

THE SCRIBBLER.

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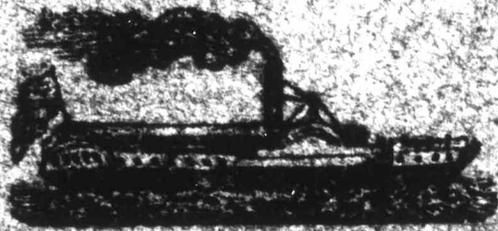
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Montreal 6th June, 1823.

Take 6149

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 29th APRIL, 1824. [No. 120.

Spissis noctis se condidit umbris.

VIRGIL.

Hid in the darkest shades of night.

Nec ratione docere ulla suadereque surdis.

Quid sit opus facto; faciles neque enim paterentur;

Nec ratione ulla sibi ferrent amplius aures

Vocis inaudito sonitus obtundere frustra.

LUCRETIUS.

How hepetulade those so unfit to hear?

Or how could, savage they, with patience bear

Strange sounds and words still rattling in their ear?

CREECH.

Negel quis carmina Gallo?

VIRGIL.

Who envies Dabble's rhymes, or Spasm's prose?

Idem has nuptias perge facere.

TERENCE.

Hasten these nuptials to promote.

Upon the same principle as the Spartans caused the Helots, their slaves, to be made drunk, and to commit all the enormities and vices incident upon human nature in that state of degradation, in order to cause their children, who were made spectators of the scene, to entertain a proper abhorrence for such excesses;—upon that principle it is, I present my readers with

A MIDNIGHT TALE.

Or a nocturnal peep into the mysteries of the St. Lawrence Suburbs.

——— I will a tale unfold,
Whose slightest word will bear conviction home
To them who need it most.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

I have waited with no little impatience to see whether any notice would be taken in your pages of an occurrence, which, in my humble opinion, well deserves a place in your suburban recorder.

Will Watch, the youthful *maitre de casernes* of St. Nelly's Island, whose graceful mug may be seen any day, from ten till three, behind a desk, in the neighbourhood of the Bath house, set out, some weeks ago, about the "witching time of night," from Scora's go-shop, in company with a friend, (an amateur of the long robe, it is believed,) both well primed with cherry-brandy, and, to use a slang phrase, "up to all sorts, and ripe for every thing."

Where their first voyage was made to, though known to be in the latitude of the above far famed regions, yet, from the labyrinthal intricacy of their many hidden places, has not been distinctly ascertained; but, about two o'clock in the morning, they knocked stoutly at the door of a *ci-devant* protégé of mother Sadler's; but who, since the bankruptcy of that once famous establishment, has set up in trade for herself. As the demand for admission was imperious in its many repetitions, the lady of the house, being either busily engaged, or too lazy to do it herself, dispatched her foreman, (if I may use the expression without a bull,)

to an upper window to reconnoitre: and the consequence, after a short consultation between "this maid of all work," and the mistress of the mansion, was the admission of our two swells into it.

As a preliminary to the animated scene that ensued, I will state the dialogue that passed between this hopeful pair—*Will Watch*. "Well here we are at last," carefully examining, as he spoke, the fastening of the street-door.—*Mem*. Will is an old stager, though but a youngster, and this house was new to him,—“but, mind you, Jack, you are more in for it than I took you to be.”—*Friend*. “Aye”—(hiccup,) “aye, it’s all very true; but I—I—(hiccup) “I have no money.” *Will*. “Damn your money, I have enough to frank us both through;—Oh, you ought to be damned for a fool!” snatching the watch, which the other had drawn forth, and was dangling to and fro, in the heedless folly of intoxication, and putting it into a well secured side-pocket, “for bringing such things to such places. I see plainly you are but a gaby in spite of all your boasting.” Here, Will, threw off his great rough coat, made expressly for such occasions, and displayed to a bevy of half naked Venusses assembled around him, a fine athletic person, (of which *entre nous*, he is most disgustingly vain,) the envy of the dandified community, of which he is little more than a recent member. He then shoved his friend into an inner room; who, by the bye, was most complaisantly passive, being, to use his own comprehensive phraseology, “three sheets in the wind;” and placing him on a sofa, with one of the fairest of the fair ones he could see, with a particular charge to use his friend well, and he would make her ample remuneration; “and you, Jack,” said he, “be upon your guard,

if you can; this is a new covey, and I'll make a push to spring some fresh game here; and, mark me, if you hear any row above stairs after I go up, be sure to secure an open window or door, to be ready for retreat, in case of the worst; and should these devils here become noisy or troublesome, draw the sword from your cane and it will frighten them into better behaviour." Here Will finished as delectable an admonition, as was ever given, previous to a bawdyhouse brawl; and, turning on his heel, after a few short preliminary enquiries, he sallied, "bent on deeds of desperate daring," as the poet says, up the stair-case. To particularize such trifling facts, as raising young girls from their beds, to hold a "board of survey," on their charms; knocking at the landlady's private room door, and politely enquiring if she thought herself the best goods on the premises, as he was willing to pay for the best, and would have the best; with sundry other proceedings, would make the tale too prolix. We therefore pass to the last, and that which, in its result, was of the most consequence. The good lady of the house, on finding her *sanctum sanctorum* invaded so roughly, bethought herself that, possibly, candour might be the best policy, and therefore directed our hero to a room, where, as she assured him, he would find what he was seeking so unceremoniously. To be at the room door, and burst it open, (it was locked within,) was but a few seconds work; and, in a short time, our hero was confronted by a blade of his own size and kidney, the tenant, for the time being, of the assaulted fortress.—"Who are you, and what are you?" said the offended stranger, (mechanically laying his hand on an empty wine bottle that stood on the table, the contents of

