

W. John White

THE SCRIBBLER.

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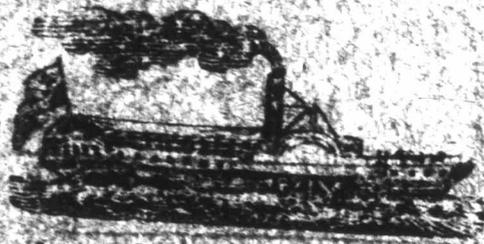
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ROBERT JOHNSON.

Montreal 6th June, 1823.

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 13th MAY, 1824. [No. 121.

*Fit ex his consuetudo, deinde natura. Discunt hoc
niseri antequam sciant vitia est.*

QUINCTILIAN.

Thus custom becomes a second nature: and they learn
folly and vice, before they can know that they lead to
contempt and wretchedness.

*Accessi confinium mortis, et calcato Proserpina limine;
per omnia vextus elementa remeavi.*

APULEIUS.

Approaching the confines of death, and entering upon
the threshold of Hell, I have traversed through all the
elements.

Sum pius Æneas, fama super æthera notus.

VIRGIL.

I'm thought a pious man, so care not what fame says.

*Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebacula parva teatro.*

ADDISON.

Of what all men enact, strife, joy, tears, exultation,
On this small theatre you see a true representation.

The following communication has laid too long
on the shelf, for which I have to apologise to the
writer: but, as he will perceive, it required both
curtailment, and alteration, that must plead my
excuse.*

L. L. M.

* The want of a key, as to the particular persons alluded
to, has compelled the omission of the narrative part of a
Plain Man's letter.

Montreal, 25th March, 1824.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As I understand you are a firm and staunch friend and admirer of the manly virtues, I trust you will not hesitate to devote a small portion of your useful pages, when opportunity offers, to the delineation of dandyism and puppyism.

Nowadays, alas! it is the erroneous opinion of most of our young men, that frippery, an appearance of carelessness, and an affected look of consequence, will impose upon the understanding of plain men, like you and I. At times you may see some of these "contemptibles," with quizzing glasses dangling at their breasts, now and then taking a look at people, and pretending to be short-sighted. These complicated follies have made greater progress than, perhaps, you are aware of. They have even fixed themselves in the breasts of some of our little dealers and chapmen. A young man, (a merchant, forsooth!) whose stock in trade, I believe, an old boar-cat in harness might carry away in a dogcart, although over his door may be seen his sounding name with the strengthening addition of Co. to set him off, may be often seen dashing about the markets, courthouse, and other public places, mimicking such characters as he fancies give the ton to Montreal. This creature of vanity sometimes pretends to stride, though in reality he does it like a taylor taking up his goose, to make us believe him to be a retired cavalry-officer, or Waterloo-man. At other times, for he acts different characters, you would take him to be a spouter from some private barn-theatre, who had taken to his heels, fearing the rogue and vagabond act should be put in force against him.

Some of the sons of our half-gentry, or gentlemen-farmers, are also infected with the taints of puppyism and bravado, to a great degree. A number of these poor mimicks were seen regularly in attendance at the Court-house, during the sitting of the criminal court, and were distinguished by their impudence and presumption in pushing into seats. Some half a dozen of these fellows gave me great offence, aping what they never can be, gentlemen; with blanket-great-coats of the Flunkey* cut, hogslard or bearsgrease anointing the head, a bit of black-turned-brown velvet stock about their lean necks, and a small cane or stick in their hands, denoting, as they conceived, *a squire's son!* Surely they had better remain at home, cleaning out the pig-sty, or threshing in their father's barns, than, in order to appear big in their own opinions, act the part I have described, trying to impose upon good natured tradesmen and publicans, and taking an airing now and then with a constable for a glass of rum, or a ditto of small beer, unpaid for, and for which neither turkeys, ducks, nor produce have been forthcoming.

For my own part, sir, I am one of those plain men who flourished in the eighteenth century; and you may easily conceive my disgust at witnessing such scenes as these.

By inserting the above, Mr. Scribbler, at your convenience, you will much oblige a person, from whom you will hear again, and who in the mean time remains,

Yours respectfully,

A PLAIN MAN.

* Being little acquainted with slang terms, I should be glad of an explanation of this expression. L. L. M.

Montreal, 13th April, 1824.

DEAR SCRIBBLER,

On Sunday last I went to the episcopal church, (for I do sometimes go thither,) and, as it was the Sunday before Easter, I expected to receive some wholesome admonitions. True it is, that at any other less opportune season, I should not have been much disappointed, had our worthy rector's rhetoric and oratory left little impression upon me; but, at so solemn a season, I at least, conceived that I should be reminded of the sufferings of our Saviour, and have the track pointed out to me to pursue before partaking of that blessed Sacrament, which, (with reverence be it spoken,) we are told is our damnation if we receive it when unprepared. But such things were not so much as adverted to, and, instead of depicting the miseries and agonies of a martyred Redeemer—instead of entreating us to examine ourselves whether we were prepared, and, if not, to instruct us how to besit ourselves to partake of the holy communion, the preacher launched forth into encomiums upon the character, and sketched the biography of a man, (who, for aught I know, may have been deserving of it,) lately deceased, in the vale of years, and in affluent circumstances. At a time when the souls of hundreds were in peril, to announce from the pulpit, and dwell upon the little hardships, and vicissitudes of an earthly being "of mere man, the smallest part of nothing,"—when so wide a field lay open for the pathos and sublimity of a truly pious propounder of the Gospel, as the patient endurance of an ignominious death, by a deity made man, who made a voluntary sacrifice of his life, to obtain the salvation of an ungrate-

ful universe—betrayed, I fear, more the priestly hankering after a funeral-sermon fee, than assiduity in the cure of souls.

Being upon the topic of the negligent or improper discharge of his duty, I have another complaint to prefer against our pastor. When sent for, by one of his flock, who expected every moment to breathe his latest gasp, to administer to him the last earthly consolation, this meek physician of the soul returned for answer, "that he should probably be passing that way, in the course of the day, and would call." Yes, when the soul, which was then trembling on the brink of eternity, had fled, perhaps, to never-ending perdition, then would the humble servant of God condescend to bring comfort and consolation to the being that was, but is no more.

