many prose essays come forth under the signatures of Franklin, Adam Smith, Paley, &c with Tibullus, Catullus, Pindar, and Peter Pindar, in poetry: if names of real authors be thought consistent with the language or objects of such productions, let them be ushered in as such a *one junior*, or the *ghost* of such a one, or by some other device which may convey the meaning of the writer in adopting such a signature, without betraying his vanity, or disgusting his readers. I have thoughts of writing an essay on the names of anonymous writers, if the bull be allowable.

L. L. M.

nough not to call things by names, the sound of which might imply he was thinking of something else. To be sure, if there ever was a lady worth staring at, it is the one in question, both on account of her personal beauty and attractive grace, and on that of her celebrity in the Mount-Royal annals.

The quiet and peaceable inhabitants of Mount Royal present their compliments to the showman, and beg that when he walks about with his belle, he will not allow it to sound so loud, as its clapper is not only noisy, and drowns the sound of those belles that have an agreeable soft mild tone, but, by some inherent quality, rings out detraction and censure upon the passers-by.

MATRIMONIAL AND AMATORY INTELLIGENCE.

That this department of our Intelligencer does good, is evinced by the consummation, as stated in the late papers of this city, of no less than five marriages which we had the felicity to announce as intended; and we have been assured that, in several instances, ladies who have previously held out a long siege, and even declared they would never surrender, no sooner saw their fate in our sybilline leaves, than they capitulated, and submitted to the dominion of the saffron-robed deity.

Among those of most importance and eclat are the thrice announced nuptials of the celebrated and reverend Mr. *Moral Police* with Miss *Maria Hogflesh*. The happy pair set off immediately after the ceremony for that fashionable watering place *Aksaromak*; they were united by Mr. *Niger*, who had the honour of handing the blooming bride into the coach which took them to the steamboat. "It was," says our correspondent "Thistlethwaite's best turn-out, and I believe was never before employed on such an important occasion."

The same fortunate day *Dominie Shackle* (well known as the Knight of the Telescope) was fettered, after a courtship of sixteen months to the eldest Miss *Rumpledale*. It is said the lady is to have a few lectures from Mrs. *McFergus* to dispel her timidity. It is singular that on the same eventful night, our minister and our dominie were predestined to find out that path, which a lady, more celebrated for wit than grace, said, was the shortest, surest, and sweetest cut to a woman's heart.

Another instance of the good we do, is the formal and public annunciation that has taken place of the marriage, some time since, of Miss *Polly Allnick* with her chapman, which has been produced by the remarks in our last upon the apparent-

ly indecorous conduct of the lady in passing two nights every week at the gentleman's house. This is as it should be; the man who takes a woman to his bed and heart, ought not to be ashamed of her station in life, or any apparent inequality of rank or wealth: merit and charms are not the exclusive privileges of the rich. We will allow that there may be cases, in which it is policy, nay in which it may be absolutely necessary, to keep a marriage concealed for a time; but we can not allow that inequality of station, ought to be a sufficient reason, in a man of property and independence, for not avowing his choice in the face of the world. Yet we say again, and we speak from experience, there may be reasons known to, and appreciable only by, the parties themselves, for "keeping dark" in those matters; which reasons, provided the marriage be ultimately acknowledged, the public have no right to enquire into.

And now the pleasing task remains,
To tell of hearts bound in love's chains;
And those who mean, some bridal night,
Deep plunging in unknown delight,
To do that very loyal thing,
Viz. get new subjects for the King.

The celebrated *Doctor Gosling*, is about to be amalgamated with the amiable and devout *Miss Furrer*.

Lawyer Bigbeadle, will shortly enter into an indenture bipartite with the accomplished *Miss Peru* of *Allpork* house.

Miss Donaldson, who has had more than half the beaux in town sighing for her, is, in her turn, it is said, sighing for a son of Mars, who means to put the question to her in a few days. She will make an excellent soldier's wife; lively, gay, affectionate, and accomplished, a cheerful playmate, and a good housewife.

Mr. O Brown is intent upon paying his serious addresses to *Miss Dupe-it*. This is better than interpreting the harmless vivacity of a lady, of whom it may be said,

"Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,"

into a predilection for his captivating person, and trying to cornify the *Potter*. Query. Had he not better dispose of his carbuncled face, before he undertakes to enchant the ladies.

In consequence of a rupture between lawyer *McMellon* and student *Goose cap*, both of whom are ardent admirers of *Miss Magdeleine Wax* it is said that serious consequences are likely to ensue: but the lady is to have one or other of them, as soon as fortune has decided which is to be the victor.

The well known fiddler, *Dr O'Dodge*, after having played upon *Miss Coast*, is about to be engaged for the night, by a handsome fairy, newly arrived from Assumption. The fiddler

it is said, will want some rosin to his bow, to be able to play all the duets his fairy will dance to.

It is expected that the young *lord Lennox*, otherwise called *lord Chump* will obtain an easy conquest of the beautiful young Canadian *Victress*, to whose favours, it is said, he aspires.

