

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. IV] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 18th DEC. 1823. [No. 111.]

*Hæc scripsi, non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te.*

CICERO.

I scribble not, because I've too much leisure,  
But, for your good, I do it still with pleasure.

*Uti ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent  
Humani vultus.*

HORACE.

With the jocose, to laugh, and with the austere, to  
frown ;  
Shed tears with those who weep, and mimic with the  
clown.

*Admiranda cæno levium spectacula rerum,  
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente propellum.*

ADDISON.

All light and trifling things my verses shew,  
Mobs, bears, and fairs, and brainless puppies too.

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.* HORACE.

But in the critic's, or the censor's, chair,  
My praise or censure, both, I trust, are fair.

Continuing the desultory manner adopted in  
my last number, of availing of the favours of my  
correspondents ; and, hoping that my readers will  
make allowance for those parts of them, the inter-  
est of which has, by the lapse of time, and change  
of circumstances and seasons, almost faded a-  
way ; I next take up one from

*Point Levy, Sept. 1823.*

FRIEND MAC,

Without occupying much space, by way of in-  
troduction, I take the liberty to state briefly, that

this little place of our's has become a resort for many of our fashionables from the other side of the river, during the summer months; and the few occasional hints which I intend making, may, perhaps, prove serviceable, although not altogether anodyne; but my principal object is to extend the fame of this spot, and its frequenters.

At a meeting of the honourable boarders at the Lauzon hotel, it was unanimously agreed, that Baron Levoy should not be admitted on the books; the principal reason assigned was, because he never pays twice.

A report has, for several days, been in circulation, to which, however, not much credit is given, that a certain linen-draper means to pay his creditors immediately. It is added by some, "provided he has wherewithal."

The misses Sprawlers, alias Odds, come here twice or thrice a week, on speculation. But, notwithstanding all the doctor's influence, their own exquisite grace and military attitudes, Waterloo swaggers, and dandizet waggles, they do not take in this quarter.

Amiable and accomplished as a certain young lady is, I beg leave to observe to her, that she should be cautious in climbing over palings, when new admirers pass by: for, setting aside the danger of falling, without the assistance of a firm *holt*, there is the risk of the discovery of beauties that ought to be veiled, and hidden from the common gaze of mankind; but which, in the instance in question, almost struck blind,

her and your very humble servant,

PETER PRY.

*Mount Royal, October 1823.*

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

My rhapsody having been honoured with a place in your blue book, I send you the particulars of a vision, or dream, which I hope may be equally fortunate.

— Methought I stood upon a high pinnacle that overlooked the land, and the ocean. Before me lay a beautiful level plain, verdant and flowering as the vale of Tempe. It was bounded by a rocky shore, against which the sea dashed its troubled billows, whilst the lesser waves, passing the outer range of stoney pillars, chased each other, as it were, in sportive mood, among the smaller rocks that studded the interval between that range and the bank, and lifted their weed-crowned heads above the briny surge. At a distance there appeared a ship under full sail, which soon approached the land. She was steering a due North West course; and, with the strength of sight and hearing that pertains to seers of visions, I beheld the crew, and listened to what was passing among them. What was most surprising was the number of bears, wolves, foxes, and other wild animals that were seen acting like men, upon their hind legs. There was a skilful pilot and soothsayer on board, who had brought the ship thro' many perils; but, thinking they needed not his services any longer, he was ordered to be thrown overboard, in the midst of many tremendous and blasphemous oaths. He had been put in irons, but he broke them; he had been attempted to be starved, but a sweet white dove brought him his meals every day; they had tried to assassinate him, but their daggers were blunted, and their poisons turned into nourishing food. He was cast overboard, and the crew gave a shout

of exulting curses, when a furious billow overwhelmed him. But he rose again, and shook his grey locks at them, with laughing scorn. Manfully he buffeted the waves; and soon he gained the rocks, where I beheld him covered with a cerulean mantle. My attention was then drawn to the vessel, which was carried away, and soon hidden in a dark and icy Bay to the North. Turning around, I then beheld, in the middle of the plain, an ivory throne, inlaid with ebony, upon which appeared installed as the sovereign over an extended territory, the wave-worn being, who had escaped so many dangers, and risen so often from so many falls. His blue banner waved on high, and far and near, the crowds bowed down before the throne, some with heartfelt loyalty, and some with fear and trembling. Then the plain, methought, became covered with persons of all sects, and sorts, of all kinds, and denominations, male and female. On an altar, nigh the throne, whereon was burned sweet incense, lay a book, and methought every one trembled when they saw the name of it. And the high priest took up the book, and began to read therein aloud to the multitude. Then it appeared to me that each young miss blushed, like the damask-rose, when mention was made of love, and some listened eagerly to hear what their fate would be in the connubial lottery. Some shed many tears, and a few swallowed down the oaths that were at their tongue's tip, but most did smile and laugh, with dimpled sweetness and congenial archness. Methought when horns were mentioned, that, of the married men some hung down their heads, and others put their hands up to their foreheads to feel the buds. Then, when the book spoke of stays and other trappings of the dandy-tribe, the

young men stamped, and wondered how the secrets of their toilet were disclosed. But the sight of sights was to behold the married ladies, when the word of command was given for each child to claim its own father. They shrieked, and prayed for mercy: and mercy was bestowed upon them, but not till a few coachmen, apprentices, officers of the army, doctors, and other begetters of the present race of men, were honoured with paternities, that had before been held to belong to merchants, judges, lawyers, and others who, customarily, father the offsprings of their neighbours and domestics. This was effected by a necromantic wand, which, upon being waved again, another scene ensued, and grave men were seen in the arms of harlots, servant girls clinging to their masters, with progenies of all kinds promiscuously appearing in perspective. But then came a great blast, and blew away the whole mimic scenery: and then methought, the book was borne on high on a silver salver, amidst trumpets, and cymbals, which sounded without hands or mouths; and the noise was so great, that it roused me from my dream, and I found it was the voice of my darling, (for I have one, as well as you,) telling me that breakfast was ready!

TOBIAS.

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*Ardescit vitio vitium, viresque ministrat  
Bacchus, et in flamma sævas exsuscitæ iras.*—MANILIUS.

Excess of wine, by vice, increases vice.  
Adds strength to crime, and blows a spark to flame.

Montreal, September 1823.

