

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 20th March, 1823. [No. 90

*Diabolus serpens est lubricus, cujus capilli, hac est primæ suggestiones, si non resistitur, illabitur.*  
ST. JEROME.

The devil is a slippery eel,  
And if he finds the smallest hole  
Unstopp'd, strait sliding in, you 'll feel  
Him worming till he gains your soul.

*Si tanquam ad remedium venimus, sine via veniamus, non quasi dulce sit vindicare, sed quasi utile.*  
SENECA.

Nevertheless, if we seek for redress, let us do it without leaving a track; and not because it is pleasant to reprove or punish, but because it is necessary and useful.

Various Scriblerian juridical decisions, and statepapers, having taken up the whole of my last number, I was forced to postpone till the present, sundry poetic favours; with which, for fear that, when I look over my budget, I may again be induced to put them off, I am determined to begin the present one.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

THE LOVER.

To Miss B \* \* \*

Again, my muse, attune thy sacred lyre,  
Yet once again, sweet Venus' song inspire,  
Once more to soft harmonious strains awake,  
And ne'er, O! ne'er, thy wonted theme forsake:  
Attune to softest melody each sound;  
And sing the varying charms that in my fair are found.  
Her piercing look darts innocently wild,  
The accents of her tongue flow sweet and mild,  
And every grace to beautify the mind,  
Is with exterior loveliness combined:  
A shape that seems of more than mortal mould,  
With all the thousand charms by thousand lovers told.

But why thus sing the beauties of my fair,  
 Since it but tends to aggravate despair?  
 While she, ah, cruel maid! beholds my grief,  
 Unheeds\* my pains—withholds the kind relief.  
 Oh! luckless fate, and must I never hope,  
 But yield to cheerless doubts, my failing spirits up?  
 Did the cold clod lie heavy on this breast,  
 Its pains might cease—in silence might I rest;  
 But now, by day, what anguish heaves my soul!  
 By night, what visions thro' my fancy roll!  
 By day, I sigh, I hope, I wish, I grieve,  
 And long for gentle night, my sorrows to relieve.  
 When sleep her opiate brings, and seals mine eyes,  
 Blissful I dream—I start in fond surprise;  
 My fondest, wildest, wishes seem fulfill'd,  
 All fears are vanish'd, and all doubts are still'd;  
 With soul enraptured, I embrace my fair,  
 But, waking, grasp at nought, for Delia is not there.  
 In curses then the moments I devour,  
 And fruitless weeping waste the midnight hour,  
 Pour out to angry Morpheus my prayer,  
 But, ah, the sleepy god, he can not hear.  
 I sigh for morn, and when blest morn appears,  
 It chaces dreary night but to behold my tears.  
 Days weeks and months roll heavily along,  
 And linger slow my sorrows to prolong;  
 Neglected fortune flies; the world's gay round  
 Passes unheeded by; inextricably bound  
 In Cupid's fetters, until Delia smiles,  
 Life's tiresome journey's lost, and inches turn to miles.  
*Castle of Adorno.* SOLOMON SNEER.

### MY ABSENT LOVE.

*In imitation of the Portuguese of Lope de Vega.†*  
 When gazing on the evening-star  
 Which doth so sweetly shine,  
 My thoughts are fix'd on one afar,  
 Whose fate is link'd to mine:

\*A word fresh from the mint; but tho' newly coined, and not seccable, when critically examined, to any of the known rules of construction, is so happily introduced, that it carries reflection away captive, and bears down censure. L. L. M.

† If there is a gentleman in Montreal or Quebec sufficiently versed in Portuguese literature, to give in that tongue, the first line of the song by De Vega, of which the above is an imitation, he will oblige the writer by making it public. S.

To think of whom where'er I be,  
Is still the dearest thought to me.

Thro' all the various scenes of life ;  
In trouble or in shame ;  
In health or sickness ; peace or strife ;  
This heart is e'er the same ;  
It's dearest pulse ne'er false did prove,  
But fondly beats for her I love.

Oh yes—the love this breast doth feel,  
No language can define :—  
My sighs, my tears, alone, reveal  
How much for her I pine.  
For when with her, true joy I seek,  
*And both get fuddled once a week.*

SKIMMERHORN.