Surely these things deserve reproof. That they are conformable to fact, I aver; and challenge the rector to deny, which, if he does not, the public must believe in the statement here made, by

Your's, &c.

HOOTER.

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED LETTER, from TOM TAN,
(LORD GODDAMNHIM,) to _____,
dated *Montreal*, 17th Sept. 1819.

Here I have had a precious summer of it, and even now my leg and foot are not worth a d—n: however I begin to walk a little, tho' I assure you my appearance is far from decent: when any thing is out of order in the lower extremities, people, (the ladies in particular,) are so apt to ascribe it to something else; in *this* instance, I am clear, and am as fit for duty as ever I was.

I have been this sometime considering the purport of your proposal, whether it would be a profitable concern to establish a post at the *North West* corner of HELL, and have been at some considerable pains to find out the exact distance, which I have, at last, accomplished. The Titans were nine days and nine nights in reaching the profundity of Tartara, [Tartarus,] or modern HELL; from this we may establish a data; [datum.] Owing to the density of the medium through which they fell, they made no greater speed than 1640 feet in a minute; (take notice, it was not a second.) I had my information from no less authority than a descendant from one of their illegitimate sons: then the question will stand thus; $1640 \times 60 \times 24 \times 9 = 5280$ feet in a mile = 4025 5-11 English miles. Another of my correspondents informs me that since this plan was agitated, feu's have risen in h—ll at least 250 per cent. and that Sawny McAllister, (keeper of the half-way-house,) although before complaining of high rent, has renewed his lease for 300 years, and the infernals swear his fortune's made.

I am afraid a perpendicular descent, together with the change of atmosphere, might give us the headache; I therefore propose an inclined plain, [plane;] such now, the perpendicular distance being 4025 5-11 miles, required the length of the slope. The square of the perpendicular 4025 5-11 added to the square of the base 4025 5-11 will give the sum of 16204247.7025 \approx 16204247.7025, and which is = 32408495.405. The square root taken of this sum gives 5692.81 the length of the slope.* You say your machine can go and

* The original has, in the margin, at this place, a geometrical diagram, shewing the perpendicular descent, and that

return in one hour 27 3-4 minutes, which, I suppose, includes 15 minutes for a rest at the half-way-house. I allow 29 1-10 for going, and 43 65-100 minutes for returning: at this rate we must travel 196 70-97 miles per minute going, and 130 163-500 miles returning.

People say there is not room in the centre of the Earth for the damned; but by this they shew their ignorance; as I have proved it, beyond dispute, that 2430 souls can dance a country-dance on the point of a needle, and that without jostling one another, and leaving plenty of room for the fiddler; and upwards of 76,000 can sit on a square inch, allowing every one elbow-room, so that 10 inches could contain 760,000 souls, which is all we may charitably suppose can be damned in Canada for 40 years to come. You must not pretend to keep me out of the concern, as I presume I have got as much interest in that quarter as you have: however more on the subject at a future opportunity.

[Signed,]

T. T.

I have been requested to give my opinion of the two prize-addresses, for the opening of the little theatre in the New Market, which have been printed in the Montreal papers; the one, which was actually spoken, written by Henry John Hagan, appeared in the Courant; the other, entitled *rejected address*, and which, I understand, was written by a student-at-law, is found in the Herald.

by the inclined plane, with the degrees of heat, and a plan and elevation of the half-way-house, bearing the inscription of "Lochfine herrings and whiskey, by S. McA." Beneath the N. W. corner of Hell, the diagram exhibits a further descent by a slope, into "Yankee Hell," the degree of heat of which is marked at 850.

I have no hesitation in avowing that, according to my judgement, the committee, or whosoever to whom the decision was left, have given the preference where preference was due. The harmony and rhythm of Mr. Hagan's address are as consistent with true poetry, as the measure he has adopted, is eminently calculated for delivery, (and, I am told, Mr. Judah, delivered it with great judgement;) It is creditable to his powers of composition, and, above all, it is creditable to the improving taste of the age, that could applaud and feel the propriety of the concluding lines:

"Is there a wight, so cold, so tame,
 So stupified by dull religious cant,
 Or so indifferent to thy name,*
 That would not for theatric glory pant?
 If such there be?—ye gentles, great and small,
 The wretch avoid, or hiss through Montreal."

"Theatric glory," however, implies a wrong turn of thought. To pant for theatric glory, would mean, to wish to become an actor: the writer, undoubtedly meant, to pant for the glory of the drama, i. e. anxiously to desire that permanent honour and substantial patronage should be bestowed upon those who promote, establish, and prosecute theatrical performances. There are two bad errors of the press, in the printed copy of this address. In the last line but one of the third stanza, *land* is printed instead of *band*, and in the seventh stanza, *insure* for *injure*, which materially *injure* the sense. That stanza is certainly the worst,

"Then SHAKESPEARE rose, and learned BEN
 The greatest, wisest, best of men."

Here, although the writer probably intended to

*Apollo's.

combine Shakespeare and Ben Johnson together, as "the greatest, wisest, best, of men," the common reader would conclude that the eulogium solely applied to Ben Johnson, whilst the more informed man of literature would be inclined to adopt the same reading, inasmuch as Ben Johnson, has been, so undeservedly in my opinion, promoted to the second rank after Shakespeare, principally from his own egotism displayed in his remarks upon the "little Latin and less Greek," of his more illustrious contemporary. Again, in the same stanza, I must reprobate the introduction of the allusion to French dramatic poetry, and to France being

"Our still assailing, ever baffled, foe."

In England this would be considered mean, and low: in Canada it is worse. I repeat it over and over again, the Canadians and the *real* English, are similar and congenial in their thoughts, feelings, and literary opinions. A *real* Englishman duly appreciates the merits of Racine, Corneille, Moliere, and the numerous dramatic writers of France, and few of the French literati are apt to undervalue the poetic merits of Shakespeare, Dryden, Otway, and Rowe. As a whole, however, Mr. Hagan's address, as it has deserved, so it has obtained, the palm of pre-eminence.