SIR,

On Sunday evening last, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, I was walking very diliber-

ately in St. Paul street; when my attention was attracted by the obstreperous bellowing of two youths, who had been offering libations at the shrine of that much worshipped deity, Bacchus. One I recognized, but shall forbear naming him, trusting this public reproof will tend to amend his dissipated habits; the other I did not know. This glorious duo, on coming by the Hospital church, laid themselves down, *sans ceremonie*, on the sidewalk, as gazing-stocks for every one that passed. They, however, upon the people stopping to look at them, rose again, and, staggering about, began uttering execrations against them, and appeared perfect proficient in the vocabulary of Lord Goddamnhim. They then, with a chirp and smack of the cheeks, drove on like brave fellows, until they landed at a gateway near the Old Market, where one of them took up his night's quarters at a friend's, and the other was conveyed to the restaurateur's at the corner of the New Market. On my way home, I could not avoid reflecting on the manner in which they exposed themselves, and on that hideous and monstrous vice, drunkenness; which, when it is found in a young man, just rising in years, and who has a wide world before him, with all its dangers to encounter, and its difficulties to undergo, its reverses to surmount, and its troubles to endure, is one of the most lamentable habits he can fall into. It is a hell in itself, destroys his character and reputation, enervates both his mind and body, and renders him useless both to himself and the community. What can be a greater stigma on a young man's character than drunkenness? It leads from evil to evil, and from crime to crime. He gives way to practices despicable in their nature, and disgraceful in their effects; and when habitual intoxication can no,

longer be avoided, renders life a burden, and a reproach. It is by the manners and customs we imbibe in youth, that our after-life is formed : beware therefore, young men, how you act when you first come on the stage of life ; for by that will your future destiny be for good or evil.

A SPECTATOR.

—\*—  
ECHO, No. II.

*In an audible voice, from the Canadian Times,  
Sept. 9, 1823.*

THE LA PRAIRIE FAIR.

"Again shall ECHO strike the lyre,  
While deeds sublime the song inspire."

Last Saturday, 't was rumour'd far and near,  
That the next *Sunday* there would be a Fair ;—  
Of Fairs we knew nought—but had only heard,—  
So to La Prairie, we, in person, steer'd.  
Among the crowd, we started for the place,  
Tho' some ashamed, *that day*, to shew our face :  
A crowd of, ladies, gemmen, students, clerks,  
Merchants, and lawyers, skill'd in endless quirks :—  
In fact, both bad and good, of all degrees,  
From men of state, to servants in the lees ;  
All ranks of men, high, low, great, middling, small,  
Down to the pygmies of—no rank at all ;  
Seem'd eager to behold this "raree-show,"  
And e'en like we,—off to the Fair would go.  
Our noble captain, with a leering smile,  
Greeted each passenger ; and laugh'd the while  
His boat was freighting, fresh, with flesh, and blood,  
Till it was full—when out of port we stood.  
Thus in the steamboat, smoking on, we went ;  
Nor met we with one single accident.  
And even Doctor *Silliman*, the prater,  
Dealt out not one prescription of Lavater :—  
Yet this :—had not *our* steamboat scraped the earth,  
We'd ne'er a soul been frighted in *our* birth :  
Howbe 't, we all arrived there, safe and sound ;  
Without a "scream" from all the ladies round.

The fractious crowd, yet, jealous of their fun,  
Much fear'd the Fair, a "fetch," or steamboat pun,  
Hatch'd up, in the old worn-out Yankee phrase,

To try their Sunday's luck, and "*make a raise*."<sup>\*</sup>  
 Now one said this, one that, and, tho' not sure,  
 One wag said 't was a *ruse de vapeur*—  
 And laugh'd, as wags oft do, at his own joke ;  
 While others gravely puff'd their cigar's smoke.  
 But, tho' the *fetch* we all had vainly fear'd,  
 Throughout the voy'ge no mutiny appear'd :  
 And landing, we, and all those who were there,  
 Found out, at length, there was, indeed, a Fair.

Now we, who nought but Johnson e'er had read,  
 Were almost struck, with disappointment, dead,  
 To find, instead of stalls along the street,  
 Where we the farmers, with their stock, might meet,  
 No grunTERS met us ; but the merchandize  
 Was plums and sweetmeats, cakes and pumpkin-pies  
 This prostitution of the Fair was made  
 On purpose to support the steamboat trade ;—  
 In other words ; to us it did appear,  
 This *fair* assemblage was, in truth, *not fair* ;  
 And then, to make our disappointment double,  
 We'd lost a "*two and sixpence*," and our trouble :—  
 Besides, we disapprove these Sunday capers,  
 And deem it better far to read *our papers* ;  
 For, once the plain and naked truth to speak,  
 One has not time to read, who *scribbles* all the week.

But, readers of imagination bright  
 May well conceive that all things were not right.  
 Among the crowd assembled there together  
 For church, or sport,—and sure no soul knew whether ;  
 Along the street we pressed, with all *our* might,  
 Proud as old Hector in the field of fight ;  
 And, tho' obstructed every now and then,  
 By horses, carts, and carriage-loads of men,  
 Who with wild, vacant, faces, round did stare,  
 Nothing to see—for, nothing was there, there.  
 'Mong city-bucks preambing to and fro,  
 For purpose good—their nothingness to shew,—  
 Jostled and hunch'd, and punch'd by *wenches strong* ;  
 Rubb'd by the coursers of the bounding throng ;  
 Till lo! the square we gain'd—at the left hand,

\*This phrase, which is well understood to the eastward, quite dumfounded the judges, attorney-general, and lawyers, at a late trial ; they looked upon it as a phrase of awful and suspicious import ; and the utterers of it as worse than utterers of forged notes ; indeed the bare using it, was considered as almost sufficient to convict a man of forgery.

Note by MORAL MCGUM.

Took, 'neath the droppings of the church, *our stand* ;  
 Where boisterous shouts and laughter long and loud,  
 With hallooing ostlers rushing thro' the crowd,  
 Nigh drove devotion from our minds away,  
 With the remembrance of the Sabbath-day.