which his Dulcinea and himself had just discussed, and assuming a posture of determined defence,) "who have behaved in so ungentlemanly and blackguard a manner."—"As to what I am, or what I have done," exclaimed Will, who, is a bit of a bullying braggadochio, when it suits his occasions, yet eyed his present opponent, with something of that feeling which tells a man, he must warp his manhood to the test, "is of little consequence at the present moment; in a place like this, we are all blackguards alike." Here, a blow made at his head, with the deadly missile before mentioned, cut short his explanatory definition, which might have been his last, had he not "ducked under the shot," like many a better man before him. He returned the salute, with the brass candlestick in his hand, which was likewise evaded; and, both closing, a short, but desperate, struggle took place; chairs and tables were turned over and broken, decanters and glasses dashed to pieces: it was a hard tug, but superior strength gained the victory. Weakened by habits of dissipation, Will could not cope long after his first few fierce, but unavailing, efforts, with the grasp of his infuriated antagonist, by whom he was soon pinioned down to a bed. In that situation he would, doubtless, have received a reward for his intrusive violence—but he did not in one sense, although he escaped but to undergo a severer punishment, which, as it is the climax to which we have all along tended, in this, our brief history, needs explanation. The object of this riotous procedure was, as may be conceived, the possession of one of those unfortunate beings, whom the usual attendants of her course of life, want, disease and suffering, had not yet deprived of a few dazzling remains of former beauty; and

which, meretriciously arrayed, retained still no slight share of attraction. Nearly terrified to death, during the scuffle between her paramour, and his opponent, she had shrunk, half fainting, into a corner; and when the latter was overpowered, aware of the probable consequences, she flew to the enraged victor, and by the force of her entreaties, and imploring supplications, procured the release and pardon of his prostrate foe, now so completely in his power, on the condition of apologising to him personally for his outrageous intrusion, and making good the damage done to the furniture and room. Will, nearly half strangled, stood up, red with shame and anger, to make the concession for which he was freed from a gripe, whose effect was distinctly visible on his neck. He turned, naturally enough, to gaze on the unexpected mediatrix, whom he had hitherto scarcely noticed. The recognition was mutual. She sunk into a chair, and burst into a convulsive paroxysm of tears. "I must have been either a fool or a madman to come to this house," was his half smothered exclamation. And in one minute more, the conscience-struck seducer was far from the roof which covered the wretched victim of his villainy, Poor creature!—she recognized in the object of her intercession, the man who had plunged her into guilt and infamy. The sight of him recalled many recollections to mind, and, probably, touched a chord of feeling, which the searing hand of vice had not yet rendered totally callous.

There is something that many may assimilate to romance in this tale,—but it is not the less true; I have stated what has come to my knowledge, (and it may puzzle those whom it may most concern to know how,) without having extenuated,

exaggerated, or distorted any thing, or set down "ought, in malice:" I have done so, thinking it may be a caution to young men entering upon the stage of life, to put them on their guard, lest their conduct should meet that exposure which will be the sure consequence of its insertion in your columns.

DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.

N. B. I have ascertained that the unfortunate girl above mentioned had been a nursery-maid in a genteel family in the vicinity of this city, when the connection, which proved her ruin, took place. She lost her situation in consequence, was abandoned, and from one step to another, at length became what she is at present. She maintains, I am told, a something of superiority, arising from superior personal attractions, in the circles of guilt in which she moves: but that will soon pass away, and she will experience the wretched fate generally attendant upon her miserable vocation. What must be the feelings of him who caused all this, when his path is crossed by one, who, when she meets him, may exclaim in truth, "there goes my destroyer." I covet them not.

ASMODEUS.

"From Folly's brow to tear the mask away,
Make Vice himself his dirty face display,
The petty monarch's strutting state deride,
And laugh to scorn the pedant's paltry pride."

DEAR SCRIB,

Some time ago I perceived in your publication, an account of one evening's proceedings of the Mount Royal Medical Society; I shall not

therefore apologise for giving an account of those which took place at its last meeting.

Dr. Oldbuck, in the chair, harangued them in the following manner.

Gentlemen—Having with great patience, and unsurpassed magnanimity, presided at this very honourable and august assemblage of Esculapians, for nearly half an hour; having, during that great length of time, witnessed the laborious occupation of the very worthy members; having pronounced my allswaying judgement on various abstruse and polemic matters; having done all this, gentlemen, without having once tasted of that all refreshing and renovating beverage, to which, I hope, we are all indebted for our energy, I seize this opportunity, in the absence of our gloomy and too systematic president, to propose to you a measure, which has long been the subject of my most ponderous cogitations, and to which I am positively certain you will instantly give your unhesitating concurrence. Have we not heard? have we not read? have we not daily instances of persons being *stimulated* to actions that have led them on the pinnacle of renown? and why should not we, the props of the celebrated Mount Royal Medical Society, be allowed our share of *stimulus*? A just and fair proportion of—of—*lig-no-aqua-vitæ*, (a laugh.) But, gentlemen, lest scandal, with her brazen trump, should attack our fair fabrick, and give out to the malicious world, (hear hear!) that we devote ourselves, hebdomedally to the shrine of Bacchus, let some other enlivener of the spirits be introduced, less exhilarating than that which is commonly meant by *aqua vitæ*. What say you gentlemen? shall it be the inoffensive, but delicious, decoction of Coffee, or the bland *infusio Thææ*?—I shall now sit down, in the assurance of never being again called to fill this honourable chair, without the necessary appendages which I have just proposed.

A silent awe pervaded the hall for a few minutes. each one stared at his neighbour, with glad astonishment, until the effect of the learned doctor's eloquence was broken in upon, by Dr. Charlatan-noddy, who thus seconded the efforts of the chairman.

Gentlemen,—you know what I wanted to propose last year, that is to say, with my friend Dr. Oldbuck, it was, in case you should forget, the same thing as he now proposes, that is to say, tea or coffee; but, upon second thoughts, I think we would all prefer brandy, or some such *aqua vitæ*, which is, in my opinion, the best, and which is easiest to be had, and which will not be very expensive, and which, take it altogether, will be least troublesome, and which will please Dr. Oldbuck best, and which will suit our purpose in two ways; that is to say, first, it will answer the views of the society, and be always ready, when we want to go a resurrectioneering, as, you know, we always want stimulating on those occasions; so I second Dr. Oldbuck's move; that is to say, I make an amendment for brandy; and, as he always seconds my great efforts, I should be doing him injustice if I did not do so; and, moreover, I promise to furnish for your entertainment, some fine hams of my sister's curing, free, gratis, and for nothing at all.

The effect produced upon his colleagues, by this oration, was that of almost unbounded joy. A murmur of applause stole along the room, and something extatic was depicted in the countenances of the members, caused, probably, by the offer of the ham; but one individual was heard to exclaim, he wished there was "less talk, and more cider."