*Donder-barrack, Feb. 1823.*

*To a gentleman newly married.*  
What is love ? I can not say,  
I never felt its charms ;  
When I do, I'll fly away,  
And so avoid its harms.

Drones like you may think it fine  
To melt in love's embrace,  
And say that love's a thing divine,  
And not a passion base.

But that it brings no solid good,  
I'll hold, with all my wit ;  
For what 's its very highest flood ?  
An epileptic fit.                   ALEXANDER.

By so freely admitting replies to the pieces that have appeared in the Scribbler, I am afraid I have opened a door for acrimonious and personal retort, that can neither be instructive nor interesting to the public, nor, in fact, satisfactory to the parties; besides giving occasion to an extended correspondence which, were I to insert all that I am requested to do, would occupy 2

double number every week, to the exclusion of all other matter. I must therefore, confine myself to those selected parts of the replies, which I judge of importance as to what has appeared, without introducing new matter, and must take the liberty of abridging and condensing what they say, so as to do them justice as much as possible, without encroaching too much on the indulgence of the public. Neither can I, unless in very particular cases, go beyond a reply and rejoinder; and must beg my correspondents to consider that, in many instances, what may be important as regards themselves personally, may, and must most times, be very indifferent to others. I have a number of letters by me, written in reply to articles to which I have given insertion, which I will consider, each in its turn, and publish as much of them as may be consistent with what has just been said. Of those, the public bearing of the remarks made on the conduct of the city-watch, gives it a prior claim.

*Montreal, 28th Feb. 1823.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

This replication, is produced not by the contradictory remarks of "L'ami de la verité," because persons resident here, are well aware of the general truth of what I have stated, but is called forth by the severity with which you have reprimanded me for the *apparent* unfairness of my statement, on which account, I beg of you to allow me in my turn the right of defence.

TO THE PERSON STYLING HIMSELF L'AMI DE LA VERITE.

If my commentary on the purple hue of the captain's nose has offended you, I am extremely sorry for it, and beg leave to recant that article of his impeachment; as I must confess, it would be illiberal and unjust to point out natural defects as vices, or to put a stigma on a man's character,

merely because the brandy-bottle may have stigmatised his nose. But I proceed to controvert, by something more substantial than your negations, the prevarications by which you endeavour to evade a charge notoriously true in every item. It is true, that, in the Scribbler, things can not be proved or disproved, with such nicety and precision, as are looked for in a court of justice, but with the public such nicety is not required, and every reasonable man is contented with moral certainty. Here, however, I have an opportunity of bringing forward positive proof of what I have advanced. And first, conscious of the correctness of my representations, you have not denied the charge *in toto*, but have satisfied yourself with palliating the heinousness of those despicable acts of, at least, fraud, of which the watchmen, taken as a body, and not excepting their commanders, have been justly accused; and I would ask you what right you have to think your assertions of more weight than mine? The public can not know us, and consequently can not give more credit to you than to me, but the balance must turn in my favour when the public have been eye and ear-witnesses of similar facts.\* The second argument which

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\* Why not expose them? I have been pleased to observe that some of the Mount Royal papers have lately had more spirit than usual, and given those worse than old women who sit as magistrates on the police-bench, a gentle rub or two. I believe these old ladies may reckon that their reign is pretty well over; and all that is to be feared is that, when the incorporation of the city takes place, the same kind of prescriptive appointments will take place, as have been the bane of all civic and other institutions amongst us; and that it will be considered that because a person has before filled such and such offices, no matter whether satisfactorily to the public or not, that therefore the same person is a proper one to fill such and such other situations.

L. L. M.

forces itself into notice is that, at a meeting of magistrates convened for the purpose of taking the conduct of the watch into consideration, that man, whom you have endeavoured to absolve from culpability, together with several others, lost their places. Alluding next to that part of your story, about the persons throwing down the chests of tea, and running away at the sight of the watch; How came those persons to act in this way? Was it smuggled? No, or else it would have been deposited in the custom-house, instead of being sent to the owner. Was it stolen? Scarcely, or you would have mentioned a circumstance so favourable to the watch.— Well, if the tea was neither smuggled nor stolen, (and I agree the case to be so,) have the kindness to say under what influence it was that the legs of the persons carrying the tea ran off with them, on the appearance of the watch. If you can not solve this mystery, it must be concluded that your object has been to veil the true aspect of affairs. But last of all comes the strongest support, and which, if it stood alone, would be sufficient to substantiate my lemon-charge—namely the affidavit of Mr. Preneveau, a ci-devant watchman, and the only one who could pretend to much honesty, which was the cause of his discharge from the service. Any person may satisfy himself by calling on him.

