

THE
SCRIBBLER,

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS,

ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL,
MORAL, AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By *LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire*

Nos. 79 to 104.

From 2d January, to 26th June, 1823.

de fortis

Volume III.

Tertius a cælo cecidit.

JUVENAL.

— to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to shew
virtue her own feature, vice her own image, and the very
age and body of the time, his form and pressure.

SHAKESPEARE.

PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL, LOWER CANADA,

And to be had of the proprietor,
SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE,

AT ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y.

.....
1823.

PREFACE.

In same manner as in the prefaces to my two first volumes, I had to notice, both the attempts at persecution and suppression, on one hand, to which my work had been subjected, and the unequivocal approbation and patronage bestowed upon it, on the other; so again, offering my thanks to an indulgent public for their continued support, I beg to congratulate them and myself upon the permanent circulation of the work, in defiance even of the *very wise* measure pursued at Quebec, a detail of which will be found in No. 84, in order to suppress the Scribbler, by causing it to be presented as a nuisance by the grand jury of the quarter-sessions. This, I trust, may be the last feeble attempt, the enemies to wholesome satire, and pungent truths, will make against me; as they must now be convinced of the futility of their opposition, and the stability of my undertaking. As to that species of opposition I have been honoured with from the pen of Tresilian, in the York, U. C. Weekly Register, (vide Nos. 93 to 96,) it is such that I court; and desire nothing better than to have opportunities afforded me of replying to all objections to, or criticisms upon, my writings, that may be made *in print*.

In this volume, I hope, my readers will perceive more variety of matter, and a wider range of miscellaneous literature, than in the preceding ones. Feeling the pulse of the public taste as I went along, it appeared that I might venture to mix a little more of instructive and moral ingredients in the bowl I presented to the increasing thirst for reading that began to prevail in Canada; and I flatter myself I have not been wholly un-

PREFACE.

successful in preparing a pleasing, as well as a medicating, draught.

Excepting the subject which is alluded to in the following dedication, I believe all other topics that might be considered as belonging to a preface, have been touched upon in the various introductory paragraphs, and concluding notices of my numbers, so that I shall conclude by making my bow to the public, as a preface-writer, till that of the fourth volume makes its appearance.

ERRATA.

- p 18, line 7, for charm, read chain.
81, " 8, for Ainis, read Ainsi.
93, " 10, for wave-boil, read waves boil.
132, " 7, from bottom in note, for what, read which.
168, " 17, for voluntary, read involuntary.
180, " 21, for it, read the following.
204, " 2, of note, for London, read Loudon.
209, " 6, for Quæd, read Quæ.
229, " 3, from bottom in note, for diivtur, read dicitur.
258, " 10, for plenus, read pænis.
258, " 8, dele more.
272, " 14, from bottom, for reasonable, read readable.
277, " 4, for it, read she.
ib. " 10, from bottom, for sale, read male.
319, " 9, from bottom, dele is.
325, " 20, for ings, read feelings.
328, " 13, from bottom, for theirs, read them.
334, " 23, for chapnnes, read chapmen.
354, " 19, for flew, read flow.
398, " 14, from bottom in note, for penus, read penes.

DEDICATION.

To the SWINISH MULTITUDE* of Lower Canada.

In dedicating this volume to you, my very good friends, I assure you that, as your station in life, (comprehending the labouring classes, inferior tradesmen, and generally all who do not pretend to move in the upper circles, or look down upon the canaille, as they presumptuously designate such as they consider below themselves.) is deserving of the consideration and respect of the politician, and the statesman, so is it that likewise to which a great portion of the labours of literary men, and of satirists and periodical essayists in particular, are directed. From your ranks many rise to the first; and at all events, in the vicissitudes of generations, it is almost a moral certainty that your posterity will change places with the posterity of the proud and the wealthy, who wish to be your swineherds. Hence if attention be bestowed upon the correction of your faults, the amendment of your manners, and to instil into your minds as much love of learning, as your occupations will allow you to indulge in, it will make you and your children fitter for the higher stations which some of you may attain, and which many of your children must inevitably occupy hereafter. Had the upper classes that now bear sway in Montreal, had similar attention paid to their moral and literary wants, whilst they were in the humbler walks of life, which most of them trod; they would have less needed the chastising rod I have so often wielded over them.

