

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 27th March, 1823. [No. 91

— *Rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.** JUVENAL.

The harden'd sinners at his strokes will start,
Feel the cold sweat, and tremble at the heart.

— *Magnoque ululante tumultu.* VIRGIL.

Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.

Et operam et sumptum perduunt. POPE.
PLAUTUS.

They lose both cost and labour.

JONAH has again arisen, and has gone to the great building, and has cried against it, and this is the substance of the preaching that he hath preached.

ADDRESS TO THE PROFESSORS AT THE MEDICAL INSTITUTION.

Most puissant gentlemen ; Allow me to express my surprise that our Cæsar Augustus has been so easily duped as to form so favourable an opinion of your talents, and to appoint you to the professorship in a popular institution, to which men of experience and learning only, ought to be preferred ; but as it was at the instance of your friend and patron, and he has no personal acquaintance with you, at least in your professional quality, he is in some degree excu-

* This motto was prefixed by Jonah, to his address, but I have adopted it as a general one, as being applicable to other subjects treated of in this number.

L. L. M.

sable. It would be well for the world, gentlemen, if you would pursue other avocations more suitable to your genius, and to exercise the little knowledge you possess in endeavouring to alleviate the miseries of mankind, rather than in devising new methods of torturing your unhappy eleemosynary patients. In classic authors mention is made of a golden, a silver, and other ages, but all your declamations, bombast, and physiological pretensions, all your united exertions, tend merely to usher in a Jalap-century. Gentlemen, sink into obscurity again; you will, it is true, lose the plaudits of a few beardless boys, but the discerning part of the community will approve your prudence, and, though you will continue to be remembered with indignation, yet you will cease, at least, to be ridiculous.— That the world may justly estimate your worth, and that the fame of the founders of the Medical Institution may be transmitted to posterity, I believe it incumbent upon me to inform the public of the particulars which gave rise to it. Dr. Spectacles has, for several winters past, been endeavouring to render himself conspicuous as a lecturer on chemistry, and met with some little encouragement from the unwary, until the celebrated Dr. Carriole, whose superior abilities in lecturing are well known, compelled him to abandon his attempt, and to dismiss his numerous audience, consisting of one person, whom he had promised to instruct gratis, provided he was punctual in his attendance. After this ignoble defeat by the champion of skulls and bones, Dr. Spectacles retired to the court of his friend, Dr. Snufftobacco, imploring his timely aid. The doctor replied that he could render him little or none, for he had been very unfortunate himself in his late combats with that gentleman; he had

strained every tendon in his system, to acquire reputation and money, he had evacuated incessantly his manifestoes into the close-stool of the press, but in vain; Dr. Carriole's treatment had dislocated his movements, nearly amputated his hopes, and even scarified his very gums; he thought, however, his friend Dr. Drugwell could exhibit some specific that would be serviceable in their cases. Accordingly they proceeded upon their tibias to Dr. D's, where, in a consultation, the plan was agreed on for establishing a Medical Institution, from which they expected to derive a large revenue, and great dignities to themselves and friends; and to be able to compel all the votaries of Æsculapius to be initiated into the mysteries of the art, under their auspices alone, and to dispense alone from their sacred fane, the diplomas entitling every disciple of the sapient god, to exercise his mortal trade. Above all they would, by this means, annihilate the pretensions of Dr. Carriole, and crush all competition. Now as to the claims of these medical intriguers to distinction above the rest of their confraternity.—What pretensions has Dr. Drugwell to a knowledge of the theory and practice of physic? he may know the treatment of gunshot wounds, how to apply a plaister to a sailor's black eye, or to extract buckshot out of the posteriors of a soldier; but of the nature and cure of domestic diseases, he knows as little as he does of oratory, in which his acquirements are certainly very circumscribed, if we may judge from the specimen he gave us at the late races, when, in the absence of one of the stewards, he was permitted to bel- low out, "Are ye a' reddy."* Dr. Snufftobac-