Dr. Damask, in his turn, employed his persuasive eloquence to obtain another amendment, and proceeded as follows:

Gentlemans—Messieurs—I do not speak de very good English, but I will try pour m'exprimer so well as I can in my power. De very savant president have told you, he was one damn dry, so dry him levres do stick togeder; he have ecouter for one half hour, (mon Dieu, what very long times!) our proceeding, sans boire any tings. He talk about what he call *aqua vitæ*, *infusio thææ*, &c. My got! ask his pardon! what damn nonsense! De oder man do wish for brandie, and do promise his sister smoke ham, and oder damn fine tings; but my got mighty, what fool he is! it is all damn nonsense too. We will have la

bierre, and we will smoke de pipe ; and if it do please you, I am tres volontiers, for it will arreter de soif more better dan oder thing what Charlatan promise.

THIS speech produced a continued laugh. Dr. McNothing then rose and said :—

Although he said it himself, no individual could be more partial to gratifying to a degree, even *ad infinitum*, what might perhaps, be called by some an inordinate appetite; yet he would, for once, (purely for the weal of the society, refrain from indulging in it, and would make a noble effort to subdue his gluttonous propensity. He conceived the funds of the society *might be better applied*; and that the fund, which was already small, would materially be diminished, if the proposed measure was acceded to. They must be well aware that he must be entirely devoted to the well-being of the society, when he went the length of pinching his belly. He moreover, assured them that they would incur the displeasure of the honorary members, who, he was positive, were averse to any thing bordering on subversion of dignity, but, notwithstanding all this, rather than the conviviality, hilarity, and sociability of the society should be interrupted, he would not withhold his consent to the proposal; and in return for his complaisance, he trusted that a near relation of his, and who is in the grocery-business, in a snug way, at the corner shop, and keeps the best of all sorts of articles, and at a moderate rate, might reap part of the advantages of the evening's resolution. But gentlemen, he continued, I ask your pardon—I had forgot myself: and have asked as a favour, that which I am entitled to by right of office. I had forgot that the duties of purveyor are consolidated in those of treasurer, and shall, therefore, no longer infringe upon your patience, but vote for the coffee, and, as an amendment, for crackers or gingerbread.

During the first part of this speech, the features of the chairman presented an appearance truly pitiful; his countenance was alternaely flushed and pallid, his eye became glassy, a cold clammy sweat was evident on his brow, and all indicated an approaching fainting fit, when one of the mem-

bers, conspicuous for his humanity, applied a vi-
ol of hartshorn to his olfactories; but just at that
moment, the latter part of Dr. McN.'s speech
struck his ear; and with sudden vigour he arose,
and extended his arms as if with the wish of em-
bracing his dear friend, who had so well sup-
ported him. He instantly proposed that the ques-
tion should be put to the vote, and the secretary
being directed to gather the voices, it appeared
there were 8 yeas and 1 Nay. The dissenting
voice proceeded from an obscure corner of the room,
from an individual, who had hitherto, been silent,
but now, with dignity, boldly stepped forth, and
declaimed against the proposed measure.

He considered it as degrading and debasing to students
in medicine, associated and organized into a society for
their own improvement, and having at their head, as
honorary members, some of the most respectable of the
medical gentlemen of this city: upon whom it was throw-
ing an affront, which might be expected to be resent-
ed by the deserved withdrawal of those names which
had been condescendingly allowed to appear on the rolls
of the society. The consequence of this would be the
fall of the infant, but heretofore promising, institution,
which, it had been prognosticated, would form a promi-
nent feature in the medical history of Canada. He
had entertained that opinion, in common with others,
and he was sorry to find that they were thus, by a sud-
den blow, levelled with the dust upon which he trod.
When he regarded the question on the other hand, he
perceived, with regret, that it would be a fit subject for
ridicule. He would, however, make one effort, how-
ever ineffectual, to rescue from perdition this child of
misfortune. He would propose to them, as they talk-
ed of stimulus, that they should be more laudably stimu-
lated than by *aqua vita*; that they should be stimulated
by the example of the learning and abilities of great men,
and that the money wantonly voted to glut the desires of
idlers, should be appropriated to the foundation of a
medical library; or, rather than squander it, in such a

disgraceful way, that they should bestow the money upon the poor.

It is fit that the individual who expressed these sentiments should be made known. He is a member of one of the most *fleurissant* Canadian families, *des champs beaux*.

You would naturally suppose, dear Scrib, that the latter proposition would have met with approbation from *some* of the members; but no! would you believe it! they condemned the observations made, and regarded them as foreign to the objects of the society; and the ex-president, with that sordid fatuity for which he is conspicuous, said, that books would be of no use to *them*, as they would soon be M. D.'s; and that, although charity covered a multitude of sins, coffee was possessed of as pleasing a quality, that of satiating thirst. An obstacle, however, was raised in the question of, who was to prepare this beverage? The cook of the hospital was the first upon whom they turned their thoughts, but this momentary hindrance was soon surmounted by the unsolicited offer of Mr. Secretary Whale, which was eagerly seized, and thus closed this eventful meeting.

If, dear Scrib, I have been prolix upon a subject so insignificant, it has only been to censure and ridicule the absurd proceedings of this society, which, had they strictly abided by their original tendency, would have been both a credit to the founders, and have added a material opportunity of improvement to those already and recently offered to the medical student. But, O, shameful recollection! the project of diffusing medical knowledge is polluted by the establishment of a slip-slop coffee-club, and the honorary members made promoters and encouragers of a gos-

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sipping and scandalizing chit-chat coterie, an honour they will, no doubt, be very thankful for.

I am, your's faithfully and respectfully,

LORENZO.

Mount-Royal, 3d April, 1824.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

*Exemplo quodcumque malo committiter, ipsi
Displicet auctori.* JUVENAL.