It is partly upon these grounds, my very good friends, that I justify myself, in reply to the remonstrance you addressed to me in May last, (see No. 97,) to which I have not had an earlier opportunity of specifically replying. In that remon-

* I believe it was the late Mr. Windham, who applied, in Parliament, the appellation of THE SWINISH MULTITUDE, to the common people of England. The expression was taken hold of by Mr. Fox, and other members of the opposition; and became a political byword bandied about by both parties; till at length, instead of being a term of reproach, it became, by being applied to the middle classes of life, as well as the lower orders, rather one, in which those who opposed the measures of the ministry, prided themselves.

DEDICATION.

strance you enquire why I say so little now about the big-wigs: adding "We little folks think that if you let them alone so, they will grow worse instead of better; and to tell you the truth, the common report is that you are bribed to hold your tongue about them, which would quite destroy your credit with

THE SWINISH MULTITUDE."

That I have in the course of the present volume, said much less than usual respecting the big-wig is very true. But I really found that the fear of the Scribbler, has occasioned either a real, or an apparent, reformation in their manners, habits, and expressions, and that they needed not such severe, and repeated admonitions as I had before to give them; so that, hitherto, I believe they have not grown worse instead of better: but if they do "Have at 'em again," is what you will see me do. As to a bribe; they know me too well to offer any; and ye, my friends of the porcine race, almost deserve having a ring in your nose for the suggestion. But good friends must not quarrel for triles.

That I have latterly inserted much matter relative to the lower ranks, that is, ye, most respected Swinish Multitude, has been the subject of reproach to me, by those all grasping characters, who envy even the blame or the notoriety bestowed upon a poor man; but to you I owe a debt of gratitude, which I have endeavoured to pay, by taking you all specially under my protection, and rubbing your bristles for you now and then.

In the very outset of my work, I sent round to *all* those who were considered as great men in Montreal. A very small portion of them put their names down; refusals, accompanied by expressions of contempt, were more frequent than even excuses for not subscribing. But through the middle and even the lower ranks of life, I found an immediate eagerness, a liberality, and a cheerfulness to subscribe, which not only encouraged me to persevere, but has triumphantly carried me through. True, when I had acquired reputation, and the Scribbler was extensively circulated, then came in many of the big-wigs. I thank them for their subscriptions, but, (with the exception of an honoured few,) I have no thanks to give *them* for fostering encouragement or confiding patronage. Such thanks are more due to you, THE SWINISH MULTITUDE, and such I pay; subscribing myself,

most respected friends,

your very humble servant,
and faithful monitor.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH,

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THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 2d Jan. 1823. [No. 79.

*Imo duas dabo, inquit ille, una si parum est ;
Et si duarum penitebit, addentur due.* PLAUTUS.

Two I have given, and now I'll make it three,
And you shall have a fourth, if we agree.

——— *Si quis novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non his utere mecum.* HORACE.

If you can't get a better book than this,
Stick to your text ; and 't will not be amiss :

——— *Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor.* ——— OVID.

To say as some do—damn the scribbling ass !
Yet take it in, as did the tippling lass ;—
"This gin is horrid stuff, but—give me t' other glass."

The commencement of a new volume, and the commencement of a new year, are epochs in a periodical work, that require some pause ; a retrospect of the past, and a perspective view of the future. At the close of my last number, I tendered my thanks to my old subscribers ; and to them, as well as to those new friends who begin their subscription with the present number, I request to offer my best wishes, for their long life, their prosperity, and health ; and that I may, for many successive years, have it in my power to present them my annual congratulations. The longer they and I live, and the more they prosper, the better will it be for the Scribbler ; so that, inasmuch as the fulfilment of my wishes in their favour must conduce to my own interest, they may thence be assured, that no sincerer well-wisher can be found amongst all those by whom they are saluted during this season of visitation and giving joy, than myself.

