

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Victa tamen vinces, oversaque Troja resurges. OVID.

The victors are subdued, arise again Troy's walls
So Scribblers re-appear and opposition falls.

Bella rediviva— SILIUS ITALICUS

The fight's again begun—

Clamor, rixa, joci, mendacia, furta, cachinni.— GUL. LILLIUS

—with clamour, joke, and laughter,
With double meanings, bold rebuke, and explanation after.

It has been my singular lot, with the least disposition in the world, [if I know myself aright.] to become an egotist, yet to be repeatedly forced, by the circumstances attending my literary career, since I first commenced this work, to allude to my private affairs.

The lapse of two months, since the last number of the Scribbler was printed, demands both explanation, and apology. In that number, a few hints were given, under the head of "Selections from the Old Point Recorder," of the then pending event, which put a temporary stop to my printing operations. The first sheet was printed off, and the last mostly set up, when, without the slightest previous notice, or communication, the persons, who pretend to be "stockholders," as they farcically call themselves, in the printing establishment then in my possession, came and demanded from me, either immediate payment for the same, or

an immediate surrender of it to them. They availed of a judgement, which a knavish attorney held against me, and which it was understood was not to be acted upon, and under colour thereof, caused the press, types, &c. to be seized by the sheriff. But I will not now enlarge on the gross ill-usage, (the false promises, and mean prevarications, I have experienced in these transactions; another more suitable time may come, when I have a smaller accumulation of matter for Scriblerian remark than now lies on the table before me: from which circumstance also it has become necessary to use, in the present number, a much larger proportion of small type than customary.

Previously, however, to entering upon what, no doubt, my subscribers and contributors, are anxiously looking for; namely the articles of temporary, of private and of local interest, that form so large a portion of this publication; I cannot refrain from copying from the Albany Microscope, a communication sent to that paper on the subject of the outrage committed upon my establishment, with some notes and observations of my own in addition.

Champlain, Dec. 12.

To the editor of the Microscope,

SIR—Permit me to give you a few particulars respecting the downfall of the Bucktail press (1) at Champlain. This

(1) To all English and to most Canadian readers, it is requisite to explain that the term "Bucktail," is given to the ultra democrats and republicans of America, in opposition to the party called federalists. To call mine, however, a Bucktail press, is a perfect misnomer. It is true, that, being an English whig in principle, and a republican, according to the true acceptance of the word, I was seduced by the glittering name which the party had assumed, who fondly and falsely boasted in America to be "exclusive republicans;" and when I was invited (for the invitation was on their part,) to establish a press at Rouse's Point, which the persons who treated with me, informed me they were desirous should espouse the republican cause, I did not hes-

press was got up by a party of Bucktails on the Lake Shore, who (poor souls,) were going to carry all before them, and in the New Year's Address of their printer they prophesied.

"The Harbingers of prosperous times
Shall Commerce spread her flowing sail,
And mansions rise, and church-bells chime,
With factories, wharves, mills, stage and mail.

We at the village, expected each day to hear of the arrival of a West Indian man or two at Rouse's Point. Nay, they were going to import their own teas direct from Canton! Yet some sly chaps hinted they had but about 100 dollars capital on hand for all these magnificent projects. But, no matter; Bucktails are Bucktails, (that is, boasters and promisers; without any thing to boast of, and never fulfilling promises;) but to the point.

They had established their Bucktail paper, and were proud of their editor, who by the bye, is a runaway vagabond Englishman, from Canada, a country he dares not re-enter, for fear of being promoted to — the highest honor.

— sitate in avowing that I was a republican, and declared that I would conduct my paper, (the Harbinger,) upon true republican principles. At the same time, from expressions that had fallen from some hot-heads amongst them, suspecting there was more meant than meets the ear, "in the alluring term 'republican,'" I took care, in order that no one might complain of being misled by my professions, at state, in my prospectus, that mine was "not the republicanism of a party, but the republicanism of a patriot, or, in other words, the common weal," and that my maxim would be, "Measures, not men: principles, not systems: independence, not party." I was then not at all acquainted with the state of parties in America. Party politics in no country, ever formed part of my studies until they were in a manner forced upon me. Of what I now know of the *soi-disant* republican party in America, I will not here say more than that it is any thing but really republican. The appellation itself is derived from the tail of a buck having been adopted as a badge, or cockado, of distinction of the party.

their Sheriff can bestow upon him. (2) But it so happened that Mr. Editor was a little stubborn, and could not bow his head to the Backtail aristocracy; who, you well know, never allow a man to think for himself, but require all to submit to their own party, to dictation, and to his Royal Highness, King Caucus, (3) tyrannizing over the free will of mankind. So it was determined, in a general caucus assembled on the occasion, that he should be turned out, and some other more subservient, meek, and cringing creature, such as would suit their views, appointed.

It is understood that he had engaged to pay for the office for twelve months, and on the very day twelve months, after

(2) It is unnecessary for me to repel this false and spiteful imputation. The circumstances under which I left Canada, and those in consequence of which it is not prudent for me to enter the Lower Province, until both the system of the law of debtor and creditor, and the administration of civil justice are reformed, have already been so often laid before the public, in different parts of this work, without ever any one daring to contradict them, that Busiris need only be referred to those details to convince him how much he has been misled relative to my character and history. Let him only read my triumphant reply, in Vol. 2, to the presentment made by a grand jury at Quebec against the Scribbler.

(3) CAUCUS, an American party term, unintelligible but in their own political circles: it is applied to an assemblage of men, meeting previously to any election, whether of president of the United States or of a scavenger of a village, to vote who shall be recommended as a fit person for the office. This is no place to discuss the question of the caucus system, as it is called; but I take the opportunity of declaring, that it is, in my opinion, one that is more systematically subversive of rational and individual liberty, and freedom of opinion and action, than any contrivance of despotism, aristocracy, or demagoguery, in either ancient or modern times. No satisfactory derivation of the word *caucus* has ever been offered, or the cause of its adoption explained. Some contend it owes its origin to the Latin *Cæcus*, blind others to *Cacus*, the noted robber of antiquity; some give it an English origin, and say it is nothing but *cork us*, or *caulk us*, signifying stop up our holes and crevices; others again a French one, and say that it comes from *cecu*, or from *caquer*: and finally the vocabulary of the nursery may perhaps be resorted to furnish its etymon in the exclamation so often heard, "I want to ka ka?" when, as Swift has it,