* Tho' I must confess this is a well rounded period, I beg to enter my protest against the doctrine that the practical men who have been bred to the medical profession in the army and

co's qualifications are well known, and as his universal remedies are only warm water and bleeding, (I beg pardon, I mean *aqua tepida* and *phlebotomia*.) we have little to fear; as his learning is not very extensive, (for which reason he hangs out what little he has, in coining barbarous latin phrases to express diseases and accidents, in an untelligible manner, in his quarterly reports,) he contents himself with dabbling superficially in the art, and babbling, at leisure-hours, to Dr. U'-Dodge about salivations, asafœtida, and cantharides. What benefit the public are to derive from this wight, I can not prognosticate: but, as he has lately improved his palate with some penny-weights of silver, perhaps he may improve his rhetoric with a scruple or two of common sense; if not, it will be as difficult for him to conduct the "speaking part," as it would have been for his father to go through the eye of a needle. Dr. Spectacles is very expert in handling a parcel of empty mugs, troughs, and broken bottles, which he palms upon novices as his chemical apparatus; he can repeat the names of every substance of culinary mineralogy, from a saltspoon to a carving knife; and in botany, he can tell a cabbage from a nyacinth; he says that he will perform wonders upon wonders in the lecture-room of the Medical Institution, which he intends to illuminate with a combination of carbonic, oxygen, and hydrogen-acid gas, the idea of which he lately picked up from the detached lucubratory frag-

navy, are unfit to practice *physic* as well as surgery: their practice and experience in *both* branches are always in exercise in those situations; and if they are inferior in science, they are superior in experience, to homebred physicians. With regard to the gentleman who is supposed to be alluded to in the above, I have had sufficient knowledge during his attendance on my family, of his qualifications as a *physician*, to say I consider him a very able one.

L. L. M.

ments of the chemico-physico-gasetico-researches of the unparalleled Sir Humphrey Davy : he will also make new discoveries in the solution of sulphur, and ammoniac, which, when exposed in a vertical direction to the extremity A of the horizontal retort A B C, caloric being applied at the point between big G and little f, and a portion of diluted antimony being poured into the gasometer O P, action and reaction will immediately take place, and the whole will ascend into the atmosphere, like the sulphate of magnesia, to the utter astonishment and confusion of the gaping spectators, who will be compelled to retire smoking hot, like "sinners coming out after a season in purgatory." They did will not to overlook Dr. Bobbyson ; that he is a famous hand at feeling ladies pulses, is a good accoucheur, and can give admirable lectures on the complicated diseases of prostitutes, is very certain ; but as a public lecturer on the maladies incident to children, I have some doubts, although they do not extend to authorise me to say, that he is as competent for that, (permit me to use the inimitable expression of Mr. Moral Police,) "as hell is for a powder magazine." I am happy to see that the doctrine of dietetics has been recommended to Dr. Ladle ; he is well adapted to be slopped about in a soup-pot, like the sheeps head which, in Scotland, is carried about from house to house, with the economical cry of "twa dooks and a wallup for a bawbee ;" *pour le reste* he will no doubt introduce a proper reform in the soup-shop at the hospital, for at present Dr. O'Dodge complains bitterly of it, and says that his share is so very thin that one might swim a mile in it without finding a single grain of barley.

Now, gentlemen, for the present, farewell ! If you persevere in your imaginary projects, I will

not leave one stone of your mighty fabric untur-
ned ; and, unless you repent, I will assuredly put
tongues in all the wounds of your patients, that
will stir up even the very stones of Tarshish to
rise in mutiny against you. JONAH.

To Mr. ROBIN GOODFELLOW,

Give me leave to inform you you lie—under
a mistake in the statement you gave the public
in answer to Snickersnee and Dibs. In the first
place, I would beg to remind you that many
gentlemen prefer to travel *incog*, not only be-
cause the nature of their business or pursuits re-
quires privacy, but in order to baulk the imper-
tinent inquisitiveness of a number of puppies
and Robin Goodfellows, in peeping every stage-
day over the way-bill, in search of unheard of
names, and for the sake of appearing important.
Secondly, I must tell you that he who exacted
the *bill* was a clear *Missisauga* ; Indian-like he
gave, and then took away. The invitation,
which was certainly not an invitation, unless be-
ing literally dragged upstairs, and pushed uncer-
emoniously into the ball-room, can be called so,
was held at a very cheap price, \$7 for two glass-
es of sangaree and two apples. Thirdly. *Long
beard, black coat* and *boots* ; terrible affair indeed !
Who ever heard of a black coat being objection-
able in a ball-room ? besides I can assure you it
was a new one, of superfine broad cloth, and the
very best cut ; and not, like some others, drawn
out of a scouring cellar. What a professor of
etiquette ! monstrous ! had you ever footed it
beyond the walls of fort Stark, you would have
been better able to speak of the variety or pro-
priety of fashionable dress.* Lastly a long beard !