The *rejected address*, signed X. Y. Z. is not entirely destitute of poetic merit, but is far too tame, prosaic, and didactic, for theatrical recitation. The terseness of thought, and quaintness of expression in the first part; when the Muses

— "dwelt on scenes of wonder and surprise,
With fancy's most fantastic phantasies,
are much to my taste; so are the pictures of the

various characters delineated by Shakespeare. There is a great absurdity, however, in making the hero first "yield his breath," and then

"—— mix in scenes of carnage, blood, and death."

And I must, most unequivocally, condemn the foolish and false inuendo conveyed in the lines

"But few, ah few, on young Canadia's shore,
The soft, the heavenly strain of music pour."

If this was meant as to music, *per se*, mere sing song music, it is false; for that folly has acquired a great ascendancy here: but from the next lines, it appears that it is meant to convey a still greater falsity, namely, that the French Canadian youths are

—— "unskilled in science's glowing page."

(a false quantity, by the bye,) for the *Canadian* youths, are the only part of our young men, who have any learning, or comparative education at all. The imported part of the community, from "beyond old ocean's tide," are, generally speaking, (with a few exceptions,) most miserably ignorant, and contemptible objects, in a literary point of view; nor, indeed, can my powers of imagination fancy any more wretched outcast set, outcast from every thing that is liberal, that is learned, that is accomplished, than the poor creatures who compose the younger part of our *soi-desant* British population, for whom I entertain, in general, (always with some few exceptions,) the most sovereign contempt and pity.

The concluding line of his effusion is so contrasted with the spirited conclusion of the other address, both in thought and in words, that it in-

stantly strikes the senses that the one is the production of a manly and independent mind, and the other that of one who has been bred in the school of time-serving and hypocrisy. He hankers after stage plays, and the vanities of the world, and in order to reconcile them with the affected and puritanical sanctity of his *magnus Apollo*, whoever he is, as no doubt he has one, he concludes with the prediction,

“ Shall genius flourish,—discord no more rage,—
And blest religion’s precepts, deck a virtuous stage !”

Away with such nonsense! If you write sermons, write sermons, but if you write theatric addresses, write theatric addresses: they are both good in their way, and ought not to be blended.

I now proceed to give, what is called a PARODY on Mr. Hagan’s address; but which is not, strictly, a parody, since it is wholly different in measure and construction, however much the same train of thought may be kept up, tho’ ludicrously turned “the wrongside outwards.” It ought more properly to be called

A POETIC PARAPHRASE,

By S. D. G.

When old grand dame Melpomene,
And wild fantastic Thalia;*
Both Jove almighty’s tuneful daughters.
Saved, by mere chance, from Grecian slaughters:
Tho’ proud of birth, as wenches could be,
And prouder far than ladies should be;
Took’t in their heads to leave the skies,

* The poet has all along laid the accent upon the wrong syllable in Thalia: it should be pronounced Thalia, not Thalia.
L. L. M.

And visit men, beasts, bats, and flies,
 Who dwelt on the benighted earth;
 To shew their breeding and their birth,
 And see how it would be affected
 And make the Drama's laws respected,
 The one would have man melancholy,
 The other, spend his time quite jolly.

Melpom., it seems, had ne'er been married,
 And had perhaps in hope miscarried,
 So dress'd her up in long black robes,
 As if her grief's were great as Job's.
 And in beef-buskins* strode about,
 With such an air—and made such rout
 Among the wags; "Anger, Despair,"
 And "Horror with erected Hair,"
 That each in terror hung his head,
 As if it had been made of lead.

But gentle Thalia, more alluring,
 Fancying colours less enduring,
 Put on "pellucid robes" of stuff,
 Or silk or satin, *quantum suff!*
 Such as old Venus erst did wear,
 When, in her *Ironmonger's* snare,
 And all the Gods, swore, laughed and capered,
 To hear how Vulcan damn'd and vapoured.
 Immortal shoes her highness wore,
 Such as were never seen before.

And when she mov'd—'twas with such grace,
 The snakes and toads all hid their face,
 And girls and boys did clap and shout,
 And raise a most confounded rout.

Fair Athens famed for many a deed,
 And many a hero doom'd to bleed;
 Where many a brave one erst did die
 From want of breath or—poverty!
 And where the Muses used to prance,
 Kick up their heels, and hop and dance,
 And Thespia's sons in spite of "Turks,

* Beef-buskins, a translation of *souliers de bœuf*, applied to the shoes worn generally by the Canadian peasantry, made of oxhide tanned, all in one piece, without soles.

"Or Goths or Vandals," wrote their works,
 And handing down to future ages,
 Enough to frighten modern sages!
 And mighty Rome—oh sad disaster!
 Was taught by Greece, as her schoolmaster,
 Whom oft she drubb'd—but in her turn
 She saw old Greece with greatness burn,
 Vaunting more fiddlers and musicians
 Than Egypt e'er could boast magicians,
 With strings and fingers soft and slender,
 Pouring their music, sweet and tender.

At length arrived a hideous night,
 When all the stars were out of sight;
 And clouds hung thick about the sky
 To shut all light from mortal eye:—
 These wights dug "wisdom from her tomb"
 (Like some pale corpse, whose luckless doom
 Was to be borne to Surgeon's hall,
 There to be cut in pieces small.)
 And doft her shroud—when, in a passion
 They hung her up true dutchmen fashion.
 Affrighted at the mournful sight,
 The Muses fled in sorry plight,
 Some spoil their lungs in piteous calls,
 Some broke their noses 'gainst stone walls,
 Some ran hither—some ran yonder,
 And broke their fiddle-strings asunder:
 One hit the prop—when down the stage was hurl'd,
 Like Pluto tumbling to the nether world.
 But soon this mournful night gave way;
 Soon dawn'd a more auspicious day,
 When must be built a mighty stage
 As high as erst in Haman's age;
 And if it e'er could be procured,
 The new built stage should be "*Insured.*"

Bold SHAKESPEARE and the mighty BEN
 Who were to be the favoured men,
 And have, by Fame, their names recorded
 In future times to be rewarded;
 Soon set to work, and quickly finished
 A Fabric ne'er to be diminished!
 So high, the column they did raise

That old France wept for many days,
 Because it was two stories higher,
 Than her small poets could aspire!
 Oh Shakespeare! great immortal man!
 By some transform'd to Avon's swan;
 Whom hosts of critics could not fright,
 But, fired with genius, still would write;
 And who, thro' all Britannia's coast
 Art now her glory, pride and boast,
 Over old ocean quickly stride,
 And at our theatre preside.
 This night descend—for at thy shrine
 We doff our hats—"great Shakespeare thine!"
 Be there so stupified a "wight"
 As would not tremble at thy sight;
 "And pant for high theatric glory"
 To live inscribed in fame's proud story:
 If such, I say—then let the clown,
 Be hiss'd and kick'd about the town.

