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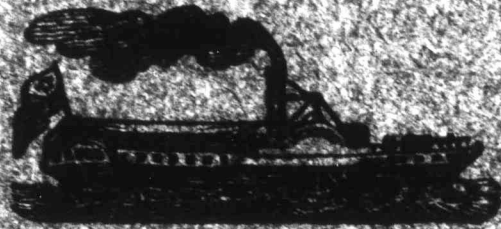
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ROBERT JOHNSON.

Montreal 6th June, 1823.

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THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 10th APRIL, 1824. [No. 119.

It clamor cælo.

VIRGIL.

Up to the skies the clamour reach'd.

O quantum est in rebus inane!

PERSIUS.

The world's affairs are fill'd with airy nothings.

— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

HORACE.

Shame! that such obloquy should on us rest,
Thrown in our teeth, and still must be confess'd.

Se peperisse duos, et Diis placuisse duobus.

OVID.

She could bear two, and so she pleased them both.

Being rather in debt to my correspondents, and finding the necessity of clearing my fyles before they are too much crowded by the accession of new matter, I take a few of my late communications up, promiscuously, before proceeding to the more grave matter which presses upon my attention, in continuation of what has appeared in my last numbers.

L. L. M.

MY DEAR SCRIB,

In a country, or rather a city, well known to the late celebrated Nelson, there was a chaplain to the forces of very pious memory, of whom

I marked down in my commonplace-book the following anecdote. Being called upon to attend the interment of a soldier, who was reputed to have been a fitter object for the claws of Satan, than for Abraham's bosom, he rode a very spirited horse to the burying-ground, and stopping at the gate, put his charger under the care of a sheepskin-fiddler, alias a drum-boy, bidding him hold his horse, and at the same time impressing upon his mind that the least noise would make him gallop off. When the corpse was lowering into the grave, and the divine was reading that part of burial-service, "Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow"—at that moment, the horse took fright, broke loose from the drummer, and the divine, being more engaged with thinking of his steed, than of the soul of the deceased, forgot what he was about, and continued the sentence, by vociferating, "Yonder he goes, I told you so, and the devil himself wo'n't bring him back;" to the great astonishment of the bystanders, who looked instinctively into the grave, to see whether Satan had actually carried off the body.

TELL TRUTH.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Yesterday* a friend of mine sent me a bundle of old manuscripts, which he said contained many amusing things. On opening it, the first that

* There is no date to this letter; my correspondents will oblige me by always dating their communications, were it only that I may arrange them on my fyle according to their priority.

presented itself, and which seemed to be of very ancient date, contained

A DREAM.

And I dreamed a dream, and, behold, there appeared unto me an old man, and he seemed full of wrath, and wicked intentions; and I said unto a bystander, who is this? And he answered and said, that is the great *false prophet* who hath so long misled the people called Methodists, but his evil deeds have come to light, and he has been turned out of the synagogue. And I said unto him, what are the evil deeds whereof thou hast spoken? And he answered and said; give ear unto my words, and I will relate this matter unto you. So I listened; and he proceeded and said. This man was a tiller of the ground, and it came to pass that he lived in the Suburbs which are called after the holy man who was broiled upon a gridiron, and after many years, he sent to the land of cakes for a she-goat and its kid, and he did commit abomination with them, and sent his wife to live in the street of the holy apostle Paul. Then it happened that he did often come to where his wife abode, and did beat her, even beyond moderate chastisement; whereupon the judgement of heaven came upon him, and he was smitten with a disease which he was ashamed to own; and when these things were known he was turned out of the synagogue by the high priest; and after that he took up his abode amongst the publicans, the sinners, and the harlots. Now when the man had done speaking, I heard the false prophet blaspheming so loud, that I awoke; and, behold, it was a dream.

NICODEMUS.

March 19, 1824.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Whether inspired by an holy or unholy spirit, I will leave for others to decide, but on perusing one of your late blue-books, I felt the spirit moving me to write,

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF
BULLFROGS.

In these days there were scribes, who noted down the actions of the evildoers, and such as had not the fear of upright men in their hearts.

And these scribes were wont to send their scrolls, from time to time, to the chief scribe, to be registered in his Blue Book, and to be exhibited to the multitude, as a terror to all who went astray.

Notwithstanding there were many who did evil, in the hope of escaping detection; but the scribes were so vigilant in their duty, that few passed with impunity.

Amongst the sons of Belial, there was a man named James, whose outward garment was made of sheeps wool, which gained him the appellation of the wolf in sheeps cloathing.

This man had been exposed in the book of the chief scribe; but he amended not his ways, and when he learned that he had so been exposed, he waxed sore in wrath, and became black in the face with anger.

And he went home to his dwelling, much troubled in spirit, because of the gibes of the multitude, and did there, in the presence of his wife, and of his household, swear, "by the holy piper that played at Moses' wedding," that he would be revenged on the chief scribe and his crew.

Then did his dear wife endeavour to soothe his anger, in the most winning accents, saying, "James arrah, honey, be aisy; sure and troth, and what can the matter be? sure nobody's been after killing you, my jewel?"

And he answered and said, "Begone, begone, I say, and order my horse to be saddled, for I am determined to horsewhip the chief scribe, and after that I will kick him to the devil, for allowing me to do it. Yea, also, I will be revenged upon A. and upon B. and upon C. for it must be one of those three scribes that reported me; and lo! I will banish them from the land."

And his wife did not offer to hinder him, for she knew it was all talk and smoke.

Then he bestrode his horse, and rode furiously to the battlements; and mounted the bastion, where no horseman had ever been before; whereat the people marvelled, and thought it wonderful strange, saying, the man is mad.

And the next day, he was seen walking to and fro, chopfallen in as much as he had told great lies to the people, saying that, for a bribe, he had found out the scribe that had reported him.

Then there appeared unto him, what seemed a spirit of comfort and relief from his anxiety of soul; for he beheld a comely maiden, at whose sight the fleshly lust of the outward man overcame his vexation; and he followed her to the water-side, and said unto her, "ah ma chere mamselle, you want de money, me have plenty to give you, suppose you give me——;" but the damsel interrupted his speech by a masculine slap in the face.

Afterwards he returned to his dwelling, and said unto his wife, "Jewel, put on thy most costly garments, and we will parade with the best of

them ;” so they went to the top of the battlements, and did walk to and fro, with much internal agitation—for they spoke not one to the other.