Your servant,

NUDA VERITAS.

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### MANIFESTO.

When potentates declare war against each other, or monarchs find it necessary to use forcible

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† But why harp upon an old affair of 1818, if there are so many recent and nefarious cases? L. L. M.

means for the suppression of rebellion, they consider it incumbent upon themselves to lay open to the world their motives, provocations, claims, and purposes. In doing this, they pay a tacit, but involuntary, homage, to that fundamental principle of all government, that the power of the sovereign emanates from the people, and that he is accountable to them for his actions, and amenable to the high tribunal of public opinion, even for his motives. Like my brother-sovereigns, therefore, I deem it right to accompany my proclamation, declaring the district of Three Rivers in a state of revolt from my Scriblerian authority, and under the martial law of Satire, by an exposé of the circumstances which have led to this measure of severity ; but not, like them, do I involuntarily, and only tacitly, pay homage to the principle above alluded to, but openly and gratefully acknowledge the popular origin of my sovereignty ; it is by the "golden opinions from all sorts of men," that I have been advanced to my present dignity, which I only hold as long as the public continue to pay me the tribute of their support ; and to them, therefore, I am bound to explain the motives for the abovementioned proclamation.

When I first extended my dominion beyond the precincts of Montreal, (and I beg here to observe that, although my rule is despotic, and uncontrouled, there lying at present no appeal from any of my decisions, it is not only intended, but is exercised, for the benefit of the public, both as regards their amendment, amusement, and instruction, and as regards the profits which paper-makers, printers, binders, distributors, and others, besides myself, derive from it,) various other places submitted themselves to my authority, by the means of the friends, reporters, and

correspondents who laid down before my Scrib-  
lerian chair of state, the *keys* of the cities and  
places they represented; and by the circulation  
of my book, they were kept in subjection, and  
awe. Three Rivers, however, seemed an im-  
pregnable post, my spies and scouts could not  
gain admittance, and, entrenched in the fortifi-  
cations of pride, prejudice, and conceit, the gar-  
rison appeared both formidable and obstinate.—  
Sapping therefore was the only way; and know-  
ing that my book was like Philip of Macedon's  
ass laden with gold, if there were but a passage  
wide enough to admit it, the city must fall, I dis-  
patched sundry copies to Mr. Neddy Silly, (the  
post-office being then in alliance with me;) Silly,  
however, not being then at home, a Mr. Cur,  
who acted for him, returned them after a while  
saying no good could be done with them. But  
soon after, I got one subscriber, who, approving  
much of the work, paid me a year in advance;  
and the consequence was, that Mr. Silly himself  
wrote me, giving me the names of two of his  
friends as subscribers, of whom Mr. B. (whose  
*gentlemanly* note appeared in my last,\*) was one.

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\* The following note, to Mr. Bostwick's polite effusion,  
page 174, was shut out last number for want of room.

Capt. Douglas *was* authorised to receive it, and the re-  
ceipt he gave was one of those mentioned in No. 48 of the  
Scribbler, as having been given to Mr. Lane, which I had for-  
gotten when I wrote a polite note to Mr. B. to enquire to  
whom and when he had paid. But Mr. B. does not mind  
throwing his filth about, and Capt. Douglas, a most respecta-  
ble and estimable gentleman, is represented by him as tanta-  
mount to a swindler going about receiving money upon false  
pretences! As Mr. B. declines to receive any further private  
application on the subject, I ask him publicly, why he has not  
paid for the Scribblers sent after those for which that receipt  
was given, and until they were stopped from going through  
the post office by Mr. Sutherland's dishonesty, say from No.  
53 to 64, *which he did receive, and has not paid for* ? the amount