Desiderabilis erudito litterarum, quæ Naturam laudabilem eximie reddit ornatam. Ibi prudens invenit unde sapientior fiat; ibi bellator reperit unde animi virtute roboretur; inde princeps accepit quemadmodum populos sub æqualitate componat. Nec aliqua in mundo potest esse fortuna, quam litterarum non augeat gloriosa notitia.

CASSIODORUS, lib. I.

The love of learning and of literature is most deserving of cultivation. Letters form the choicest ornament of whatever is praiseworthy in nature. From them the ignorant learn knowledge, the wise man to be more excellent in wisdom. There the warrior finds wherewith to animate his valour, and inspire him with magnanimity and prudence; the prince discovers how to rule his people with justice and equity. Nor can there be any state or condition in the world, which literature will not enrich, and encircle with an ambient halo of pleasure and renown.

Resuming the subject of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, I am inclined to believe

the institution will be one, (if that spirit of exclusive aristocratical feeling which too much prevails among the soi-disant great men in this province, be not suffered to controul and narrow its utility,) which will be a permanent honour, an incalculable advantage, and a source of intellectual enjoyment, to the country, and its inhabitants, to the present race, and to posterity.

The address to the public, though not drawn up in the most masterly manner, gives a fair and clear view of the objects of the society. It informs us that the institution "owes its origin to the patriotic feeling and anxiety for the honour, welfare, and interest of the province, which characterise the present Governor in Chief," (Lord Dalhousie;) and the idea and plan does honour to his Lordship. I give him perfect credit for good intentions, although in political points, and in his manners and high notions of prerogative and power, I think he is generally woefully mistaken in his administration: that, however, is a topic for another place; and the name of Dalhousie will certainly stand high in the future literary annals of Canada, as the first founder and patron of such a society.

It is announced, that, "although it is intended that the Society's hall hereafter embrace every object of literary interest, and enquiry," the objects of present research will be confined to the historical points immediately connected with the Canadas." F

That the collection of data for the early history of that powerful country which Canada is one day destined to be, is a very desirable object; and that the present time, before the materials are entirely scattered, ought to be availed of, I admit; but the barrenness of that line of research, and the paucity of matter, I apprehend, ought to

have made it a secondary consideration; whilst the geography, and natural history of the province, ought to have taken precedence of every other pursuit. However, since History is to be the primary object of the institution, I agree with the Address, that "the early history of Canada abounds in materials, full of striking descriptions and romantic situations;" but these are already embodied in the French accounts, and no new historical light can be expected to be thrown on them, either by tradition, private papers, or recollection. A more feasible object follows: namely, "to discover, and rescue from the unsparring hand of time the records which yet remain; to preserve, while in our power, such documents as may be found amid the dust of yet unexplored repositories." The public offices, the recesses of ecclesiastical institutions, and the deposits of public notaries, may certainly contribute a large share of papers that may illustrate and elucidate the history, settlement, commerce, and customs of the country; and no doubt the Society will have free access to all that are within the controul of Government.* On this head the Address observes, "we are greatly encouraged in our undertaking by the belief, nay, almost by the certainty, that there does yet exist a mass of manuscript and printed documents, scattered through the country, in the possession of various religious bodies, and of private persons, or thrown aside, (as) utterly useless and uncared for, in the

* I can adduce a pregnant instance in which resort being had to the documents in the archives at the Castle of St. Lewis, much illustration may be given to the geography of Canada. Mr. Surveyor General Bouchette in his Map of Lower Canada, (so called, though it is, properly speaking) only a map of the River St. Lawrence, and adjacent country, from its

chests of public offices." And I observe, with great satisfaction, that it is in contemplation, "to further, by assistance from the funds of the society when practicable, the translation, and, in some

mouth to the boundary line of Upper Canada,) lays down the height of land, north west of the St. Lawrence as running between the St. Lawrence and the lakes Nekoubau, and Mistisiny, the waters of which are represented as flowing into Hudson's Bay; now it appears, by the copy of the ordonnance of le Sr. Gilles Hocquart, *pour les limites du domaine*, (now called the King's posts) dated the 23d May 1733, that by the *proces verbaux en forme de journal*, of Messieurs de la Chenaie, and Normandie, surveyors deputed for that purpose, and by the map drawn from their observations, the lakes Mistisiny and Nekoubau, both discharge themselves, by their respective rivers, into Lake St. John, and thence, through the Saguenay, into the St. Lawrence. This most material error in the geography of that almost unexplored part of Canada, is probably only one of many arising from not having had recourse to the old maps, sketches, and journals to be found in the public offices, where no doubt the journal and map above alluded to may be met with to this day. The different stations marked by the surveyors in that old survey are stated in the official document alluded to, to have been distinguished by four plates each engraved with four flower-de-luces, fixed upon four pine trees: and the wide field of research embraced in the labours of the explorers, will be seen by the comprehensive instructions given them, to survey and make a chart of "the whole interior of the country within the limits pointed out, the lakes and rivers which discharge themselves into the Saguenay, their course, the extent of country they water from their sources to their mouths, and the names of the chief places where the trade with the Indians may be carried on, how far they are navigable by vessels, bateaus, or canoes, the falls, rapids, and portages; the posts, establishments, and trading houses which exist for trading with the Indians, as well as the names and situations of those which may have been heretofore used, but which were then in ruins, or only remembered: the names of the Indian tribes, their population, and, in general whatever may be conducive to a thorough knowledge of the country, the inhabitants, and the trade that may be carried on.