* Boots are at all times unpardonably improper in a ball-
room, excepting for cavalry and staff-officers on actual duty,

how terrifying, and what a mortifying offence to the ladies ; how vulgar to see a young man so bairy, and how enviable the sleek-chin'd aspect of a smock-face, such as your's probably is. To speak of the dance, I will only remark the extreme humour of a Sawney who shuffled most dexterously in a corner with a pair of mammoth shanks that worked like a nail-machine ; the playful mood of a funny little thing who said she would dance a Scotch reel to the tune of Yankee-doodle ; and the efforts of a spruce young editor with his plumes all erect, to shew his agility.

I say this all in good part ; but Robin, the sweeping charge against the *Creamers*, who you say are "a gang famed for slang and abuse," demands severity. I tell you, my good fellow, that your charge is false and impertinent. On the contrary, I know them to be a set of *whole-soul* fellows, who, though they are naturally fond of "women, wit and wine," are yet

"Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free —
From loose behaviour, and formality."

They are "a very merry, hey-down-derry, sort of lads enough." Unanimity prevails at their social board, where

"Bacchus opens all his treasure,
Comus brings them wit and song."

As for their *politeness* and *good-breeding*, I can safely say they never yet gulled a visitor out of D7.

in a garrison-town. In no country, till I came to Canada, did I ever see trowsers or pantaloons allowed ; and it is nothing but the great prevalence of that costume in this country, that causes its glaring impropriety to pass unnoticed.

L. L. M.

Now, Robin, if you are really what you profess, *a good fellow*, just give the lads a call *en passant*, at their chamber at *Scants*.

“There’ll be plenty of wine, and a glorious supply
O’ the guid sneesh-toback, and the fine cut and dry.”

If you will but visit them, I pledge my word they will let you off from the reckoning scot-free. But look you, my good fellow, it behoves you to take a few lessons from Fuller, for they have been at school; they ’re

“Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight.”

And I beg my compliments, in an especial manner, to your worthy corpulent relation, (I mean your aunt Peggy,) and request her to patch a seat on your pantaloons, for, by the law of Harry, it may so fall out that you ’ll need a “a pair o’ muckle breeks and strang,” to protect the seat of honour.

To conclude, Robin, “the de’il ha’ you in keepin’.”

PAUL CRIMPS,

Cream-street
Catarogue en-haut.

Honorary member of the Cream-street
Gander-club, of the Hot-tong’s-Society,
and of the Bang-up Institution, &c. &c.

Some months ago, I received a communication from that redoubted potentate of the infernal regions, Prince Belzebub; and I had intended to have gratified his highness by at least a partial insertion, but waiting for some further particulars on the subject which he had recommended to my notice, the whole unfortunately slipped into a wrong pigeon-hole. His highness has, however, given my memory a rub, and has sent a remonstrance to me *viâ Quebec*,* which I dare

* I am informed that a number of letters addressed to me have been put into the post-office in Quebec, and the post-

not delay attending to, for there is no knowing what we may come to, and it is well to have a friend at court.

His first epistle, faithfully translated from the original Paudemonian, is as follows :

Pluto's hotel, Infernal Regions, Sept. 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

For a series of years I had retired to my estate in this torrid clime, and enjoyed myself in the delightful heat and flames of the place ; when one night as I was sitting by the red-hot side of my furnace, and ruminating on the numerous recruits which my demoniacal exertions had procured for the service of the emperor Lucifer, (for ever since emperors came to be in fashion on earth, the monarch of hell has also put on an imperial crown,) when my ears were invaded by a most frightful hullabaloo, and the most hideous cries. The noise seemed at first to be an infernal one, and, in fact, I afterwards ascertained that it proceeded from one of those houses which men denominate "Hells upon earth." My devilish curiosity made me forthwith clap on a new pair of leather wings, and fly upwards to this pendent world, to discover the cause of this horrid din. When I came to the spot, I found myself, as it were, quite at home, being well acquainted with the neighbourhood ; for, from the house whence the noises issued, (in which, moreover, I had long been a lodger) I could, at one jump,

age paid, which I have never received. I do invite all public spirited, and independent-minded men, to co-operate with me in developing the mystery of iniquity that I fear prevails in that post-office ; which, if my suspicions are correct, every honest man ought to detest and eschew, as a trap for the unwary, a vile receptacle for informers and spies, a den of treachery, and an establishment wholly unworthy of the slightest confidence of the public.