—some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low for bread and butter call.

he had issued his first paper, (4) down came the Bucktails
forces, in martial array,

“ On horse, on foot, in hacks; ”

but not “ in gilded chariots,” for an ox-cart, or a rickety one
horse waggon, was the most dignified thing these Bucktails
could boast of. There was, in the first place, General Thun-
der, but his thunders are squeaks, and as he is a sneak, we
will say no more about him. (5) Then there was his aid; a
smock-faced, would-be lawyer, just fit for a pettifogger’s run-
ner; but as he is a—nothing,—we will say no more about

[4] A full detail of the scandalous breach of faith, and fail-
ure of the promises and engagements made towards me, pro-
bably might be serviceable to the new editor whom, it is un-
derstood, these pretended *stockholders*, or some of them, for
they are not agreed amongst themselves, have set up in my
stead, and might put him on his guard; but neither time nor
opportunity now permit, and he must be left to find out by
his own experience, as I have done, how much he will be
cajoled and deluded, and subsequently harrassed and turned
adrift.

[5] Yet much more ought to be said about him. Impri-
mis: when the office was about first being established, the
general, then a colonel, agreed to fit up a building for it,
upon specific terms, and the builder was engaged and the
plan drawn. He chose to depart from his positive engage-
ment, and the following is what his now aid-de-camp and
crony, wrote on the subject, Oct. 3, 1823. [N. B. It was
in July the agreement was made,]

“ Col, Thunder has truly deceived us all. I have been
all the morning in endeavouring to bring matters about, but
to no purpose. He made a proposition this morning so di-
minutive and selfish in itself, that we have finally concluded
to let him and his building “seek their own salvation,” or, in
other words, go to the d—l together.”

Secondly:— But it may be better to stop, and see whe-
ther the magnanimous general will condescend to pay his
share of the bill for election-printing, as well as for the ad-
vertisement he directed to be inserted in the Harbinger; as
that might save *him* from further exposure as to those mat-
ers, though equal forbearance can not be promised as to o-
thers,

him. (6) Then there was a Major Tavern-keeper; but as he is a gentleman—we will say no more about him. (7) Then there was the Judge, but as he is a scamp, we will say no more about him. (8) These were the leaders; with them came the rabble rout, the tag, rag, and bobtail, all eager to shew their exultation and pride in being able to pull down the puppet they had set up. He, poor creature, had not the spirit of a man, or he would have told them to their faces how ungratefully and rascally they behaved to him. But it is no wonder, a fellow that could be hired to be a Bucktail Editor, without any heart or soul in the cause, deserved it. (9) But you know him, I believe, and as *I* am told he is rather a friend of yours, *I* won't say so much against him as he deserves.

[6] This gentleman has been appropriately nicknamed Mr. SMALLBEER JUNIOR. Every thing that is mean, pitiful, and paltry, is united in him, to ignorance, and its inseparable companion, conceit. His conduct as post-mistress, (I beg pardon; I should say post-master, for boys are generally called masters,) will, probably, at some future period, be severely lashed, if he does not mend his manners.

[7] True; this gentleman is one of the very few characters on the Lake shore, who deserve the appellation.

[8] Very true; but that every body knows. It is to be hoped that he will take the hint given in the note respecting general Thunder, about the election-bill. Not only are there various anecdotes on file relative to the judicial conduct of this "most righteous judge," this "second Daniel;" but some old Connecticut stories about one Mr. Tompkins, may be raked up.

[9] How was I hired to be a Bucktail editor? Was it by accepting a pressing invitation to print a paper at Rouse's Point on republican principles? I have before explained what I understood by those principles, and Busiris is certainly right that *I* was too stubborn in my own opinions to allow of dictation. *I* chose to think for myself, which is not per-

Well sir, down they came upon the office, pounce; and without law or equity, though not one of them had paid a farthing of the cost, they tore down all—carried off the cases with the types, (pie and all,) spilt a great number in the mud—groped and dirtied their hands in picking a few up, and spoiled all in grand style. (10)

There was one chief leader amongst them who it is said is descended from the Tuscarora or Oneida tribe of Indians; but he kept himself particularly aloof, and took no part in the affray; but let me tell you he is a snake in the grass. (11)

mitted, in that party, to any but the leaders. At a very early period of the short career of the Harbinger, (which by the bye is not dead, but "only sleepeth,") I received a letter of remonstrance from the dons of the place, on the freedom of my remarks on the government, which, with my temperate, but firm reply, will one day find their way to the eyes of the good people of Champlain and Rouse's Point. But perhaps I was bribed by the promises made me of at least 800 subscribers, whilst the list never exceeded 250, half of whom were bad paymasters or dishonest shufflers.

[10] Setting aside the shameless illegality of the proceeding & the harassing nature of the scene to those whose feelings were wounded, their property ravaged, and their maintenance torn from them; it was really ludicrous to observe the malignant grin of exultation that shot over the sallow countenances of the perpetrators of this act of gothic, or rather barbaric, spoliation. The eager band of the Judge, grasping hammers and chisels, to tear down the press; the general securing his share of the plunder, wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief; both begriming themselves with ink and dirt, and oil: [but that is no wonder, they are used to dirty work, and it would be vain to expect to find the one on the bench, or the other in the field, *with clean hands*,] and generally the whole gang, probably thirty or forty in number, like monkeys in a china-shop, full of pride in the victory thus obtained, partly by fraud and partly by force.

(11) To this I can not accede; Busiris, I conceive, mistakes the character of the gentleman alluded to. His fault is, that he is guided by others.

and would be a Federalist, a Clintonian, or, no matter what if he fell amongst them. All he knows is that two and two make four—by which knowledge he has got a few thousands together. This great man was long ago installed King of the Lake Shore, but he soon found to his cost, that most of his subjects were determined to be Vice Roys over him. Apropos—Speaking of Kings, I forgot to mention amongst the leaders, the Squire, who is also a king, but as he too is a Vice Roy sometimes, we will say no more about him. (12)

If the above is worthy of being subjected to your Microscopic scrutiny; I may probably send you some further particulars.

Your's,

BUSIRIS.

(12) It is to be wondered at that a person so well-informed as Busiris appears to be of the particulars of this transaction, should forget to mention among the leaders of this host of assailants, captain Huffer, who acts as bull-dog and bully to the party

THE SLIP,
A FARCE, in three acts
(Continued)

ACT II, SCENE I.