And it came to pass that he despised the admonition of the chief scribe, so far as to repair again to the back room, whence he sallied not forth, until he was beastly drunk.

The next morning he awoke, and behold his countenance was much swollen, and his head did ache : whereupon he communed with himself, and said ; surely I must amend my ways, for the very children point at me as I pass ; saying that is the man with the blanket-coat : and he went not out that day.

And the following day he went out ; and, being ashamed to go to his old friend, Carleton, yet, finding himself in great want of a certain beverage which in that country is called, “meridian,” in order to moisten his clay, he went down to the waterside, where dwelt a man named Andrew, a dealer in small wares.

And being loth to go in the front way, for fear of the scribes, he went to the back of the house, where was a broken pane of glass ; and he said ; friend Andrew, I am dead with drouth, hand me out a glass of grog.

But Andrew answered and said, (for he was a man of few words,) I’ll be damn’d if I do : if you are ashamed to come in, you may stop out.

And when he turned the corner, there stood two men watching him ; to put him to shame. One of them was a captain over hundreds, yea he was even a colonel, who was moreover a great wag ; and the man James was like Balaam’s ass, and could go neither to the right nor to the left.

Then he took heart, and came up boldly, and met the two men who stood before him, even as

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the angel of the lord stood before the ass ; and he, like the ass, opened his mouth and declared unto them that he had been watching the motions of two BULLFROGS in the act of copulation, which afforded him great instruction, inasmuch as he had lately betaken himself to the study of natural philosophy.

JULIAN THE ELDER.

“Worth makes the man—and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

MR. MACCULLOH,

Returning home one night from a family party, where I had spent a most agreeable and quiet evening, my attention was arrested, on passing a certain house, by shouts, vociferations and screams. I stopped to listen, imagining that some very distressing accident had occurred ; but I was soon undeceived, for, by attentive observation, I distinguished, most immoderate and loud bursts of laughter, with now and then a short interval of silence—then shouts—and again screams. Notwithstanding the Babylonian confusion, I recognized the voices of some prominent characters, as a sporting ear soon gets acquainted with the different, and even the most discordant, tones of a motley pack. Forming at length a tolerable idea of what was going on, I proceeded homewards, musing on the contrast between the former part of the evening, (passed in social conversation, or listening to the melodious voice of a charming and wellbred young lady, who was accompanied by her sister, alternately on the harp, or the piano,) with the noisy and boisterous scene I had just left. I happened to mention what I had overheard to a friend. “O,” said

he, "I was there, and the devil of a kick-up there was." As such doings are new to me, this being my first winter, I could not refrain from making some observations; and my friend then gave me the following detail.

After tea and scandal, succeeded whist and comet,* with the usual routine of petty rogueries, partnerships, cheating, and nonsense, until, their stale witticisms and jocular mirth being exhausted, something more exhilarating to those destitute of feeling and sentiment was required. The noble game of *Screech* was then proposed, and instantly adopted; the cash collected, cards strewed over the table, & all quickly arranged around—a pause ensued. The first who had the boldness to try her fortune was a lady, not the wife of a lord, but a *being* of humble origin, however *honourable* her matrimonial connections may be. After a round or two in silence, she sung out, in a hollow, but rather a boatswain's voice, (at the same time screwing her mouth to hide the pearly row that—once was there) "Oh, oh! I'm out, I'm out! Oh, my money's gone! Oh, I've lost my gold." "Oh!" says her neighbour, coolly, even as a *cold-well*, "Oh, that's all my eye!"—Deep silence during another round—then arose another scream, Oh, what a *Screech*! Here the *Favourite*, (who was seated betwixt two, and who, report says, is a Bergami, not from the genial climate of Italy, but from the *raw* north, though not from *Scotland*,) putting his finger to his nose, (for this *select* company have established a private code of

* A foreign game, pronounced with the accent laid sharp on the last syllable, *co-mat*, in which the nine of diamonds, as in Pope Joan, is the best card: it has some resemblance to the latter game, but is much simpler, and is less dependent on chance.

signals, viz. winks and signs, not like those of free masonry, but of a *free and easy* kind, the exact meanings of which, are not generally understood or known, though they may be guessed at,) looking significantly with a an inquisitive leer, at a certain lady on the opposite side, (being in tow at the same time with the two he sate between, and fearful to offend all, or each,) in his quiet squinting way, exclaimed, "You are all screwed!"—A pretty, interesting female, who seemed to have unwillingly joined in the hurly-burly, appeared lost and confounded, shrinking from such boisterous and vulgar mirth, and often looked anxiously round, as if wishing to make her escape to a quiet corner. A young sub, (of whom there were several present,) was, at that moment, pigeoned: a general uproar announced his misfortune; and above all was heard the voice of one, who in a tone very *long, more shrill*, and sharper than the first, was loudly trusting that she might not draw the unlucky card, whilst she, at the same time, giggling and looking funny, stretched a long arm over the table, to scramble for a card, and a long leg out behind, to display a not ill-turned ancle, to beholders in the rear. Just then Navy Jack, the clerk, spread out his broad paw also to fish for a card, and carried off one at each finger, owing, it is said, to the tar which stuck to them. He, turning up his eyes, with a simpering silly grin, and a boobyish nod of the head, with a family screw, said, "Oh! it is all leather!"—A grand shout of applause did credit to his refined and polished wit. In the midst of this pell-mell frolic and fun, the squeaking of a few young grunters was heard; and some young pups, who had been let loose too soon were yelping too as loudly as their treble

voices would allow, in imitation of their elders. Now came the grand finale—the anxious moment arrived—the whole pack were thrown out, except two—and those, not both of the same gender; indeed that seemed reversed—the *she* looked masculine: the *he* effeminate.—He won.—The synagogue on a sabbath, an Irish howl at a funeral, the wild yells of an Indian war-whoop, were they all united, could scarcely equal the last shout. An attempt was made, I suppose in jest, to seize the deposit. Bang dashed the table, rumbled was the green cloth, down went the candlesticks, over fell the chairs, and, from a game of *Screech*, it became a game of *Scratch*. In the midst of this, the great little man of a *rum* department, with a number of A's D's C's and G's before or after his name, was laid hold of, and pulled and worried with loud view halloos: he seemed in as terrible a pickle, as if he had been well soused in one of his mess-tubs. At last this turbulent scene was brought to a conclusion, much to the satisfaction of the sober part of the company, some of whom began to think that many of the others were really *screwed*, meaning (as the middies say,) a little top-heavy.