Pope has said, or—I've forgot—
It may be Swift, or Arbuthnot;
That it requires a friend sincere,—
Or enemy,—to volunteer;
Who will, in earnest, tell the truth,
To any wayward foppish youth,
Ere vicious habits may be rife,
And he becomes a fool for life,
Now, tho' my object's not to flatter,
I neither am the first, nor latter;
Nor farther than, in common dealing,
A sort of general fellow-feeling
Seems to encourage this advice,
Which may be worth, perhaps,—its price;
And should it half a fault correct,
'Tis something more than I expect
For headstrong youths will always think,—
(Tho' standing on destruction's brink,
Where, but the least precipitation,
Would hurl them on to desolation,—)
That, at times, tempestuous storms,
Which rise above all common forms,
(Like the immortal cloud-capt sire,
Frowning on the world in fire—)
Shews, as 't would seem, that they inherit
A wonderful deal of daring merit.
Now, to all such, I'd merely hint,
Tho', doubtless, there's but little in 't,

If they depend on public favour,
'T would answer better to be graver.
 Not like the witless Prince of Greece,
 Who thought, perhaps, his fame t' increase.
 When, on the highest Circus seat,
 He gave the audience a treat
 Of his forensic oratory,
 Which added little to his glory.
 For deep libation, at the shrine
 Of mellow Bacchus, though divine,
 Unhinges oft the flippant tongue,
 Whose parts of speech, appear as hung,
 Between conception and their birth,
 And leave, what some might call, a dearth.
 So fared it with my pottle prince,
 Who did not much, me thinks, evince
 A taste for Orpheus' dulcet note,
 By sending from his hideous throat
 This hiccupping dissyllabic,
 Mu-sic! Mu-sic! Mu-sic! Mu-sic!!
 Sounds so unlike the lyrist's shell,
 That they might fright the imps of hell!
 Which usher'd were by thousand hisses,
 Whose aim and object seldom misses----
 But, on my hero's bold defiance
 They had to court the shell's alliance,
 Which proved its power, as heretofore,
 On wolves and tigers, which of yore
 Were tamed,---like this inebrious Bore.

BLOW-UP.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO PSYCHE.

Will Psyche leave the scene she graced
 With love, with virtue, and with wit?
 Wilt thou fly hence, with thoughtless haste,
 And all those pleasant scenes forget?

Dear Psyche! wilt thou deign to dwell
 On those who mourn the loss of thee.

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While, in seclusion's courted dell,
You wander on the banks of D——?

When, in the bosom of repose,
Thought fondly dwells on former days,
Entwined around that thought be those
Who listen'd to thy soothing lays.

One kind memento of esteem——
A SIGH, to parting friends so dear——
A keepsake grant to fancy's dream,
'T will be a valued gem—a TEAR.

LOXIAS.

Montreal, 19th April, 1824.

REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS;

continued from last number.

Canadian Magazine, & Literary Repository, Vol. I.
continued.

In my review of this work, I have hitherto done little but say what I could in praise of its design, and of part of its execution, the less pleasing duty of censuring and condemning what is absurd, defective, or improper, remains now to be performed.

I have already hinted at the disingenuousness with which pieces are presented in this work as originals, which have no claim to that distinction. The first number does not profess to distinguish them, and I shall therefore in that point of view make no remark upon that portion of the work.

But, how the unintelligible jargon of the three barbarous and uninteresting Scottish acts of parliament which appear amongst the *originals* in No. 3, can have any title to such a place, I presume none but a northern clansman can explain. The translation that is given in No. 4, of Cuvier's re-

Reflections on the progress of the Sciences, is equally misplaced amongst the originals; and I doubt even whether the *translation of Burger's Leonora*, ought to rank there: whilst it is sheer impudence, or gross want of discernment, that could reprint as originals the chronology of Canada, extracted from the Montreal Herald; the story of King James VI and the professor of signs, which was hacknied thro' all the American and Canadian papers, and the memoir of the hon. Henry Erskine, from an Edinburgh newspaper.

With respect to the language and composition of those pieces which are avowedly the production of the then editor, Mr. Chisholm, they are almost below criticism and contempt. Yet, as he still threatens the Canadian world with a deluge of his inditings in his proposed review, I consider it will be for his own benefit, if I point out to him, and to the public, a few instances of the wretched perversion of taste and judgement that would palm such writings upon the community, as fit for any other eye than that of the most jejune tyro of literature.

The introduction in No. I. is one of the most imbecile pieces of composition that ever printer spoiled good paper with.

In the outset we are first presented with an image of a naked savage, afterwards rising to "a height in knowledge and wisdom, derogatory to the pretensions of every other living animal;" that is, the bears and foxes, and even the bees and the ants, though they have pretensions to knowledge and wisdom, are outdone by man! Then we have, amongst other absurdities "the incomprehensible *superstructure* of the Universe," an image, no doubt, borrowed from the Indian notions of the world resting on the horns of a

cow, that cow on an elephant, that elephant on a tortoise, and so on *ad infinitum*. Next we find him "exploring *interminable* regions," painting "aromatic beauty," (i. e. making a drawing of the smell of a rose,) expressing emotions "in *palpable* sounds," (which methinks is very like a hearty smack on the chaps;) then again "he has reared superstructures that have *outlived* all *memorials* of himself, his power, and his inventions;" that is, have outlived their own existence! But to dwell upon the innumerable absurdities of diction and of imagery, which are crowded into every page, would lengthen this article to a degree ill-suited either to the patience of my readers or my own plans. I can not avoid however noticing the tautological and incongruous nonsense displayed in such expressions as "receding rays illuminating the horizon of a dawning world;"—"the laws of jurisprudence;"—"a dark cloud, cleared by the Phœnician discoveries, *finally* dispelled by the arms of Cæsar;" and reappearing, like Banquo's ghost.

"With twenty mortal murders on its crown,"
 "on the shores of the Atlantic;"—"great stars shining brilliantly when they *hold forth their hands* to society;" (the stars shaking hands with us!)—"literary labours *ensanguined* by the voice of amusement;" (i. e. a voice stabbing labour till it bleeds;)"—"substantial meanders of the brook,"—"mechanism comforting and *moralizing* an industrious peasantry;" (whence it follows that a man who threshes his own wheat is an *immoral* man, compared to his rich neighbour that has a threshing-machine;) &c. &c. &c. &c.

