

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Sed difficultas est, an quando vir senex est adeo exhaustus, ut omnino impotens sit ad copulam habendam, nec judice medicorum juvari arte possit, sit incapax matrimonium incundi?
SANCHEZ—*de sancto matrim. sacram.*

But the difficulty to be decided is, whether an exhausted old man, and one in every respect impotent to perform—and whom in the opinion of physicians, art can not help in that respect, be able legally to contract matrimony.

Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus.—PERSIUS.

How various are mankind! in acts and thoughts as various!

Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?—MARTIAN.

Gold and severe, Cato's no judge of plays.

Mr. McCOLLON,

There is at present a rumour in circulation that has excited no ordinary degree of interest in the minds of the good people of Shamblea, who, you know yourself, are a race of mortals wonderfully fond of novelty, ever curious to learn the minutest domestic and private occurrences, and never failing to oblige the public with whatever news they may have heard, especially if the news be seasoned with a little scandal. Nothing has, this long time, so much employed the tongues and ears of this idly busy generation of talkative and inquisitive beings, than that, the superannuated, bedridden, lady of General Fleabite, having quitted this "visible diurnal sphere," and passed that "bourne, whence no traveller returns," the gallant general, aware that the torch of Venus burns not for the dead, has wisely concluded, with Solomon,

that there is a time for every purpose under heaven—a time to mourn, and a time to rejoice—and, consequently, a time to bury old wives, and a time to marry new ones. Conformably to this doctrine, we hear that, as soon as the mortal remains of his late dearly beloved partner were consigned to her mother-earth, the never-to-be-daunted general determined upon taking in her room another bedfellow, one much younger than himself—a female full of ardour, life, and spirits, and formed in all respects to rouse to action the most dormant faculties, to administer a kindly genial warmth to the most frigid bosom, and nerve for the wars of Venus, even impotence itself, in the shape of a worn-out military rake.

“A tatter’d, batter’d, shatter’d beau,
With claps and scars grown cold as snow.”

In order to temper sorrow with delight, it is believed, “the funeral baked meats will coldly furnish forth the marriage table;” and that this son of Mars has already paid his devoirs to a certain nymph whom he intends to lead to the nuptial bower, “all blushing like the morn.” If report speaks true, we are to understand that, on a very fine day, in summer last, while the general was taking his pleasure, in his barge, on the River Richelieu, he was smitten by the charms of a lovely dancer whom he saw, on the banks of the river,

“in beauty’s naked majesty;”

like a Naiad newly emerged from the bosom of the flood. But a wonderful circumstance connected with this extraordinary incident, is the manner in which he was seized with his amorous fit. Cupid, the little, mischievous, blind, bastard, it seems, did not, on this occasion, wound him in the heart, either with his lead, or gold, pointed arrow, but smote him, (O! must I name it!) smote him on the seat of honour, with a roasted potatoe, red hot, as a cannon ball from the furnace snatched, at the moment, from the hands of an Irish emi-

grant, who had lately come to the country and was then in the act of eating the last of his car-stone. So powerful, however, was the blow that the love-stricken hero felt himself attacked, hip and thigh, with sudden cramps, and was, in consequence, obliged to retire to his head quarters, supported between his valet, and an officer, his aide-de-camp. Ever since that eventful day, the aged warrior has become a lingering victim to his malady—a sad, sad, spectacle of the mighty power of love, with which he is now, to speak in the style of an Irishman, bothered, from the very crown of the head to, God save the mark! the very root of the tail.

“ Ah! why does love to noblest bosoms bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing?”

In his present hapless and forlorn state, well may he exclaim, if he can, (but it would be too pedantic in a general to speak Latin,)

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!

Latin! pox rot it! why should a son of Mars degrade himself by a knowledge of that language. What he! who is so far above your Nomers, your Novids, your Blutarchs and stuff, and, who is well enough qualified for his military station, if he can only say, Bo, to a goose! Yet, leaving jesting out of the question, the case of the man would have been I conjecture, almost desperate—*Ah miser! quanta in Charibdi laborat!* What power, moral, physical, or metaphysical, could relieve the miserable patient? Not all the learned doctors, medical, ethical, or divine, that were ever fostered in the scientific lap of bountiful Edina—not all the wizards, or witches, that ever rode on rag-weed palfreys over the desert rocks and barren hills of Caledonia, could have afforded him the least relief. Atropos alone, when she cut, with her fatal shears, the mortal thread of his old wife could pave the way for his recovery: and it is his Dal-

since alone that can alleviate the anguish of her pining w^ove—can kill or cure him—can elevate him to the zenith of earthly happiness, or sink him to the nadir of sublunary woe.

Yet strange to tell, it is a point as yet disputed, who the lady is who has resuscitated the dying spark of love in the breast of the hardy veteran, and is now dragging him, fast bound in Cupid's chains, at the wheels of her triumphant car; some asserting it to be the amiable miss Vale, of the town on the Basin, and others, the beautiful miss Shy-look of Shamplea. Whoever the happy female is, she may justly boast of having captivated the ablest captain and bravest soldier of the age—the redoubted General Fleabite—a name already consecrated to immortality, as it may be seen recorded, in historic durability, in the imperishable pages of the Scribbler. It is thought, nevertheless, that the fair conqueror will not make too cruel a use of her victory, and that the prospect of a jointure will have the desired effect of making a due impression on her tender heart, in favour of her warlike lover.

Should the general, in the mean time, be so fortunate as to obtain the consent of his mistress to an union, and their marriage take place so soon as, it is presumed, it will, after the departure of his good old wife to the world of spirits, there are many who, doubtless, will charge him with want of respect for her memory, as well as want of gratitude towards her. Unquestionably, if refraining from a second marriage could be of any service to the partners of our lives mouldering in the tomb, who deserved well of us in life, it would be blame worthy to engage in wedlock afresh, without evincing a decent regard for them by prolonging the period of widowhood to such a length of time as custom, sanctioned by reason, would require; and if ever a case of the kind demanded such a tribute of grateful remembrance, it must be owned it is in the instance of the general, who, pri-

er to his marriage with his late wife, when lying in prison for debt, without any friend or resource, was ransomed by the benevolent and affectionate woman, who afterwards joined her fortune to his. Since, however, the dead can not receive benefit from the most obstinate determination to continue in a state of widowhood, on the part of the surviving spouse, it would be romantic and visionary, in the highest degree, for the living to deny themselves an innocent and lawful indulgence, in the way of hymeneal pleasure, through a mistaken idea of gratitude and reverence to be paid to inert and senseless clay. (1) A censorious world may find a pretext for blame, but who that is divested of prejudice and an illiberal spirit of cavilling, will not allow that it is too hard for a brave old buck to pine the livelong night, without a gentle doe to bear him company? And who stands in more need of a loving bedfellow to keep him warm, in this country, where the winters are so remarkably inclement, than a man who has lost his wife. There is another thing to be considered, which ought to have its weight in deciding upon a point of such delicacy and importance. The fact is, the general, being aware that, were he to die without issue, the name and race of the mighty Fleabites would be inevitably extinct in him; he, therefore, as the sole representative of