During the six months that have been spent in the publication of the last volume, I have had to encounter, not only persecution and proscription, but sickness and embarrassment ; Although I have been thwarted and oppressed in every way, and subjected to a most unexpected increase of expense, by

the obstacles thrown in the way of its circulation, and those attendant upon the collection of the returns, I have the satisfaction to know that the work is in a flourishing and progressive situation. I regret that the peculiar circumstances under which it exists, and the pecuniary difficulties under which I am labouring, compel me to continue the system of soliciting payment *in advance*; I would not do so were it not absolutely necessary; and as some of my subscribers have hinted their dissatisfaction at being called upon in that way, considering that condition as being meant, as is generally the case with other periodical papers, merely as a guard against losing by those whose capability of payment is doubted; I beg to assure them that it is really, and bona fide, because I stand in need of the money to defray the current expenses of the publication, that I do require an advance; and I very respectfully request, and earnestly hope, they will view it in this light alone, and willingly, and liberally, continue to contribute their aid in supporting it, by early payments of their quarterly quotas.

Determined not to forfeit my implied word, I shall continue to publish till the end of the third volume, on the terms announced at the commencement of the second; and, notwithstanding the heavy additional charges I incur, consider myself as bound to deliver it, free of expence, through the Canadas, at the places where my subscribers reside. I am not, however, above stating, that such is my situation, that I shall be very thankful to such gentlemen, who may conceive that I ought not to suffer loss by Mr. Sutherland's dishonesty, of which I have been made the victim, and who may choose to make an allowance for my additional expenses. To such I beg to say, that 4s. Halifax, per annum, for each subscriber, was the rate with which I had agreed with the post-master for the Scribbler to go postage-free.

As I have now got a number of subscribers who reside south of line 45° and have received intimation that it would increase the number, and render the work more acceptable to them, to extend the sphere of my observations; whilst some communications relative to manners and characters in the states bordering upon Canada, have already been sent me; I mean, if I get further encouragement, to devote occasionally a page or two, to these new customers; and which I hope will afford them entertainment as well as instruction.

The cost to them will, for obvious reasons, be considerably less than in Canada. To subscribers residing south of the boundary line, I will fix the price of the third volume, at TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF, OR ONE DOLLAR AND A QUARTER for three months, payable in advance, but carriage and

postage from Burlington, Vermont, where I reside and the work is printed, must, in every such case, be at the charge of the subscriber. From those who live in Burlington, or any adjoining township, I will receive in payment, at cash prices, all kinds of produce, or any articles in which they may respectively deal, excepting *Law* and *Physic*. Of the former I have had much too much, and desire no more; and should Divine Providence again visit me with pain and sickness, whilst in this quarter, I hope I shall not offend a most estimable man in thus publicly stating that, DR. ARTHUR L. PORTER, of this place, treated me with so much professional skill, and assiduous attention, during a dangerous and tedious sickness of full two months last summer, that I shall wish to confide the care of my health, to him alone, as to a skilful, intelligent, and sympathetic physician.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

Burlington, Vermont, 31st Dec. 1822.

A LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN.

Dec. 1822.

*Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*

HORACE.

Bold man that all things dares essay,
Thro' crimes forbidden, makes his way.