Sir George Woodcock's house.—Enter Sir George, Maria, and Lucy.

Sir George.—Well, that's a sweet girl; my pretty niece—how much you have pleased me by this kind consent.—I knew you would like Gregory at last.

Maria.—O yes sir, at last—but it was a long time tho' before I did.

Sir Geo.—Ah! I am sure you must like his gravity and dignity. He'll come to be a judge.

Gregory, entering.—Hem! hem!

Sir Geo.—And then, when you think of the noise and

impudence of his foolish brother—

Maria.—Yes, nuncle. It is n't bearable. I remember cousin Jack, before he went abroad, was as wild as wild—and would romp and pull one about, and snatch a kiss so impudently—I can 't bear to think on it now: can I Lucy?

Lucy.—O no ma'am; a man that's so impudent will never please the ladies; (*aside*) unless he grows more impudent.

Maria.—As for you, Gregory, you know you never even asked me for a kiss; and I like you the better for that; (*aside*) for I am sure I should never have given you one.

Greg.—O no, cousin Maria, I would not for the world depart from the strictest decorum.

Maria.—True, coz. Now I remember, (*stoops to tie her shoestring,*) cousin Jack used to tie my shoestring when 't was loose, but—O fie!—I would n't let him do so again—And if I dropped my glove, (*drops her glove, and Lucy picks it up,*) he never would let any body else pick it up. Or, if I happened to trip, (*tumbles and leans upon Lucy's arm,*)—O lord! 't was his arm, and not Lucy's, that supported me.—(*Asid.*) Stupid brute! (*All this time Gregory stands by unconcerned.*) Such attentions, cousin Gregory, I dare say, you think are beneath the dignity of man.

Greg.—Indeed miss Maria, we have matters of so much greater importance to employ our minds—

Maria.—That you can't throw away a thought on us.

Sir Geo.—Well, well, I know you were made for each other. D'ye hear, Maria my dear, the license will be here to-night, and the parson too.—

Enter Suckpen, and whispers Sir George.

Sir Geo.—There, go now Gregory, take her hand, and lead her out with dignity; for I have some business of great importance to transact now.

Maria.—Well, uncle, you have conquered me; and so

Mr. Woodcock, I must consent to your being my lord and master.

Greg.—Yes, it is proper the husband should be the dignified head of the family.

Maria.—Yes, and if I marry you, you shall be the dignified head of the family, I promise you.—*Exeunt.*

Sir Geo.—Well, Suckpen, so she's come?—the sweet little creature—odds dods, not so little neither. But I haven't had my cordial yet. I must go get it: and, Suckpen, let me have a toast to it and some nutmeg; and, Suckpen, go to my dear Kitty, and tell her I'll be with her presently. Shew her up to my private closet—and, d' ye hear,—beat up the sofa-cushions.

Suckp.—Yes sir.—*Exit.*

Sir Geo.—Lord, how merry I will be! We'll have a jolly day of it. Here, John! Thomas! William!

Enter Servants.

Sir Geo.—Let my doors be open to-day. Make every one welcome that comes. And let there be plenty of beef and plenty of beer.

Serv.—Yes sir.

Sir Geo.—For your young master is to be married to-night to miss Maria, and your old master will be as young again, and as merry.—Remember all of you to get drunk to-night, you dogs.

Serv.—We won't forget that, sir.

Sir Geo.—And don't forget to let every body in—only shut the door against that rake Jack. I wonder I have heard nothing of him yet. He live by his wits! He'll be damned first.—He has no wits. He'll be out of his wits when he's told they're married.—Oddso! I forget Kitty.—*Exeunt.*

SCENE II, Sir George's private closet.

Enter Suckpen, leading in Jack W. disguised in a woman's dress, a long cloak and bonnet.

Suckp.—Come mistress Kitty, you know where you are now: this is the old closet you know.

Jack.—Yes master Suckpen, thank 'ee.

Suckp.—This is the old place, you know. Master is about getting his cordial.—Lord, he is but a wishy-washy sort of an old man:—if you would but consider a body now, mistress Kitty.—Let me—wo 'n't you, my dear?

Jack.—Fie, Mr. Suckpen, fie! Let you what?

Suckp.—Nay, do 'n't be so shy. You know what. Look at me—nay, I will have a kiss. You'll like it better with me than with my old fumbling master.

Jack.—But your old fumbling master pays well for fumbling you know—Fie Mr Suckpen,—I wo 'n't—

Suckp.—(Aside) A good hint that. Lord, mrs. Kitty, I know that; but only be kind to me, and I can pay you something better than fumbling.

Jack.—Lauk! you make me blush; (aside) this may turn out another golden glorious opportunity—a double harvest; but I must get rid of him soon.

Suckp.—O Kitty! If you could but fancy me now; I 've sixty pounds a year besides my board, and I have saved a matter of fifty pounds besides; I keep it always about me; here it is, in this purse; and if you would but have me—

Jack.—What, honourably do you mean? will you marry me?

Suckp.—Yes, sweet mistress Kitty; I 'll marry if you 'll let me. The old justice can 't have done you much harm.

Jack.—O sir, do n't tempt me; I must not be ungrateful to Sir George.

Suckp.—Sweet mistress Kitty!

Jack.—Pray keep your hands to yourself, sir.

Suckp.—Now do n't beso coy,—you know I 've so often courted you—

Jack.—(Aside) So there has been some nibbling—

Suckp. — Now do sweet mistress Kitty, do promise me.

Jack — I can't promise, you men are so fickle.

If I had a sure pledge, indeed —

Suckp. — Fickle! — odds bobs, she's consenting. No, no, I ain't fickle. Here, I'll give you this purse as a pledge of my sincerity; and if I do n't marry you, you may keep it.

Jack — Well! dear Mr. Suckpen, you have such a winning way; *(Takes the purse:)* meet me in the elm-walk to-night. But now—now you must go. Sir George—

Suckp. — O Sir George always takes his time. But you dear kind creature, give me one kiss, and I'll go.

Jack — Well—*(he kisses)*—foh! Away now—go, for fear Sir George should come.