(1) Notwithstanding the grave irony with which this subject is treated by my correspondent, the case of second marriages, will not admit of any argument of either force, or reason, against them. It certainly was, amongst the ancient fathers of the church a subject of much needless controversy, chiefly, however, on grounds of conscientious scruples. In latter times, however, few will venture to declare themselves monogamists, according to the principles of parson Adams in Fielding's Joseph Andrews. St. Jerome was one and endeavoured in his *Epist. ad Ageruchiam*, (a widow belonging to his flock,) *de Monogamia*, to enforce his arguments by reference to an occurrence of notoriety that had taken place in his time, at Rome. *Rem dicturus sum incredibilem, sed nullorum testimonio approbati.* "I have been inform-

an ancient and noble family, considers it as incumbent on himself to procure a youthful connubial partner, who may make him the real, or *reputed* father of an offspring worthy of their great progenitor. Viewed in this light, his purposed conduct does not appear, by any means, chargeable with ingratitude to the memory of her who liberated him from the horrors of confinement. Nor ought it to be ascribed to the "*turpe senilis amor*," or a libidinous doatage that would prompt him to an attempt, for which he is incapacitated from age and other enfeebling causes. On the contrary, he is perfectly justifiable were it for no other reason, than from a consideration of that propensity, common to all creatures, by which they are inclined to procreation, and that desire which the human kind especially have, of renewing themselves, as it were, in the persons of their children. Besides it is most likely that his motives are not altogether circumscribed by selfish views; for, when we reflect upon his paternal and patriotic character, who would not be led to infer that he is actuated by the laudable ambition of leaving be-

of a most incredible circumstance, but one which is proved by the testimony of many." He then proceeds to state that not many years before, during the time that Damasus was bishop of Rome, two persons of the lowest rank in society were found, who, one, being a widower, had buried twenty wives, and the other a widow, who had had twenty-two husbands, and these two agreed to unite themselves together again in wedlock. Contrary to all expectation, St. Jerome proceeds, in language that would be considered very indecent, were it not that of a father of the church, and wrapped in Latin, to relate that notwithstanding the woman had been able to sustain the violent attacks of so many men, and to subdue them, she was herself, in this instance, subdued: that the eyes of all were upon them, and when the husband proved the survivor, the whole city poured out its inhabitants, to attend the funeral ceremony, and crowning the victorious man with palm, conducted him in triumph along with the coffin of the deceased, with many acclamations, to her grave.

L. L. M.]

bind him a breed of heroes, not only to support the dignity of his house, but to promote the welfare and the glory of his country. Now, should he put his design of again becoming a husband into execution, for the above mentioned purpose, it will require him to use every exertion possible to re-establish his fallen powers of virility, by a proper application of those farinaceous and vinous stimulants which have, from all antiquity, been considered as the *sine qua non* for such purposes: for

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.

All-sustaining bread, and the joy-inspiring beverage of good old Port, or generous Champaign, are powerful and indispensable auxiliaries; and unless he follows the friendly advice, thus offered to him, the lady will stand a very hopeless chance to *succeed* with the general, in the generative process.*

So sanguine, however, is the general, withal, in his expectations of becoming the father of many children, that, "believing in hope, even against hope," he may account any advice of mine on the subject, impertinent and unreasonable, and, if every thing related of him be true, we are informed that he has frequently in his mouth an observation that he conceives is exactly suited to his purpose as it is calculated to beget an

* Ovid's advice, (and who shall gainsay that great master in the art of love?) is, however, tempered with due caution, as to the indulgence of the flowing bowl:

*Vini parant animum Veneri, nisi plurima sumas
 Ut stupeant multo corua sepulta mero.
 Nutritur vento, vento rest. inguitur ignis.
 Lenis aut flammam, grandior au. a necat.
 Aut nulla ebrietas, au tanta sit, ut tibi curas
 Eripiat; si qua est inter, utramque nocet.*

L. L. M.

heroic confidence in his own abilities. The observation is, that, as long as a man is able to carry on his back a pound of wool, so long will he be capable of performing

“That deed of deeds, so sought by all,
Who sit or stand, or rise or fall;”

and, consequently of begetting sons and daughters, in the very image of their father.

Thus anticipating, in idea, a long line of illustrious descendants, he is reported to have designed the following devices for his escutcheon, which he means to get confirmed and registered, by the Herald's office in London: viz. The thistle of his country, verd, in a field, argent; a little heart gules, contracted to the size of a chicken's foot; a hand, azure, grasping a bloodless and blunted sword, argent; and the back and shoulders of a warrior, party per pale, interspersed with spots, gules, the undoubted marks of fleabites. The motto is to be, *Nemo me impune lacessit*; thus translated, “touch not a Scotchman for fear of being—flea bitten or perhaps bitch-ridden.” (1)

HARRY VIZOR.

(1) It is considered by the Scotch, when quarrelling with, or scolding, each other, as the highest reproach to say to their antagonist “dem your saul, ye bitch!”

L. L. M.

Claremontown, 11 Dec. 1824.

MR. EDITOR,

Your correspondents often regale your readers with feasts curious in their kinds, but they are generally composed of few dishes. From the materials in my disposal, however, I presume, in all due humility, to be able to serve

more sumptuous banquet before your scandal—(not scandalous,) *gourmands*, than any thing they have yet had presented before them. No French cook, in the most complicated ragout, could produce such a medley of savoury materials as those I shall put together in the composition that follows. Permit me, however, as a zest, to assert that I have not, in one instance, had recourse to artificial means, to make up a dish—they are all natural!—A banquet of this kind requires in my humble opinion, a prelude; and a better one I could not make than is to be found in Steele's translation of a couplet of "that naughty man," JUVENAL, in his satires,

"Whate'er men do, or think, or say, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme."