L. L. M.

set my cloven foot upon the Castle of St. Lewis, or upon the Court-house, (the terrestrial manor of all demons) or upon the Treasury, or upon the Place d'armes; so you see I was got among my old friends; and I found that it was a man and his wife who were quarrelling, that had brought me all the way from hell, by their infernal cries. The lady, I perceived, had been one of my favourite pupils, although it is true it required the eye of a devil to recognise her; for in lieu of a fair face, painted red and white, which in her youth, I caused her to wear, in order to procure the damnation of her happy lover, and all his happy rivals, I beheld a lengthened, wrinkled, and Mercury-stained visage, that would have deceived even me, had I not seen the mark I had formerly imprinted upon her. The husband I found too, was one of our predestined, and I could not refrain from thinking how true the saying is that "*on se chauffe de tout aux enfers.*" I had placed myself in a situation that I might judge which of these jewels of hell had profited most by my lessons, when our man, or rather our half man, for I question whether, having been at least twenty times in the doctor's hands, he is more, lifted up a chair and broke it upon the head of *ma chere* so that the spokes flew into pieces, as far even as *Toinette's* piano, giving her immediately after actually a kick in the face. I must confess to my shame as a devil, that this brutality disgusted me, and I was going to interfere, when my brother demon Asmodeus, who had remained concealed under the form of a *Pontas* dictionary of cases of conscience, lying on a table, cried out to me "*Sa Christi*, let 'em alone, and listen to me. Ever since you withdrew from the care of this worthy couple, I have taken upon myself the direction of this chaste

and sober pair ; and they act up to my precepts, severally and jointly too, for besides their individual feats of diabolism, they entertain me both together in the way you see two or three times a week. Besides I make use of them to create and foment quarrels in other families, and, *foi de diable*, you won't find cleverer imps of the devil even below. I won't insist upon what you & all the world know as to the lady, such as sundry small military & civil favours, before & after marriage; intrigues while on the circuit ; some little *douceurs* to our old patron Bethlem Gabor ; then holy exercises in the afternoon ; and pious watchings at night, while taking theoretical and practical lessons in cases of conscience, with a novice of Latrappe ; for since that time the fear of judgement has fallen upon her, and she seeks consolation by long and fervent prayers *in nomine Christi*, and her rosary of three beads, &c. &c. As to the husband, I refer you to the public records of St. Roch, to the billiard-tables, and taverns, without mentioning the head of poor little Louisa. You see therefore my dear Belzebub, you would be wrong to interfere here."— After this panegyric, Asmodeus resumed the shape of Pontas' book, in expectation of the little *niches* whfch father *Cantique* would bestow upon him the next day ; and I, perceiving their advancement in the denizenship of hell, imprinted on the foreheads of this happy couple the brand of Lucifer, and withdrew through the crowd that had assembled round the door to listen to the *tintamarre*.

BELZEBUB.

In His Highness's second epistle, after remonstrating with me for not having fulfilled his behests before, (for which I humbly beg his pardon) he says, that he has lately paid a second visit to

Quebec, and adds, "for fear, Mr. Scribbler, you should suppose that I took my seat amongst those poor devils of the Grand Jury whom you have so unmercifully keelhauled, and that I had a finger in the pie, when they made their famous presentment, I have to tell you that that job was left to two inferior demons, *Perou*, of the order of cherubim, and *Negre* of the order of emeralds,* who composed and drew it up, under the shape of the clerks of the peace.