This was an important point gained for the advancement of literature, good manners, and propriety of conduct: following it up, I then transmitted my book to 5 other gentlemen, requesting in the usual terms, that, if they declined taking it they would return it to me, at the post-office. One wrote me immediately to continue to forward it; another gave no answer, but continued to receive it, and thus became a subscriber; and three returned it. Thus things were going on prosperously, and when I received the communication from *St. Maurice*, which made its appearance in No. 47, I reckoned upon the complete conquest of the whole district. Unfortunately, at that juncture, the removal of my head quarters, and the suspension of my authority that took place for about a month, produced a reaction, which discouraged my friends and gave spirits to my enemies, and finally wrested almost from my grasp, the so necessary censorial power, over the barbarous district that is the subject of the present manifesto. I had however, five subscribers there, to whom my weekly edicts were regularly transmitted per post, until lord Northland laid his foul paw upon them, in the manner which has before been detailed to the public.— Previously, however, to that, on the 24th of June, I wrote to Neddy, (who all the world knows is a Jack of all trades, and acts as agent for a good many papers,) with a statement of what was due to me, requesting him to collect and remit me, and act as my agent, charging his customary commission, whilst I then and afterwards, sent him a copy gratis as a compliment; he was also requested,

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is 9s. I suppose rather than figure any more in my pages; notwithstanding his indifference in that respect, he will contrive the means of sending it to me free of expense. L. L. M.

if it did not suit him to undertake the business, to inform me so by letter, that I might apply to some one else. Time passed on, I received no answer; nor any increase of subscribers there, nor any indications of allegiance by means of contributions, or communications. On the 15th of October, I wrote again; still no answer; sullen and sturdy, it became evident the inhabitants of the place were generally refractory, and disinclined to submit to the wholesome castigation of their follies and excentricities. In November, therefore, I dispatched deputy-inspector-general Tickler, with a few auxiliaries, into that quarter, and the report of his operations, for which see No. 72, was so far favourable as to induce me to suppose the town at least would return to its duty without much further trouble. There was, however, treachery in the camp.— My blue books, after the embargo laid on them by lord Northland, were sent in parcels by the steamboats first, and afterwards by the stages, to Mr. Silly for delivery, who, as he did not write, I concluded had undertaken my business, but that, having many more irons in the fire than he could well manage, he was thereby alone prevented from reporting progress to me, and remitting what was due; but, alas! I reckoned without my host: from what I can collect and conjecture, Neddy has not delivered them, and perhaps has sent off *my property* to lord Northland, his *magnus Apollo*: Travellers passing thro' the place brought me rumours of this treachery and misconduct. My next measure was to send to Mr. Bostwick, (who both from reputation, and because he was a subscriber, I considered as a proper person,) politely requesting him to enquire of Mr. Silly how matters stood, to cause the Scribblers to be delivered to my other sub-

scribers, and receive and remit their money, with a request to inform me if it did not suit him to continue to act for me, that I might provide myself with another. In reply Mr. B. sent me a strange note, merely saying that he was surprised at receiving a letter from me, and that he had paid his subscription long ago, and he returned me the *Scribblers* sent him for delivery to others, without saying a word either about them or Mr. Silly. On reference to my last number, the sequel to the correspondence will appear, to which I have only to add another Ha, ha, ha!

Defeated thus in not being able to get the book put into the hands of my few remaining subscribers, I next applied to Mr. Berkim, who with genuine politeness, wrote me an immediate answer, which, though he declined the office, was couched in the language of a gentleman; but he too, by some unaccountable fatality, instead of delivering the *Scribblers* sent him for that purpose, (which of course any one receiving them would be expected to do till time would allow of an answer being received,) gave them to Neddy, who returned these last, for a wonder, to me here. They are now again gone forward, along with the two last numbers, to another gentleman, and I hope I shall be more successful in ascertaining through him the exact state of affairs in that district.

Under all these circumstances I have considered it as a duty due to myself and to the public, to issue the proclamation which has appeared, and to endeavour to impress upon my subscribers there, and generally upon all the subjects that owe allegiance to me, that it is through the treachery and perverseness of those who ought to have known and acted better, they have been deprived of the means of amusing and instruct-

ing them, which I have so sedulously provided, and to exhort them to shake off the yoke of prejudice, and influence, and, acting and thinking for themselves, give me that support, both by liberal subscriptions, constant reports and communications, and counsel and assistance in the modes of transmitting and circulating my books, which it becomes all my liege subjects to afford me.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH,  
SCRIBBLER I.