Just *vis-a-vis* 'he church, there stood a row  
 Of stalls with trifles, or to sell, or shew :  
 And on the right another row we spied,  
 With biscuits, *rum*, and sweetmeats, cut and dried ;  
 Whilst here and there Canadian youngkers strode  
 On *blood and bone* along the dusty road :  
 A scene sublime, that fill'd our minds with awe—  
 So on—*et cætera—et cætera—*

Now, press'd along by inclination's tide,  
 Off for the plain, among the crowd, we hied,  
 Where jockies in full character appear'd,  
 And where the standard of the Fair was rear'd.  
 Sure Echo never witness'd louder bawling  
 Steeds neighing, hoofs a rattling, children squalling—  
 Boys cursing—damsels crying "help ! oh dear !"  
 "I've lost a shoe"—old women—"buy my beer !"  
 Zounds ! when we'd fairly elbow'd thro' our way,  
 Trembling at dangers past, for once to pray  
 We tried, and thus to Heaven ejaculated—  
 "Good God ! how wrongfully we've speculated  
 In vent'ring hither, but—thy will be done,—  
 They that are born to swing, can never drown."

Returning to the inn, while "*taking note,*"  
 And talking o'er the Fair to—*maistre d' hote,*  
 Proposing soon to start again for home,  
 "By far the greater part is yet to come"—  
 Our landlord cries, "you surely will not go,  
 And leave the mighty farce, the raree-show—  
 The ep'logue's yet to come ; a *dos-blanc* fight  
 Concludes the Fair, and ends the play tonight."

Eager to know, to find out, hear, or see,  
 What the great "ultimatum" all could be ;  
 And hoping too, "*our money's worth*" to gain,  
 Awhile "*we all*" concluded to remain :—  
 With some amusement to fill up the space,  
 And end the Sabbath-day by saying grace.

A Bear became our sport, with wondrous pranks,  
 And negro-fiddler, whirling on his shanks,  
 Dress'd in the gorgeous robes of "Tamerlane,"  
 Whistling, and turning round—a cabbage-cane,  
 Wildly distorting his black, sooty, face,

In all the horrors of a fool's grimace.  
 "Hurrah! Hurrah!" then echoed thro' the crowd,  
 And, rapt in extacies, we—laugh'd aloud!  
 At length a tumult in the throng appear'd,  
 "Tongues" moving fierce, and voices shrilly heard,  
 Proclaiming, far and near, with dreadful din,  
 The *dos-blanc* fracas quickly would begin;  
 When to the square again we bent our way;  
 Where two young heroes stood, in bold array,  
 Equip'd for fight, but with no coat of mail,  
 Nor burnish'd spear, each other to assail—  
 Nor *pistol* there, in fiery vengeance, brought,  
 But with plain nature's arms they simply fought—  
 Fiercely they met—fiercely their weapons flew—  
 Fiercely they strove each other to subdue—  
 Till thro' the mob,—sans cudgel, sword, or shield,  
 Some heroes push'd, and forced them from the field:  
 Nor was horn'd Menelaus in greater rage,  
 When he in arms with Paris did engage,  
 To find the recreant shielded from all harms,  
 And by love's goddess borne to Helen's arms—  
 They cursed and raved, like any Grecian hero—  
 But all their vap'ring, ended, faith! in zero.  
 When now the battle's horrid din was o'er,  
 The steamboat bell loud peal'd along the shore—  
 And far, far, distant from the swelling main,  
 The dreadful echoes roll'd athwart the plain—  
 Like death's dire messenger, it spoke to all—  
 "'Tis time t' embark on board the Montreal!"  
 But, Echo tired, it must suffice to say,  
 At five o'clock they all arrived at quay;  
 Some drunk, some sober,—as for us—do'nt laugh!  
 WE, as we always are, were *half and half*.

Cataroqui, 5th, Sept. 1823.

MR. EDITOR,

The *Bon-ton* tape-and-bobbin tiptops of the  
 Royal Mount have, at length, found their way to  
 this outlandish place; and, indeed, I must confess,  
 the arrival of these fashionables is considered  
 rather an untimely intrusion, (I mean by *us*, single  
 ones.) Among this class, arrived last spring, a  
 plodding Sawney of the first rate 3-4 Jaconet.—

His dress is in the latest fashion, and the skirts of his coat, put me in mind of a pair of tongs, the legs of which, from long use, cross each other. His name sounds something like Mc Scratch-him. His neck, stiff as a poker, and pinioned like a trussed turkey, causes him to walk "right shoulders forward." He is the *cream* of politeness, falls in love with every girl he sees, talks in raptures of his conquests and amours amongst the fair of Mount Royal, and, affecting the society of the bigwigs, is guided by what they tell him it is right to do, or to let alone. For instance, it has been reported, that, having heard that a certain blue book was much in vogue here, he ordered it; but, learning a short time after, that the high and mighty discountenanced it, he countermanded it. Such men as these, Mr. Editor, are only fit to be led by the nose. Be that as it may, to avoid, if possible, the fate of leading apes in hell, if such be the doom of old bachelors, as well as of old maids, he is indefatigable in his attentions to the eldest daughter of Peter Manynoses, and hopes soon to arrive at the summit of all his wishes by leading her to the altar.

BILLY Mc SQUIGGINS.

MR. MACCULLOH,

The Caricature and Calvinist problem, herewith, are sent for insertion in your interesting miscellany. You are aware of the schisms that have prevailed amongst the American presbyterians of Mount Royal, to which these allude. Ere long, the society in question being in a consumption, you may expect an account of its death; together with some comical sporting intelligence relative thereto.

HAMLET,

The following CARICATURE of a new society is about to be brought forward, representing an annual meeting. It discovers, in the foreground, seven of the prudential committee, one of whom is standing with a sledge-hammer in his hands, "urging the society to strike while the iron is hot." A second is made to say "We are the wise men of the East:" to which the whole assembly are represented as bowing assent. On the left of the chairman, stands the secretary of the society, reading a letter, which is endorsed "a copy to DR. MILLER;" on the inside of the letter several erasures appear, which is supposed to mean that the full original will not be made known. On the right of the committee stands a lank, grinning personage with a clyster-syringe in one hand, marked *Two-horse-power*, and a cane in the other; and directly behind him, stand two dogs, each bearing a label in his mouth; on one of the papers I observed "*Resolutions*," carried by the trusty dog,—or—query—*Juno*; while the other—a mere puppy—holds a different kind of paper, and seems, as it were by instinct, to discover that his master needs it for some necessary purpose. At the entrance of the room, appears a large man with his hat in his hand, advancing towards the committee; and, as he passes on, those behind him are made to whisper, "*We must vote him down.*" The foreground is shewn hedged in by a number of young orators, one of whom appears with a scroll in his hand, partly enveloped in a leaf torn out of the *Christian Register*; whilst in one corner of the room, a man is sitting, wearing a pair of spectacles, and holding up a small memorandum, on which, with a cynical smile, he appears to be inscribing,—NONSENSE.