L. L. M.

cases, the publication, of valuable manuscripts, or scarce books, discovered in any private or public collection; and to encourage and reward such discoveries."

It is proposed to read at the general meetings of the society; such papers, *as shall have been communicated by members*, and previously approved of by the committee of management. This is an illiberal and an improper distinction; to confine the perusal of communications to the productions of *members* alone, will be destructive of great part of the benefit expected to be derived from the contributions of the learned, the inquisitive, and the intelligent. If that be the case, the *Transactions of the Quebec Historical and Literary Society* when collected and published would not probably fill one duodecimo volume per annum. No, the plan ought to have been to have invited communications from all quarters, and to have held out the no small inducement, which the gratification of knowing that they have been read at the board of the Society, and, will be published amongst their "transactions," naturally would afford to the laudable vanity of literary fame, which I know is gaining ground in Canada. This restriction smacks a little of that spirit of egotistical exclusion, which I so much deprecate;

*Non monstrare vias, eadem nisi sacra colenti;
Quasitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.*

JUVENAL.

Ask them the road, and they will point you wrong,
Because you do not to their tribe belong:
They'll not betray a spring to quench your thirst,
Unless you shew them circumcision first.

DRYDEN.

But I hope the baneful effects of this illiberal and

improper restriction will become obvious, and cause it to be soon rescinded. Indeed the concluding paragraph of the Address is at variance with it, as, after, inviting men of learning and taste to join them, the society conclude by "soliciting the *assistance* and *co-operation* of a liberal and enlightened public," which can not be meant solely as applicable to pecuniary aid, but implies also the wish to receive literary assistance, and the co-operation of industrious and attentive observers.

(To be continued.)

China-Bay, 23d April.

MR. MACCULLOH,

I am sorry I can not find a brighter character to entertain you readers with at present than Mrs. Emily Halfman. This lady now holds her head so high, makes so many remarks on her neighbours, and does not spare the blue book, that if she is not spared in it in her turn, it may perhaps produce a reformation in her tongue, or at all events, will be a deserved reproof to her. Miss Emily Vestibule ran a way with a serjeant, and broke her leg above the knee, then she ran away with an officer, then he ran away from her, then she ran in debt, and then she ran back to the serjeant. But the most lucky run she made, was running Mr. Halfman's heart thro' with her bright eyes, who, after due trial, took her, not long ago, for better for worse. Mr. H. having been a jack-tar, is, of course, reckoned a smart active fellow for the fair sex; and he is now acting here in the navy (as well as the navel) department. This makes his lady forget herself, and

although scandal says she is still fond of the young men, she thinks there is no body so good as herself. Yet it is out of her power to forget her bad habits; of which take an instance: when she pays the neighbours a visit, and they are not quick in offering her a glass of something to drink, she cannot avoid addressing them in her old style, saying: "Come, damn your eyes, are you not going to give us something to drink to-day?" After which nothing more need be said about her by,

Your's, &c.

BILLY BUTTON-SHOE.

TO SQUIRE L. L. MACCULLOH,

Och misha dear, honey, it's yourself, or the world has belied you, that never lets a poor body apply in vain for redress, or never stops to expose people for their bad doings, be they high or low, through fear, or any such unbecoming motive. The blessing of the holy father, and the twelve apostles, attend you for it. Now, thinks I, when I heard this for a sartainty, if I writes him an account of my wrongs, he'll be after doing me justice, and exposing the mushroom cratures, bad luck to every mother's son of them. So not being well varsed in scholarship myself, I goes over to Phaemie O'Flanagan, who is married to an uncle's daughter of a third cousin of my own, and who lives at the sign of the Good Woman, (that is a woman without a head,) forenent the street, and says I, now Phaemie, it's yourself, in troth, that will be after sitting down, and writing an account of how the spalpeens behaved to myself, the devil fire the ——— but I mustn't curse bekase ould father O'Shaunessy will make me do penance.

Well, sir, having a family to support, and no help in the world, but my own four bones, I buys apples, pears, and the like, by the barrel, and sells them again, and so makes a bit of a living. And last year, having "amassed," (this is one of Mr. O'Flanagan's big word's;) money enough, I bought a few barrels of pears, and put them on board a steam-boat to take to Quebec, as I was tould they'd sell well there. Now, my jewel, tho' I sat up all night, to take care of my barrels, I thought in the morning, I might take a bit of rest; and thinks I, the captain of this here boat, whom they call Shear-em, as in duty bound, will, now it's daylight, have an eye to them. And sure enough, he, or some one else, had an eye to them, for one of the barrels was opened, and divil fire the one there was in it, but they eat, or hid from me. Now, I am tould, the sailors dared not break it open in broad daylight, and he upon deck, without orders; and more's the mark I saw him ating one, which he tould me was all he got of them; besides he promised to remunerate me when I came to Quebec, which he never did since, the spalpeen, and may he soon have a *daisy quilt** for his behaviour. Now, my good sir, don't you think it's a shameful thing to impose upon a poor woman like me, and do you blame me for being angry at the treatment I got? As a proof of which please give this a speedy place in your little blue book, and oblige your humble servant,

BRIDGET, better known by the name of
BIDDY BUCKLEY.

* "A daisy quilt to you," a common expression in Ireland, signifying may you soon be dead and buried.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXVIII

Mr. Macculloh, desires us to present his respects to his friends, and the public in general, and to apologise for the delay of several articles which he either directly, or by implication, promised the insertion of. Being called away to attend the Court of Common pleas at Plattsburgh, as a witness, he has left it to us to fill up his pages; and to tell the good truth; we are very glad of the opportunity, for we have a deal of "skimble-skamble stuff" to communicate, which we will do in a "skimble-skamble manner."