But now, for the treat;—

JACK BOXER is at the head of this goodly place, not only by his temporal fortune, but by his spiritual calling, and moreover by his great capacity for devising and executing every species of mischief. He is advised to teach his good lady to distinguish between the top and the bottom of her prayer-book; otherwise, if she is often discovered holding it upside down, she might publicly disclose what is shrewdly suspected, namely, (as the author of *Waverly* says,) her ignorance of A, B, C, affairs.

BOB and JOAN live like, an independent gentleman and a staunch friend; when engaged over a sociable glass of grog, little cares he how the world goes, so it ill treats not him.

The old DOG swears it is, "tamn dismal actions to put de peepels in de Skripler;"—this gentleman is more respectable from his excellent character and sound sense, than for the depth of his erudition or the magnitude of his purse.

Mr. BILL BIRCHEM is industriously occupied in forcing through the posteriors of his scholars into their noddles, that learning which his assiduity is otherwise incapable of, for, whatever may be the master's own ability, he can not make a bright pupil of a dunce.

ALL-IN, alias the CROOKED AWL, and his woman KAIT, are often at a party of fistycuffs, at which Kait is mostly victorious,—being a great termagant, and of as huge dimensions as her man is of diminutive stature. When Kait is in her cups, (for he is troubled with an insatiable thirst,) she most forcibly endeavours to make her better half a "gentleman"—but all will not do—the stoop, the crook, and the Israelitish phiz are insurmountable obstacles to her "vartus endavars," and her helpmate is doomed to remain as he is.

JACKY SWELL's doll-house is in prime order. It is rumoured that he has lately procured a huge *male* doll, which completes his exhibition.

The CATS and KITTENS are constantly clapperclawing each other, disputing who shall have the greatest share of mammy's property. The Canadians have a saying that *la farine du diable retourne en son*. It is thought this proverb will be realized in the gripings of old James and Margaret's, (not of other people's bowels, as one might expect, but of their) purses. Mrs. Kitten's visits, especially when in her caterwawling moods, to a certain part of the town, are thought to have something more in them than pure devotion.

Mrs. widow WAGGONER stands and scolds from mere habit: just as the mill-clapper can not be silent. JACK FLAXSEED is quite put out, for, (by gosh, it is too damn bad, not to have a wife to bless one's life." As for ESCULAPIUS, as long as people get sick, take his medicines, and recover, he is pleased, whether they pay him or not. In truth, it is an amiable disposition to be gratified with the idea of having

done good, without much caring for the profit.

A pair of MERRY ANDREWS have lately set up, exhibiting mountebank tricks here, not entirely relished, by the bye, by those upon whom they are played. The elder is an adept at slight-of-hand tricks, as Bob and Joan's fine melons can testify. His address in procuring credit is equalled only by his effrontery in never paying his debts. The younger, some three or four months past jumped over a broomstick, with a little Venus, and mended all matters by repairing to Lake Shame-plain, where, by a few mystic words, pronounced by a necromancer, in the shape of a just-ass of the peace, they were made one.

JOHNNY CRABSEYES has lately been presented with a fine brace of *brulots* from the upper regions. Their arrival it is feared, may spoil Johnny's intended matrimonial voyage with the widow *Olive* of Bark-key. John is as honest, open hearted and generous as a Jack tar, & as such is generally esteemed; whilst his brother Harry is rather suspected of being over-close, cautious, and cunning; and Reynard-like, never forgetting number one.

DR. VON is too much occupied in deep researches to mind the practical part of his profession. He is sedulously employed in writing a treatise on mania, which, from the doctor's abilities and application, and perhaps its being a subject on which he has a fellow-feeling, it is thought will fill a chasm in this hitherto dark part of medical science.

MR. GROC-EM, the deputy of the deputy (your old friend lord Northland,) swears most furiously "by Goddamme, I'll be doubly and trebly cursed, by Goddamme, if we'll not all starve, for what's a turkey, a fitch of bacon, three heads of cabbages, and a peck of potatoes, with half a gallon of damned stiff grog to sprinkle it all with—by Goddamme, it is all not enough to fill a child's hollow tooth, and nothing else can be got, damme, at the damned cursed market—better

die and go to hell at once than to live in this damnation purgatory."

MRS. REDNURSE, the widow, says, "curse that blasted blue book, and the wretches that read, or write to, the Scribbler. Curse the rascals! they will, I expect, have us all three—my Nan, Carry-all-in, and myself—in that lying, fabricating book. But let us give the devil his due. They sometimes put pretty good things, and true things too, in it—particularly when they got the cloven foot of the parson in—a wolf in sheep's cloathing! I know all about him, and he richly deserves it; he and his drunken bastard. But, blast them, if they get me or my girls in! But we'll do nothing for people to talk about, and so keep out of their clutches.

The widow VESTIBULE is crabbed and cross, but how can widows be always pleased? it is unreasonable to expect it. The Miss BIRCHEMS, REDNURSES, and GROGEMS, are waxing in years, and are drinking deep of the sweets of single blessedness. A dozen handsome fellows of good morals, and a little fortune, would probably soon find helpmates in this good place; and an importation from Mount-Royal or Government-City is recommended.

GEORDIE BRAMBLE is at the *Butter pot*, keeping "high life below stairs." His *lid* will have good things in her pot, come from where they may, and pay the piper who may. PRETTY POLL will, as soon as the new house is finished, have her *ham packed*, and thus, fortunately for her, will be *engineered* out of the hands and arms of Jack Boxer's son of—somebody. ALFRED THE LITTLE, also of the *Butter pot*, grieves most sorely because the system of agriculture which he carries on in doors, produces "brats as thick as locusts to devour up his out door harvests—to plough and harrow is of no use 'says he,' for they eat up all."

But "Enough is as good as a feast," and after this Mister Squire Macculloh, I presume as how you will have a kind

of an idea, that my culinary powers are not to be sneezed at. If so, serve the above up to your customers, *secundum artem*, and you shall soon have another sample of my *savoir faire*.

— CASPER GULPEPPER Esquire.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

“BOBBY IS MARRIED.”

To the devil with sighing, at least for this week,
Be mirth on our features refulgently carried,
A wine blossom rise on each warm glowing cheek,
For the hour, happy hour, in which BOBBY was married.

The bull-frog is hushed in his watery den,
The toad far sequestered in coppices varied,
The porcupine ceases to shoot forth his pen,
With enjoyment to hear that their Bobby is married.