### CALVINISTICAL PROBLEM.

If it costs £368 3 2 Halifax Currency, to infuse the free and irresistible grace of Orthodox Calvinism, into a Sledge, how much will it cost "Uncle Sam" to regenerate all the members of the American presbyterian society in the Island of Mount Royal?

ANSWER. If the party alluded to can really make himself believe that he has been regenerated, the above mentioned sum is not extravagant: but, as the members of the American presbyterian society, generally, have more cunning, and carry their designs to a greater length, therefore the expense of their conversion should be calculated at a ratio of one thousand to one: so that it would cost £36,820,917. 5. 10. Halifax Cy. merely to pass them through St. Peter's turnpike Toll-gate; but if by the way of Calvin's five turnpike Toll-gates, the Lord only knows what the expense may be.

La Prairie, 6th Sept. 1823.

MR. L. L. MACCULLOH,

Old Bluebeard has had a terrible quarrel with Mr. Longtoe, both of them being notorious characters; and from bad words, they almost came to hard blows, but Longtoe was not willing to risk his paunch, even with the skeleton of the squire, but, like a man of honour, sent the old chap a challenge, being well assured, from his knowledge of Bluebeard's character, that it would not be accepted. However, the old fellow was so stupid as to believe the other would do what he so vauntingly threatened; and—after all—this grand affair has been hushed up, as both parties were sick of their folly and rashness. Longtoe, in his

passion, forgot himself, and every thing else, (even the beautiful widow *Tendu-rant*, the lovely object of his affection.) Be that as it may, it is beyond a doubt that Bluebeard's wig never shook so much since the downfall of the engine-house, and of his arrogant authority. This dirty squabble has produced the frequent exclamation "*tout le monde en rit.*"

Mr. Bazile La Rosse lately, through an excess of gallantry, overstepped the boundaries of decency and decorum, by pulling down part of a neighbour's fence, creeping into a house of no good fame, and endeavouring to captivate, by his own beautiful phiz, a lass even more beautiful (i. e. the wrong way,) than himself.

Among your Matrimonial Intelligence, please announce that Mr. Lag-you of Government City, pays his addresses to a young lady of this place, and the hero has gone for his fathers's consent :

" Oh ! may this happy pair be blest  
With every earthly pleasure."

Mr. Donaldson, having lately set up as partner in a frothy concern, can not do without *hops* of the favour of the gay widow Play-away-care ; and it is expected something is brewing.

" True love is like the diamond's glow,  
In darkest hours still shining,  
But False love, like the showery bow,  
Fades when the sun's declining."

Reek Perdu, and the celebrated Miss Foirain, are soon to be coupled, as a courier has been dispatched to the lady's father for his consent ; thus

" Fix'd at last, this idle blockhead roams no more."

*From Coup-de-l'œil Cottage.*

BERNARDO GOBÉTTE.

✂ Conjectural erratum in the above; *For Hops Read Hopes.*

*Mount Royal, 3d Oct.*

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Looking over the estimates of the civil list of this province, I was surprised to perceive amongst them an allowance for keepers of the court house, attendants upon the judges, &c. which it came into my head ought not to be paid for by the province in the present embarrassed state of our financial concerns. But I was this morning agreeably surprised to find my wishes for reform and retrenchment on this head, were anticipated, when I saw the honourable Judge Dearfool, repair to the hall of the court, with a brush or duster in his pocket. The hon. and learned Judge had indeed half conceal'd it, as only one end stuck out, but enough was displayed to seem as if he meant to announce to the public, that he was going to brush down the bench of Justice, *himself*, sweep away the cobwebs and flies, and cause the Judges to have not only clean hands but clean seats. Heaven knows, said I to myself, it is full time, for brushes, besoms, and all kinds of filth-expelling machines to be employed in cleansing our courts; so I wished the honourable Judge much success in his laudable undertaking, and proceeded to relate the circumstance to you.

ELISHA BALMER.

DEAR SIR,

*4th Nov.*

Wondering at your long silence, I have been afraid there was some foundation for the reports that have been spread about you; such for instance as your having gone away far to the south, and left us all, in these Septentrional regions, to struggle thro' the Arctic night that must ensue when the blue luminary departs from our horizon; another rumour gave out you were dead, and

moreover buried: either of which would have been a dreadful misfortune to *me*, who owe you so much in making the public acquainted with me. However, my spirits have been revived by a fresh account that you would soon "rise again," and be my champion and promulgator. I therefore begin with apprising you, that:

There is a young man not an hundred miles from the nun's *gardens*, who may be called Mr. Steps, or rather a namesake of a Scotch nobleman, who *nursed*, as he pretends, the tender *plant* of affection, for a young lady; and, in order to *raise* a similar *shoot* in the *hotbed* of her heart, took the singular method of calling her mamma every thing but a lady.

As this gentleman has long been wishing to figure in the blue book, and, with patience, waits its arrival at the post-office, (N. B. He is a borrower :) to give this Scotch laddie his due, it is fit he should take notice that all his coaxing won't gain Miss Strutter, after having taken the above singular mode of *engrafting* himself into the family, even although he is forced to speak back again there, having no other place to go.

One of his friends wrote about him, as follows:

"Ah! let sympathising nature bend her head,  
and try to rekindle the smile that once played o'er  
the serene brow of the earl of Stair.

————— His face has lost the bloom  
Of reckless childhood, and his eye its brightness,  
Denoting that the heart beneath, has lost  
Its buoyancy, and its fantastic dreams  
Had given place to pensive thoughtfulness—————

But, stop! we are becoming too poetic. Perhaps the cloud that now looks so dark is occasioned by troubles of the world, or by the dart of

Cupid ; and that, perchance, is the reason that he

“Spurns the hollow sympathy of human kind.”

He seems as if he had ceased to strive against his hard destiny, and therefore chooses

“To wrestle with his agony in silence.”