REV. SIR,

You will, I trust, excuse the liberty I have here-taken, of ushering into your notice this anonymous letter, in which I have unreservedly endeavoured to depict both your public and private character. I consider myself authorised to do so, from the loose and unguarded manner in which you conduct your malicious attacks upon others. I merely follow your own example, and of this you must be conscious. I will not dispute your pedigree; you may be a descendant of Ossian, as you frequently vaunt; but your immediate parents, are certainly little to boast of.—The rudiments of your education, although ob-

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tained at a parish-school, deserve praise: The smattering of Latin you received at Aberdeen, sets you off to great advantage amongst your illiterate countrymen here, and serves very well at times, as a cloak for introducing a bawdy jest, or a slanderous innuendo. The public are well acquainted with your soporiferous harangues, and private parties can bear witness to your bacchanalian ejaculations: the church furnishes you with constant opportunities for exercising the former talent, and your nocturnal peregrinations afford ample scope for the latter. In you, reverend Sir, the most opposite qualities may be observed: in the pulpit, you put on an artificial aspect, in private, you indulge in your natural one: in public, you speak it a very low tone, in private, your incessant bawling is almost insufferable; and although you are able to lecture a whole congregation, including the clerk, asleep, you are also able to keep the table in a constant uproar. You can preach temperance, but you practice the reverse: however well you can shake your ambrosial curls in the pulpit, you can sport a leg on a St. George's day, to more advantage. You turn over the leaves of your bible with alacrity, but you can cut cards in a military mess-room, with greater grace and expedition. In you, piety and dissipation, are happily combined; while exercising your pastoral functions, nature seems expiring; your upright, inflexible body, when in the pulpit, ill accords with your vulgar contortions at a quadrille-party. You there appear to be master of postures and flexures: your countrymen, ill-bred as they are, do not look upon your twists and grimaces as the essence of grace; but perhaps they think them an improvement upon the plan laid down by a late nobleman, which gave rise to the saying, "God bless

the duke of Argyle." Many of your deluded countrymen, think you to be a saint ; I think so too, but a modern one. At church, indeed you are very grave ; your eyes are steadfastly fixed on heaven, except the few minutes spent in reading your unintelligible, noiseless, discourse ; but in company, your eyes are constantly fixed on the bottle. At church your heart often appears convulsed with reiterated palpitations, indicative of your plenitude of inspiration ; among your "drouthy cronies," your heart is as still, (permit me to use your own inimitable expression,) "as a dead bomb's tail." The oscillation of your hands on Sunday, perhaps signifies a passing from this world to the next ; in your convivial moments, it means something very different, and says, as plain as gestures can speak, "gentlemen, pass the bottle." The public well know that you were imported by the church-folks, at the instance of your good and worthy patron, the Rev. Mr. Wintertown, whom you were intended to assist in the discharge of his clerical duty : you, as also the congregation, knew that that worthy gentleman was subject to paroxysms of partial derangement ; when he was under the influence of one of them, you carried into execution, one of your worst intrigues, to displace your benefactor, and to usurp the sole government of the church : you seemed bent upon that gentleman's destruction, thus exposing your latent principle of ingratitude, to a discerning community. Reflect on your conduct towards that individual, and blush if you can. When several of his friends remonstrated with you, in favour of their long tried and affectionate pastor, what was your answer? "What, are you desirous of having a mad preacher?" If respectable people may be credited, a counterpart to that question, might be asked

of your congregation ; “What, are you desirous of having a drunkard for a preacher ?” If Mr. Wintertown was periodically visited by the all-wise hand of his Creator, was that his fault ? or did it disqualify him for exercising his duty afterwards, upon recovering from his malady : indeed it was from a consciousness of these paroxysms of derangement, that he wished the congregation to provide him with a helper ; you have helped him indeed, have you not ? pray sir, did you ever learn logic at college, or common sense at the parish-school ? Who told you that the following is a syllogism ;

Mr. Wintertown is mad,
 Every minister is not mad,
Ergo, Mr. W. will remain mad.

This is a correct statement of the arguments you used, to prejudice the congregation against him. In this transaction you did not forget the old proverb, “one good turn deserves another,” for, on finding yourself securely seated, you soon thought of requiting your patron’s kindness ; for as he turned you into your office, you thought you could make him no better amends than by turning him out of his.