Several verbal and grammatical errors occur, such as "invaluable" for, worthless; "agreeable" for, agreeably; "allotted for," instead of allotted

to; &c. and the incorrigible error of all Scotch writers, of using *will* for *shall* and *vice versa*, grates every English ear, and destroys the little sense there is, in a great part of this comtemptible production.

In reading the memoir on Sir Walter Scott, I could not help smiling at the picture of his highland piper, with "the streamers of his bagpipe, floating *majestically* about him in the light evening breeze." This bathos outheroes Herod. Can any thing be more ridiculous than to couple a highland bagpiper with an idea of majesty in any shape; except indeed the strange absurdity common to all Scotchmen of supposing that there is the least resemblance to music in any bagpipe, the discordant screeching of which, all other men utterly detest? And I burst into a laugh at the end, when I came to Sir Walter walking "without any stick at all—having only his hand placed on his left knee;" a posture which it would require the pen of the author of *Tristram Shandy* to do justice to!

In the paper on Italy, we have "*silent grandeur that will speak to ages yet unborn.*" The word "homologated," from the law-jargon of Scotland, ought to have had an explanation tacked to it.

I perceive that in these verbal criticisms I have not even yet got thro' the first number, I shall therefore cut them short, as being a hopeless task to enumerate even the tithe of them; and conclude my remarks with a general view of the effects this publication may have had upon society and literature.

However *mediocre* its execution may have been, there is no doubt that the circulation of such a magazine must have given a stimulus to the love of literary amusement, in Canada, and have tend-

ed to extend the circle of information, amongst the hitherto generally deplorably ignorant British commercial population of the country; yet the narrow illiberality with which it was announced that no communications could be inserted that were not signed with real names, counteracted and defeated another chief object of a magazine, namely, that of raising up, encouraging and improving a taste for composition. The ill judged and untrue encomiums that were lavished on this work at first, have been very prejudicial to it: making men expect to find that excellent, which was at best but middling. The disputes that arose latterly between the editor and the proprietor and printer of the Magazine have also not contributed towards its prosperity; and the squabbling letters in the papers of Mr. Chisholm, have neither done it nor him any credit. Under the present editor Dr. Christie, (who began, I believe, with No. 8;) I conceive that, if there be a possibility of the Canadian Magazine becoming a permanent work, it will be accomplished by his talents, learning, and assiduity; and I trust he will follow my example, which he will recollect was, when I first began the Scribbler, not to be discouraged by the prediction that it could not succeed, but, with persevering attention, and even "against hope, believing in hope," to go right on to the end and aim I had in view, without being dismayed by evil forebodings, awed by threats, or deterred by revilings.

L. L. M.

THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF BULL-FROGS.

And it came to pass that James being sorely

troubled in the flesh, did journey to that part of Uncle Sam's land, called the Plain of Cham,

For he was informed that there dwelt a man named Weedy, who had maidens comely to the sight; and his heart did yearn after them.

And when he entered into the house, he was kindly welcomed by the old man, and did eat and drink, and make merry: moreover he told many wonderous stories of battles, and of sieges, and of camps, wherein he was always the hero.

He did not tarry long, before, by his conduct, and his ogling the maidens, the object of his visit was observed: and the old man bade him leave his house:

So he jumped into his sleigh, in a violent passion, muttering vile imprecations against the old man, and his worthy family.

Now, lo! he had not journeyed far, before he overtook two weary pilgrims on the way; a woman well stricken in years, and her daughter, who was lovely to the sight, carrying a babe.

And he stopped, and spake to them, saying, (for he did lust after the daughter,) if ye are journeying my way, come with me, and I will take you to the next town; and they, thankfully, accepted the offer.

Then he bade the old woman hold the babe, until her daughter got into the sleigh; but no sooner had she done so, than he drove furiously off, leaving the poor old woman and babe to make the best of their way.

Now James had a tongue, smooth as oil, whereby he pacified the daughter with kind words, and mighty promises; and he persuaded her to stop at a small inn for refreshment.

And it so happened that, after the poor weak old woman had trudged some space on foot, ut-

tering loud lamentations for the loss of her daughter, the people took compassion upon her, and tackled a sleigh to pursue the fugitives.

And when they came opposite to the tavern where James had stopped, the old woman's heart leaped for joy, at the sight of the sleigh; and they went in, and found them locked up in a room.

And when the daughter heard her mother's voice, she called loudly for assistance, and the door was forced open, when James was discovered with a rueful countenance, being divested of his lower garments; and the people hooted and scoffed at him.

The girl was much ashamed, for she had been induced, through flattery, and the powerful effects of sling,* to bargain away her virtue, for twenty pieces of silver; but James totally denied this, and would not give her one brass denier.†

And he, miraculously, departed thence, with a whole skin, for the people were incensed at him.

Then he went to a farm-house, where was a large flock of geese.

And he bargained with the man of the house, for twenty-five of the flock, and said, keep them even until I send my servant for them.

* To English readers it is necessary to explain that *sling*, in the Yankee-tongue, means spirits, with hot water, sugar, and nutmeg or ginger, and, according to the ingredients is called, brandy, gin, or whiskey-sling.

L. L. M.

¶ In this place, I take the opportunity in reply to the following note

“When, Mr. Scrib, will you give us the opinion of counsel you promised us as to the *legal* right ladies of pleasure have to a pecuniary remuneration.”

to say; Mr. Curious, as soon as I can,

L. L. M.

And when he returned home to the island whereon he dwelt, he was asked what he meant to do with so many geese; for, said one of the wits of the place, to bring geese hither is like unto carrying coals to Newcastle.

But he answered and said, that they were of the species of the true *anas candida*, whose gizzards were a favourite dish with his ancestors, inasmuch as they made devils thereof, which provoke unto thirst; and he had bought them in order to enjoy that luxury; and that the rest of the bird was only fit for his menials to eat, whilst the geese would be fed chiefly on BULL-FROGS.

We have been favoured, says the interesting miscellany, from which the account of some lately decyphered rolls of papyrus, found in the ruins of Herculaneum, in No. 110, was taken, with a further fragment of the chronicles of the Selfites. It is as follows:

Then it happened that when the Selfites heard all that was said of them by the prophet, they were like unto a people who were beside themselves; and some of them did curse, and others reproved those that cursed; and lo, some of them did laugh; yea and those who felt their consciences clear, sent forth unto the prophet, and said, give us even of thy writings, that we may hold them up before the eyes of the evil doers.