Fain would I pour balm into his troubled wounds, but that is denied me, therefore, if he understands this aright, he will kiss the page as proxy for a friend that wishes him well.”

(signed) TIMOTHY JONES.

But who Timothy Jones is, is more than I can tell, nor can I vouch for any thing *he* writes ; my object being only Truth and nothing but the  
TRUTH.

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I must now, however, put by my budget of communications, and fulfil my long suspended promise and duty, by recommencing a

#### REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

This I will commence with an account of the works of two of my co-labourers in the line of periodical essay-writing, but who, as regards their literary life, are deceased. The maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, false and improper, in my opinion, in almost every case in which it is applied, would be more so in the present one, than in any relating to an individual ; for the essence of literary merit is to stand the ordeal of the opinion of the world *after death*, whether a literal, or a literary one. *De mortuis nil nisi verum*, says Dr. Johnson, in his life of Hammond :—that ought to be substituted for the erroneous maxim which is in every one’s mouth, “Do not speak ill of the dead.” This, though now it is considered as an offspring of charity and consideration towards the surviv-

ing relatives and friends of those who are the objects of remark, is in fact nothing but a remnant of the old heathen superstition. The advice of the ancients "not to speak ill of the dead, but to esteem them sacred who are gone into an immortal state," was from superstitious motives; they were afraid of the vengeance of the departed spirits; and is well illustrated by the Greek motto inscribed in Plato's ring, "It is easier to provoke the dead than to pacify them when provoked."\*

The two publications to which I allude are :

*The ENQUIRER, a monthly periodical work, consisting of Essays on every subject that can embrace the instruction or entertainment of the reader. By C. D. E. Quebec, printed by W. H. Shadgett, 8vo. pp. 16 each number. Price 12s. per ann. and*

*The LITERARY MISCELLANY, By H. Hagan. Montreal, printed by J. Quilliam, 8vo. pp. 8. semi-monthly numbers, Price \$2 1-2 per. ann.*

The former which was begun in April 1822 was carried on for about one year: The latter existed from Nov. 1822 till June 1823.

At the time of the first appearance of these publications, I expressed my satisfaction at the attempt being made to give a more literary turn to the trade-immersed community in Canada, (i. e. the *imported* part of the community;) together with my apprehensions they would not stand their

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\* Dean Swift, on this subject, says, "What an encouragement to vice is this! "If an ill man be alive and in power, we dare not attack him; and if he be weary of the world, or of his own villainies, he hath nothing to do but to die, and then his reputation is safe. For these excellent casuists know just Latin enough to have heard a most foolish precept, that "de mortuis nil nisi bonum;" so that, if Socrates and Annytus, his accuser, had happened to die together, the charity of survivors must either have obliged them to hold their peace, or to fix the same character on both."

ground, from the little taste there is for rational reading. Faulty, in many respects, as their execution was, I consider both as having had too much merit to have died away so soon.

The *Enquirer*, was conducted by a gentleman of French extraction, who, altho' his English is rather quaint, and has a Gallic twang, is no bad writer himself. The articles from his pen, bear a strong stamp of originality: and a sketch of his own biography forms, perhaps, upon the whole, the most pleasing part of the contents. In style, grammar, and orthography, however, there would be much to criticise both in that, and, generally, throughout the whole: but it would be invidious to do so, as ample apologies, and deprecations are made on that score. Arrogant pretenders deserve, and will obtain, the critic's lash; but acknowledgement of inadequacy disarms it. Another fault to be found in the *Enquirer*, was rather too much fastidiousness in selection.

As a specimen of the prose I extract, from "My own life, by C. D. E." a paragraph, which, tho' I do not entirely coincide in the sentiments it conveys, is worth perusing, as a portrait drawn by a reflecting mind.

"I was then arrived to (at) that age that substitutes rational and manly pursuits to (for) the exclusive allurements of pleasure. I had been absent from France for more than ten years, more than one I had spent at different times in England, about two in Holland and the rest in Prussia. I have already said that my youthful days were rather dedicated to pleasure and the avocations of my situations than to the study of man and his motives of actions. I sincerely loved man, in which women too is included and not for a small share. In my two first residences in London which were in the greatest heat of the American war\* I was intimately acquainted with the respectable family of the three Brothers Sharp, with Dr. John

\* In the latter end of 1779 and in 1781.

Jebb and the celebrated Thos. Holcroft. Too young then to have adopted fixed political principles it is natural to believe that the persons with whom I then associated must have made a certain degree of impression on the then blank and yet soft surface of my mind. It is however true that a certain innate sense of loyalty counteracted powerfully the depth of that impression and overcame its baneful effects. There remained on it nothing else but a notion that mankind in general was (were) not so happy as they could be, and that the obstacle to their happiness existed not in the rulers but in their subordinate agents. The alluring rights of man often set down before me did not meet with my admiration, but I had a kind of glimmering that that word *right* was too indefinite to express the exact relation between man and man in society, and that there must be some more proper to convey the just idea of that relation. I recurred to the gospel often mentioned by my friends; and I read in it "Do to others that which you would be done by," and Heavenly philanthropy took possession of my soul. From that moment the word *right* was expunged from my dictionary and that of *duty* was substituted for it. Indeed the right of every one cannot be maintained but by the strict adherence to duty on the part of all. The conclusion was very easy. Trace exactly the duty of all, enforce the performance of that duty and the rights of no one will be infringed."

It will be perceived that the punctuation here is very faulty, which is a defect that runs through the whole; in the other extract I give, I have corrected it.

The poetry is generally of the *mediocre* kind. I am not sure that the following is original: having read, if not the same, yet something similar, elsewhere; it has, however merit enough for preservation.

#### ABUSE OF GREAT NAMES.

Fortune alas! how sportest thou on earth!  
 Fame; thou'rt a wind—a bubble gave thee birth!  
 Say,—where those names that set the world on fire?  
 Where do the pride of Rome and Greece retire?  
 HECTOR'S dread name now marks the butcher's dog!  
 CATO tends sheep! and BRUTUS drives a hog!  
 Look ye for POMPEY? search the tanner's yard!