The lights are awakened in ‘*Brambleton Hall*,’
Little *Manly* and *Grimshaw* to *Clark*’s arms are carried,
Legary and *Scott* and *McCracken* are all
Flown over the river where Bobby is married.

The *Lauzon** is full, and the waves as they rise,
Seem lingering to stay, though by rushing wheels parried,
Presuming to gaze on *Miss Fish*’s bright eyes,
To see if they’re changed since to Bobby she’s married.

Now *Nixon* and *Brent* with their beautiful wives,
And *Ieshi* and *Kidd* with expectancy flurried—
Behold with amazement the pace that he drives,
With his hopping enchantress, for Bobby is married.

* Steamboat between Quebec and Point Levy

But why is poor *Bradford* remote from the throng,
 Are there no cakes and jellies, midst smoking segar-ried?
 Between them there's something, for surr' must be wrong,
 Or *Bradford* should be where his *Bobby* is married.

Alas my poor muse, what unfortunate fray,
 Has happened 'twixt *Fish* and the new son he's quarried?
 What! *Bobby* 'tis said with *Miss Fish* ran away.
 And that was the means by which *Bobby* was married.

But how did she run? oh, that's no one's affair,
 Perhaps in her loving swain's arms she was carried,
 However, 'tis known, that the thing was done there,
 Which ensured the fond object of *Bobby* now married.

Wo'n't *Fish* then acknowledge his grog blossom'd son,
 Because he'd not longer in torment have tarried?—
 Oh yes, all's arranged, and to church they are gone,
 To show to the world that *Bobby* is married.

But who (you may ask) has perform'd the blest rite,
 Which has bound this fair couple in fetters unvaried?
 Oh who could you think would with so much delight, —
 'Twas *Doctor Harkforward* our *Bobby* that married.

Oh fy! what a thought to insinuate here,
 That our swain is deceived, and his plans have miscarried,
 That the treasures he dream'd of no longer appear,
 And that penniless, portionless, *Bobby* is married.

That *Fish* only acted a piece of finesse,
 By withholding consent from the plot he wish'd carried,
 Oh thunder and blood, is it all come to this?
 And such is the fortune of *Bobby* now married.

Well, well, man, cheer up there is brighter in store,
 Than the days you have passed, though you've now badly
 Perhaps she may die, and the same scene once more, [quarried
 Be to play with more luck when poor *Bobby* is married.

Success to true love, and let honey-moon's charms
 Remain with this young giddy couple unvaried,
 May *Fish* still with rapture engrasp in her arms,
 The fresh, rosy, sensitive *Bobby* that's married.

Let mirth and good humour continue to dwell,
 In the home they had chosen while better hopes tarried,
 And never may cease rising pleasures to swell
 In the consort bewitching that Bobby has married.

DEVILSKIN.

Quebec November, 23, 1824.

Dear Mr. SCRIBBLER, *Mount Royal, 27th Dec. 1824.*

I beg leave, through the medium of your blue book, to ask a gentleman of this city a few questions respecting his frequent visits to a certain house in St. Lawrence Suburbs, particularly when the man of the house is from home. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Batty Carp, who, I am of opinion is better qualified for sorting the sound pitchers from the unsound, in a crockery-store in St. Paul Street, than for performing on the piano, which appears to be the ostensible object of his aforesaid visits. When the good man's absence gives an opportunity, (which does not unfrequently happen, as he also often goes abroad to get a sly bit of mutton,) Mr. Carp and the mistress entertain each other with vocal and instrumental music: i. e. she performs a few selected airs on the piano, which he accompanies with his voice; and then, in his turn, he betakes himself to the piano, and she accompanies. Such harmony of sweet sounds, is delightful to the hearers, and most exquisitely so to the performers. The delicacy of voice, and the air, taste, and judgement, evinced in the music stand unrivalled in this fair city. During the pauses, a symphony is performed with a glass of double proof gin, from a side-board, elegantly and profusely furnished for the occasion, which greatly adds to the mellifluous tones of the voice, and is a sufficient prelude for raising the *aff. tuoso* and *con spirito* movements for—singing, of course, as that seems to be what must be supposed to be the practice, all the night. Be that as it may, the gentleman has such an opinion of his abilities, in his line, that he thinks he can handle

cracked pitcher, without the least danger of breaking, or of making the crack wider. This opinion of his did not, however, always turn out to his advantage, for there is a gentleman who is now in New-York, that gave him a very hard trial in court, for making too free with his pitcher, and nearly splitting it in two. Moreover, my dear Mr Scrib, I would just hint at the fable of the earthen pan and the iron pot, and advise my friend Carp to be careful how he risks his crockery with hardware, for fear of getting all the delf in his store smashed.

TOMMY TEAPOT.

Mount Royal 8th Dec. 1824.

L. L. Macculloh, Esq.

I beg leave to lay before your impartial tribunal the outlines of a curious but extraordinary transaction which, in my humble opinion, should not pass unnoticed, for now by holding the matter up to public censure alone, by bringing it under your attention, can ample justice be done; so that the only hopes of redress rest in you and your valuable blue book. The fact of the matter is, that a young gentleman of this place, whom I will call Haman the younger, repaired one Sunday evening, to the house of a tavern-keeper with whom I am intimately acquainted, with two companions, whom I do not know. This trio, feeling the keen demands of appetite, expressed a desire of having something to eat. The poor tavern-keeper, not being overstocked with ready cooked provisions at the moment, begged to be excused; but the eager demands of his guests at length induced him to set before them, the body of a goose, deprived of nothing but her wings and a few pounds of cold ham, which had been intended for family consumption. This, however, with a few