But others there were who waxed sore in wrath.

And they did utter vain threats, and did call unto the prophet; and said; come thou over the lake of many waters if thou darest—but thou darest not—not even would all the treasures of our own idol, bribe thee so to do.

Now the prophet had other fish to fry, so he heeded them not.

In that country the people are great guessers and calculators: and some of them stood up in the midst of the congregation, and took up the word, and said:

We guess that the prophet will not come to us, so we calculate to go to the prophet.

Now ye know, brethren, that amongst the savages, our forefathers, who dwell in the eastern parts, towards the rising sun, when any one incurred their resentment, whether deserved or not, they had a mode of punishment, which we guess will be the best in this case.

And the multitude cried out, and said, declare it, declare it!

Then the orator produced before their eyes a tar-brush, and a bag of goose's feathers, and exclaimed, behold, Oh! ye Selfites, the instruments of our vengeance!

With these hands will we tear the clothes from off the prophet's back, with this brush will we besmear his flesh even with filthy tar, and we calculate that when we roll him in these feathers, they will stick thereon.

And the crowd applauded; howbeit there was much dissatisfaction amongst the righteous.

Behold we will hire a ship, and we will go forth on the lake of many waters, and we will entice the prophet on board, and then we guess we can do, what we calculate to do.

Then a sly old man, who stood in a corner, related to the multitude the fable of the mice and the cat, round whose neck it was proposed that a bell should be hung; and concluded and said, who amongst us shall *bell the cat*.

So the tarrers and featherers slunk away.

And when the prophet heard these things, he did laugh them to scorn. Even so loud and so

heartily did he laugh, when in former times, in the midst of their city, one of the Selfites, a man whose surname was Spoony, also talked to him of tarring and feathering him, should he ever attack the sacred characters of the Lucretians.

For the prophet cared neither for great men, nor for *select men*, neither for saints, nor for sinners; and always proceeded on, in his strait forward course, against gainsayings, and against revilings, and against menaces.

7/

Wherefore it came to pass that in his prophecies, he relateth: how that a certain man of that city, who bore the name of a great philosopher, but who was a saddler, and a patent-stove-pipe puffer, did deny his own words, for the sake of paying a few drachmas of silver.

Now in that country, puffers were wont to resort to the prophets who put forth their daily or weekly exhortations, in order to declare unto the people what were the articles in which they dealt.

The labourer is worthy of his hire, saith the sacred book, but the Selfites interpret that by saying, the labourer is worthy to be cheated out of his hire if it can be done.

So when the prophet had done even as the puffer had desired him, he sent unto the city for his hire; but the puffer, did deny that he ever said so; and moreover he declared he did not intend to take of the prophet's writings more than one chapter; and in both cases he lied.

But for the latter contract, lo, his own handwriting testified against him; * but for the former

* The Selfites probably never heard of the Roman philosopher, who said: *Adhibentur ab utraque parte testes. Ille per tabulas plurimum nomina, interpositis paravis, facit—O turpem humano generi fraudis, ac iniquitiae publicae confessionem!* An

there was only his word, and as the prophet found his word was not worth a damn, he disdained to pursue it farther.

This is but the beginning of the record of the deeds of the Selfites, saith the chronicler of ancient days: for there are many other evil doings yet to come; which it is hoped may be a warning to others.

I have to apologize publicly to Dr. Fisher, the editor of the official Quebec Gazette, for the imputation cast upon him, in the last number of the Scribbler, of declining to exchange papers. A large packet of his Gazettes has since been forwarded to me, which had been delayed at the post-office, Montreal, where the blame lies. Of the Mercury, I have not, for a long while, received a single number.

S. H. WILCOCKE.

I have seen, with great satisfaction, in Dr. Fisher's Gazette, the address to the public of the QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, together with their rules and regulations. I shall take an early opportunity of commenting upon them.

L. L. M.

nulis nostris plus quam animis creditur—in quid imprimunt signa! ne ille neget accepisse quod accepit SENECA de benef.
 "Witnesses are brought forward on both sides, the one produces a scroll with many names, drawn up by a scrivener—O disgraceful confession of the fraud and iniquity that prevail among mankind! More respect is paid to a man's signature and a seal, than to his soul. Why do we sign and seal? Lest we should deceive each other, and deny the money we have received."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXVII

PRATTLER, No. 3,

Shamlea, April 5th,

Come in, come in! I thought I should never have seen you, or get an opportunity of telling you about Shylock, and his dear Nelly: a *habitant* came t'other day with barley for sale, (I wish I had some to malt, for I like good beer;) four shillings is the price the old gentleman will give, but the young lady gets it much cheaper. "Well done, well done," says the old boy, "that's the way to live," bestowing five dollars on her for taking advantage of ignorance. Madame has, at length, taught him to make out sums of interest, *with the pen*: he says it makes it out to a T. The way he used to work: suppose £100 at 5 per cent, that's twa pun ten for £50, one pun five for £25, and twae and six-pence for £12 10, and contrariwise for a lairger sum. Lady Wise-cap, being housed up at all seasons, (for Sir Simon keeps her as regular in the work as a brood-mare,) has no other opportunity of knowing what the news of the day is, than getting Mrs. Fagney, the barber's wife, to wash, who tells her every mans *affairs* in the place, of long or short standing; but lady Wise-cap tells none of these stories to Sir Simon, lest they might corrupt him. She tells him what men in the place quarrels with their families; but whether he believes her or not, there's no saying. Sir Simon is a rich man, and of course not afraid of the blue book, but somebody might know of some things, and tell too—but I say nothing. It seems that two of our great pedagogues, Roast and Dry-one, can't patch up a libel in tolerable shape, without the assistance of each other. The Prattle family, (when they do such things,) close the shutters, or draw the curtains, as they know the Evesdropper to be on the look-out to this very day. Well, as you we'n't stop any longer, good b'ye, good b'ye!

PEG PRATTLE.

— *Omnia vincit amor; et nos
Cedamus amanti.*

VIRO L.

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, AND AMATORY INTELLIGENCE.