It is proposed to erect a monument, by subscription in memory of the grand battle lately fought by that great commander general Bright; which, from the destruction made in the *materiel* of the hostile army has been denominated the BATTLE OF THE TEATHINGS. After a forced march all the way from the City of the Friends, the general arrived before the walls of Bang-em Castle, on the first of April; into which he made good his entry with incredible valour, and finding a formidable array of Teathings embattled in the servant's hall, he immediately attacked them with great fury, and soon dispatched the whole. Colonel Teapot, Major Slop-bowl, and Lieutenant Sugar-bason, were broke on the spot for non-resistance, and Captain Teakettle was discharged on half-pay. To commemorate this achievement an obelisk or other ornamental building, with suitable inscriptions, is conceived to be worthy of the patronage of that part of the public who have a *right* feeling; subscriptions received by X. Y. Z. &c.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Shamlea Repertory.—NEWSROOM REPORT. The reverend Nick Rap has lately been seized with a violent head-ache, in consequence of having drank a pint of cherry-brandy, by mistake, for a pint of sherry-wine.—The taylor's wife's sister is very unwell, having swallowed, *en passant*, a little schoolmaster, with all his books.—Dr. Drill has discovered that bleeding, in cases of small pox, has cured his

patients, *en pe de tems*.—The seigneur, not being able to procure for this season, *le taureau banal en question*, has hired for three months, *Le Preux Chevalier d'On* who has been ready for service since the first Monday in April. ⚔ Now, old maids is' your time!—Miss Brown has consulted two physicians in Mount Royal to know whether it would injure her to get married; but they have, unfortunately, decided that, if she should, she would choke three months after. She will therefore remain a little longer in maiden sweetness, or till the organist has recovered his health.

March 20th, Arrived here yesterday the good schooner *Donald*, freighted by *Long George*, at the Isle of Bullfrogs, and it is said, she will very soon discharge her cargo. The *Donald* is a well built vessel, with a broad stern, and an elegant figure-head, and *Long George* declares she is the best sailing vessel he ever was on board of. She was put in the dockyard belonging to Mr. Eve last summer, and *Long George* spared no labour in doing what was necessary to make her stow a safe cargo: he positively affirms that the time he put the goods on board, she was perfectly water-tight, therefore, it is hoped the cargo will be in good condition when the vessel is discharged.

At a ball in Tippling-row lately, it is said, that a gentleman received a salutation in his seat of honour, from the master of the feast, for dancing in a horizontal position with his wife where a perpendicular one might have served; with the additional threat, that if ever he got within horn's length of him, he would teach him to saw wood. But the expellee swears, the devil a jerkin-jig did he ever dance with mother Brown-Stout. N. B. Example must not be taken by Mr. Roast, as he has permission to dance both horizontal and thorogontal jigs *ad libitum*.

April 14th. A spruce married youth, not having yet succeeded in producing any fruits of matrimony at home, determined to try what success he might have abroad. He selected for the object of his experiments, a youthful damsel of thirty-seven: but was surprised one evening by his charmer's father, who, suspecting the intercourse, had secreted himself for the purpose. To avoid a huge club, which the old man brandished, the amorous youth darted through the backdoor, (how lucky to find a backdoor in such cases) and ran off. His pursuer, bounding upon his wooden leg, however, followed, with many vociferations; but unable to overtake the fugitive, a large mastiff, hearing the wellknown voice of his decripit master, took up the chace, until, in his precipitate flight, the gentleman tumbled headlong into a deep

muddy pit, partly filled with water, but agreeably diversified with rank weeds, dog's tripe and dead eats, where he rolled about, and floundered, for some moments, in all its borrowed sweets. To aggravate the poor fellow's misfortune, just as he was scrambling up the opposite bank, the faithful animal seized hold of the skirt of his coat, and tore it asunder. He got scraped and cleaned at a neighbour's, who lent him an old bang-up, to conceal his misfortune; and no doubt he told a tough story when he got home, of the "moving accidents by flood and field" he had undergone.

A great gentleman, who resides pretty convenient to the river, is requested, in a friendly way, not to be so frequent in his visits at the house of Mrs. Jack, in the absence of the rest of the family, for fear he may be welcomed with a volley of Stones. *Verbum sat.*

From the China-Bay Flying Post. Mr. James Wintertown, of the Lower Rapids has obtained a commission, which his assiduity in going about begging the gentry of Mount Royal to write a memorial for him to obtain it, (as he could not write it himself,) highly deserves. He used to be very proud when he could tell his wife at night, what a good days work he had done that day, having had the honour of talking even to the great Tory Loverule himself, as well as Mr. White; but his trowsers being worn out, his wife said, never mind, my dear, I have plenty of both *black* and *white* sheep to get you another pair; but, as it is said he always likes to kiss other men's wives better than his own, that makes no odds.

After discarding Benny Seveer, some time ago, miss Maggy Nahnah, fearing the approach of old maidenism, and finding her *Ogling* and *Flaming* lovers are off, has again condescended to take notice of Ben, and not only sets her cap but nods her feathers at him most kindly.

From the Bullfrog Island Calendar. Now that our theatricals are over, should they be revived next winter, it would not be amiss to give a hint in a certain quarter, *not to be after* putting something in the shape of three bundles of *Hay*, (two of which seem rather musty, the other charming and sweet,) into a seat by themselves, with the King's arms hung over them, to the exclusion of every one else; as it has been remarked that it is probably the first time they were hung in such a ridiculous situation.

ADMONITORY. The next time Captain Padreen

O'Rafferty has a party at his house on a good Friday, he and his friends ought to be careful not to put so much whiskey to their water, as, perhaps, another servant will not let those concerned in boxing him out of the house, get off so easily.

From the St. Eustace Newsletter. Dr. Diarfoirus, some time ago, while performing an experimental operation in scientific propagation, in conjunction with his servant wench, was surprised by his better half; who, with her accustomed *sang froid*, ran for a horsewhip, and returned soon enough to assist the operation by laying a few stripes on the doctor's bare seat of honour, and afterwards coolly taking miss by the shoulders to help her out of the house.*

From the South Cumberland Evening Star. Ladies walking through the streets, are cautioned against contemplating the canopy of heaven too attentively, and particularly on a *windy* day, as they are in danger of shewing their ankles,—and some of them, it is said, are like duck's eggs, and are "biggest at the little end."

A very extensive conspiracy has been entered into here, to banish "dull care," the blue devils, cold nights, and solitary walks, by joining issue, as the lawyers say, in the holy state of matrimony. The principal parties implicated in the conspiracy are said to be

Marshal Gee, and miss Nora Flat,
Frederic Discount, and miss Margery Flat,
All-on Mr. George, and miss Worthylong,
Harry Have-a-rule, and miss Betsey Flat,

* An anecdote of Tryn Van Leemput, the heroine of Utrecht, from *Nederlandsche Historien* may be contrasted with the above.