takes he laid before these proficient in the art of eating, who excarnated the poor goose in an instant of all she possess'd, then called for a decanter of wine, which was also procured. Their appearance being such as to command respect; and the ice being broken, little further hesitation was manifested, when their carnivorous appetites not being satisfied, a fresh supply of eatables was handed in, with a fresh decanter. Being now pretty well regaled, they thought proper to retire, but behold you! the word was, "I will call in the afternoon and pay you—how much is it?" "Just nine shillings." Well a week passed on, and in the course of the next Sunday, Haman junior called again, had another decanter of wine, and, on retiring, his excuse was, that he would call and pay the whole the next day. After the elapse of a few days he did indeed call in company with another, but in an intoxicated state, and in lieu of paying his former score, requested the tavern keeper to lend him half a dollar. Then the tavern keeper replied, it was not in his power; any thing else in the house was at his service, but lending money in these hard times, was out of the question. His words then were, "don't you know me—don't you know who I am? don't you know I am a son of Mr. Haman? My sister keeps that extensive milliner's shop in St. Paul-street, near the New Market—you ought to know me." The tavern-keeper said he never had the pleasure of knowing him before, but I know your father and sisters, they are indeed respectable people, &c. "How much is my bill?" "Nineteen shillings." Young Haman then, after some expressions that seemed almost as if arising from mental derangement; such as he would drown himself, &c. said if you will keep my watch you may have it, until I pay you. The tavern-keeper, not willing to take his watch in pledge for the debt, refused, but being advised by a spectator and Mr. H's. companion, on account of the mental and disorderly state in which he appeared, to take the watch and keep it safe until called for; he did so. After a few days, the old Haman

called and demanded how much was on his son's watch; the tavern-keeper replied that his son's watch was not in pledge, but was left with him voluntarily by his son until he should return for it. "How much is he due you?" "Nineteen shillings," which he paid, took the watch and departed. What then ensued? the first thing the tavern-keeper saw, was a summons to appear in court the Tuesday following; which he did, and found himself prosecuted for selling liquors on Sunday!!! And though the trial was postponed for a few weeks, it was brought on one morning at nine o'clock when the defendant was absent. And he was of course fined in five pounds, for selling liquors on Sunday as my fine young gentleman swore that this bill was chiefly for drink, and nothing else.

After this, in the course of a few weeks, he had the impudence to come to the shop of the tavernkeeper, attempting to excuse himself with a grin, and exhibiting a few large tusks which project right out of his upper jaw, said, "I hope you don't blame me. It was not my fault, &c. &c. Whereupon a by-stander, enquiring what was the cause of the apology, on hearing the particulars, and being a friend to the tavern-keeper, instantly surprised my young gentleman, with a few hearty kicks on the posteriors; and he soon found himself committed to the street, buried in mud; where, in great vehemence of spirit, did he, rising on his bottom like a sow in the mire, vociferate most loudly and exhale against the poor tavern-keeper innumerable oaths and menaces that he would not only fine him but break his license &c. This is the whole truth of this matter; and unless you take it under your consideration and put a stop to the same, this same young gentleman may indulge himself in similar practices, on some other sober undesigning tavern-keeper; or others may do the like to the annoyance of the public; and by giving this place in your *blue book*, you will not only confer a favour on tavern-keepers in general throughout this city but much oblige

Your

most obedient servant,

LARRY O'GAFF.

Mount Royal, Jan. 6, 1825.

MR. McCULLOH,

The effects produced by many pieces that have issued from your press, have been very advantageous to the good folks of this city; and I think the reading of the following will by no means be useless.

About two or three years ago a lady here had a spark who was very assiduous in his attentions to his fair relation, whom he thought was as deeply wounded by the arrows of the little god of love, as he was himself, but foolishly imagined that delicacy on her part alone, prevented the avowal of her passion. Had there not been an insurmountable barrier to their union, it is thought that the spark would have come forward, with as much confidence as a Spartan hero, and have demanded the hand of his Cleopatra: but, unfortunately, it so happened that the lady was already married to a jealous Englishman. However, much to the mortification of the young spark, in a few months, a strong gale of wind, blowing round the four corners of the house, in which the lady resided, took her affections captive, and wafted them towards a young man, tall of stature, of polished manners, and one whom women call handsome. Mr. Spark, finding things in this state, and seeing that, at that time, he had no means of revenge, waited,

Alternum servans sub pectore vulnus :

when, however, he perceived, the wind did not change so soon as he expected, he went, school-boy like, to a relation of his rival, a young lady of exceeding good morals, and irreproachable conduct. With this young lady our spark kept company,, (as the good old gossips say,) and interchanged letters that were supposed to relate to the "sweet passion of love," until, in the course of events, he had the pleasure of learning the expulsion of Mr. Poetry from the good graces of the darling object of the amorous wishes of both.

Y O'GAFF.

Then, notwithstanding all his professions of affection towards the young lady in question, he forgot his vows, and soon proved that he detested her in his heart.

Lately, it seems, he has been reinstated in the first-mentioned lady's books, and knowing that the other object of his deceitful attentions, might seriously injure him in his present wishes, if she chose to listen to the dictates of revenge, he studied to prevent it. In consequence he resolved to come to an open quarrel with her; and then he knew that her sense of honour would prevent her from saying any thing against him, or if she did, that the other lady's spouse would attribute it wholly to malice, and disappointment. To effect this, our spark, one day, putting on a double share of brass, went to insult the young lady in her own house. What manly conduct! What a noble spirit! What a well-bred gentleman! to seek vengeance on a woman. Well, the lady, after bearing his impudence for some time, was at length obliged to tell him to leave her house, and if he again presumed to come into it, she would be forced to punish him for his audacity. This rebuff but invigorated his courage, and thinking that thus to submit to the dictates of a woman, would be a proof of cowardice, he once more ventured his manly form into the dangerous Charybdis, and met with a hearty welcome from—*the tongs*; which the lady, on finding him entering her forbidden premises, took up in her hurry, (not finding a broomstick handy,) and with which he was so pretty well pounded on the face, that no vestige was left of that beauty of countenance, which had often been his boast. Having thus received her blessing: he was, forthwith, sent down the stairs by a kick from the lady's delicate foot.

Now for the climax. In result he went before a magistrate, *swore out a warrant of assault against the lady*; and the case will come on for trial next term, after which you will be favoured with another report from

Your sincere friend,

VERITAS.

A query has been put to me by a correspondent in the name of several others, whether the audience at public exhibitions, (alluding in particular to amateur performances,) have not a right to hiss, or express their disapprobation, when they see females of real or reputed bad character, introduced on the stage, as actresses; with a confident anticipation that I shall answer, yes.

That anticipation is perfectly ill-founded, for I answer, unhesitatingly, no—not on that ground, or any connected with the private character, or reputation of the performers. It is only the merits and demerits of the pieces represented, or the *theatrical* qualifications of the actors and actresses that are, in any possible shape, justifiable causes for the expression of approbation or disapprobation by the spectators.

I hope my correspondent did not fulfil the intention he expressed of going for the purpose of hissing at those females, whom he calls strumpets, and whom he says the Canadian gentlemen amateurs meant to introduce on the stage, unless they were bad actresses; or if he did, I sincerely trust he got kicked out.