You'll meet with CÆSAR in yon orchard's guard :  
 But, rivals still for fame, unknown to fears,  
 A bone unpick'd shall set them by the ears ,  
 See SCIPIO bolt of war ! the bull essay,  
 Whilst NERO, blood hound still, makes man his prey :  
 Thus fares it with renown—nor Gods retain  
 One jot of rev'rence for their name or fame,  
 JUNO, MARS, VENUS,—lapdogs now and bitches,  
 With mangy coats, are drown'd, and float in ditches !  
 Liv'd ye on earth, ye once fam'd pair of sages,\*  
 Who view'd, from different points, the crimes of ages ;  
 How wouldst thou weep for greatness so burlesqu'd !  
 How wouldst thou laugh at dogs in regal vest !  
 One pitied, one condemn'd the wilful times,  
 One laughed at follies, one lamented crimes.

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\* Heraclitus and Democritus.

The *Literary Miscellany*, in contradistinction to the *Enquirer*, with regard to grammatical precision, went into an opposite extreme ; and its editor seemed to consider *words* as of far more importance than *matter*. Indeed its great defect was the pedagogical air that was cast over it. Verbal criticism is generally the employment of those minds, which can not soar above the mechanical vehicles that convey the thoughts of men to each other. It is certainly an useful auxiliary to literature, but so far from being held up, as superior to other branches, it should not presume to rank upon an equal footing with the art of composition, the flow of eloquence, or the vivid corruscations of poetry. The numbers of this work, too, as far as it was proceeded in, were too much occupied with newspaper controversy, and newspaper criticism, both objects that are, in most cases, beneath the dignity of an essayist, who moves in a sphere as far superior to the editor of a paper, as it is inferior to that of the author of a quarto volume.

There were many good essays in the *Miscellany*. Amongst these I class those on "Good and bad beginnings," "Classical education," "Ultra officiousness," and "Newspaper editors." From the last, I extract the close.

"Gentlemen Newspaper Editors, many of you I am confident will be ready to admit the truth of most of the aforesaid remarks, as no doubt, you will scan them with a scrutinizing ken; and if I have extravagantly drawn some traits, and highly coloured others, yet you will allow the deviation from nature, to be but trifling; and to such of you as coincide in this, I deem apology unnecessary.

But to them, who are disposed to take in dudgeon, the various comments I have chosen to make on *the trade*, I announce my willingness, if called upon, to give what is commonly known by the name of "Gentlemanly satisfaction," which is, as I take it, *to stand like a fool at some twelve yards distance or so, to be shot at*, provided a few preliminary points can first be settled. First, it must be clearly proved to me that such a measure allows no alternative. Secondly, there must be procured the sign manual of three select men, otherwise known by the title of Justices of the Peace, and who bear a legal commission to look after the King's untoward subjects, certifying that it militates nothing against the laws of the land, and their full permission for doing so; and thirdly and lastly, I must have, what may probably be the most difficult of all to obtain, *viz.* the approbation of my own conscience.

Now, gentlemen, when these matters can be arranged to my satisfaction, I am your man; but till then, allow me to rest in peace, and raise not, I beg of you, the right arm of your bodies to wield against me that most dreadful of all edged tools, the pen; for

Condemn me, ye Gods! to a tea-table toasting,  
But spare me, Oh spare me! a newspaper roasting!"

La Chine, 1823.

V.

There are some abortive attempts at Tales, particularly a nonsensical one, entitled "The mysterious mourner;" and others that are above mediocrity, such as "The Vale of Servoz."

The poetry, as is naturally the case in all peri-

odical miscellanies, is a mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. As a specimen of the first may be quoted, the following.

## TO SOPHIA.

*Nec me meminisse pigebit Sophiæ dum mei ipse memor.*

Yes, thoughts of thee my throbbing breast still fires,  
And gen'rous love my youthful soul inspires.

Oh! ne'er can I forget the tear  
From that bright eye so purely flowing,  
When thus we sigh'd—mid hope and fear,  
FAREWELL, while hearts with love were glowing.

That look on me which then was cast,  
Rais'd in my soul the fondest feeling,  
And there unmov'd shall ever last  
'Till life's last throb is from me stealing.

Though ev'ry ray of bliss is fled,  
And Hope's bright star's no longer beaming—  
And though the rose of joy is dead,  
My heart of you shall still be dreaming.

The magic note of love I'll swell,  
And touch the chords that sorrow soften,  
The sorrow of that last farewell,  
Which still this heart revisits often.

SLIEVEGALLIN.

Cape Diamond, May, 1823.

Upon the whole, the Literary Miscellany, deserved a better fate. It was certainly the best periodical work, (my own, of course excepted, hem!!!) that ever appeared in Canada. The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, which has followed it, with a greater imposing exterior, and more lofty pretensions, may perhaps, by its future improvement, lessen my regret that the Literary Miscellany is defunct; for I perceive its latter numbers have considerably advanced in literary merit, above the crudeness which prevailed in its com-

mencement. But my further observations on that work will of course be deferred till a volume is completed,

*The Case of Geo Arnold, Plff, vs. John Boyle and others, Defts. agreed & determined in the Court of King's Bench, for the district of Quebec, April 1822. Quebec, printed by Neilson & Cowan; with the case in appeal; pp. 77.*

*Report at large of a Trial before a special jury in the case of L. T. Macpherson, Esq. Plff, vs George Arnold Deft, in an action for slander, in the court of King's Bench, April 1823, reported from stenographic notes by William S. Simpson. pp. 132.*

The question brought to issue in the first action was the validity of a certain notarial act, purporting to have been executed before L. T. Macpherson, a notary public in Quebec, of which a *fac simile* is given, from which it is evident, to the meanest capacity, that it was a manifestly imperfect and invalid document, altho' certified by the notary to be a true one. Yet its validity was virtually substantiated by both the judgement of the court below, and of the court of appeal! Out of the first action, arose the second:—Mr. Macpherson conceived his character as a notary slandered, both by the proceedings had in the former case, by words alledged to have been spoken by the defendant relative to the deed signed by him, and by two bills of indictment preferred against him for altering the deed after it was signed; one of which, (for the mere alteration,) was thrown out by the grand jury; but the other, (alleging it to be a forgery,) was sent for trial to a petty jury, who acquitted Mr. Macpherson.