*The demon *Perou* is celebrated amongst those who possessed the nuns of London, see *Causes celebres*, tom. 3: and *Negre* is a devil from Greenland. Though *Betzebub*, being the arch-demon of envy, has always had an itch in favour of satirists, yet all Hell seems broke loose against them on the North American continent. *Leviathan* himself, the prince of pride, has stirred up not only the oligarchy of Canada against the SCRIBBLER, but has also instigated the aristocratico-demagoguery of Albany to upset the MICROSCOPE; for that paper has been honoured by a deputation from the assembly of the state, in the person of their serjeant-at-arms, to invite the editor to the honours of a standing at their bar; but which he has most modestly declined in the same way as Messieurs Archer and Falcon of Mount Royal lately gave a polite go-by to a similar visitor: at the same time some inferior imps of darkness were engaged in tampering with a grand jury, there to present the Microscope, but there was too great a balance of good sense amongst them. *Baalberith*, the angriest devil of all, has cut up the BOSTON CASTIGATOR. *Mammon* and *Astaroth*, who protect the votaries of avarice and sloth, are hard at work persecuting PLAIN TRUTH, who has been dug out her well at Canandaigua: and the *Prince of the powers of the Air* himself entered into the Mobocracy at Richmond, Virginia, and attempted to destroy the HORNET: its nest was pretty well disturbed and ransacked, the mob having broken the presses, scattered the types, and burnt the paper; but, like a Phoenix rising from her ashes, as POPE sings;

"Yet burns the vengeful Hornet, (soul all o'er,
Repulsed in vain and thirsty still of gore;
Bold son of air and heat, on angry wings,
Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and stings."

Indeed we all seem to be endowed with the gift of Antzus and every knock-down blow, but gives us fresh vigour, and arms us anew for the strife we are waging against pride, hyp-

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XIX.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

(Continued.)

From the Shamblee Repertory. Mrs. Nick Rap, (who is the very essence of economy,) to save fuel, bakes her pies in the double stove on Sundays, much to the edification of the congregation; while her rev'd. hubby is holding forth for the benefit of the soul, she (good lady,) is, by example, (which always takes place of precept,) shewing them what is good for the body; and when a dinnerparty happens to be at her house, she, (prudent woman) puts water in the wine; a practice, no doubt, suggested to her by the conduct of Honesty Hooper and Dr. Jalap at a party given by a worthy gentleman some time ago, who, had he taken the same precaution, Honesty and the Doctor, would not have gotten beastly drunk, and had a game at knockdown, poor Honesty coming off second best: this was likely to have ended very seriously by Hooper sending Jalap a challenge next morning, with positive directions to the bearer to go immediately and acquaint a magistrate of what was going on; on the other hand Jalap, wilfully mistaking the note for a professional invitation, attended, when the whole business was amicably settled, although it is positively asserted that Jalap had a pestle concealed in his pocket.

From the Backbite Mercury. They write from the Isle of Bullfrogs, that the accident which happened some time ago to Messieurs Firstman and Congreve, has not had any bad effects, beyond the laming of poor Congreve, (which he has got over,) and the carriage being dashed into a thousand pieces. Miss Le Hoy was sadly afraid that she would have had to wait till the sleigh was put together again, and another horse purchased, but Mr. Firstman very gallantly tied the hymeneal knot without waiting till things were put together, and now, it is said, they drive on as easily as if nothing had happened.

General Moore's integrity is proof against *duns*, *clerks*, and all others, for he will not, even tho' tempted by the bribe of a glass of grog, lend the little blue book to any one, while he is carrying it to its destination.

ocrisy, avarice, and all the other numerous vices that "Flesh is heir to." So Messieurs Devils, you had better let us alone.

L. L. M.

Col. Dash-at all has not fulfilled his promise of throwing a sop to Cerberus to stop his mouth.

From the second edition of the Government-City Advertiser.—
The actresses request the acting manager and treasurer to the late garrison-amateur-company, to fulfil his engagements to them, which have been due since the first of last April. His last advertisement requesting payment for admission tickets having been in August, the lapse of seven months time is quite sufficient to liquidate a debt of a few pounds, that would be highly welcome to the solicitrixes.

Change of Residence. Dr. Whitecat, the Adonis of old ladies, will in future keep his apothecary's shop, at his cousin german's opposite the barracks, where he has for a long while been treating a disorder of forty-five years standing. Mad. Strung has been cured by a marine-captain, *dechaussé à bonne terre*, by means of conserves *à la Derottenburg*, after fifty years of light suffering. Dr. Whitecat, will continue to give *tout ce qu'il y a de meilleur en France*. During office-hours, Mrs. Whitecat will distribute gratis, at the old stand, all kinds of *anti-ragoutants*.