L. L. MACCULLOH,

THE SLIP ;

▲ FARCE ;

ACT III, SCENE I.

Continued from last number.

Str Geo. Woodcock, entering.—Lord, lord! that I dare not tell now of this robbery! for that would be to publish my private folly. Well, old men are justly punished for their dotage when their jades rob them. But I'll forget this vexation for to-night—Odds my life! I'm so pleased Maria has consented—now her fortune will be Gregory's, and her es-

tate adjoining to mine will make it so compact—— Gadd here 's the company.

Enter Maria, Lucy, Gregory, and a number of ladies and gentlemen. Compliments of reception pass in dumb shew.

Maria, (aside to Lucy) They 'll be here presently.

Enter a Servant.

Serv.——There are some strolling play-actors at the door, sir, who, hearing of your worship's merry-making, beg leave to offer their services to entertain the company.

Maria.——O, players! dear uncle, let us have them play a comedy now.

Sir Geo.——Aye that they shall, my girl,—any thing, any thing, now—thou hast so pleased me, my pretty dear—eh! Here, let these vegabonds come in—and give'em plenty of drink in the kitchen, you dog—and send the chief actors to me, d 'ye hear.

Serv.——Yes, sir ——*Exit.*

Greg.——Methinks Sir George, we might dispense with this interlude—it savours too much of——

Maria——Now, cousin Gregory, don't disappoint us—we do long to see this play—don't us, nuncle?

Sir Geo.——Yes, my girl—oh—here—who's this?

Enter Servant, with Jack, Furcher, and Wildbrain, as actors.

Serv.——This gentleman, sir, is the head of the company.

Sir Geo.——Gentleman! hem!——what; captain of the ragged regiment, I suppose—So, sir, you are, I see the leader of this troop.

Jack.——Yes sir—hem!—I bear my blushing honours thick upon me.

Sir Geo.——So you do, damme! dyed in grain—I am glad to see you, and I suppose you are glad to see me.

Jack.——The month of May delights not in her flowers.

More than we joy in that sweet sight of yowers!

Sir Geo.——Well said i' faith, well spouted, you rogue. hey, and what's your name?

Jack.——My name's Squib, sir.

Sir Geo.——Oh, Mr. Squib, your servant, and when do you go off? he, he, he!

Jack.——Oh, I shall go off in proper time, sir.

Sir Geo.——Well, what play will you give us?—hey! something to please the ladies---hey!

Jack.——Why, sir, with your worship's leave, we will give you...the Slip,---we'll give your worship the Slip, an

excellent farce, abundance of joke, so neatly executed—had a great run last season in London, upwards of one hundred nights—pon honour—all fond of the Slip---particularly the ladies, your honour.

Sir Geo.—A puffing varlet!—The Slip---I do n't remember it.

Jack.—Oh sir, 't is quite new--just come out.

Sir Geo.—Well said, master Squib, well and when do you begin. Have you every thing ready—This room is large enough is n't it? else you may take the hall.

Jack.—Oh yes sir; this room will do--and the next will serve us to dress in, but, sir, being in great hurry to present our respects to you, sir, we have left several of our properties at the last inn.

Sir Geo.—What, in pawn, to pay the reckoning, I suppose.

Jack.—Not absolutely, sir; but just, you know, that they might be safe, as there are many rogues hereabouts, we hear, sir.

Sir Geo.—Aye, true enough, rogues enough hereabouts—

Jack.—And, presuming, sir, upon your goodness to favour us with the loan of a few thing, just to get up this little

ay, sir.

Sir Geo.—With all my heart, with all my heart—what do you want?

Jack.—We shall want, sir, to personate a Justice—that's me, sir, that, I am to do the Justice—we want a pair of spectacles, sir.

Sir Geo.—What Justice must look thro' spectacles, must she? Why I've a pair, that I always wear when I am one of the quorum—here they are, but take care of them, the rims are of gold, and I'll let you have one of my wigs, Here, Tom, tell Suckpen to bring down the wig I wore this morning.

Jack.—Thank ye, sir, as the time of day comes in question in one scene, we shall want a watch—I never happened to have a watch that I could keep—they were always apt to go too fast.

Sir Geo.—Pooh! put a turnep or a potatoe in your fob

Jack.—Truly, sir, such a shift sometimes serves, (*pulls out a potatoe with a watchstring,*) as you see, sir--but, in this scene, it must be a repeater.

Sir Geo.—Well you may have mine for half an hour--- there-- but take especial care of it--let none be fiddling with it.

Jack.—Oh, sir, you shall never see that.

Sir Geo.—Any thing else ; do you want any thing else ?

Jack.—No sir, thank ye--oh--I had forgot---It happens unfortunately, that one of our company, sir--a lady, who was to have taken a part in this play, sir---It happens unfortunately that she went off yesterday with a recruiting sergeant, sir, and we have none to fill her part, unless, as its a very short part, one of these ladies—(turning to *Maria*, *aside to her*,) The horses are ready 't is but a short ride to the parsonage-house, where all 's ready.

Maria.—Lord, how I should like it ! If the player-man would but teach me, nuncle, I am sure I could play the slip.

Sir Geo.—I dare say you could : most of your sex soon learn that. But I don't care ; do as you like ; to-day 's your own ; please yourself to-day, and please Gregory all the rest of your life.

Greg.—But indeed decorum seems to forbid—

Maria.—Pugh ! no preaching now—I am set upon it, and you sha 'nt baulk me now—shall he nuncle ?

Sir Geo.—Oh, no, he won't, give him a kiss, girl and that'll make him agree—I don't think there's any harm in it, Gregory.

Maria.—Well for once, (*kisses*,) now, cousin Gregory, you'll let me.

Greg.—My father thinks there's no harm in it, do therefore what you like, cousin.

Maria.—So I will. Well sir, (*to Jack*,) and what am I to do? tell me all about it—I long to begin.

Jack.—Oh, madam, if you'll walk into that room we'll give you full instructions.

Exeunt Maria and Jack.

Sir Geo.—Don't be long, don't be long—more lights here, more seats, here, ladies and gentlemen, sit down, sit down ; I say, you fellows, see a table spread for the players in the hall, and bring us some wine.

Re-enter Jack.

Jack.—By your leave, gentlemen, there is one trifle yet we must tresspass upon your honours, for.

Sir Geo.—What ha'v n't you got all yet ?