I remarked to my friend, that he had given a most ludicrous account of the party, but that he certainly must have embellished a great deal. "Oh, no! not at all," he answered, and then continued, in a more serious tone. "I am sorry to say that these orgies are not solely confined to the evening, for I can assure you that a certain set often meet, at a few particular houses, in the morning, where a great many practical jokes, jests, and romping, are introduced, to kill time. Slang and cant terms are now in such general

use that a stranger has no chance to understand the spirit of their sports.

If such be the case, thinks I, what an excellent school for the young ladies now finishing their education, and who are frequently brought into society. They must soon learn to conquer all *mauvaise honte*, and quickly overcome that foolish, bashful, reserve and modesty, which was formerly so much esteemed by old fashioned prudes; nay even instilled into their daughters, as the most perfect system to render them a credit to their parents, amiable and domestic wives, good mothers, and ornaments to society. But, to return to my text—*Worth* seems of no avail; the want of it does not here render one a *fellow*—but, on the contrary, a *good fellow*; for such is the appellation given to a forward, familiar, buffoon, to an awkward, or ridiculous, caperer in a dance, and to the warbler of a coarse vulgar song in public. These qualifications, instead of being the cause of his being kept at a proper distance, according to his deserts, form the most sure recommendation for his free admission into *high* society here, and his fame and character are established, although the rest *is all leather and prunella*.

I am happy, however, to have it in my power to add, that some of the best families, and some of the most respectable, decidedly deprecate such doings.

NO SCANDAL.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Montreal, 27th March.

In papal countries, where the friars,
The monks and priests, have yet desires
To make a warm impression—

That is, an ambient holy zeal,
Which they would wish the fair to feel,
In contact——at confession ;——

I do refer to nothing more——
They leave their shoes just at the door,
An ensign of devotion ;
And then, no impious mortal dare
Attempt to interrupt a prayer,
Of which——I have no notion.

Yet much I do admire a plan,
That would restrain a prying man,
Or meddling wife, or daughter,
From interrupting certain meals
Devotional——by breaking seals
That might inflict the torture.

For late, a certain hapless dame,
Who had not lost the genial flame
Her spouse's looks did smother!
Took to herself "a pliant hour,"
Her aspirations out to pour,
In raptures with another.

When, (as the story's whisper'd o'er,
For, on my soul, I know no more
Than is divulged by rumour,
With her stentorian brazen lungs,
To gaping ears and babbling tongues,
Perhaps, in sportive humour.)

When—but, whether at discussion,
Approaching to, or in, concussion,
Is merely suppositious ——
Too soon, a fact or two, or more,
That then transpired about the door,
Evinced the dame judicious.

For, wanting *sanctums* here for signs,
She shoved the bolt, that her designs
Might never be detected.

Nor did it *either* seem to shock,
When spousy came, and tried the lock,
And found one *more* ejected.

But then, the maid approaching near.
He merely said, "What do you here?
"Or why is this aggression?"
And she replied that thro' a hole,
The locksmith left at her controul,
She'd seen—"What?"—no confession!
BLOW-UP.

REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS;

continued from No. 116.

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

It may be thought fanciful, but I confess that the three classes of persons in a Theatre, are in some measure associated in my mind with the three branches of our Constitution. I would particularly insist upon the propriety of having a gallery; to which Shakespear himself has addressed the chief part of his wit and humour. Poets always depend much on that part of the house, for the expression of natural feeling and unbiassed judgment; and the applause of the *Gods* has ever been the first object of their vows, and the best omen of future celebrity and support. While our Theatres shall continue to be conducted upon this enlarged and liberal plan, they will surely support and encourage rational freedom; and native genius, old plays and old prices will still prevail over the partial rage for foreign novelties and extravagance. It has been well remarked by Dr. Aiken, speaking of Shakespear, that "the characteristic English manliness of thought has been greatly indebted to him for its preservation, amid prevailing luxury and fashionable frivolity." Were it possible, by means of a well regulated English Theatre, to draw some of the French Canadians to the representation of some of his best pieces, the effects would doubtless be sa'u'ary, by tending to impart those feelings so much in unison with British hearts.* To encourage their attendance, and to promote

* The writer seems to have formed a most erroneous idea of the French Canadians. I maintain that no subjects of the British empire possess more truly *English* feelings than the French Canadians. But, if the

those beneficial consequences, I would recommend that considerable attention should be bestowed on procuring scenery appropriate and striking. This will not appear insignificant or frivolous, if we once reflect, that the first objects of Canadian imitation have been our dress and external behaviour. It would certainly tend to the same laudable purpose, if the music and occasional songs between the Acts, were suited to the subject and sentiments of the Play; and, besides, this would in some measure supply the place of the ancient chorus; the entire neglect of which has been much regretted by many lovers of the Drama. It is almost unnecessary here to remark, that striking scenery, and appropriate music, would do much to render an English Play intelligible, even to people whose knowledge of the language were very imperfect.

It is now proper to make a few observations respecting the probable influence of a well regulated English Theatre, upon knowledge in Montreal.

In the present low state of education among the inhabitants of all descriptions here,† every institution that would have the least tendency to diffuse instruction, ought surely to be encouraged. Whenever we mention, in terms of approbation, the establishment or encouragement of a Theatre, in this place, we are apt to be interrupted with a remark that we have more need of a College, or of additional Schools. This I would readily grant; but then we must always conform our conduct to existing circumstances, and ought to be satisfied for the present, if we could obtain, without any extraordinary effort, what may, in some degree, be used as a means of instruction, while it has the pleasing form of amusement. Besides, if the partial spreading of a particular kind of knowledge be effected by a well regulated Theatre, such an establishment would only be the forerunner of others, for the general cultivation of all the Arts and Sciences.

9 The Poets, who were also the Philosophers and Divines among the ancient Greeks, soon perceived people forward to receive instruction in the Theatres, who were unfit to at-

writer of this piece be a North Briton, as I suspect he is, it is no wonder that he considers the French Canadians as not possessing feelings in unison with his; for *English* feelings, and *Canadian* feelings, are both so diametrically opposed to *Scotch* feelings, that they seem to belong to totally different ages and nations, the one, civilized, liberal, noble, and free, the other, barbarous, narrow, sordid, and despotic.