Once on a time, says the story, when she caught her husband with the maid, she exclaimed, "so, so, you by day, and I by night, that's enough to tire any fellow out. Here, take your money, and go about your business, I can do that myself, and I have no occasion to pay you wages, and board you too, for doing my own work."

L. L. M.

Worthlaw High-ram, and miss Timber,
Simon the Tanner, and miss Strongstorm,
Wooer Washingtub, and miss Whitethigh,

N. B. To amateurs, A new song, entitled *Soda-water*
ootillions will appear in our next.

A serious Rencontre. Took place between Sir Malcolm Lovett, and Abner Sack, the other day, in the environs of Griffithville: the latter was armed with a pick-axe, and the former with an admirable pair of nose-quarrellers, with which he drove his adversary even unto the threshold of his own dunghill; much to the amusement of an eye-witness, who immediately noted it for Dicky's approval.

April 15th.

MR. GOSSIP,

Passing thro' Scribbler-street, the other day, I could not help remarking the clattering of some Kettles and other household articles, which were placed in the windows of a house, and which appeared to have been excited by a man lying drunk on the pavement, and partly naked. Now, had there been any young ladies there, I think their modesty would have been a little shocked. But I am told that in Scribbler-street, people's business is to see and observe, and not to be seen and heard.

SLYBOOTS.

Monsieur,

N'allez plus dire que les jeunes filles ne savent pas mettre les tems a profit: ce seroit faire injure a leur temperament. Je passois dernièrement dans la rue de la Congregation, et, regardant par hazard dans une fenetre, je fus assez heureux pour voir une jeune et belle demoiselle, qui, pendant que maman étoit dans une autre chambre—enfin, la scene étoit touchante.

*Ma presence les jetta dans un trouble!—Que faire?
Je n'eus rien plus convenable, que de leur rire, en signe
d'approbation—et—ainsi soit il!*

LONGUE-VUE.

Mount Royal, April, 21st.

MR. EDITOR,

You have, by example, taught us that gossiping is no scandal, provided it's all true: and as all things come under the cognizance of the inspector-general, I think a little matter relative to a boarding-school, kept at Argenteuil, by one Raymur. I know a sportive manner of treating things with satiric humour, and biting ridicule, is what you prefer, but neither is that my vein, nor do I think the subject fit for it. It is this, a boy of Mr. Edgenorth's was sent to that school, and remained there six months. He had an excellent outfit, and was in the best state of health, cleanliness and comfort, when he went. When recalled to spend the Easter-holidays, he returned, covered with vermin, and his legs and feet so excoriated with cold, &c. as to require medical treatment. The rate of board and tuition was 26*l.* per annum; and the careful teacher drew on the boy's parents, three months before the balance was due, which I think

CORONAT OPUS.

SIR,

You will oblige several in my line of life, (I am one of the Swinish Multitude,) by enquiring in the blue book, what the *Appleman* and his *Clerk*, did with the money that was so liberally given at the laying of the first stone of the Mansion house, for the benefit of the workmen. I am told the

masons got five dollars, and the labourers four, but I have not learnt what the joiners got, and the stone-cutters were wholly neglected. Now it seems to me that the Appleman and his Clerk, with a few chosen men, having enjoyed themselves till the early hour of half-past three on Tuesday morning, will be able to tell, whether the money was all drank up on that occasion; that some of it went down the *red lane* (called in this quarter *red path*,) is pretty plain, as neither the said *red path*, nor his men Isaac & Co. were visible the day after.

X. Y. Z.

Dr. Dale is cautioned to beware of drawing down the vengeance of Count Oldjoseph, who hath sworn by the curl of his nose, to annihilate him, the next time he sees him making his exit from the house of the maid of the mill. N. B. Insignificance is not always a sufficient protection.

Lady Susan Big-below has entered upon her pilgrimage to the South, (some say to South America,) for the purpose of looking out, and importing a clergyman for a new fangled society in Mount Royal, of recent begetting. Report adds that she is clothed with full powers, as the great plenipotentiary, from the sisterhood, to grant to the parson she may select, (if he comes directly, and performs to satisfaction,) the privilege of navigating up and down thro' all the navigable channels, large and small, appertaining to the said society.

The blooming Miss Knight of St. Lawrence, ought indeed to be more circumspect than she has lately been, in making assertions that would defame the characters of young men; those more particularly who have been her intimate acquaintances. When she asserted having seen doctors Butcher, Dale, and Well-burn-it, making their exit from a house not of fair reputation, she did so in a manner that conveyed an idea, to the minds of the gossiping audience, that those gentlemen had not been holding a professional consultation, and, however likely the fact might be, it was not quite decorous in her to

explain what she thought on the subject. Fated as this lady is to appear in our pages, she should consider it is not prudent to exclaim, *qu'elle feroit taire la gueule de ce sacre Scribbleur.*

Miss Fanny Straw is certainly remarkably neat, and has a graceful mode of raising the back part of her gown from the mud: but, oh, unlucky stars! that very graceful manœuvre was the cause, one unfortunate day, of discovering a hole—in her stocking. Miss Straw is emulated in this elegant fashion by the Miss Charlatannoddy's, but, as yet, no holes have been seen, although well-turned legs and handsome ancles are daily sported.

Miss Frances, the daughter of Little Benny vows she is determined to have a husband before long. Benny swears she shall not marry a christian, but she says she will have whoever she may happen to love, whether jew or gentile, add that, if the lucky being should not feel inclined to take her without a bribe, she has a *treasure of inestimable worth*, which she will give in return for his—kindness in making her his lady.