Jack.—Not all we want sir, there's to be a marriage, sir, in this play--- as all plays end in marriages, you know: and

we want a ring--- (to Gregory,) The young lady said that you would lend her that you have got for the ceremony of this evening.

Gregory stares.

Sir Geo.---Come, Gregory, let him have it.

Gregory gives it him.

Jack.---Thanks, great sir!

Sir Geo.---Well, are you all ready? then make haste.

Jack.---Even as fast as I can sir. (aside,) Gad I can't have the conscience to go away and speak ne'er a word. I'll set the rest off, and I'll stay, and speak a prologue, and overtake them before they're half way. Exit.

Enter more guests.

Sir Geo.---More lights---more seats---here you rogues---cushions,--welcome, ladies and gentlemen, we're to have a play.

Lady.---Have you players here Sir George?

Sir Geo.---Yes madam, fine nimble fellows, they'll play a new piece called the Slip---aye and here's Mr. Prologue slipping in upon us.

Enter Jack, for Prologue.

Jack.---We sing of wandering knights what them betide,
Who, nor in one place, nor one shape, abide;
Now here, now there, they play at fast and loose,
Make game of Justice, or of Pride a goose.
The play which we present no blame shall meet,
But this --you'll say t' is short, we'll say t' is sweet.]
'Tis done much in dumb shew, which in these days
Of pantomiae will surely meet with praise:
So to conclude, and give the name its due,
The play being called, the Slip-away slips Prologue too. Exit.]

Although it was intended to have concluded the SLIP, in this number, it is obliged to be deferred till the next, in order to give room for the

DOMESTIC INTELIGENCER, No. LL.

The following MARINE REPORT, was mislaid at the time, and subsequently delayed in consequence of the interruption in our publication, by the siege, sack, and illegal carrying off, of the printing establishment, belonging to Mr. Macculloh enacted through the trickery of a pseudo-lawyer, and the infamous union of fraud and force, in a vile mob, headed by a general and a judge!! But we think it may still be interesting both to the public, and the concerned.

Mount Royal, November 1824.

On Sunday at two P. M. sailed for the United States, the beautiful frigate, Queen, under the command of Captain Benny Sn.ien; she has undergone a thorough repair, had her bottom well caulked, and coppered to the bends: has been new painted, and a complete set of new rigging,* sails and colours, with all the newly invented signals. She looks remarkably well, and is well fitted out and equipped for all kinds of service; as well for trading, and for conveying passengers, as for privateering, having adequate capacity of hold, every species of cabin-accommodation, and carrying with great convenience, a-midships, long sixes and nines, with double-headed shot in proportion. Amongst the passengers were, Mr. McDee-in, Mr. McOld-don, Mr. Standfull, and many others. The banks of the river were crowded by numerous spectators to see this fine vessel get under weigh, and many seemed highly gratified at her departure. It was a noble sight, with her colours flying, and sails swelling in the breeze. When the hands were all ready, Benny gave the word; "let go, boys,—clear with all—let go the maintop—up with the gib—steady, mind your helm—now she goes well—hard a-port." However a small accident intervened for, just setting the bows off the small island she somehow got stern-way, and drove on, which caused her to make water. Ben ran to find the leak, but missed his footing, fell down, and burst his pantaioons. The frigate then fell off,

*The manuscript, no doubt by mistake, reads "wriggling."

and Ben saw the hole, though low down and very dark, but having a peg ready drove it in, and stopped her leaking.

Sailed at the same time, the elegant schooner Paragon, Captain Cook, (but the captain not being on board the first lieutenant, Lewis, took the command.) This vessel, that has seen much service in all climates, and was originally built for a pleasure-yacht of a noble family in England, seems notwithstanding the many years she has been afloat, as good as new. She is well armed, manned, and equipped, and though she does not appear very rakish in her masts, can carry sail as well as any schooner, and run round the largest vessel in the navy. The Queen and the Paragon kept company as far as Smuggle Port, where the schooner put in; but, notwithstanding they sailed from the same harbour, the frigate could not make out the colours under which the schooner sailed, till after they parted company, when she found that the Paragon had a roving commission, to examine and report as to all cruisers at sea, or vessels laid up in port.

Not many evenings ago, Mr. Pierce All-nicks, being in company, where there was a turkey for supper, which he carved, observed that the first turkey he had cut up this season, had blistered all his hands! Delicate young man! does he remember the time when he used to drive oxen through the slay from morning till night; for all he wears so fashionable a coat now, and drives two horses round town?

NOTICE.

To the **BUCKS, BLOODS, and DANDIES** of MOUNT ROYAL.

You are hereby informed that all persons who insult unprotected women, and particularly those who procure warrants of assault against ladies, will be sent to Coventry: and no one will be allowed to be seen in the street with them under penalty of exclusion from your order, degradation and excommunication.

Ms. Gossie,

Addison somewhere states that we must distinguish between a fortune hunter, and a fortune hater; and, if we may be allowed to draw a conclusion from his universal desire to promote the welfare of our sex, it must be granted that he, as well as every other noble-minded man, considered a fortunehunter as one of the most opprobrious characters of mankind. There is an A. B. in this town, not a *bachelor of arts*, but one that thinks himself an *artful bachelor*, who, though he now assumes the pompous appellation of merchant, yesterday sold me a pennyworth of needles, and would, therefore, at home, be looked upon but just one degree above the *canaille*. But his conceit of his own figure and physiognomy surpass all bounds, for, when embellished and odorated, by the tailor and perfumer, he presumes that he can inspire love in the heart of a Helen. He should, however, remember that persons destitute of education and personal courage, are always despised by women; and there is another reason why he can not succeed in getting a rich match, which is neither, more nor less, than a report that he is an *Androgynus*, which term, whatever may be the explanation natural philosophers give to it, it does not become me to translate. That he is a "squire of dames" is perhaps nothing against him, but when in company, as he always handles the ladies' clothes, shawls, laces, &c asks the price of each article, and how they like their maids, with other feminine enquiries, it gives strong ground for believing the rumour in question, especially as he has no razor, because he has no beard; and I have often heard the remark amongst the Canadian lasses, (whom he affects to pay court to because his ignorance would more readily be discovered by such as speak English,) *il a un joli visage, juste comme une fille*. When I add to this, that he always reserves his own opinion in all matters that occur in conversation with the ladies, until he has ascertained which of them has the heaviest purse; and does not scruple to avow his intention of making his fortune by marrying, I hope the fair will be on their guard against this epicœne fortune hunting fop, as is,

your humble servant,

KITTY CAREFUL.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the *Herb-rtstown Gazette* of last November.—Mad-
am Richard has been diving into the purses of the good
folks of this place, by first assuring them her charge should
be very moderate for teaching them all the graces of her
art, and then making them pay three or four times more
per month than she had previously agreed to. At a ball, she
made each gentleman pay six pence to the fiddler, and got
some of the ladies to do the same. It is also said that there
were several shawls, combs, and other articles, for which
no owners were found, or at least not sought after. Mr.
Crab-eyes of Clarencetown had six of her tickets undisposed
of, which she would not take back: but he was up to her,
and would not pay for them. Dr. Barber kept a good look
on all the lady's motions, while she was here. It is report-
ed that, a spy has been placed here to watch over the be-
haviour of gentlemen at balls, and to report the same to the
blue book: that would be a good thing, as some say they
behave themselves at times quite shamefully.