The gross culpability of Mr. Macpherson in

the transaction in question is so apparent, that it leads to the wonder that he can possibly yet be retained on the list of notaries; and tho' there does not certainly appear to have been a *fraudulent* intention in the forgery (for alteration of a signed deed is forgery,) it both materially injured Mr. Arnold, and ought to have cast a stigma on the notary, so as to destroy all confidence in a man who could do what he did. The defence set up at his trial was, as Mr. Stuart the able counsel for Mr. A. remarks,

"First: That the alterations being totally immaterial, the notary could have no improper motive in the alterations made in the instrument; 2nd, that were he censurable, it was the result of want of information, and was merely a very venial error of judgement, & 3rd, that the *very high respectability of Mr. McPherson's character in his profession, and as a man,* completely shut out all ideas of an opposite tendency."

Here breaks out that wretched tendency that exists in the administration of justice in Canada to pay "respect to persons." And on this, Mr. Stuart most energetically enlarged:

"An illegal act being committed, there is no justification or excuse to be found in any supposed innocence of intention. When did a court of justice ever receive as a plea from an individual accused of any offence a declaration of the innocence of intention of doing wrong? No! the law is too sternly upright in itself, and too pure in its general administration, to tolerate for one moment, such a doctrine. What defence would it be in the mouth of the poor, whom the most pinching hunger had induced to steal a loaf, that he meant no harm, that it was to satisfy the cravings of nature in sustaining a life almost famished? And gracious God! shall such a defence be allowed to the richer and better informed, and therefore ten thou-

and times more guilty, merely because he has moved in a superior and more elevated circle of society?"

Again:

"In connection with this part of the defence, we may as well advert to the inference drawn from the very high respectability of Mr. McPherson's character, as shewing in the conduct of the petty jury, how extremely easy it is for men, with honest hearts but weak heads, to be led away by the superficial and false glare of supposed superiority of station, rendering it the less possible for error to be committed by such an individual than by one in a state of humble poverty." "The plea of ignorance of the law is unfounded. Mr. McPherson well knew the law upon the subject of notarial instruments." "How can Mr. McPherson be supposed ignorant.—The thing is too glaring, too absurd for an idiot to believe. But Mr. McPherson was bound to know the law, the same as every other man in the nation is. The mouth of the most illiterate peasant who had committed a violation of the law would not be permitted, as a plea, to urge ignorance of the existence of the law, though, perhaps, it would be with the utmost truth that he did so. That being the case with the veriest *habitant*, with how much stronger justice ought the mouth of Mr. McPherson to have been closed when by his counsel he invoked a pliant, weak jury to believe that if error had been committed, if his conduct had been erroneous and illegal, it was simply an innocent mistake, for which he was extremely sorry, and which proceeded entirely from ignorance of his duty and the law."

Yet for exposing to the world the wretched incompetency of a public notary, the defendant was found guilty of the libel,—damages five pounds.

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#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXVIII

We again pay our respects to the public, and, although with yet an imperfect establishment, which subjects us to much inconvenience, we will

endeavour to exert ourselves, so as to merit the approbation, which the broad grins of some, the hearty laughs of others, and the simpers and smiles of the fair, are convincing proofs our former numbers have obtained; the beetle browed frowns of austerity, the supercilious sneers of ignorance and presumption, and the plausible grave face of hypocrisy, to the contrary notwithstanding.

We will begin by

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

*From the Shamlee Repertory.*

Adieu to the village—the theme of my song;  
 Farewell to the folks I have dwelt with so long—  
 How well I have duped them, I ne'er shall forget,  
 And I did it so well, that I'll never regret.  
 What fools! to believe that my friendship was true,  
 Or that I could care for such asses as you!  
 No—now that I've left you, the truth I'll reveal—  
 I hated you all, both man, woman, and chiel.  
 And since I can't any more cash from you get,  
 I write this adieu, lest you all might forget.  
 The doctor who ne'er at a fib made a stand,  
 Nor smother'd an oath, when it came to hand:  
 If he by so doing his purpose but gain'd,  
 He cared not whose feelings he hurt, or heart pain'd.  
 Then, to take you in turns, as Cath'lics their beads.  
 Farewell to you, Wise CAP, on whom half of them feeds:  
 By far th' art the best of them, great, middling, and small,  
 And I'm sorry to class you among them at all.  
 Tho' I never remember'd a favour as yet,  
 Your bounty and frankness nigh made me regret  
 Having often, for benefits on me bestow'd,  
 Given you of ingratitude not a small load.  
 Next OLD BILLY to you;—you, who from the dirt sprung,  
 If I spare you the least, may you never be hung;  
 Did you think that the "hundred per cent" that I paid  
 Should pass by in silence, unsung or unsaid—  
 You did—but I think you'll not eas'ly forget

How well I could pay off an old standing debt  
 With a surgeon's account—worse than that bitter pill,  
 Which in your old usurer's gizzard sticks still,  
 The pill which from L. L. Macculloch you got,  
 Whom you then call'd a scoundrel, a rogue, and what not.  
 The next of my friends is the good barrack-master,  
 As oily, and sleek, as soft as a plaister,  
 When he thinks 't is his int'rest to be complaisant ;  
 But who otherwise knows how to bully and rant—  
 For gallantry famed thro' country and town,  
 And for horning of others he ranks, number one :  
 But should I here publish his many amours,  
 'T would make his dear helpmate to fly out of doors,  
 Paying him the same coin—mum.—So then both adieu  
 And now worthy friend, reverend NICK RAP, to you.  
 "Ha!" thus, to thyself say'st thou, "ha'n't I had enough?  
 "This surely is treating me rather too rough."  
 Yes, long thou'lt remember, and long thou'lt regret  
 What I've so well paid, and will never forget ;  
 Having charged for my son's education full price,  
 Tho' you promised 'bout that you'd ne'er be o'ernice.  
 As your school was obtain'd by the recommendation  
 I gave of your Latin and Greek education ;  
 Tho' parents now find, to their cost, it is said,  
 You know 's much of both, as of raising the dead.  
 But farewell!—In review I've past most of my friends,  
 Who're now no more such, since they can't serve my ends—  
 And characters getting far worse, all along ;  
 As the best did begin, so the worst ends my song.  
DR.

#### FASHIONABLE PARTIES AT MOUNT-ROYAL.

On the 28th Ultimo, the lady of Judge Dier, gave a ball  
 and supper ; at which the usual routine of fashionables  
 attended. Among the names announced, were, the Big-  
 mans, Jarretts, Loverules, Foresights, Old Josephs, Hogs-  
 flesh, &c. It was but a small party (twenty-six couple,)  
 but said to have been very agreeable, though a little dull.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Bow-wow's dinner and dance.