Suckp. — Adad, she's a sweet one—kisses rather rough though—but she's mine now. — *Exit.*

Jack. — The liquorish puppy! Now casket, by your leave, quick. *(Takes it under his clonk.)* Well Sir George, you will own before night that my wits are not so bad an estate to live upon. — *Exit.*

Enter Sir George,

Sir Geo. — Adad! I'm quite fresh and young—all on fire. Ah you young hussey! where are you? How I will puzzle you. What—play at hide and seek!—where—where—under the sofa? I'll pull you out by your pretty legs. Adad! she's not there. Why; Kitty do n't be a fool now—what! why where's my casket? gone! hey! What! Is my Kitty a thief? Sure enough it's gone. I'll have her taken up directly, the jade. Here, Suckpen!

Suckp. *(without.)* — Coming, sir.

Sir Geo. — A damn'd whore, to rob me now! Why Suckpen, I say!

Suckp. — I'll come presently; your worship's busy yet.

Sir Geo. — What! turn out a thief?—and after having so often been here, and never served me so before. Suckpen,

Suckpen I don't you hear?

Suckp. (*entering.*) — Fie! nay, now you make me blush.
What's your pleasure, sir?

Sir Geo. — Where's this creature?

Suckp. — What creature? your worship!

Sir Geo. — Why Kitty, the jade! She's a thief as well
as a whore. She has robbed me—stole my casket—

Suckp. — Robbed! what? who? O my fifty pounds!
—*Runs off.*

Sir Geo. — The fellow's mad. I'll send for a constable.
Fire and fury! robbed by a whore! — *Exit.*

(*To be concluded in next number.*)

I now take up the communications that have been accumulating since my last, chiefly in the order of their dates, waiving the insertion of some, and postponing others, which possess merely a momentary interest, or are of less importance. As my principles always have been those of impartiality, and my avowed practice that of affording every one who feels himself aggrieved, or who desires to contradict any statement made by myself or my correspondents, room in my pages for so doing, I commence with the following letter.

William Henry, November, 1824.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
Exodus, xx. 19.

There is a time, Mr; Editor, when even the amiable quality of forbearance becomes a fault and a crime.

To permit a man of a vicious disposition to revel with the characters, nay even with the misfortunes, of others, with impunity, is to carry too far what the world calls contempt. Never mind how truly contemptible the utterer of scandal may be, still, if not to chastise, yet to expose, him becomes the bounden duty of every good man.

It is from a motive of this nature alone, that I have taken up the pen to become for once, a correspondent of yours, in order to make a few remarks on certain pieces in your periodical publication, signed TELL TALE.

The author of these communications, is more to be shunned than the midnight assassin, with his stiletto. He appears to pride himself in the knowledge he pretends to possess relative to certain persons who were once members of the great city below. To vent his spleen and impotent spite, he dives into family secrets; every subject is distorted to serve the ends of this worse than one of Virgil's Harpies. The support that the most virtuous individuals receive, from the highest dignitaries in the country, is, by the poisonous blast of this envenomed fiend, attributed to the worst and foulest motives. There is nothing, however true, however holy, that is not aspersed by this demon of mischief. Neither is age, which the roaming savage respects, nor the Altar, before which the most profligate characters shudder with inward awe, exempt from the taunts and insults of this abandoned creature.

That the world may not give credit to his assertions, we would beg of it to try what he says, by the *experimentum crucis*: that is to examine the standing in society of those he calumniates. For certainly, neither the wicked, nor the obscure, nor the ignorant, are ever advanced to situations of honour, profit, or distinction. (1)

(1) Not so, this argument is totally inadmissible from its antiorious falsity. In Canada particularly, as well the wicked and the obscure, as well as the ignorant, especially the latter, are advanced to situations of honour, profit, and distinction, provided they know how to flatter the powers that be.

E. L. M.

Such sir, is the guage whereby to fathom the depth of the allegations of such infamous detractors as those with which your pages, I assure you, abound.

Ere I conclude, let me turn the attention of Tell-tale, to the heading of this paper, this, as well as the whole chapter nay, the whole book whence it is taken, I seriously recommend him to study, if *his tenets* permit,

For the present I forbear saying more.

I am &c.

OMORCA. (2)

(2) I have found it necessary, according to my invariable practice, to suppress some passages in Omorca's letter, tending to point out, personally, the supposed writer of the pieces signed TELL-TALE; OMORCA will, however, find, that I have done him justice in another way. I beg however, to state that I think he is wrong in the person whom he considers as Tell-tale; besides, it was not by one correspondent alone that the subject alluded to has been animadverted on, but, as usual in such cases, several distinct communications have occasionally been blended into one.

Next in rotation, I have to notice a correspondence with the person alluded to in No. 131 as Joshua the son of Neph. Having distinctly disavowed the expressions and conduct ascribed to him, and handsomely requested my contradiction of what was said as to his character, and that of his wife, I informed him in reply that I would be happy to insert any thing in the Scribbler, which he wished as an answer to, or a refutation of, the communication that had been sent me. His second letter is so perfectly characteristic of an honest tradesman, and a feeling and sensible man, that, notwithstanding its unpolished and illiterate style, I am gratifying myself, when I give it to the public as a genuine specimen of natural sentiment. I hope he will excuse my printing it as it is, but I assure him that to have substituted my own language, in publishing it, would have destroyed its effect, by obliterating its honest bluntness.

This day I received your letter, which was kind and welcome. You have conferred such honour and friendship in it for me, that I and my Mrs. feel that now a gentleman consoles the afflictions of hearts, that I may truly say was grieved beyond measure; and I believe I can say, before my maker, it was innocently, and more particularly my wife, that was brought in question; that her character was always unimpeachable, and her conduct of the best, and I can not know her better part, which she left behind her in Dublin, nearer than her brother.* Sir, with respect to me writing you something for insertion, I am entirely incapable of, and the next thing is, I am not certain of the person deserving it. Third, and chiefly, I think it is an unprincipled, mean, journeyman shoe-maker, which I consider him less worthy of my notice than I was of yours in the Scribbler. But, sir, with respect to my proposals, I think it was that I would give you any satisfaction concerning the lady, we should have mentioned. I stand, with respect, to perform it in any shape; and I wish you, to let him know it that I call him every thing but a man of truth; Sir, I want for you, or the lady, to point out what other way you think proper that your information should appear false, for I stand as a man, and not a liar.