From the Smuggle Port(1) Recorder.—Doubts have lately
arisen whether the accouchement of Miss Hannah Graywood,
will take place so early as expected, or at all: in the mean
time Mr. Georgy Blunthead, who, it is said, paid a hundred
dollars to the father, as a silencer, rather repents his precip-
itancy, for though he had a finger in the pie, he is not sure
that the honour of paternity belongs exclusively to himself.

The long expected union of Mr. Smallbeer,(2) with Miss
Go-it, will certainly take place this week. After the first
raptures have subsided, (if raptures there be any) it is hoped
the bridegroom will be able to pay more attention to his du-
ty as postmaster, and deliver and forward letters and papers
more punctually without also extorting improperly some
cents for postage of papers that ought to come free. But
the cents may perhaps be wanted to buy ink—for his pen is
said to be frequently dry. It is a pity the old desk with all
the pigeonholes in it could not be got: it would have served

(1) This is not a Scriblerian appellation, but one given to a cer-
tain place on Lake Champlain, by a writer in the Plattsburgh Intel-
ligencer, and which I have adopted, for reasons as thereunto moving.
L. L. M.

(2) I must equally disclaim the honour of inventing this name,
which is also not originally a Scriblerian one, but one by which the
party has been known in the place where he came from. But "a pro-
phet is never honoured in his own country," for they happen to
know him.
L. L. M.

well in his office : but probably he may have another trial for it : he is mean enough.

An *Observer*,

("Though in shape and face, but a mere stripling,") (3) here, rejoices that Mr. Fauntleroy is *fairly hanged* out of his way ! On a former occasion, his shrewdness was remarkably exemplified in finding out that "what he had found no one able to explain," was, "whatever might be its significance,---not the truth !"

(5) Lest the reader should mistake this line for mere prose, we beg to assure him it is meant for blank verse, and is a quotation from a Poem, entitled "Remembrances," part I lately republished at Smuggie port, which contains many other heroic lines equally melodious as for example :

Leaning in a thicket's shade and watching→

O'er his soul the power of a spirit pass'd→

To after-ages—and giving to his works→

Of progressive time, shall live and wander—

etc. etc. etc.

Note by Martinus Scriblerus Secundus.

Printed and Published By DICKY BOSSIE,

at the Sign of the TEA-TABLE.

From the circumstances under which the Editor is, at present, placed, it has become more than ever necessary that the condition of payment in advance, should be absolutely and indiscriminately insisted on. He is under the necessity of rather cutting off from his list of Subscribers ALL, both of those who do not comply with that condition, and of those who do not immediately pay up all arrears, than be subjected to the destruction of his expectations, the palsy of his exertions and the interruption and threatened ruin of his publication ; consequences more or less felt, and all to be apprehended, from pecuniary disappointments.

Henceforward payment in advance, and BEFORE DELIVERY, will in all cases be rigidly required; and it is hoped no subscriber will take this in the light of personal distrust, but as a measure imperiously demanded for procuring money beforehand, in order to defray the expenses of the work. The conditions on which the Scribbler is furnished are particularly referred to, and will be strictly enforced.

This number completes a quarter; a collection will be made in a few days; and payment must then be made by all subscribers in advance, before they can receive No. 137.

No apology is necessary to those few punctual and liberal friends, who need none of the above admonitions.

Subscribers at Quebec, Three Rivers, Sorel, &c and in Upper Canada, will please to remit the amount of their subscriptions, with any arrears they may owe, per post, (postpaid) to S. H. Wilcocke, post-office, Montreal.

N. B. The caution is again repeated that there is no person, either at Quebec, or Three Rivers, authorized to receive money for the Scribbler.

Lenders and borrowers are again reminded that they are guilty of literary petty larceny, and will be dealt with accordingly, when detected.

Editors of papers are requested to direct for the present, & until further notice, for the Scribbler, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

THE Scribbler is published every fortnight in Montreal.

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To subscribers in Montreal, 10s, Halifax per quarter, payable in advance; the proprietor reserving to himself the right of stopping the numbers of such as do not comply with these terms, who nevertheless will be held responsible for the quarter, and their numbers will be delivered to them on making payment.

Those who pay in goods, must pay 1s, per quarter more.

To all subscribers in the Canadas who do not reside in Montreal, the same terms as above, with the addition of one shilling per quarter.

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To subscribers in the United States the price will be one dollar and a half, per quarter, payable in advance; and to

those who pay otherwise than in cash one dollar and seventy-five cents per quarter; the carriage or postage from the place where the work is printed, to be paid by subscribers.

Should any arrears accrue, there will be an additional charge of 1s, Halifax for every quarter in arrear,

Subscribers who change their places of residence, either permanently or temporarily, are required to give notice thereof, with their new address, and directions how to forward the Scribbler to them; otherwise it will continue to be sent to the old address, and whether they receive it or not, they will be required to pay for it,

Communications, Orders and Advertisements, will be thankfully received, and are requested to be directed post paid, to the editor, LEWIS LUKE MACGULLOH, Post Office, Montreal, or left at the Scribbler Office, No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste St. Montreal; they may likewise be addressed, post paid, to Mr S. H. Wilcocke; the proprietor, at Rouse's Point, Champlain, N. Y. or Post-Office Plattsburgh, N. Y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—T. EXPERIENCE is reminded of the statements before made that nothing relative to mere debtor and creditor matters can find a place. Such correspondents as do not find their favors noticed in the last or present number, may consider them as laid on the shelf. VIATOR is received, and under consideration. HELLBORE, rejected.

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