The 15th, General Go-down's ditto ditto.

The 13th, Dr. Drugwell's party.

The 16th, Mrs. Hogsflesh's route.

On the 16th too, Mrs. East had her exhibition ball.

At the last the influence of *Black-strap* rendered some of the party rather obstreperous, and it was thought there would have been some broken heads, particularly between two of her scholars ; but the quarrel was made up, as neither of them seemed inclined to do each other much harm. A certain husband too, whether from jealousy or not of his little elegant sylph-like wife, who was at the ball with one of the princes of Greece, very unceremoniously attempted to ascend into the assembly-room, and cavalierly, (or rather in the way of his calling, which requires he should not be known to those he honours with a shoulder-tap,) refusing to give his name, was, as unceremoniously and cavalierly, kicked down stairs, by Mr. E., which, with sundry screams and fits that were displayed on the occasion, contributed vastly to enhance the satisfaction of the party.

*N. B. Mr. Gossip presents his compliments to the young men who took too much black strap that night, and warns them to be more sparing of that beverage in future, as he will otherwise be under the necessity of reporting their names to Mr. Macculloh.*

*Mount Royal, Oct. 1823.*

MR. GOSSIP,

Some time ago a marriage took place between one Tommy Spring and one Peggy Dear-lay-me ; probably the very inferior circle in which these personages moved, the one being a journeyman of your own trade, and the other a servant-maid, would have rendered their union a matter not worthy of being recorded in your pages ; tho' it was rather pompously announced in one of our city papers ; but as "kirkumstances alters kases," it may be proper to inform you that a rotundity of waist, which hurried on the match, has been attributed to the quondam master of the lady, Major Wicked, alias Henpeck, who promised

Tommy an establishment for marrying her, to prevent his lady, who all the world knows wears the breeches, from getting hold of the secret. Yet the Major has not yet even paid the expenses of the wedding: and moreover young Mrs. S. who, in the days of her virginity was bound by indenture to the major, two years of which time are yet unexpired, has gone back to live in Wicked's house, and wears new dresses which he purchases for her, and which are supposed to come from wittol whose name she now bears.

Is this

A TRUE BILL?

*WANTED. To do the indoor work at an hon. Judge's by the river side, an athletic, lusty, well made, male servant: good wages given, and work easy; none need apply unless provided with good personal security for the performance of his duty. Should one think himself inadequate, two may propose jointly, & will be even preferred. The sooner application is made the better, as the lady is much in want of a man.*

We have received a remonstrance from some young men who complain of an old wench hunter, as they call him, forestalling them; as they feel ashamed to enter where they see him sitting in state with his harlots at the corner of Rochester street: but we must take leave to say, that this remonstrance comes with a very bad grace, when it is avowed that it is only because they think old professor PIDDLE, monopolises the girls too much.

*The honourable the Justices of His Majesty's courts of King's Bench, Oyer and Terminer, and Quarter Sessions, of Mount Royal, beg leave to avail*

of the favourable opportunity afforded them by the re-appearance of the *Domestic Intelligencer*, and tender their sincere thanks to the public for past favours, exemplified in their long suffering patience, under the delay of office &c. They further beg to inform their friends, the night-men and others, that, being desirous of promoting the beauty and cleanliness of our well regulated city, and the wholesomeness of the gaol of this district, they will continue to keep a depot of filth, dirt, dung, putrified, and putrifying matter, at the well known place, that is to say, between the northern extremity of the court-house, and the south end of the gaol; where people wishing to afford them the means of manuring their extensive gardens, will be at liberty to deposit any kind of noxious matter, without incurring the displeasure, or even the censure, of our goodnatured, impartial, independent, and equitable, police-magistrates, who, as in duty bound, when great men's wills are in question, suffer themselves, without a murmur, to be nearly suffocated by the nauseous steams evaporating from a heap of filth under the windows of their office.

*N. B.* Visitors to the court-house are informed that, tho' the frost will stop most of the delectable effluvia arising from the aforesaid heaps, their olfactory nerves may be gratified on the return of spring.

Note by the printer's devil. Tho' the plural number is used in the above; it is generally understood that the dung-yard in question is the private property of one of the Judges.

*Monsieur Gossip,*

On dit que Mdlle Boisgros s'est munie d'un morceau de la queue de la baleine, en attendant la jouissance de celle de son cher Pasteur.

Votre tres humble

AHA!

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

## TO SUBSCRIBERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with regret I have still to apologize for the delay that has occurred. The yet incomplete state of the office has chiefly caused it, I hope however I shall soon overtake myself, (if I may be allowed the Hibernicism,) & get up my arrears by the end of Jan. till when I solicit the public indulgence. I intended to have given a detail of the causes whereby the reappearance of the work has been so long protracted, but space will not admit; but, as it is now going on again, that is of less consequence than to assure, & convince the public that I will endeavour to merit their continued patronage.

The piece signed ME, intended for this No. as also SCRUTATOR, (with alterations,) are shut out. OBSERVER, & many others, will be availed of, as occasion serves. The substance of LIBERALITY, a Comedy, will appear in another shape. *LES A FEMINA* probably alludes to a subject already noticed; if further remarks are thought necessary they will be attended to. ALLUM, inadmissible. Q.Q.Q.Q. as well as others, are reminded of the necessity of always sending complete keys. A CREDITOR, & A BARBER, will please observe that mere dunning is not admissible. ECHO, No. 3, tho' the poetry is very good, has too trivial an aim: the author should employ his improving talents on higher game. AMINTOR's verses, rejected.

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*In the Press, and Speedily will be Published,*

BY CHARLES FOTHERGILL, Esq.

York, U. C.

THE CANADIAN'S RIGHT THE SAME AS THE  
ENGLISHMAN'S.

Setting forth the antiquity, excellent design, use, office, and just privileges of Juries,—first written by Sir John Hawles, Knight.

---

St. URSULA'S CONVENT, or the NUN of Canada.

The public are respectfully informed that the above Novel is in the Press, and will be published as speedily as possible.

Persons holding Subscription Lists are requested to lose no time in transmitting them to the Herald Office.

Kingston, U. C. Nov. 25, 1823.

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