The loves of the Angel with the sons of Belial.

This poem, which we announced in our No. 22, is not yet published; but we have been favoured with the argument of the last Canto.

Canto VI. Recapitulates, and enlarges upon part of the preceding history. Details the first descent of *the angel* from the celestial regions, namely, down stairs from the bedrooms of a bawdyhouse; how *Boucanneur* was captivated on that occasion by the symmetry of her foot and leg, and exclaimed, "you are the girl I have so long sought for, and now I have found you — I will —" so they ascended together into the heavens above. The poet then recounts the prostrations which the angel constantly made before the sons of men, with many genuflexions and ejaculations; describes the garb she wore when she assumed the habit of a man, and repaired to the house of the Steward, as recounted in a former canto. How the disciple of Dr. Faustus, raised a legion of spirits, who beset the house of the Steward, how these spirits repaired to Mount Hec'ta in Iceland, and returned loaded with ice, with which they broke the windows, decanters and glasses; in particular the crash of a large and elegant looking-glass is described, which was shattered at the very moment the angel was displaying her heavenly charms, unincumbered by dress of any kind, before it. The alarm of *Boucanneur*; his departure to the city of the hill; how Young *Yug* seized upon the angel, but could not (afford to) keep her; *Boucanneur's* return, with a digression in praise of the excellent properties of an equilateral triangle, a necromantic figure that was cast by the sons of Belial and the angel; some beautiful similies of two woodpeckers pecking in one hole, and two spoons in one dish, are illustrated by a reference to the word "brother-starlings," in Bailey's dictionary, *Young Yug* writes a card to *Boucanneur*, saying

Our Angel takes each night the devil to her bed,
Who answers it

It can't be help'd, for what i'th bone is bred
Out of the flesh can not be expelled.

The poem breaks off abruptly by an account of intelligence being sent to Old *Yug*, of his offspring keeping an angel—how Old *Yug* who used to be fond enough of the angels that

descend from the same heaven as this did, was not at all pleased to find Young Yug a chip of the old block—Young Yug meets the man of the fount, draws his weapon upon him, and taxes him with sending the news to Old Yug: refrains, however from the attack for fear of being spellbound by the incantation of his adversary. The poem concludes with the reascent of the angel to the heaven she dropped from, the departure of the man of the fount on his travels, and the mourning of Boucaneur, Yug & Co., not in sackcloth and ashes, but in cerecloth, gowland's lotion, and calomel.

As usual, much more matter than space, compels us, after apo'logising to many of our friends for delaying their communications, to conclude with the customary.

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

THE CHARRIVARRI.

A FARRAGO, continued from last No.

Next come a barber, with a horse to be shaved, but before the beast was lathered, the man of soapsuds ascended the rostrum, and read aloud from a paper, printed in secret, and published "as the law directs," an account of

A meeting of Magistrates &c. held for the purpose of abridging the rights of citizenship, of pleading excuses for aiding and conniving at the escape of murderers, AND TO PREVENT CHARRIVARYING.

The Hon. Mrs. Slipslop Mac Rope opened the proceedings:

"Gentlemen, we have called a meeting to take into consideration, and to adopt the best measures of preventing the CHARRIVARRI. I think it an abominable nuisance, and a disgrace to the town, that we, the honourable the magistrates of the POLICE, can not be obeyed, and that our *ipse dixit* is not considered as law. We have issued our mandates to prohibit all persons from walking the streets; nay, we have told them they should not be considered as "well-disposed citi-

zens" if they did, but still they do walk about the streets, most insultingly, and have even gone so far as to say that we are not worthy of being magistrates, and are not fit for the office we hold: and must we endure all this, must we be sneered at, yea, hissed for our malfesance, in the public walks? No, it shall not be; we will all swear ourselves in *as special constables*: we must put them down—the rights of citizenship shall be abridged (*loud cheers from the bench of magistrates;*) we will walk triumphant, and, if the public will not obey us, let the favoured few shoot at whom they like, and we will prevent their being taken into custody."

The Hon. Tory Loverule then rose:

"Our worthy friend Slipslop, is as fine a fellow as any old woman in the parish, and I AM A FINE FELLOW, and I don't care who knows it. WE MAGISTRATES are all fine fellows. I have reigned a little emperor amongst you; I am a braw man, I came from the land of cakes: my voice is loud and sonorous. I am a member of the Executive council; I am a member of the Legislative council; and I am a great favourite at the castle: moreover I am a great merchant, (*aside. though I do owe a very large balance to my friends in London, which helped them a little on in their failure.*) In short, my fellow-citizens, I am the greatest man, in mine own opinion, this place contains; and further, I am a great speaker, a perfect rhetorician, a leader of parties, a staunch unionist; that is, a bearleader. I rule in this our great city, and have been much disturbed by the perambulations of the inhabitants in fantastic dresses, and I am displeased, and it must be stopped, by God! Moreover I have a daughter, who is a widow, who wants much to be married, and I am afraid she will be charrivarried;

and it must not be done. We will assemble this night, in grand array, with our hands full of *empty nothingness*; I will walk at the head of you, and they will be awed into *much subjection*. (*Huzza ! by the assembly.*)

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

No reference to the last number of this work, and the advertisements subjoined, it will be seen that the number of new publications in British North America, is increasing in a ratio hitherto wholly unexampled. I do facilitate myself that I have, in some measure, given an impetus to the public mind, and have both added to the number of readers, and awakened the emulation and ambition of many for acquiring facility and merit in composition.