It is confidently reported that Mr. G. M. I-can-see, will soon lead to the altar of Hyæne, the beautiful and accomplish-

i/

ed Miss Kate Piscator. Mem. That gentleman will probably be displeas'd at seeing his name in that rascally book, the Scribbler, as he calls it; but it is his fate, and he must submit to it as well as to the dictates of his physician, who, when he last discharged him, admonish'd him seriously. "you had better get married."

Miss Patty Crooked, has surrendered by capitulation, after a siege of several months, to Mr. Peter McIn-for-it, widower; the chief terms are that in future he is to endeavour to behave in a civilized manner.

A young knight of the pestle, it seems, will probably ere-long espouse a purse, to which will be attached the youthful Miss Boldtalk. All the young lady's guardian fears, is that if she be disposed of too soon, a butcher will cut up all remains of that fortune, he had rather keep a little longer in hand.

It is expected that Mr. Bellecamp, of the aerial establishment, will shortly be joined, in holy wedlock, with the blooming methodist, Miss Chapel, one of the sisters of the same establishment. Tho' perhaps the gentleman may be said not to be the handsomest, his manners are pleasing, & such as exactly suit the disposition of his fair choice; and it is confidently anticipated that, with friend Aerial's consent, this will prove a happy union.

Rumour adds that a strong arm will soon seize upon the right hand of a Miss Cursewell, as the owner of the said arm appears to be very assiduous in endeavouring to have a secure hold of her.

Dr. Gutter and Miss E. Tirefort, both of Trifluvia, are about to unite the streams of their affections. May they flow on with harmony and produce a multiplication of young kennels.

Madame Le Marc, of Essefex street, says that as all her old admirers have neglected her of late, she intends to retain her present ones, by every means in her power. These are Johnny McDunce, esquire, and Lieut. Turastile, late of the five score and four; both of them, the lady says, are valuable admirers, because the first is daily employed in illustrating the saying that, "fools and their money are soon parted;" and the latter, altho' not now quite so rich as Croesus, will one day be a wealthy man; that is, if he outlives his uncle, general Rub-a-dub Tumbrel; for then, says the wily fair, will he be able to repay fourfold the favours she now grants: in the

mean time, she is laying snares to entrap Nincompoop Harpagon, M. D., A. S. S. &c. as she thinks it requisite to be in the good graces of a doctor, as a few favours are generally taken as ready payment in discharge of doctor's bills.

A doctor of this place, a namesake of whose was at the battle of the Nile, has been in the habit of visiting and carrying on an intrigue with the wife of a bourgeois in the St. Lawrence Suburbs, who, by his name, ought to have been a high dignitary in the Roman church, and to wear a scarlet hat, instead of a *bonnet rouge*. Some days ago, the doctor was considerably surprised by the arrival of the husband, before the usual hour; he was, in consequence, packed up in the garret of the house, where he remained till monsieur got asleep: the dread of a discovery, by going down thro' the house, made the doctor resolve to make his exit by a window, and drop on the gallery, but, unfortunately, some hooks, upon which the *bon homme* was in the habit of hanging buffaloe robes, and Indian dressed leather, being in the way, caught the doctor by the middle, and kept him suspended, without any prospect of getting off till the morning. However, after hanging for better than an hour and a half another of madame's beaux made his appearance; this gentleman, married to a relation of madame's, is one of the *serviteurs des autels de Venus*; and his astonishment, and even fear, at the sight of the pendent doctor, can be better imagined than described. The *pendu* requested his assistance to release him from his unpleasant situation; but it was some time before the affrighted cavalier could make up his mind to approach near enough; which however, he at length, summoned resolution to do, and, with difficulty, and with the help of his back to serve the purpose of a footstool, got the poor doctor off, when both the disappointed lovers marched away, arm in arm, to sympathise in each other's want of good luck.

The widow Swaddle is just recovering from a severe illness, brought on by tight lacing, and emetics, in order to reduce her retundity, as her size greatly alarmed old Robespierre. She has now great hopes, from the demi-

fusion of her obesity that, even should the old gentleman withdraw, she may be able to get a younger man, (*pas tout a fait si ruiné qu' étoit son premier,*) who may give her the exquisite felicity of dandling a young one on her lap.

King Joseph, the Dominie, and the young African, need not pass and repass, and peep in at the windows of widow Swaddle's, to wink at the Misses St. Dizzy, as she swears she will not allow them any beaux, till she is herself provided with a husband.

FRIEND DICK, in an old letter dated from Campbelltown, announces the arrival there from Mount Royal, (in two heats,) of a hired carriage and steed, with the blushing Mr. Scald, and a funny-eyed young lady, all in a great fermentation, owing to an unforeseen occurrence which

_____ created a mix'd sensation,
A kind of shocking, pleasing, queer, frustration,

scarcely perceptible. From the confused account given by Mr. Scald, we collect that, by a sudden motion of the vehicle he caught an agreeable glimpse of the New Brunswick navel-depot, with a bird's eye view of the picturesque scenery adjoining the beautiful romantic mountain, on which the depot is situated, and of the rugged valley that gradually descends to the mouth of the red river. A burning desire was consequently awakened in Mr. Scald to explore the whole of those regions, which, it is said, he subsequently, with the opportune aid of the *sovereign of Persia*, accomplished.

The return of the season for gigs and caleches, is highly gratifying to the lady in St. Gridiron-street, who has been celebrated for her passion for rubbing down her mare; as she is remarkably fond of tea-parties to the Sault.

Mrs. Knight-riding, who has been constantly railing against the blue-book, on account of her daughter being mentioned in it a few weeks ago, will no doubt be obliged to have recourse to an extra cheering cup, to drown the further vexation she is doomed to feel; for:

It is said that jealousy, that green-eyed monster, has taken possession of Mr. Donaldson, of Merchandize

& Co's, since he has seen in the blue book, that he has
 so dangerous a rival as Mr. Cards-are-all for the hand of
 the fair Miss Knight-riding. Mr. D.'s courtship has been
 but short, and rather behind the scenes, having been
 principally carried on by letter; but he is now deter-
 mined to avow his attachment to the lady's parents, and,
 should he be so fortunate as to be approved of, will carry
 all before him, and Mr. Cards-are-all may sleep in a
 whole skin. Should, however, the reverse be the case,
 sooner than longer bear the stings of rival jealousy, he
 is resolved to call Mr. C. out, and deprive the fair one
 of him, or perish in the attempt.