You are now busily employed in erecting living monuments of your ambition. Since the failure of your famous plan for establishing a protestant inquisition, you have turned your attention to other objects. You are establishing schools, petitioning the governor for a charter to constitute your house a college : you have gone into the streets, and collected all the teachers you could find, to form one consolidated seminary ; the new world was too little for you, you have imported them from the old. You have been very industrious in gathering those to your standard, who are any wise singular in their religious belief : you have no less than three re-

gular, and two secular clergymen, under the shade of your imperial tiara, which you hope will, in time, rival the triple crown of St. Peter's successor. Truly, for so young a man, it is an enterprise of ambition, that can not be too much admired, to aim at lording it over the consciences, and spiritual concerns, of so extensive and numerous a community.

In addition to your late conduct towards your benefactor, you are pursuing similar steps to ruin another worthy friend of your's, because he has thought proper to leave your church, and to join the church of England: the worthy individual I mean, is the master of the government school.

Now, reverend sir, farewell for the present.— I can not bid you good speed; the scripture saith that he who biddeth the wicked good speed, taketh part in their evil doings. If my preaching be as effectual as that of my namesake, in reforming your habits, and altering your conduct, I shall endeavour not to repine like

JONAH.

DIALOGUE

Between REASON and SATIRE.

REASON.

Satire, awake! attune thy unstrung lyre,
Strike every string with energy and fire;
Let not insipid fools, or blockheads rash,
Vice, envy, or presumption, 'scape thy lash:
Point out to the vile sneaking knave his place,
And hold him up to laughter and disgrace:
Whet thy just rage against invidious pride,
Set vice on foot, and virtue put astride:
Search every place—thro' dark partitions break,—
Weigh well each cause—and true distinctions make.
No partial feelings must thy actions sway,—
Justice the rule—Reason to point the way—
Folly the game—the milestone Truth—the end
Evils to curb and manners to amend—

Satire, awake ! 'Tis Reason on thee calls ;
Reason, disgusted with these cups and balls,
Coifs, caps, and mitres, pelf and impudence,
Sad substitutes for honour, truth, and sense.
Reason, thy darling, primate, and compeer,
Commands thee now with boldness to appear.

SATIRE.

What ! will the toils of Satire never cease ?
'Tis but a twice-told tale from Rome and Greece :
There the same follies, the same vices, dwelt,
Which England, France, and Canada have felt.
But Reason come ; I bow to thy behest ;
Satire's thy mace, and Ridicule thy test.

REASON.

But, Satire, pause ! where wilt thou first begin,
For all seems filth without, and foul within ?
With which black demon wilt thou first contend,
For every turn presents some hellish fiend.

SATIRE.

"Pride, the first peer, and president of hell."
So much prevails at court ; and rules so well,
Where petty justices in pomp resort,
And sit in state.—I must begin at court.

REASON.

Well, since at court, then take the lowest place,
And ridicule their jack-in-office grace :
And when ambition prompts the bold desire,
T' attack the great, the learned, high, and higher.
When we, like them, have risen from the lees ;
We then, like them, can lash away at ease.

SATIRE.

The justices arrived—and in their seat—
Papers in order laid—all things complete.
Lo ! forth comes *Dagon*, and, with courtly nod,
Bows down like *Dagon*, the Philistine's god ;
And, as the heralds did, in times of old
Proclaim aloud what e'er their masters told,
He, drawling, bids all people to draw near,
And bow with awe, and reverential fear.
The clerk then bustles round, with great display,
And constables approach without delay ;
With bold Dick Hard, the jackal, at their head
By whom the muster'd vagabonds are led.
He hunts for rogues : but if there's none, what then ?
He'll manufacture rogues of honest men.
Before the misnamed magisterial chair,
'Tis for their dignity some should appear.

To be accused, is guilt in their wise eyes,
 Who forms of law, and equity despise.
 The pris'ner speaks—silence!—you must find bail,
 Can't hear you now—you must first go to jail.
 The magistrates, I tell you, do n't sit here
 Causes to try, or witnesses to hear.
 To write commitments is all they've to do ;
 You, six months hence, your innocence may shew.
 So off to prison vagabond is sent
 Till the next term, to starve, and to repent.