It is pleasing to observe that that truly elegant custom of ladies riding on horseback, is becoming quite in vogue in Mount Royal. This is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the establishment of Mr. East's well conducted riding-school. The habit-makers are often applied to to measure the slender and love-inspiring waists of our belles; who are certainly much set off, by their wearing long riding-habits, beneath whose copious folds, a canter on a breezy day sometimes discloses a leg fixed in the stirrup, that might move anchorets to sin. Among the ladies who partake of this fine exercise, are particularly observed miss Matilda Charlatannoddy, miss Home, miss Johns, miss Try-it-again, the widow Hardtimber, Mrs. Friar, and the azure-eyed maid of the big house opposite the Field of Mars. The last named young lady verifies the common saying, "tho' last, not least:" the graceful manner in which she sits her saddle, improved by the soft timidity expressed in her countenance, so exclusively the characteristic of a modest woman, in a situation which has some semblance of boldness, and may be dangerous; together with her elegant figure, render her a most interesting object, which is still more en-

hanced by her pallid features, the consequence of a protracted illness.

A CARD.—*Doctors Dale and Well-burn-it return manifold and sincere thanks to L. L. Macculloh, Esq. for his kindness in noticing them in his blue book. They consider it an honour to which they could scarcely hope to aspire. L. L. M. has been the means of raising them from comparative insignificance, to noble pre-eminence; and, in return, they promise gratefully to acknowledge a continuance of similar favours, by telling every body they have an opportunity of speaking to, that nous sommes dans le Scribbleur, le savez vous.*

POET'S CORNER.

SONG, BY TIMOTHY SADDLEBAGS.

The yeomen bold of Montreal
 Have heard the warlike trumpet's call:
 To glory's field, they go, they go!
 They go—to make a splendid show.
 A motley troop of horse and—asses:
 I'm sure they'll charm the bonnie lasses.
 There's taylors there, and tinkers too,
 And of stout cobblers, not a few.
 'Tis said, before he joined this spec,
 One gallant felt his worthy neck,
 And thus express'd his prudent fears,
 Lest war should catch the volunteers;
 "If war should sound his dire alarms,
 "And clothe my trembling limbs in arms,
 "What refuge could my wit supply
 "To shield me from the enemy?"
 Thus spoke the sneak, with quivering lips,
 And stunn'd the ears of listening whips.
 "Dismiss your fears," the captain cried,
 "If war should come,—your saddles hide!"
 ETCETERA.

TO MISS HELEN * * * *

Long a stubborn boy I've been,
 Long rejected Venus' power,
 Till you, sent by th' Paphian queen,
 Met me in an evil hour.

Ah! since then my rest has flown
 Joy, I fear, I'll ne'er known more,
 And my heart's so restless grown,
 That it's painful to the core.

What has caused me all this woe?
 What is it that thus doth grieve me?
 Tell me, syren—well you know,
 And could, if willing too relieve me.

PHILO.

Copy of an original letter from Queen Elizabeth to Heaton, bishop of Ely, taken from the Register of Ely.

“PROUD PRELATE,

I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you to know that I who made you what you are, can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God, I will immediately unfrock you.

Your's as you demean yourself,

ELIZABETH.

Heaton, it seems, had promised the queen to exchange some part of the land belonging to his see for an equivalent, but did not do so till after he had received the above.

The Roman gallants used to take off as many glasses or cups to their mistresses as there were letters in their names; as we learn from Martial, who says,

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.
 Let six full cups to Nævia's health go round,
 And fair Justina's be with seven crown'd;

which gave occasion to the following *jeu d'esprit* of George Hardinge's on Job's three daughters;

*Sex Jemima scyphis, septem Kheziah bibatur :
Ebrius est sequis te Keremhappuch amet.*

Six glasses to Jemima's health, to fair Kheziah seven,
But Keremhappuch's lover must, get drunk, I swear,
by heaven.

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

LITERARY NOTICE.

JUST PUBLISHED,

Price 1s. 3d. and for sale by JOSEPH NICKLESS, Bookseller,
Notre Dame street, the CHARIVARI, or CANADIAN POE-
TICS, after the manner of Beppo; a Tale, by LAUNCELOT
LONGSTAFF.

A review of this publication will appear in No. 122.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I perceive by the Canadian Times, that the reports of trials that have been given in that paper, are objected to as incorrect. The apology of the editor on that subject must be satisfactory to every one: it is impossible, with the circumscribed means of obtaining law-reports in Montreal, to do more than give as correct an account as recollection can supply; minutes have, however, probably, been taken, by professional men, particularly of the charges made by the Bench to the Jury, on the Charivari trials, and I again beg to solicit the communication of such, for which I am waiting, before I can, with propriety, resume my remarks. On consideration of IOTA's tale, I should like to publish it, if he will allow me to curtail it. MONITOR, or rather VOX A SEPULCHRO, will conceive that I alone refrain from publishing his communications, from the apprehension that the unfortunate victims, in whose behalf he writes, would find all their sufferings aggravated by my doing so: but if he and they think otherwise, and will risk the consequences, it shall be done. A FRIEND TO THE OPPRESSED has taken up a case, in which, I believe, the public voice will not go along with him, as it is not innocence that has been injured, but guilt, (trifling, indeed, in degree,) that has been visited perhaps with too heavy a punishment. INTRIGUES OF EDITORS will, probably, work up. PETER is too severe. LOXIAS to PSYCHE in next number. So also FLOW-UP. ST. GEORGE, COSROES, and others will be availed of. Also PAT SKY-BLUE in part: the latter is informed that matters of that description are never paid for as advertisements. I can not admit TINDERFOOT, nor HAND-IN-HAND. L. L. M.

Printed at ROUSE'S POINT, CHAMPLAIN, State of NEW YORK
By, and for, S. H. WILCOCKE,
And published at his office No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste Street, MONTREAL, L. C.

THE FREE PRESS.

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

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

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOCH.

Rouse's Point, 15th April, 1824.

Samuel H. Wilcocke,
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Orders taken in at the Scribbler Office.

LETTERS, dropped into the BOX, punctually attended to.

NOTICE.

THE title page, preface, dedication, (to the Swinish Multitude,) and index, of the third volume of the Scribbler, will be ready next week for delivery, at this office, and at the Scribbler Office, Montreal, to subscribers who have had the whole of that volume, and have paid for it, GRATIS; and to others for one shilling Halifax. Similar appendages to the fourth volume, will be ready a week or ten days after.

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

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

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

Rouse's Point, 13th May, 1824.