The long list of new works now, as it were, rising up in judgement against me, along with a few that have got dusty and dogeared by lying too long on my table, reproach me for having neglected that part of my duty, which requires me to review them. I can only say, as my betters ought to often, and some times, have, done, that I will am sorry for it, and will make amends by an early future attention to that department. I take the opportunity of reminding publishers and writers in these provinces, of the universal custom that prevails in Europe, of sending a copy of every work, which it is desirable to have reviewed to the reviewers, which is one of the most approved and efficacious methods of advertising, and increasing its sale.

L. L. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN LOWER CANADA.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,
AND LITERARY REPOSITORY

To be published monthly, at Montreal.

The encouragement which literature has obtained in the United Kingdom, may be attributed, in a great measure, to the monthly publications of merit which emanate from the press, abounding in a variety of original biography, and other pieces, written solely for works of this description, which residents in this remote quarter of the globe find it difficult to obtain without considerable expence. As much of the contents of these publications is doubtlessly of a local nature and devoid of interest to the Canadian reader, it is only intended

to take the most valuable pieces of a general character for the Repository : thus affording to the public at large, in these provinces, those literary gratifications, which our friends, and society generally, throughout the British dominions in Europe, have so long enjoyed from the genius and ability of our countrymen

It is not the intention of the proposed work to enter into political discussions, foreign or domestic ; when, however, impartial and well written articles, are received from home, they will be re-printed ; the remaining part of the undertaking will, it is conceived, be most appropriately disposed of in giving publicity to local communications relating to the condition of our townships and settlements ; in promoting the cause of religion, virtue, morality, education, and the general diffusion of agricultural and other useful knowledge.

A brief summary of foreign and domestic news, army promotions, state of the Montreal market, agricultural report, state of the weather, shipping list, &c. will be found at the end of each number.

CONDITIONS.

1st — The July number will be published early in August; it will be printed upon fine paper, and be properly arranged for binding half yearly. Each number will contain nearly 100 pages.

2d. — The subscription to be SIX DOLLARS, payable half yearly in advance : the first half year will be collected after the delivery of the first number. Postage payable by the subscribers.

Communications connected with the avowed object of this work, (postage paid) are requested to be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, HERALD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Montreal, 11th July, 1823.

IN UPPER CANADA.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the early appearance of a new literary work in this province, to be conducted by JAS. M. CAWDELL, Esq. — It is entitled "THE ROSE HARP, for the encouragement of LOYALTY, GENIUS and MERIT." — It will be published quarterly, in a 12mo form : — the terms One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Tork Weekly Register.

IN NOVA SCOTIA.

TO BE PUBLISHED,

An Inquiry into the right of the Crown to a Monopoly of Coals and Minerals, within the province of Nova Scotia, and of the legality and policy of levying a tax upon the same un-

der pretence of leasing the mines, containing them—by
JOHN LAWSON ESQ. Barrister at Law.

"There can not be a stronger proof of that genuine freedom which is the boast of this age and country than the power of discussing and examining with decency and respect, the limits of the King's prerogative."—Blackstone's Com. v. 1. c. 7.

June 21.

JUST PUBLISHED,

A Pamphlet, entitled, *Infant Sprinkling weighed in the Balance of the Sanctuary, and found wanting*, in five Letters, addressed to the Reverend **GEORGE JACKSON**, Wesleyan Methodist Missionary—being a reply to his letters in "defence of Infant Baptism," by **WILLIAM ELDER**.

The above pamphlet may be had of the Rev. Mr. Burton, Baptist minister, Halifax; of Mr. Bowes, post master, Windsor, and of the Baptist ministers generally throughout the province—price 1s.

June 21.

N. B. Literary advertisements are always inserted once gratis; if wished to be continued, they will be printed on the cover, and charged as specified.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. **QUID**, **B. B.**, **W. G.**, and others, are in the hands of Mr. Gossip, for consideration for the next **Domestic Intelligencer**. **TELL-TALE** is under consideration. **CAPTAIN ROCK**'s communication, **SECOND DIALOGUE**, &c. respecting the **Charrivarri**, in next number. The verses by a **MECHANIC** will appear, *but with alterations*. **J. B. D.** and **TOM DICK** from **Quebec**, just received, also **SIMON OBSERVER**, **JACK ON THE GREEN**, and another article from **CAPTAIN ROCK**, all which will come into play.

Both **J. L.** and **J. D.** will find letters for them at the Scrib-
 bler-Office.

[PRINTED AT BURLINGTON, VT.]