REASON.

Impossible for man ! can this be so ?

SATIRE.

Reason 't is true, 't is thus the police Co
 Transacting business, parody the line,
 "And wretches hang, that magistrates may dine."
 (*To be continued.*)

The following will be read with interest by all editors of papers.

Libel Suit.—The trial of Mr. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, Editor of the *New-England Galaxy* who was indicted for an alleged libel on Rev. John N. Maffit, a methodist preacher of some celebrity, commenced on Tuesday before the Municipal Court. The Judge (Quincy) ruled that the defendant had a right to give the truth in evidence. Mr. Buckingham opened his own cause. Six witnesses were examined for the prosecution, and two for the defendant. The examination occupied the whole day. In the evening the Counsel on both sides, (Mr. Hooper of Boston, and Mr. Hallet, of Providence, for the defendant, and the County attorney, Mr. J. J. Austin, for the prosecution) were heard. On Tuesday Judge Quincy gave the cause to the jury. The Judge divided the charges alleged in the libel, as follows :—1st. accused Mr. M. of falsehood—2d, of infidelity—3d, of betraying confidence—4th of ridiculing persons who came to the altar—5th, of light, loose, and lascivious behaviour. The Judge

told the jury that if they were satisfied that the truth of these charges were established, and the publication was made for a good motive, and a justifiable end, the defendant must be acquitted—otherwise he must be found guilty. The jury after being absent five hours, returned without agreeing, and inquired whether if some of the allegations were proved by the defendant, and some not, they should acquit or convict him. The judge told them that “if the allegations proved were in their opinion of such a nature, and of such high importance as to authorise the defendant to attack the character of the person with a view to benefit the public by exposing him, the defendant ought to be acquitted.” The jury again retired, and in a few moments returned a verdict—*Not Guilty*. A report of the trial is in the press.—*N. H. Sentinel*.

THE SCRIBLEROMANIA.

A FARCE, IN SEVERAL ACTS.

As performed at the theatres royal, with general satisfaction.

DRAM. PERS.

Scriblerians and anti-scriblerians in the places where the scene is laid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The main street in the town of Backbite, the stores of Mr. Bellcamp, Mr. Timber, Mess. March-a-longs, and others, with their signs, and in perspective the stage-house of Mr. Bellyfriend, with a stage at the door. (A signal-gun is fired.)

Enter from their several doors, Mr. Timber, Mess. March-a-longs, and a number of others.

Omnes. That's the steam-boat,—the steam-boat—now for the Scribbler!

A stranger. Why what the devil's the matter; the town's in an uproar.

Mr. Marchalong. Oh it's the steamboat.

Stranger. The steamboat, why that's common enough!

Mr. M. But this is the day we expect the Scribbler;

Mr. Bellyfriend. (*running on the stage,*) The Scribbler, is the Scribbler come?

Mr. Timber. Not yet, Bellcamp has'nt been on board.

Enter the reverend Mr. Proser M'Glutherem on one side, and Sir John Foot-att, on the other.

Sir John. Well, Proser, have you got this damned fellow's blue cover yet?

Proser. No, but 'twill be here directly,—see there's Bellcamp going in with his packet.

Enter Bellcamp, with a packet under his arm, and goes into his store.

Omnes. Now for it! now for it!

(Scene changes to the inside of Mr. Bellcamp's store: he is discovered handing the Scribbler to several persons who come in, and hastily run out with it: He then sits down to read it himself.)

Enter Frank Kennedy.

Kennedy. Mr. Bellcamp will you favour us with the loan of your Scribbler, I shall send it home in a few minutes, as soon as Mrs. Kennedy has read it.

Enter Sir John Foot-att and Lieut. O'Giggle.