Young gentlemen are cautioned against writing or
 sending, or procuring to be wrote or sent, any letters,
 amatory or otherwise, to Miss Dale, for as soon as she
 receives one, (which report says was the case the other
 day with a letter, couched in very loving terms,) she
 hands it over, with great *sang froid*, to her secretary,
 who, intent upon his own interest, they may be assured,
 will burn it. N. B. The letter in question proved to be
 a forgery.*

*Mademoiselle Zoz, qu'on dit être belle comme une TULIPE,
 et madame sa mere, parlent de ceux qui sont dans le Scrib-
 leur, mais ne pensent pas d'y être eux-mêmes. On dit que
 la belle enrage d'avoir un petit cavalier, le fau de la vallée
 du fauxbourg; et court apres, mais ne peut l'attrapper.*

Should Dr. Dale again receive a note addressed to his sis-
 ter from a young cavalier, inclosing a ticket for the theatre,
 he is recommended not to stray again so far from the path of
 propriety, as to break the seal, rob the note of its contents,
 and tell the people, "He have paid a dollar pour aller au
 theatre, dat perhap he will not go, and he would not have
 objection to sell de tickette;" in which, however, not being
 able to succeed, he went himself "to see de pretty garl."
 What will the admirable little brunette and coquette of Va-
 drele, before whose shrine he bows, say to this.

WANTED TO HIRE, for a few months, a tall, slim, well made,
 Canadian to take charge of a mill and oversee the grinding. It

* A mischievous and puerile practice that deserves to be
 scouted in the severest terms. L. L. M.

It is necessary for the applicant to have attended the Montreal General Hospital, to become acquainted with the machinery in said mill, the manner of working it, and the setting of it to rights, when out of order. A young disciple of Esculapius from Herberts town, who is now in Mount Royal, it is believed, has recommendatious of a superior kind, and is every way fitted for the place. He is particularly requested to engage himself for this situation, and to enter into office as soon as possible. His income will be sure, and regularly paid by
DELIA THE MILLER'S MAID.

For the Domestic Intelligence.

A complaint of an orphan, with many cries and bitter tears
 Has lately stood before my eyes, and loudly sounded in
 my ears.

This orphan lad agreed with one Burnt-bread, who thus
 I will give you four dollars per month for pay.
 Seven months having pass'd away,

THIS young man began to say,

Mr. Burnt-bread, I want my money to-day;

When thus Burnt-bread did say;

You may go to the devil, and look for your pay.

So he sent his man away,

And never gave him a farthing of his pay.

I heard this orphan tell,

He had no friend, nor where to dwell,

With many sighs, and bitter cries,

While floods of tears ran from this orphan's eyes.

Burnt-bread he is a man of low degree,

As all may see:

He keeps a shop and store,

With a few old blankets, and nothing more;

He cheats the poor, and turns them from his door,

And, what is worse, he calls his wife a whore.

Our selections from other papers, (among which are extracts from the SHAMBLEA REPERTORY, CHINA-BAY FLYING POST, BULL-FROG ISLAND CALENDAR, ST. EUSTACE'S NEWS-LETTER, &c, are deferred till our next, for want of room; BATTLE OF THE TEA-THINGS, CORONAT OPUS, and several others, the same.

Printed and published by **DICKY GOSSIP,**

At the sign of the Tea-Table.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN or PROVINCIAL NEWS
LETTER, A WEEKLY PAPER.

The Editor of the Herald at the expiry of his present Engagement, in May, Proposes to Publish a WEEKLY PAPER with the above Title; conducted upon the same Principles as he endeavoured to support during the period, he has been entrusted with the former Journal.

It will be Published on Saturday before the departure of the Mail, and the Editor will avail himself of the Morning Papers in Montreal. It will contain a Summary of the Foreign and Provincial Intelligence of the Week; notices or abstracts of the useful and interesting Communications which may appear in the several Journals of British America; Miscellaneous Extracts; and such Communications as may be sent by those favorable to the Publication and the Principles, which it will invariably maintain.

A Preparatory Number will be distributed prior to its Commencement, which will more distinctly shew its Plan, Terms, &c.

Montreal 14th April, 1824.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On further consideration, FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM is deemed inadmissible. HOOTER could not be got in this time. TOM TIPSTAFF, BILLY BUTTER-SHOE, MONITOR, and TOM TICKLE-TAIL, will be availed of, more or less. UDOLFO is warmly thanked for the sympathetic expression of his feelings on the subject in question: it is intended to take an opportunity of publishing his letter, or part of it, to which probably he will have no objection. The requests made for remarks on the rival PRIZE-ADDRESSES that have appeared in the papers, shall be attended to; and the PARODY on the one that was spoken at the theatre, will be inserted. The appeal made by IOTA is under consideration: the piece itself is too long, but the writer ought not to wonder at the rejection of it by the Herald, when he reflects that nothing that can be construed to be personal allusion, can ever, and perhaps properly, find a place in that paper. SCRUTATOR, is also under consideration. GUILT can not be published for want of a key. The abuses MORDECAI complains of are, undoubtedly, shameful and disgraceful to Montreal; but the editor is well convinced that stigmatising them would inevitably render them more intolerable: if Mordecai, and the others interested will run that risk, the matter shall be taken up. PETER SCREW & Co. suppressed. LEANDER's verses to Hero are incorrect.

Some notices of offences against the respect due to the Scribbler, & all connected with it, have been reluctantly omitted; which is also the case with remarks made on the audience-part of the theatre, as well as on some of the performers, by an occasional visitor.

I must again postpone my remarks on the trials connected with the Charrivarri. I shall be much obliged if any gentleman, who may have taken minutes or have a recollection, of the judges, charge to the jury, which are much wanted, will have the goodness to transmit the particulars, that I may be more *au fait* when, as will shortly be the case, I take up the matter again.

L. L. M.

Black List not made out yet, for want of time.

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 identified 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 unbounded 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 untamed, 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 MACCULLOH.

Rouse's Point, 15th April, 1824.

Samuel H. Wilcocke,
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CHAMPLAIN, STATE OF NEW YORK.

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