Registered.

A. L. Secretary.

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·DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XIX.

On the occasion of a late marriage, it is said that a young lady objected to being bridesmaid (conceiving it to be a matter of course that the parties in attendance at the hymeneal altar, as maid and groom, were to become in-turn man and wife,) because she did not approve of the gentleman who had been named as her partner: she declared she had no other objection to him than his size, but comparing hers with his, she felt that, if they were hereafter to follow the example of the principals at the ceremony, at least one half of her husband would have to lie alone. Her mamma endeavoured to explain away difficulties, and assured Miss Fanny that she had ascertained from experience that a silken stocking was a *chaussure à tous pieds*. The young lady, however declined accepting of the office, unless she might be allowed to exchange a *bear* for a *bottle*: but this could not be managed, so the matter was compromised by Miss Fanny consenting to sit in state with the bride to receive the marriage-visits.

## REPORTED NUPTIALS AND AMATORY INTELLIGENCE.

Dear Dicky ; A namesake of your's is to be coupled in holy matrimony with the young lady at Dr. Andronicus' who having met with so many disappointments, is determined to meet with no more, and has therefore fixed upon Georgy to save the expense of purchasing furniture.

A gay spirited young fellow is on the eve of enjoying the intoxicating sweets of Hymen, and Phœbe the millers' maid is to be the blushing bride. Mem. It is hoped that when she turns housewife she will hem him some pocket-handkerchiefs.

Should the nuptials of the fascinating and all envied Miss Stout, of which a *right* report is said to be in circulation, not take place till the young lady is out of her teens, God knows how many duels may be fought in those few short months.

It is confidently reported that Mr. Wm. Restfor intends to lead the beautiful Miss Gay-thing to the altar. As the gentleman is much troubled with the ophthalmia, his professional friends give him hopes that he will see clearer after the honeymoon than before.

There is a rumour in circulation that Old Nickenson is resolved to fight against St. Peter and take the young Miss Littledale to his widowed bed. Some say 't will be no bad spec, but they do n't explain 'on which side.

A certain little gentleman in Essefex-street, should be careful to get into the shade of the lamps when he squeezes the ribs of certain young seamstresses employed by a mantua-maker near St. Lambert-street, for fear of discovery, as some mischievous tongues might inform his *chere moitié*, who might leave the marks of her nails on his face, as was the case on a former occasion. There are other hints respecting Cyprian ladies ; a lady who lives on the other side the bridge he knows of ; and cuckoo's eggs laid in other birds' nests ; which may be hereafter given. But it is supposed he can take the hint.

*The inhabitants of Mount Royal are respectfully invited to attend at the Academy between the hours of seven and eight in the evening, to assist in discussing the merits, and criticising the works, of Homer, Horace, Virgil, Shakespeare, Addison, Dryden, Milton, Pope, Johnson, Young, Cowper, Steele, Blackstone, Bacon, Cbitty, the Statutes at large, Bell's midwifery, Walker's dictionary, Murray's grammar, and the Scribbler.*

RETORT COURTEOUS. At a party a few evenings ago at Mr. Taffy Muff's a lady having requested Mr. Jeopardy to pass the *kisses* as she wanted two or three of them, he displayed his wit by telling her her mouth was like a *charity-box*; "not," said she in answer, quite so much like a charity-box as to be forced to receive so much brass."

*Avoid card-playing*, was part of the last dying speech and confession of a malefactor lately executed at Philadelphia. It is a pity Dr. Dash and Mr. Hard-head had not witnessed it; the doctor's eyes and Mr. H's. head, might then perhaps have been saved the pommelling they got, at the set-to those gentlemen lately had when they rose from a cardtable at a friend's house.

Mr. Fryingpan would do well to be a little more circumspect in speaking of his countrymen and the blue cover, or he may expect some of his Bostonian pranks exhibited to the public. Does he think the rev. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ declined coming to Montreal only because *he* (the frying-pan) did not belong to the society who wrote for him?

DEAR GOSSIP, I wish you would ask Dr. Wilysam of Cataraqui, what he has seen in, or suffered from, the Scribbler, that he should abuse it as a scurrilous work, and say that he declined visiting Mount Royal, only on account of the extensive circulation it had there. I would also ask him whether he received his distinction of M. D. for his faithful services in Mr. Becky, the Druggist's, shop. Advise him too not to speak against the people's blue favourite in so public a place as a confectioner's shop.