If I am not wrong informed, the lady in question, a few days after I saw the Scribbler, was in my shop, and I was then in the shop, and I did not know her from any other person, and if she was to come in while I now write this, I would not know her; and all the other affairs, concerning furniture and Mr. A. it is the first of it I ever heard, unless in the Scribbler, and then I knew not what it meant. So your information must be from a damned mean fellow.

Sir, you have just feelings from an ignorant unlearned man, which I hope your education will not scrutinize over; but rather pity a tradesman, that is little better than struggling, to be meddled with so grievously.

I hope, sir, you will not be offended at my tedious discourse.

I am, sir, Your very thankful and humble servant.

JOSHUA

Montreal, 16th Dec. 1824.

* Meaning, no doubt, that she did not leave any husband in Dublin, but only a brother.

Joshua's open and manly conduct, has both my thanks; and the full excuse of the lady in question, who, with myself, are completely satisfied with his apology. She is my polar star, a bright and invaluable gem, adorning and illuminating the dark and rugged path I am destined to tread, and tongue shall not be wagged, nor breath be breathed against her, if I know it, with impunity.

L. L. M.

Dear Sir, Quebec, 18th Nov. 1824

I beg leave to correct a report that appeared in your miscellany a short time ago, in recording the expected marriage of one of the Circus goddesses; as I would have you be informed that our *Prior* of the shears is no small obstacle to the obtaining of the already divided heart of this fair daughter of Thalia.

You must know that the *Prior*, when on a late visit to Mount Royal, whither he went to receive the decisive answer to his long preferred entreaties for the fair hand of one of that city's fairest belles, found, from the cool and contemptuous reception he met with from the lady, that all his endeavours were fruitless, his ardour was entirely damped, and in a fit of desperate frenzy, he flew to the circus, just at a time when the spectacle of Tom and Jerry was in rehearsal; and from his perfect knowledge of all the black-guardisms of that piece; he gained ready access behind the scenes, where an intimate connection with the little gipsy was formed. This he has renewed since the arrival of the corps in this city, and it now appears that the shears and cabbage have gained the ascendency over both rivals of the jacket and buskin. His happy success may, however, in a

great measure be attributed to a natural tone he has for playing on a celebrated twenty-keyed bugle-horn, the wellknown air of "my trumpeter's dead," with which he amuses all our city damsels. In my opinion, if this gentleman is ever again under the necessity of making love, he ought not to attempt "whispering soft nonsense" in the ear of so lovely a girl as the charmer who resided with us for two short, fleeting, happy winters, but to stick to some fitter companion, with whom the 'tales of the workshop,' and the interesting conversation of his boxing slang, may meet with merited applause.

The insertion of this will oblige,

sincerely and devotedly, yours,

ALBERTO

Clarencetown, Nov. 1824.

Mr. McCULLON,

There is a character in this place, whom I will designate as a *penance-doing* *Romantist*, who, being a known scandal-monger, is avoided by most; for, with the exception of one, whose character is even worse than that of this malicious tale bearer, and a few obscure snop and tavern-keepers, this man is debarred the entrance into every decent house in the place.

Were we as evilly disposed we might reveal that of this man's conduct, connections, etc. that would silence him for ever, were he not as garrulous and mischievous as that amphibious bird the gander: to blush he is as unsusceptible as molten brass. We will take the liberty of apprising him, that if he does not cease from reviling the best characters in the place, as he is wont to do, we will, notwithstanding it is foreign both to our disposition and our station, in our turn, come forward, not with the weapons of falsehood and fabri-

ation, but with stubborn facts, that must effectually silence this foul-mouthed monster, if he has any thing to lose by certain disclosures.—A hint is enough.

It is generally the case, that those who are most culpable, and therefore the most obnoxious to censure, are the very first to find fault, and give offence, and truly thus it is with the character in question.

DETECTOR.

DEAR SIR,

It is now reckoned certain that that truly amiable girl, miss Lilly Harry, is to be the bride of Jack Stone. Of her it may be justly said, as of Moore's Zelica,

Well might he think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own ;

* * * * *
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth when she smiled,
The soul was lost, and blushes swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament ;
And then her look ! Oh ! where 's the heart so wise,
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes ?

Many is the sigh that this match will cause, and many a one, besides the happy destined bridegroom, will pass a sleepless night.

There is much rivalry for the apparently equally divided affections of miss Black, between Mr. McBan and a little Sandy Glassman. who, had he been made of as brittle a composition as his name imports, would have been broken long ago. He is not, however, likely to be the successful lover.

The eldest daughter of the Countess of Cork. it now appears, is to be fettered in wedlock's bands with Mr D'huile : Her mama's landau, and her forte-piano, are to be prominent articles in their *menage*.

A young *Layman* pays close attention in his devoirs to miss McChance, and it is likely that he will obtain her in time.

Miss Betty Loverule will be well matched with lord Old-Joseph: it is said that he has plenty of the *blunt*, and that you know is every thing; but at all events, as the lady savours somewhat of the old maid, she is driven *au desespoir*, and must take something in the shape of a man.

The miss Richwools are destined, one for Dr. Drybrains and the other for Mr. McMelon.

A *slack* tailor's son has been ensnared by the *fairy* wiles of a bewitching little lass in Government-City suburbs, and hopes to be further entangled ere long.

Query? Do the young men who resort to messrs Piero and Bishop's, meet there for the purpose of staring their fema'e customers out of countenance, or to make assignations with the ladies of easy—manners, who frequent that shop?

Answer; Both, probably.

Yours truly and faithfully,
WHAT YOU PLEASE.

Mount Royal, 26th Nov. 1824.

DEAR SCRIB,

Winter with his snowy mantle, has brought on the usual round of amusements in this city; and promises to afford a bundant recreation to our citizens, if we may judge from their commencement.

On the 16th, the Great Mogul gave a dinner to his clansmen, which was very genteelly conducted for a Scotch party.

On the 17th, Mr January opened his rooms, with an entertainment, which was worthy of the entertainer.