Public Notice. Proposals will be received at the sign of the Micmac's head, Mountain-street, in the story above made. *C'est doux d'heureuse memoire*, for a contract to furnish white and red paint in small boxes of two ounces each, as well as for reducing the body and legs of an elephant, with an abdomen of a sow, to a reasonable size. For security for payment will be given at Coldspring manor, sundry mortgages engrossed upon leaves of *Palma Christi*, and approved by the sheriff of the district.

N. B. Adelaide and Victoire *esperent que quelques charitables Lasdevivre les delivreront de trente-sept ans de martire.* OLIVET.

Mesdames Clouée and LaChristienne, respectfully request their night-friends, and all others who come to their evening-school, at the presbytery, to take care to pass by the gate of the court-yard, or to go into the little passage in sight.—Being well known as instructresses in the graces and acquirements of the *bon ton*, those ladies trust they will be found to merit the encouragement of the public, in teaching the arts of slander, calumny, and backbiting, with lessons on the most approved methods of destroying the reputation of best friends.

Dr. Poultry, of the Lower-town, of sprawling memory, and formerly *un domestique*, is respectfully informed that obscenity in the presence of an unoffending female is unmanly and degrading.

From the Trifluvian Reporter. Good Hang-people-up, finding his good lady in another doctor's hands, exclaimed, *le diable emporte les medecins, ils en veulent à mes femmes.*

Mount-Royal, 1st. March.

MR. GOSSIP,

The neighbourhood of the New Market has of late become memorable for the many hops in its vicinity. The general inducement of shewing off is not altogether the cause of those meetings; no, sir, many of the members are cool calculating Scotchmen, who having nieces, sisters, and sisters-in-law to dispose of to the *well-doing* (as they are called) members of the meeting; and on the other hand, there are a number of widowers, who omit the quality of beauty in their catalogue of those required in their future mates, and substitute, gold, in its place, which is to make up for all defects, and avert all future crosses. The ladies, one would have supposed, would have had nothing to fear from depression of *spirits*, for the candidates are mostly all large dealers in that article; yet I do not know how to account for it, but at the first meeting of those parties a death-like silence prevailed, until it was found necessary to be removed by a whole fry of young hammermen, and a few quilldrivers, whose introduction has restored the lower parts of the ladies faces to their natural state of

“Smiles, dimples, prattle, and all that,”

so that, at present, a locked jaw is not in the least to be feared.

A poor threadbare Yorkshire song has lately made its appearance with a new face, in which some reflections are thrown on your blue book.* Now, my dear man, I would recommend whoever sings the same song more than ninety-nine times in the same company, shall be obliged to furnish those of the company who are not al-

* This was the song I requested a copy of in my last number; if Mrs. M'E. or any one else, will favour me with a copy I will publish it, as I like to extend my own fame, good or ill.

ready subscribers to the Scribbler, with a weekly copy, in return for the racking given their ears. Young Figg of St. Vincent would do well to take the hint, at least he ought to learn to read before he attempts to sing a comic song.

Yours to command,

MRS. M'E.

The sufferers of Mount Royal hereby caution the public against a set of would-be-dandies, who may be known by their faces of brass, with chins elevated by the circular power of a patent neck-stock, and sides drawn almost close together by the contractile force of a well laced pair of stays; they are likewise remarkable for a small bit of brown braid round the collar, and a fringe between the two hind buttons.—The clerks of the sufferers complain of their shoes being nearly divested of soles in dunning these creatures, and their petty ledgers are groaning under the weight of their names. It is a custom with these swells, whenever they are denied further admittance into the books of one sufferer, immediately to have recourse to another, who thinking he has got a good customer, suffers in his turn. Such as do not pay their two years' scores will be executed in effigy in the shop-windows of the sufferers, in terrorem, to deter others.

The above is an universal complaint in all countries and all ages; but the sufferers have very politicly adopted the plan of making those who do pay, pay for those who do not.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. AN OLD CORRESPONDENT, and S. P. Q. R. will be availed of the first opportunity; so perhaps also WHIP DOGGRELL, and an OBSERVER from Quebec, altho' with respect to their subjects, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.—The article from *Chambly* will work up. *PIERRE* can not appear.