L. L. M.

† From this remark must be excepted, undoubtedly, *the whole* of the upper class of French Canadians, and *a very few* of the higher ranks of the natives of the British Islands established here.

L. L. M.

tend the Schools. They availed themselves of that general inclination of the comparatively ignorant and illiterate; and humanity conveyed to their minds the most useful lessons for the conduct of life, by means of a just and lively image of Luman nature, representing its passions and humours, "and the ~~the~~ changes of fortune, to which it is subject."

The kind of knowledge which may be imparted, by means of the Drama, is chiefly what Socrates and Johnson esteemed the most valuable, namely, that of right and wrong, of good and evil, propriety and impropriety: it may be referred to what we call good sense, which seems not to arise from a formal train of reasoning, but, from the effect of habit, assumes in our eyes the shape of intuitive perception. This quality renders its influence peculiarly forcible on the common people; though they go to the Theatre, to laugh or to gratify curiosity, unconscious often that they will return instructed and improved. Thus the Player, whether serious or jocose, may blend instruction with pleasure; and whatever knowledge is communicated in so striking a manner, will make a lasting impression, and will readily and insensibly come to our aid on every necessary occasion.

But, to speak more particularly, I would not hesitate to affirm that, by habitual attendance at a well regulated Theatre, a man, whose education had been entirely neglected, might still, if not deficient in natural endowments, acquire such a knowledge of men and things, as would raise him above contempt. Innumerable allusions are made in plays to most of the arts of life; and whatever is said is clearly expressed. Even a silly beau is represented in the Spectator, as having learnt from Plays, that the laws of his country would give him redress in the awkward circumstance of having been decoyed into marriage with a painted Jazebel; and thus in Cumberland's comedy of the West Indian, an ignorant stranger might find in the scene between Belcour and Stockwell, a correct and useful picture of the English character.

Many more instances might be adduced. But let us view the subject in another light, and consider the effects of the Drama only as the beginning of knowledge, and the stimulus to improvement: thus we might look forward to most important consequences to Montreal, from the influence of a well regulated Theatre, particularly to the English part of the community. The illiterate would there acquire sagacity and improve and correct their experience; they would gradually discover the importance of education, and would be anxious to procure it for their children, if already too far advanced in years, to submit to a teacher themselves. The effects of edu-

cation and learning are universally admired; let them therefore be frequently brought to view in the most pleasing and least pedantic dress, and they will not fail to gain proselytes to their cause.

But I will go still farther, and say, that were the French Canadians casually drawn to our Theatres, either by the love of novelty, or by the attraction of scenery and music, even though their knowledge of the English were at first imperfect, they might there receive such a stimulus to improvement in our language, from the natural workings of curiosity, that they would soon participate in all those advantages arising from the Drama, which I have foretold to their fellow subjects.

No kind of composition, in modern times, has been the means of introducing to the public more men of literary genius, whether poets or critics, than the Drama. The names of those great men are so well known that, to recapitulate them here, might seem impertinent. I shall only observe, that, whether their fame now rests upon their dramatic performances, or on works of greater importance, is a circumstance that does not the least detract from the merit here ascribed to the Drama; than which no department of literature is so ready to confer, upon a youthful genius, fame and applause. The dramatic poet sees before him the reward of his labours, not distant or posthumous, but rapidly and feelingly bestowed by his contemporaries. If the honours paid to literary talents in the Olympic Games in Greece, proved such a spur to genius, bursts of applause from admiring audiences in Britain must have a like effect. Though, at present, I can recollect no instance of emulation excited in a British youth, similar to that which sprang so feelingly in the breast of Thucydides, when he saw the History of Herodotus crowned by his admiring countrymen; still I have no doubt, but, if our manners permitted such a free and open disclosure of every emotion of the soul, examples among us would not be wanting of equal enthusiasm.

But the good effects of a well regulated English Theatre in Montreal, would not be confined to poetic genius alone. Dramatic performances would encourage a species of philosophical criticism, which in our age, has been much cultivated and improved by Kaimes, Blair, Johnson, Melmoth, Harris and Richardson: their labours in that particular province, have tended much, not only to illustrate literary subjects, but also to discover the origin and trace the progress of the most delicate movements of the soul, and to point the way to their admiring successors, of giving a full and satis-

factory view of the human mind. Such an elegant and interesting study as liberal criticism of these performances, would certainly have attractions for a few individuals among us. Example would increase their number, and quickly produce a small circle of taste: in which genius might securely try its powers, before it winged its solitary way, in hopes

"to climb
"The steep, where fame's proud temple shines afar."

Such, indeed, is the connection between all the branches of the Belles Lettres, that a beginning in any one, will gradually lead to the cultivation of the whole; though it must be allowed that Eloquence and Poetry are the best foundations for a solid fabric of original Literature.

I have given the whole of this piece, although of great length, in order to do it justice, and that by the reperusal of it those who desire to establish and patronise a regular theatre in Montreal, may be stimulated to make exertions for the accomplishment of that desirable object.* The extent of the extract compels me to defer my further remarks on the Canadian Magazine, till next number.

L. L. M.

(To be continued.)

* I am pleased to see that theatrical performances have been resumed in Montreal, though upon a small scale. These, with the addition of the Circus, now in operation, under the management of Messieurs WEST and BLANCHARD, will afford the citizens, and their families, a species of recreation, far preferable to drinking-bouts and card-parties. I hope to receive reports respecting the theatre in particular. The Circus, I am informed, is excellent in its kind, the troop uncommonly clever, the horsemanship, (which indeed, under the management of Mr. West could not be otherwise,) superior, and the proprietors anxious and assiduous in their endeavours to please the public. It has been, rather, I think, injudiciously, observed that two places of resort of the kind was more than Montreal can support. I think differently, and hoping both will meet the encouragement they deserve, I warmly recommend my friends and the public to support them both by frequent visits, and by all the fair plaudits they may be found to merit.

BY AUTHORITY.
 TRIAL OF THE EDITOR OF THE QUEBEC MERCURY.
 (Concluded.)