Amongst those parties contending for a niche in your temple of fame, there is none more deserving than that given on the East side of the New-Market, on the 16th. This, properly speaking, was a "Ball and supper," and although it was said to be a *lean* party, it was cast well, and consisted

of nothing that could justly entitle it to such an appellation. Geese and turkies, and such *maigre* victuals smoked in profusion on the board. To give you an insight as to the kind of persons who composed this gala, I need only enumerate a few of this *select* company. These names speak for themselves, viz. Denshed, Theil, Feldgren, Tonnelier Le Ross and his lady, etc. There were also miss Coy, miss McCracker, miss Annie Changeling, and her gold watch, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Le Blanc, and that true ornament in every company, miss Lilly Harry. Miss Jane was as dull and unsocial as usual, having hardly "a word to throw to a goose," assuming of course a great deal of consequence, from her having visited at the *Castle*, but whether in the drawing-room, or in the kitchen, report has not positively determined. Her stillness was amply counterbalanced, by the contrasted behaviour of Doublefaced Kate McCracker; whose mimicry and ludification (if I may be allowed the latinicism,) put me in mind of the monkey in the barber's shop, with this essential difference that her conduct has ruined the peace of many families, whilst the monkey only tossed about and tangled a few of the barber's curls and wigs. I must not, however, censure all the inmates of that house, nor confound the mean, with the open hearted. I allude to Mrs. Grinder, to whose facetious good humour may be ascribed the greatest share of the pleasure and amusement that were felt. To have rendered the party complete, nothing was wanting, but that *perky* figure equally an ornament to the drawing-room, the kitchen, and the *bedchamber*.*

On the 20th the Canadian amateurs performed to a fashionable and crowded audience. Amongst the company in the boxes, were Judge Dearfoot, miss Armytinker, and little

* However ironical the Count may be, I conceive that no woman can be truly pleasing, accomplished, and a miracle, who is not a lady in her drawing-room, a housewife in her kitchen, and a woman in her bedroom.

L. L. M.

miss Jemima, Mr. and Mrs. Awkwardside, Aunt Gale, &c. The performance was good, and the band of the *three score and ten* added to the liveliness of the scene.

On the 25th a subscription ball managed by messrs. De Gaut, and Snares, took place at Aunt Peg's in St. Laurent street. There were about 35 couple; Mr. and Mrs. Ravendale, miss Knight rider, miss Stoney, miss Dale, Mr. Root, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Droll, miss Dough, and the beautiful miss Mountain, were there. A pretty good supper was served up, and the managers deserve praise for the manner in which the whole was conducted.

FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM.

Although I much wish that the controversy, which has degenerated into so much personality, between two of my correspondents, should be entirely terminated, I can not avoid the particular request made to me to insert Odin's reply.†

To H——.

A brave gallant art thou, most truly brave !
 Most true, most faithful,—openly disclosing
 The secrets of thy boasted paramour;
 (If thou canst make the world believe thou hadst one;)†
 Drawn from the thoughtless lips of prating woman.
 Sure that is what no lover true would do;
 Exposing thus the foibles of a mistress,
 To gratify an impulse of revenge.
 You wrote, 't is true; but true, you falsely wrote—
 You threaten'd, swearing that you would disclose—
 But what you knew not—save the lying story
 By a base servant barter'd for a dollar.
 'Tis true that thou wast hated; I was loved—
 At least thou thoughtst so; whilst I think, for sure

† Which I have been under the necessity of altering and curtailing, and by taking out part of the sting, I hope, I have put a close to this altercation.

L. L. M.

We both were justly hated! —
 Thou for being jealous,—I for being friendly;
 And truth to tell, we richly merited
 The scorn we met—for thou wert far below
 Her fear—whilst for my friendship she'd no want.
 Yes, I assert, thou, in thy rage, didst curse
 An innocent, a worthy, lovely, woman.
 Nor did thy frenzy find a period here—
 Thou cursedst all—all in the shape of woman.
 But now, that curse, recall'd from her dear head,
 Thou now dost place on mine—
 For which, in hostile reciprocity, receive
 A harmless thing—my blessing—so, God speed thee—
 Merit his blessing too, and to thy lamp
 Lonely and glimmering in thy attic, sigh,
 Better 't will be, than fore the public eye,
 Again to brave the ever watchful

ODIN.

 FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Lines occasioned by an issue joined between Mr. Awkwardsides, and Miss M'Adam, strongly suspected of being a daughter of the God Vulcan.*

Shall I neglect to tune my lyre
 When worth and beauty both conspire,
 To blow the bellows of desire;
 Though Cupid may not lend them fire.

I who, before have touch'd the string—
 The praise of Awkwardside to sing,
 When bank-discounting was the thing,
 Instead of love, that push'd the string.

And who, myself, so oft have knelt
 At Venus' shrine and also felt
 My heart in Cupid's flame to melt
 Like ore by Vulcan's cyclops' smelt.

* The original reads, "a blacksmith's daughter," but that term being applied in modern allegory, to "a key to a lock," it strikes me as inappropriate, since in this instance, and in many others, it rather applies to a lock to which there are half as many keys as there are hands to turn them in the world.

L. L. M.

Although, perchance, I may suggest,
 When sieges are too closely press'd,
 The breach enlarged, the foe possessed
 Of outer works, to yield is best.

Old Vulcan had a wanton spouse,
 Who, when, with Bacchus, he'd carouse,
 At home, with Mars, would often browse;
 Till once Alectryon chanced to drowse.

Instead of noticing well the skies,
 To guard them from Apollo's eyes;
 While they were at their exercise
 He did in radiant glory rise.

And saw the god of war's alarms—
 Instead of laurels—reaping charms,
 And charms' delights in Venus' arms,
 An arm that heroes oft disarms.

In the Pantheon, you may see,
 (Much better than it told by me,)
 The tale at large; by Fate's decree,
 From which e'en gods could never flee.

My object's now to have the source
 From whence the current flows:—of course,
 If "nature's germens" I'd divorce,
 Its battlements resist my force.

Her cognomen might seem to run
 Her lineage back, when only one
 Tempted the devil! †—whence undone
 Was that fair world, so well begun.

† This, to be sure, is a new reading, but, perhaps, not the less true for being so. BLOW-UP.

A Mahometan writer, Alnaschi Ben-Mahmoud, says that "Adam was the first cuckold on record; having had that honour bestowed on him by the devil; and that Abraham, the patriarch was the second, when he yielded up Sarah to the king of Egypt: but adds, that though no record of cuckoldom appears to have been kept between Adam and Abraham, there is no doubt the women of those days did as the women do in the days of the commander of the Faithful;" to which we may add, as women do, and will do, in day-by-gone, present, and to come.