(Both in a breath.) Mr. Bellcamp, your Scribbler if you please; you'll oblige me exceedingly.

Enter Dr. Sowgelder. Am I too late Mr. Bellcamp, is your Scribbler bespoke?

Kennedy, Sir John, and the Lieut. Yes, yes, we're first.

Bellcamp. Gentlemen, only have patience till I have read it, and I will send it to you all in turn. (*aside*) Damn the fellows, why don't they subscribe?

All the rest. Thank ye, thank ye, let me have it as soon as you can. *Exeunt.*

Dr. Sougelder, re-enters, and whispers Bellcamp. I'm told, the fellow has put me in, and about my blowing a horn in Ireland, and about my being promoted to be a sergeant in the army; is it so?

Bellcamp. No, no, not yet; but don't say much about it. Walls have ears, and Macculloh has got his familiars every where, you know.

Dr. S. True, true; well—send it me soon.

Exit.

Scene changes to a room at Miss Common's.

Miss Common, ushering in the reverend Proser.— Pray walk in, be seated, Sir.

Proser. My dear Miss Common, will you be so good as to send next door, to Mr. Bellcamp's to borrow the Scribbler, but on no account say it is for me. You know it would'nt do for me to be supposed to read such stuff.

Miss C. Certainly, Sir, if you'll wait, I'll do it directly. *Exit.*

*Scene changes to Bourbon Marchalong's. Mr. Marchalong is discovered reading a letter with the seal of the general-post-office.—*Informed—hum—m—m—diabolical—hem—m—Scribbler—hem—no correspondence—hem—m—dismiss you from your situation—hem—hem—m—

Enter Squire M'Scrape. Mr. Marchalong will you be so good as to lend me the Scribbler; Mr. Lipsey-woolsey wants to see it as well as myself.

Marchalong. The Scribbler—why I—O yes—but don't say you had it from me. I shall get into trouble if it's known at headquarters.

M'Scrape. O depend on me—and besides, between you and I, Mr. Marchalong, I don't want people to know that I ever look into such a scandalous work. It really will bring down a judg-

ment upon the country that suffers such sinful doings--but then, one generally likes to know what is said about one's neighbours. Good morning. *Exit.*

Scene changes to Mr. Timber's. Enter Archy M'Ticketail, in a great bustle. Pray now, what's that you're reading. Oh! the Scribbler. I shall want you to lend it me. You know something of that Macculloh yourself.

Timber. Yes I do, he was'nt a bad fellow once: but he has been so ill used that it's no wonder he fights all the world.

Archy. Aye, aye, he is like Ishmael, "His hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him." It's a shame to encourage such a fellow; but let me look at this number, I'm told we're all finely cut up in it.

Timber. There, there, take it. (*aside.*) He'll find it a tickler.

Scene changes to Mr. Hardiron's. Enter Bellyfriend, the fat Yankee landlord. Mr. Hardiron, have you got the Scribbler. Curse the scoundrel, I should hate myself if I were to encourage such a blackguard production. If it was'nt for that, I guess I'd subscribe.

Hardiron. Oh take it--you have'nt figured in it yet; But take care Macculloh does'nt hear how you call him over.

Bellyfriend. Oh no! But come along; the stage is going; and there are some Montrealers at my house want to see the Scribbler. *Exeunt.*

(*To be continued.*)

Midbury, Vermont, Dec. 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Having become a student at the college here, I beg to introduce myself to you, and to propose myself as a subscriber to your paper, which

will recall many of my friends and companions in Montreal, (where my family reside) to my recollection, and perhaps tend to preserve my health, by keeping my risible faculties in activity. I intended ere this to have done so, but was deterred by the very particular request of Miss N. Shaw, and a few others of our belles, who were afraid, that, should I subscribe, I might possibly take it into my noddle, (being rather too much of a rattle-brain for this longvisaged place,) to give you an account of what transpires in this capital of Vermont, to which title I am prepared to defend the claim of Middlebury, in opposition to Montpelier, Windsor, or any other town that now is, or hereafter may be, celebrated in the annals of the Green-Mountain commonwealth.