The court was considerably crowded to hear the final decision of the Censor-general in this case, who delivered it in the following terms.

It was with great regret that I found myself compelled to direct the arraignment in my court of the Editor of a paper, which I have always looked on, and have heretofore declared my opinion of, as, without exception, the most literary, best conducted, and most impartial paper in Lower Canada. But the higher the merit, standing, and reputation of a paper is, the more it ought to be carefully watched both by the public, and by me, in order to prevent such abuses as the one that is now under cognizance of this court.

I will not now enter into the reasons or merits of the prohibitions I have, from time to time, issued against the insertion in any newspaper in Canada of accounts of boxing-matches. They have not only before been given to the public, but have likewise, in the course of these proceedings, had the strongest lights thrown upon them by the public accuser. It suffices that the prohibitory ordinance has been issued, and I must not have my authority disregarded, with impunity. The fact, of the publication in the Quebec Mercury, needed no other proof than the paper itself; and assigning counsel to speak in behalf of the defendant, was more for the sake of causing to be displayed to the public the utter futility of any excuse that could be made for so heinous a Scriblerian offence, than with any hope

that judgement could be prevented in so clear a case.

The contumacy of the defendant in not appearing, or filing any defence, is, however, perfectly excusable; I do not attribute it, with the counsel to want of leisure and forgetfulness; nor am I inclined to ascribe it to want of respect towards the court; and still less to the being ignorant of the existence of this prosecution. The Scribbler is regularly sent in exchange for the Mercury,* therefore he could not be ignorant of it. But the fact, I conceive, is, that the Editor was perfectly conscious that it was impossible to say any thing in defence of his conduct, that would have weight with any one but blacklegs, boxers, bullies, and amateurs of blackguardism and slang. That he, no more than every other editor in Canada, either of newspapers, *magazines* or *reviews*, ever forgets that there is a Censor-general; or is wanting in respect, that is—*give*—for my authority, is a supposition that is contradicted by their

* Latterly I have not regularly received the Mercury in exchange. I hope the editor is not influenced by the example of Dr. Fisher, who, tho' he solicited in his official paper, an exchange with other papers, and sent me his Gazette regularly at first, has since dropped it, (perhaps *by command*; if so, I pity him,) probably because I have given him a hit or two. Pooh, pooh! man, you should not let such things have any sway in literary matters. Sparrings, (to borrow an allusion which I am sure must be a favourite one with you,) and bickerings between the *genus irritabile vatum* are the life and soul of periodical writings; and after having bespattered each other in print in the morning, we ought, as is often the case with the London writers, to enjoy a social bowl of punch together in the evening. It is possible, however, that the irregularity of the mails at this season, may have occasioned the non-receival both of the Mercury and of the Gazette; in which case, I shall make an apology to the conductors of both, in my next.

present uniform silence with regard to the Scrib-
bler. They can not say any thing either for or
against it. To say any thing in its favour, would
offend the *hoogen moogens*, the high and mighty,
the petty purseproud aristocracy of the country,
upon whose patronage they principally rely; and
they *dare not* say any thing against it, as they
know that that would ensure them a most un-
merciful flogging. Hence their silence is an un-
deniable proof, both of my dearly earned supe-
riority and celebrity, and of the awe and respect,
they, in common with the rest of the Canadian
world, entertain for the undisputed authority of
the Blue Book.†

On these grounds I consider the contumacy of
the defendant quite excusable; for, although in my
own capacity, as author, editor, and publisher, I
have no such words in my vocabulary, as "fear
of consequences," "subserviency to great men,"
or "respect of persons," I can make ample allow-
ance for the frailty of human nature, and, as I can
not accuse the editor of the Mercury of being
worse than his neighbours in that respect, his
sentence shall not be enhanced by his non-
appearance.

el The counsel for the defendant has done him-
self credit by his ingenuity; but the public accuser
has so fully refuted all he said, in his reply, that
it is unnecessary for me to say more than that the
whole of the latter gentleman's speech has my
entire concurrence, excepting when I interrupted
him, when he wandered to the subject of the laws
and lawyers. Neither of the learned counsel,
however, have dwelt so much upon the perversion

† Will nothing I can say, provoke "a war of words?" I
am quite tired of strutting about, with no literary giant, or
pygmy, to break a lance with.

of language, and vulgar slang that is used on these occasions, as the subject deserves. The abuse is glaring and intolerable to every refined and well informed man. Fortunate is it for posterity that the evanescence of newspapers is such that these wretched vulgarisms can not, thro' their medium, descend to them; and I devoutly trust that the Sporting Magazine, a book in which the same disgusting, and nauseous trash is recorded, in a more permanent form, will die the death it deserves, and be heard of no more after this generation has passed away. It is the more requisite to take up arms against these barbarous invasions upon the English language, because of the increasing prevalence of *slang* language of all descriptions, in society which might otherwise perhaps be esteemed genteel. The stable, the brothel, the midnight den of thieves and pick-pockets, the shambles, the cockpit, the race-course, are all ransacked for cant terms; and the man who can introduce a native word from Wapping or St. Giles' into a fashionable circle, is reckoned a prodigy of genius. Let us then, one and all, reject and guard against the innovations which such a practice must give rise to in our own forcible, classic, and expressive language: equalled by few, outdone by none, in dignity, eloquence, strength, and significance.

Before proceeding to pass sentence, I can not avoid noticing, as an additional proof, if any were wanting, of the evil effects of encouraging the vile propensity towards boxing matches, that is a byword, a blot, and a reproach upon the English character, in all other nations, a late occurrence in England. It is stated in the public papers that, at a boxing-match at Worcester, in January last, there were more than 30,000 persons

present. For the better accommodation of those who could afford to pay, galleries were erected which contained 4000 spectators. Before the fight was over the galleries fell, two persons were killed on the spot, and seventeen were sent to the infirmary with broken limbs and bruises. Lord Deerhurst, the eldest son of the earl of Coventry, kept the time, and colonel Berkley, acted as umpire on this occasion; and the victor was borne off, in triumph, in the coach and four of an English nobleman! I will make no comment on this, the degrading and disastrous facts, speak for themselves. To be an accessory towards the productions of such scenes, which the Editor of the Quebec Mercury is, is not only a political and literary, but a moral crime. My sentence therefore is:

That, from and after the promulgation of this sentence, and until the expiration of the present current year, the Quebec Mercury, shall not be read by any *gentleman*, (excepting by such as are in trade, who are allowed to read the advertisements, and shipnews, only,) nor by any *lady*, or by any persons who claim to be *ladies* and *gentlemen*: but shall only be read *in toto* in grogshops, and the bars of low public-houses, or by persons who are not *ladies* and *gentlemen*, nor pretend to be such: editors of papers, and persons in official situations always excepted. Subscribers to the Mercury, however, though they do not read it, must continue to pay their subscriptions. The Editor is further condemned to be pilloried in the Scribbler, (by reference to his present delinquency,) three times during the same period. Provided also that whenever the Editor judges it proper to make an apology for his offence, the effects of his sentence shall be

remitted; and, on the other hand, it is further ordered that should he again offend in like manner during this year, the interdict shall be continued for another year, and the Editor shall be hung up, in effigy, in the Scribbler, and then

The Lord have mercy upon him.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

Mount Royal, 23d March.

MY DEAREST BLUE BOOK,

Perceiving in the Scribbler your adventures, thinks I to myself, without vanity, and with no deeper blush, than the art of the dyer imprinted originally upon my countenance, that if I were to write mine, they too would amuse the public, and, at the same time, expose meanness, avarice, and extravagance. I therefore took the opportunity of the leisure I enjoy, lying snugly rolled up in a *secrtaire*, to compose a narrative of the vicissitudes I have hitherto undergone.

As to my early life, I can say but little, having remained from my infancy, without being once unfolded during the tedious time I passed before I got to Mount Royal; I shall therefore confine myself to the incidents of my life here. Soon after my importation, but, whether I came legally into the province, or was conveyed in the pocket of a smuggler, as you were, (be that as it may—here I am, and let my deeds proclaim me:

“Our actions are our heralds, and they fix,
Beyond the date of tombs and epitaphs,
Renown or infamy;”)

I was sold to Messieurs Scaldier and Scald, and

passed a happy, though transitory life, when in their possession. Many were the pretty soft hands that pressed me; many the softer celestial bosoms I have reclined on; yea, maids, wives, and more tempting widows, (and of widows the most tempting,) have longed for me. Long might have been this blissful life, had not the hand of Count Old Joseph, on one accursed day, fastened on me, and dragged me from my easy state, after paying my keeper two good ten dollar notes. But, you will say, why should I repine at such a change; a change apparently for the better;—I might still probably be handled by the widow, excite the envy of all the belles when gracefully thrown over the smooth neck and shoulders of the smooth-tongued Countess; nay, infinitely more, perhaps become her nightly companion. But no; I was carried to the count's office, (viz, the Vulture assurance office,) and thrown into a desk, amongst blank policies, and advertisements to discover imaginary incendiaries. Here, however, I did not remain long, and when the count drew me forth, I became elated with the fond hope that I should adorn the person of the countess, and be displayed in a drawing-room to the full gaze and touch of an hundred fair creatures. But hope, delusive promiser!

L/ whether didst thou lead me? "thou hast told me lies from day to day;" and I felt the poignancy of a too ready reliance on thy suggestions, when I was precipitately grasped, huddled under the great coat of my possessor, and, with hurried steps, conducted to the mansion of——who?——you might conclude the countess: no, my dear Blue Book,—it was to the mansion of a suburban beauty—to Delia! would that my tale could end here, or that a veil might be thrown over the

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remainder. After receiving "favours great and precious," from the nymph, the count paid her for them with "my own dear self." I was the companion of this Venus for a few weeks, during which time I was often sported on her shoulders by day, and a witness to various scenes of harlotry and debauchery by night: and was also sometimes at a pawnbroker's where I have been occasionally left to procure a few necessaries when trade was dull. In one of these intervals, I overheard a plot laid by Mr. Fitz Gammon, and his spouse, to obtain me by artifice from my unfortunate mistress. It sometimes happened that I was left by her longer than was agreed upon, at the crafty trafficker's in which case it became necessary for her to pay an additional premium besides that agreed on. This usurious traffic was carried on for some time, when Mr. F, as his spouse had fallen in love with me, "coveting those things which were her neighbours," hit upon an expedient to gratify her wishes. They made up their minds, if I was ever brought to them again, to keep me in their clutches. An opportunity soon offered, for business being slack in every branch, I was once more pledged for two dollars, with a certain condition tacked to the bargain, that if I was not redeemed on an appointed day, not far distant, I should remain the property of Mrs. F. her female heirs and assigns, for ever. I was then laid on one of the shelves of the shop, from which I was every now and then taken, admired, and coveted, until the evening of the day agreed upon for my ransom, and then I was taken down for good and all, and deposited in my lady's bandbox, for I was now considered no longer as the property of poor Delia. Next morning, however, I was called for, and my

ransom offered—double—aye, treble the amount: but to no purpose: they had gained their end, and it is as difficult to evade the devil's grasp as that of an usurer. I now remain in a secretaire of Mrs. F's, bedchamber; where I have been composing this narrative; in looking for paper to do which, I perceived a letter from a lawyer to Mr. F. of which I am the subject; and I have been informed that Delia, has had legal advice to sue for my recovery. Thus I expect to pass into other hands, but how soon I can not say, as my fate rests with that consciencious old lady madam Justice, who is not very quick in her motions: for the present, therefore, I must content myself with subscribing

Dear Blue Book, your Sister in misfortune,

A CRIMSON SHAWL.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXVI

On the 19th of February, we inserted a piece of scandal; couched in such *uncertain* language, that we deemed it a fair *certatio ingenuitatis* to decypher it, and therefore gave one month, that our correspondents might exercise their sagacity in solving it. No one having done so, we, according to promise, do it ourselves. The purport of it is, therefore, that Mr. and Mrs. A. (man and wife) who had been at a party at Mrs. B's, went home, in their own covered carriage, to their house in C. street, for the purpose of—going to bed together, as man and wife ought to do.