Whence, in these days of ours, I glad am
That any fascinating madam,
If she has charms, or if she's had 'em,
Is not restricted to one Adam—

Lest Satan's offspring, like their sire—
Whom Eve, no doubt, allow'd too high her
Should raise again the same desire,
And fuel add to—too much fire.

For I, myself, will not deny—
Although the truth extracts a sigh,—
That, when temptation I would fly,
A little devil says—"comply."

This fact is known,—if not the cause
That opens fragile Nature's flaws,
And, central, to the object draws,
Like gravitation's murky laws.

And thus Nemesis states the case ;—
From Venus,—but, from whose embrace
Melinda sprang, her dimpled face
Will not exactly seem to trace,

The lineaments of VULCAN's grace,
Nor his Cyclopean tints erase—
Nor will Apolio either trace—
And here Lachesis stops the chace .

With this remark ;—our mother fell,
Since which, how many did rebel,
Not all the tongues of Fame could tell ;
And my advice is—"guard them well."

And Echo answers from the dell,
And Proserpine cries out from hell ;
And scolding Juno joins the yell ;—
"Guard them, guard them,—guard them well."
BLOW-UP.

† Blow-up's sentiments on this head seem to be those
which originated the "Spanish Padlock." Mine, however,
would be those of an English poet, and my advice would be to
"——clap your padlock on her mind."

I. L. M.

MR. SCRIBLERIUS,

Trifuvia, 3d Nov. 1846

The good folks of this town have often been amused, and sometimes instructed, by the accounts that your correspondents occasionally give of certain characters. Though it is equally true, we are often disposed to believe, that many of their productions are conceived in malice or envy. Some motives of this kind, it was thought, had actuated the author or authors of certain pieces that appeared in your miscellany, from Clarentown. Certain curious particulars detailed in them, induced the more inquisitive of our gossips to enquire if there was really any foundation for the repeated accusations brought against the reverend and worthy pastor of that place. The result proved more to the honour of the veracity of TELL-TALE, than of the charitable disposition of his character. However the last may be, the first has received corroboration from the manner in which the son of the gentleman in question conducts himself here, whilst prosecuting the study of the law.

Not long ago he obtained, rather surreptitiously, admittance to the lodgings of lawyer Thunder-in-the-court, whence he, most unceremoniously, conveyed a brick of scented soap, with which the pleader used to clear up his countenance, when meditating an attack on some of the fair and frail devotees of the Paphian goddess with which this happy place is blessed. Hereupon Thunder-in-the-court betakes himself to the tavern, the favourite boarding-place of young BOXER, (or, as he is here more properly called, BRUSSE, and sometimes ADEPOICRE, on account of the inordinate quantity of fat with which every part of him is larded,) to devise the means of detecting the depredator. Scarcely had he commenced his tale, when his eye rested on a bundle of dirty shirts on the table, from under which one end of the lost soap projected. Lawyer like, he thereupon adroitly changed the topic having at once determined upon reprisals; in the planning and executing of which we will leave him for the present.

Shortly after the successful affair of the soap, our hero repaired to the shop of Moses Meek, who, being of the proscribed race, he, perhaps, thought he might, with impunity, make trial of his patience. He asked to look at some of the best kind of gloves, a parcel was handed to him; and, after a short period, he stole out unobserved, there being, at the time, many persons in the shop. Soon after, the clerk missed the gloves, and next morning early, went to Adelpoicre's to enquire if he knew what persons were in the shop at the time. Ushered into his room, the first object that caught his notice was the parcel of gloves lying on the table. The poor young man, however, got nothing but abuse from BRUSSE; and being of a timid disposition, kept the business from the knowledge of his master. Nevertheless the affair transpired, and the good people of this place, have come to the notable conclusion, that "wood can not be got out of a stone," that the trunk of a tree being decayed, the scions and limbs must all partake of the disease," and, per consequence, that Adelpoicre is "a chip of the old block." Ergo: Tell-tale, it is most probable is TELL TRUTH.

You will shortly hear again from,

Your constant reader,

NEPTUNE.

find myself reluctantly compelled to postpone several amusing and interesting communications from Mount Royal Government city, Clarendon, Herbertstown, Shamblea, etc. in order to give friend Dicky Gossip a share of room for his small talk; of which he has a considerable budget.

L. L. M.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. L.

The prophetic and philosophical reflections with which we began our last number, have stood us in good stead during the storm, by which, like the reed bent by the tempest we have been assailed; and like that reed also we now lift up our heads again, whilst the sun shines, and the hurricane is stayed.

A CARD.

MR. GOSSIP presents his compliments to the ladies of South Cumberland, and begs to assure them, they need not, as he has been informed, they have done, feel the slightest degree of alarm at his taking up his head quarters in their immediate vicinity. The personal charms, social and amiable disposition, and accomplishments, of the ladies of that place, have always been the subject of the laudatory pen, both of Mr. Gossip and Mr. McCulloh; and unless there should happen any thing egregiously wrong, or requiring peculiar censure, they may rest in ease and security that no personal attack shall be made on any one. — As to the gentlemen, they may perhaps get a gentle rub now and then, but it shall be more in the nature of a tickle than a scrub.

Mount Royal, Nov. 1827.

CAUTION.

A certain married lady is advised not to wear quite so many rings, in her husband's absence from town, as report says she is quite liberal of her favours to two or three young men, from whom, it is thought she received the rings, for value received.

Mrs. East, according to Dr. Thinkall's new dictionary "wants another fiddler most damnably."

COUNTRY DANCE.

We are requested to insert the following query.
 What is the reason the four would-be gentlemen have not
 paid any attention to a letter signed *Jemimah*?

CORPORAL,

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, ANATORY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

29th Nov.

Mr Donaldson, the merchant, is shortly, it is said, to be
 joined in Hymen's (query, Cupid's!) noose, to Miss Home.

The Grey upholsterer has found a difficult job in having un-
 dertaken to straighten the *bend* in the article of furniture
 placed under his care; and the agreeable work has been
 put into other hands. Perhaps his name ought not as yet to
 be divulged; but *tush!* if you *make enquiries*, you will have
 it in a round-about way.

Mr Dnn M'Donald, report says is making rapid encroach-
 ments on the susceptible heart of a widow at Campbelltown,
 and hopes ere the *black year* is out, to call her his. *Another*
account, (vide selections from other papers,) gives a different
turn to the lady's affections: no matter, whoever gets her, gets
a prize.