It was during the stay I made at Plattsburgh, on a visit to my cousin, (mem. I am not *Lucy's* cousin—I wish I was ;) that I first had the pleasure of perusing a few of your numbers, and as I am told you are extending the bounds of your censorial dominion, and mean to invade this and the adjoining states, I have determined, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my female friends, to enrol myself among your subjects; hoping thereby to curry favour sufficient to keep myself out of print.

I will tell you, (though I would not dare say so much to the grave people about me here,) that wherever I go, I always try to get a peep at the ladies. Now, here—but mum—shut the door—they'll overhear us—well, I'm afraid—so I'll put that off till another time.—But at Plattsburgh, oh! how I could launch out in praise of their charms; they really are lovely women, both single and married; and are not, considering all things, ill supplied with beaux; but of all the young fellows there, Mr. Stool-Pigeon is the

dandy, and favourite, amongst the ladies: so much indeed, that, last summer, to make some return to him for his very great attention and gallantry, the ladies, one and all, agreed to give him *a Bee*; and begged of him, as a very particular favour, that whatever linen he had that wanted mending or making up, as well as stockings, &c. he would send up to camp, and they would merrily thread the needle. Now, Mr. Scribbler, were not the fair of Plattsburgh uncommonly civil and kind to do so? And must not Mr. Stool-pigeon be something more than a drone, since his hive proved so attractive to the ladies?

Report informs me that the ladies in Burlington, are also remarkable for beauty and bright eyes: but, alas! every time I have passed through that place, tho' I strolled round and round in every direction, I could not get a glimpse of one of their faces. I once saw the tip of a nose under a straw bonnet, and twice I have seen something like a young lady sitting at a window. I indeed thought I was in a nation of men-fellows. But I did not happen to be there on church-going-days, which is the time, I am told, when they shine, like butterflies on a warm day in the fall. Pray let us know how it is!

Your's to command,

OBADIAH IDLE.

P. S. Please direct to Fossil-room, Middlebury-College.

CAUTION TO QUEBEC CORRESPONDENTS.

A short time ago, I received a letter directed to Burlington, which had been put into the post office at Quebec, but had been marked in red ink, in (I believe) the hand-writing of Mr. Gowan. "Can not be forwarded, postage not paid," but which was struck out,

and underneath it was marked "paid." I wondered at the time, to perceive that this letter had been opened, and was sealed again. I have just learnt that a friend of mine in Quebec, seeing that letter put up in the window of the post-office, and finding it had been opened, enquired the reason, and was told it was because the postage had not been paid to the lines; upon which he took it, sealed it, paid the postage, and forwarded it. This is another dishonourable and illegal act of the Quebec post-masters, (whether Mr. Sutherland, or Mr. Gowan, but both must have had a part in it, I know not) for which they deserve to be held up to public scorn and ignominy. They acted in violation of the section of the act of 6 Ann cap. 10. quoted in No. 74, and have made themselves thereby liable both to the penalty of £20 and to be rendered incapable of filling any office in the post-office-department. I shall complain of them to the post-master general at home, and shall see whether they can not be prosecuted and punished in Canada, for their audacious conduct. The letter was from a gentleman, whose name and address were therein stated in full; and had it been opened upon the pretext of finding out who it came from, that it might be sent back for the postage, that might have been done; but I have no doubt it was for the treacherous purpose of ascertaining the contents, and that they have kept a copy of it, hoping to be able to make use of it, in case I should publish it. See now, inhabitants of Quebec, to what sad wretches ye have to trust your most important, most private, and most sacred concerns; less trustworthy than the meanest truckman upon our wharves: be therefore upon your guard against the prying traitors; I expect to find out some more villainy in that office.

A LOUNGER, OBSERVER, Z. SAM SOAPSUDS, &c. are received, but time has not yet permitted their being taken into consideration.