We are glad to observe that our having condescended to notice some of the officers of a royal corps with white face, has been attended with some improvement in their

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conduct. It is far from our wish to turn the eyes of the decorous and moral part of the respectable population of the Royal Mount, unnecessarily, to the follies of youth, but we can not help again noticing, with surprise, that any mother, (we will not suppose aunts to be so much interested,) can sit and permit her daughter to dance with that uncouth boy of twenty-nine, the dear ensign Rascott, when he practices that indecent Indian wriggle, (more immodest than the dance, exhibited in pantomime before the assembled peers of Britain, by a Turkish attendant of the foolish* queen of England,) which has more than once forced ladies of a proper feeling to quit the quadrille. He, serpent-like, seems to have some unaccountable spell, which infatuates the fair sex of the Mount, and some of them of experience, which strangers are astonished at: in short, some *hidden charm* seems to pervade all that part of the distinguished *bridge-building corps* in Canada.

Mount Royal, 23d March.

To Mr. Gossip,

Dear friend.—We have had a number of balls and hops this winter unnoticed in your chronicle. Amongst them stands high in estimation for splendour, that given by Mrs. Selkin, after the return of Miss Wagtail, from Government-City, and during the stay of the Prior of the order of the shears on a visit. At this party an interesting *pas de deux*, called "the rival geese," was got up by the Prior and Benny Big, in a style that would have drawn forth the eulogium of "brilliant" from Mrs. East. It is surprising that none of the Caleche family were present; as there used to be the greatest intimacy. Conjectures are afloat as to what may be the cause. Some say that *Pa* having discontinued taking the Scribbler, the young ladies are afraid of being cut too deep.†

CRONY.

* Foolish only because the woman sometimes forgot she was a queen.

L. L. M.

† No, I do not visit the sins of the father, not even upon the first generation, especially upon such favourites as the lively Miss Harriet used to be.

L. L. M.

ADMONITORY NOTICES.

Mr. Allspice should be cautious of talking about people getting drunk in the suburbs, and perhaps had better look to himself. Nine glasses of brandy before dinner, is rather too much of a good thing; and Mrs. Allspice says the same of having a quarter of mutton thrown at her, in the presence of her children.

Jemmy Huggs, late of the Rat-catching company, is particularly requested not to bring into the boxes of the Circus, his common mistress, as he did on Monday, not long ago. Hugging goes by favour as well as kissing, and Jemmy is not the only one she hugs, which being well known to all—but himself perhaps—it is not very decorous to see her in the same circle with decent company.

TIMOTHY SNAP.

A correspondent wishes us to advise a certain lawyer, whose name is very similar in sound to the opprobrious and much dreaded epithet "Booby," when he is pleased to devote a night, at his own residence, to the worship of the Paphian goddess, not to allow her high priestess to depart so late on the Sunday morning, as to be seen by those heretics, who, abjuring the worship of the aforesaid goddess, repair on that day to the temple of their superstition, (the road to which passes his residence,) and who, consequently, make remarks to themselves, on such occasions, detrimental to the character of the unfortunate wight who happens to be the subject of their conversation. N. B. They are even obstinate enough not to believe, in despite of the efforts made to convince them, that the said priestess is no priestess, but only *Delia, the maid of the Mill*.*

It is said that not only Mr. Booby, and Count Old Joseph, but a certain ironmonger, Johnny Le Brun, a Standing Field, and many others, worship at the same shrine, and perform their genuflection, with the assistance of the same priestess.

* This is not the Delia to whom the verses in No. 117 of the Scribbler are addressed.—*Edit.*

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When gentlemen visit their dolls in the suburbs, it may be as well not to cough very hard, as passers-by may recognise their voices; this is particularly addressed to a young gentleman, who, it is said, paid six pounds for one week's—coughing; his coming home so late, or rather so early, as five o'clock in the morning was the occasion of his being discovered.

It has been reported to us that an exhibition of pots, (but whether water, flower, or chamber, our reporter saith not,) takes place daily at the mansion of a certain Jack of all trades; and we have been requested to notice it as a nuisance; but really the aforesaid pots do look so well, and the whole, including all the changelings, assumes so much the air of a flower garden, with blossoms of all kinds forming a parterre, that we would be rather inclined, if our modesty did not hinder us, to stop and gaze, than to pass on and censure.

If *La Chronique Scandaleuse* may be believed, Madame la femme de Guillaume, fils de Jean, although she expresses her anxious desire to have children by her husband, tries various other experiments to succeed in her wishes, rather than have none; but if he does wear horns, it is strongly suspected he deserves it.

Shamlea, 20th March.

PRATTLER, No. 2,

As I didn't finish my story the last time, 'tis but reasonable to expect I should have something in addition, at our next meeting:—There's Mrs. Timbers, come to scotchify all the scholars that miss Barley left; Miss Barley, went to town to get an opportunity to marry, before she grows too old; who can blame her? Old Shylock says, "that he's in the heart o' *En'bru* when he fa's a clacking wi' Mrs. Timbers, but Mrs. Timbers has little or no clack." Capt. Gallop-her, was here t'other day, Mrs. Hall-again, was with him; 't is but fair that she should be accomodating occasionally, as Mrs. Gallop-her took great care of the doctor before he got a wife of his own. The doctor got a good fortune with Madam,---I will

enable him to keep a good drop in the house, and Gallop-her, would sooner retaliate on the decanters, than on—mum. People must be cautious about what they say, now-a-days, but 'tis no harm to Blue-Book it. I'll pay you a visit some of these evenings, till then I am your humble informant, &c.

PEG PRATTLE.

HYMENEAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is said that the warm attachment which existed between the Scotch lieutenant and miss Retty Loverule, has, (as was expected,) ripened into impatient and irresistible love; and that the lieutenant has obtained the consent of her *Ma*, to have the *little dear*, as soon as he has learnt a few more voyageurs' songs.

A vigorous lawyer, and *doyen des garçons*, of the Mount-Royal bar, will, in a few days, embark on a voyage of ups and downs in the frail but *gay* bark, Matrimony. It is to be hoped the passage will be a prosperous one, and that he will have enough of the *du quois* to purchase a new gown.

Crichton, (now "the admirable,") is about to effect a breach in miss Oggy's affections. An epaulette and sword-knot are indeed irresistible; never mind behaviour or sense.

Miss Orgueil Charlatan-noddy, is to have young Yug, one of the partners of the *ci-devant* angelic society; she will receive a portion, or potion, (the manuscript is indistinct,) from her father's *apôticair*e, adequate to the capability of young Yug.

POET'S CORNER.

Imitation from the Latin of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS,* Ode 4, book I, of his inedited poems.