MAGOG.

### POET'S CORNER.

To Miss B\*\*\*\* R\*\*.

Sweet girl, if to gaze on thy beauteous face,  
Which bespeaks all the graces combined,

Entangles my soul in love's soft embrace,  
 And bewitches both body and mind ;  
 How quick would my bosom with fond raptures glow,  
 And sink in the fulness of bliss,  
 To lean on that breast of pure, soft, warm, snow,  
 And steal from those sweet lips a kiss.

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SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

*From the Government City Advertiser.* Mrs. Tickle-tail Rougewell, (a beauty of seventy) in spite of Shakespeare's "sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing," is very fond of having her meat well-dun.

Dr. Cataplasm Fergus is about publishing a voluminous work to prove that the corruscations emanating from a cat's back by friction, are genuine phosphorus, and that gunpowder will explode by them. This will cause centinels to be placed at the magazine to prevent caterwawling.

*Punctuation.* The following lines are written on a sign-board in the Upper-town market, "General Drummond viewing the falls of Niagara wines and spirituous liquors."

*Cheap Education.* The parishes of Lower Canada may be supplied with jontlemen from the Emerald Isle on very reasonable terms, say for their grub and a pair of silk stockings each. Most of them (by their own account,) understand the mathematics and the classics.

Jewellers when they lend money to distressed females for a stated time, and take gold chains and bracelets in pledge, should not pretend that the articles were melted down before the expiration of the limited time, and put the sufferers off with a SMILE.

*From the South Cumberland Intelligencer.* A certain gallant, whose name we do not think proper to mention publicly, is admonished in a friendly way, to discontinue his interested visits at a certain lady's house in the village, as it is the general opinion that he has a sufficient field at home to perform his hymeneal exercises in, without making calls on a lady whose husband is absent.

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

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Subscribers to the Scribbler on the line of the Ottawa River, are particularly requested to attend to the following facts which have but very recently come to light.

Mr. GWY RICHARDS, post-master at ST. ANDREWS, thought

proper some time ago, to break open a packet containing Scribblers which was addressed to Mr. John Russel, innkeeper, and which was not sent by the mail, but by the mail-stage; he examined the contents, and found two of the Scribblers to contain written enclosures, and he referred the matter to Mr. Sutherland at Quebec, who, in answer, directed him that if any person would pay the postage of the packet (which was not in the mail-bag,) at the same rate as for a letter, (13s.) it might be delivered; and it was therefore left in Mr. Richard's hands.

Major ARCHIBALD McMILLAN, postmaster at GRENVILLE, received from the driver of the mailcoach, not as belonging to the letter-bag, but as a parcel by the stage, a packet with Scribblers, which he would not deliver to its address, and has either detained, destroyed, or embezzled it: having declared that he will deliver no Scribblers that come to his hands in any way.

*Some borrowers of the Scribbler having taken the hint in No. 86, and become subscribers; the Black List, of those pilferers from the pantry of literature, is again deferred, in hopes that others will follow their prudent example.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c. The petition and remonstrance in behalf of the canine species, is unavoidably postponed; and reasons of state prevent the announcement this week of the circuit-courts of Oyer and Terminer proposed to be held as per last. Mrs. McE. can not receive attention till next week; in the mean time the editor will be much obliged if she can procure and send him a copy of the song or prologue she speaks of. JONAH will appear as soon as possible; also most certainly, PAUL CRIMPS, tho' with a little pruning. JERRY's promised small pieces will be very welcome. More on the subject on which THE RECLUSE writes is expected, and the whole will then be worked up together. The DREAM, and *verses upon an empty tub* are under consideration; the editor is rather anxious to cultivate a correspondence with the writer, for whom a letter directed to S. P. Q. R. will be left at the Scribbler-office. ALEXANDER will also find one there, to explain the reason why his last prose-communication is not inserted. The lines attributed to Arthur O'Connor sent by J. C. have appeared several times before in print. A WELL-WISHER, BILL EAVESDROPPER, CONJURER, FABRICUS, and COPERNICUS, just received.