The Great Mogul, it seems, does not exactly know upon
 which favourite fair to bestow his handkerchief. He has
 now again, like a true weathercock, shifted round, and his
 thoughts again turn towards the truly amiable and handsome
 miss McKillaway, who, it is said, favours his addresses. We
 wish her a better husband than the calculating Scot is likely
 to make.

Mr MacKor (*secundus*), intends rearing to his own mind,
 a young *goat*, meaning to initiate her, (for 't is a she-goat,
 into all the witcheries of consubiality. His brother continues
 to live in hopes, under the influencing and languishing rays
 of his Rachael.

Captain Athelly has gained so complete a victory over the
 affections of a *young lady* in Essefex-street, that she can
 not resist her inclination to pour forth her eulogiums on
 the captain's fine parts, and manly appearance, in every
 house where she is acquainted; nor does she spare any op-
 portunity of having him at her tea-parties.

Mr. Reeper Locker-on wishes to caution miss Doll against carrying the bottle so often to mrs. who's in her bedroom, lest it should become a current report, that either of them can drink brandy. He would likewise recommend to miss D. to use less freedom with Billy Scaldor, who, by increasing his fuel, may set his premises on fire.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the South Cumberland Intelligencer.—Lately arrived at, and departed from, this place, on a flying visit, the fair widow Play-away-care. Bets have been laid as to when, how, and with whom, she purposes to re-enter the pale of matrimony. The odds are that she will be even with all her suitors, and not throw herself away. Some said she was caught in a web, particularly as there was a *tete a tete* that lasted till two in the morning; but she is one of those gaddies that may safely play with the meshes of any web, and shake them off at pleasure. But, seriously, it is really a shame, so fine a piece of arable land should lie fallow so long.

From the Herbertstown Reporter.—Mr. Chumpayen, intends to give a treat to all his friends, in consequence of having been so fortunate as to have a child laid at his door and he anticipates a few more equally lucky chances in the spring, having made several, to all appearance, successful shots in that way.

From the Old Point Recorder.—Mr. Smallbeer junior is determined to try to conjugate the verb *coco*; or in macaroni Latin *coire cum Coire*. Being himself, however, of the doubtful gender, it is said the lady, (whose masculine appearance bespeaks her fitness for it,) is to wear the breech-

es, and he the petticoats. What a pity it is Mr. Smallbean did not get hold of the lady's workbox and bird's eye button, he had such a hankering after, on a late occasion, which would have helped the young couple on in their household!

Mr. Sparrowcock, our new editor, got into a hobble lately about some stovepipes,—rather an awkward thing to smuggle—hey! No money on hand; forced to give security for the duty!

DEAR DICKY,

Mount-royal, Nov. 25, 1824.

As I was passing up from Ben Roofer's livery-stables, I heard a noise upstairs in an adjacent house, where a son of a certain deacon lives, an ironmonger by trade, and curiosity prompted me to attain a station near enough to hear and see there was a hard battle between Tom and Jenny; they were face to face, or, if you will have it in plain English, belly to belly. Tom swore he would, and she vowed he shouldn't—I'll call out, says she;—if you do, you'll alarm the house, says he—O you hurt my back! some one will see us—O never mind, we are upstairs—Now do n't be long, O dear!—and so the battle went on, till it concluded, just as the tea-bell rang, with—will you come to morrow night, my dear?—and so I came away.

Yours faithfully,

ROBIN GOODEFELLOW.

POET'S CORNER.

SIR,

Although I am already aware of your sentiments relative to the practice of smoking Tobacco, although they do not coincide with my own on the subject, I hope you will not refuse the following doggerel effusion in praise of the Tobacco-pipe, from which I have frequently derived much benefit.

ADDRESS

To a Tobacco Pipe.

Dear pipe, sweet soother of my care!
 How oft hast thou from this sad brow
 Expell'd the anguish of despair,
 And to my mind restored its tone,
 When half its energy was gone!

Let fortune frown whene'er she will,
 Her wild caprice ca'nt vex my peace
 Whilst I my darling tube can fill
 With rich tobacco cheering me,
 Triumphant o'er adversity.

Though from my friends and country far,
 I lonely stray life's stormy way,
 O'erruled by some malignant star;
 Yet thou can'st charm each doleful hour,
 For such O! pipe's thy sov'reign power!

Though fate relentless has me torn,
 From that dear maid to whom were paid
 In early youth's delightful morn,
 The first devotions of my soul,
 O'er which love ruled with wide control.

Still in the toilsome march of life
 Whilst thou art nigh I need not sigh
 For absence of a friend or wife;
 Then is it fair we e'er should part,
 Thou grand elixir of my heart!

No; by my soul, in every state
 Of weal or woe, where'er I go,
 No fraud or force shall separate
 My pipe, my charming pipe from me,
 'Till death divorce and set us free.

TRISTRAM SOLITARY

Printed and Published By DICKY GOSSIP,

at the Sign of the TEA-TABLE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Amongst the numerous communications that have been postponed, for want of room, are those of TOMMY TEAPOT, HARRY VIZOR, CASPER CULPEPPER, LARRY O'GAFF, DEVILSKIN, O' WHACK, VERITAS COSRUCES &c. ROBIN GOODFELLOW'S ludicrous account of *Editor Cock a-doodle's* marriage would have been a treat, but under present circumstances, is suppressed, lest it should appear as if dictated by personal pique, on account of Mr. Cock-a-doodle's inauguration into the *usurped* printing establishment at Rouse's Point, of right belonging to me. **CAUTION** will see I have done as he requested. A friend, who must be nameless, and whose favour and enclosure were duly received, but, in the hurry and vexation of my affairs, omitted to be acknowledged, may be assured the young widow shall escape scot-free. **ROMEO** will be partially availed of; he is recommended to pay more attention to his spelling and his writing: a hint by the bye, which several of my correspondents ought to take. L. L. M.

The Editor finds it necessary to apologize for the many imperfections that will be found in part of the impression of this number. He can frame no excuse that is even satisfactory to himself: but, being thoroughly ashamed of it, will only add that he will endeavour to do better, and hopes the next number will not be open to the same censure.

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

Printed, SOMEWHERE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, by, and for, S. H. WILCOCKE; who, thanks to the honourable the honest, the worthy, gentlemen, of Rouse's Point, is again a wanderer on the face of the earth; but wishes them, and all, to depress him or controul his spirit and perseverance.

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