————— *Lucretia toto*

Sis licet usque die; Laida nocte volo.

MARTIAL.

Return, sweet beauty, to these longing arms:
Return, again to bless me with thy charms.

* ÆNEAS SYLVIUS was an eminent writer, historian, critic and divine, of the fifteenth century; and afterwards became pope. His writings are voluminous, and most varied: many

What tho' a long, long, course of years have run,
 Since first with thee my happy lot begun,
 Since first in that blithe, verdant, mead, you know,
 I lay entranced upon thy breast of snow,
 And saw, enraptured, in thy glistening eyes,
 Thou didst, as much as me, the pleasure prize,
 Which mutually we took,—What tho' so many,
 So many thousand times, if there's been any,
 We have together in love's raptures melted,
 And own'd, with eyes and tongues, we both have felt it.—
 What tho' in thy embraces grey I've grown,
 And girlish charms and sports from thee are flown——
 Yet the rich, soft, mature, experienced, joy,
 The woman gives, in thee can never cloy;
 And steady unextinguish'd love is mine,
 A love, which age but makes the more entwine
 Around my heartstrings, when I think on thee,
 My mistress, angel, and divinity.—
 Yet, all the thousand times we have embraced,
 Are all too few, when to the reckoning placed
 Of my desires, which, towards thee, my treasure,
 Have neither stint, nor number, bound nor measure——
 Yet, all the years have pass'd since we two, first,
 Deep drank the luscious streams that slake love's thirst,
 Serve only my warm memory to fill
 With heavenly images I long for still,
 Each time, each place, each posture, day and night,
 Swim all before my eyes t'enhance delight,
 When we again our gloating senses steep
 In joys unutterable, strong, long, and deep.
 What tho', dear mistress, I do know thee false——
 (False, in the sense, as foolish mankind calls,
 But about which no wise man ever cares,
 For sportsmen search all covers to find hares;)—
 Yet, dearest, still, thy candid tongue—O, bless it!
 Is sure, when thou hast done it, to confess it;—
 That claims forgiveness; rubbing out one score,
 Thou think'st gives leave to add to it one more.—
 Well, do thy worst, or do thy best; so thou
 Art pleased, I'm content; But, any how,

of those of an amatory kind have only been published *sub rosa*:
 the abovementioned book of odes is one of them.

Come back, my love, confess thou hast deceived me,
That I may have the pleasure to forgive thee.

MAURICE MASK.

Printed and published by **DICKY GOSSIP**,
At the sign of the Tea-Table.

LITERARY NOTICE.

In the Press, and speedily will be published;
By **JOSEPH NICKLESS**, Bookseller, Notre Dame Street.

THE CHARIVARI

OF CANADIAN POETICS; after the manner of Beppo,
By **LAUNCELOT LONGSTAFF**.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several small articles are deferred, for want of room. **TIMOTHY** will always be welcome, and **L. L. M.** hopes to have the pleasure of an early interview with him. No. 3 of the **PRATTLER** is received, and will come in. **FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM**, and **A MIDNIGHT TALE**, in next number, **FRIEND DICK** will partly be availed of. It is with regret that the further remarks on the late trials connected with the **Charivari**, have been shut out: the many enquirers respecting them may be assured they shall not be forgotten. **BLOW-UP** just received, no time to examine it, but the handwriting is almost a passport to insertion. **SINGLETON** rejected. Advices from **Twirlingtown** are just received: they have been long delayed on the road, next No. will contain them.

Subscribers are referred to the notice at the end of last number, and they will particularly observe that those who do not pay up to the Secretary and Treasurer, now on a mission at Montreal, for collecting; or remit by post, as directed, must be content to go without their numbers till paid.

The Black list is deferred till the Secretary's and Treasurer's report is received.

Printed at **ROUSE'S POINT, CHAMPLAIN, State of NEW YORK**
By, and for, **S. H. WILCOCKE**,
And published at his office No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste Street, **MONTREAL, L.C.**

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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 capacity 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, **PRINTING OFFICE,** **ROUSE'S POINT,** **CHAMPLAIN, STATE OF NEW YORK.**

Offers his services to the public in CANADA; for all kinds of Printing.

Books, Pamphlets, Hand-bills, Cards, Notices, Catalogues, Labels, Circulars, Blanks, Deeds, &c. printed in the neatest manner, with new type, and on good paper, with accuracy, dispatch, and swiftness, (if required.)—On moderate terms, for Cash, or approved credit.

The Printing-Office being beyond the boundary-line of LOWER CANADA, from which it is only a few yards distant, offers obvious advantages for printing political, or other, pamphlets, circulars, or hand-bills, which prudential motives may render it inexpedient to do in Canada.

Orders taken in at the Scribbler Office.

LETTERS, dropped into the **BOX,** punctually attended to.

TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION

By JOSEPH BOUTCHERTZ, Junr. Land surveyor, under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor in Chief. A MAP OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC, shewing the improvements which have of late years taken place in the City and its Suburbs.

Depending upon liberal encouragement to an undertaking of so important and laborious a nature, I am induced to offer to the public the following Prospectus of a Map of QUEBEC viz:—

First—The whole of the City and Suburbs, will be minutely delineated upon a scale of 180 French feet to one inch, forming a Map of four and a half.

Second—The courses of the principal Canals, or Water Courses and position of the Grates.

Third—A delineation of every property in the City and Suburbs, as distinctly as the scale will admit of.

Fourth—Two or more profiles or sections of the City, shewing the difference of height of the most prominent elevations and remarkable edifices above the St. Lawrence.

Which Map will be accompanied by a brief Historical Account of the rise and progress of the City of Quebec; at the end of which will be an appendix, with the names of proprietors of extensive Establishments, in and about the City. And also a Tabular Exhibit of the difference of height of the principal Streets, within the walls, above the St. Lawrence, and the River St. Charles.

The best Artists shall be employed and every exertion made to answer the expectation of the public.

The whole will be completed in the course of a year, or eighteen months.

The Subscription to be 2 l. 2 Guineas, and the survey to be commenced so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers will be collected to cover the expense, at which time an advance will be required from every subscriber of 1-4th of the subscription; and on the completion of the Survey, previous to the engraving of the Map, another advance of 1-4th will be again required, to enable the Author to make arrangements with the Artists to the above effect.

Quebec, 25th April, 1823.