

THE SCRIBBLER.

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ROBERT JOHNSON.

Montreal 6th June, 1823.

JOHN GARDNER'S

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 19th AUGUST, 1824. [No. 128.

*Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque faucibus Orci,
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ;
Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,
Et metus, et malesuada fames, et turpis egestas.*

VIRGIL.

Even in the porch, as in the gates of hell,
Revenge, and grief, and care, and misery, dwell:
Disease, decrepit age, hunger, and fear,
And squalid poverty, and crime, are there.

Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.

HORACE.

A mind that's well informed alone is fit,
'T instruct with knowledge, and to please with wit.

*Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.*

HORACE.

Not alway's bent is great Apollo's bow,
And lofty verse subsides to doggerel low.

ABSTRACT OF REPRESENTATIONS,

Respecting the Gaol at Montreal,—Continued.

"The extreme hardship of being confined entirely to their wards, is in nothing more glaring, than in the restraint and difficulty it opposes to an intercourse between the prisoners and their friends. There is no way to have any communication with one's legal advisers, no way that the visits of friends, the cheerings of affection, or even the consolations of religion, can be obtained, but

through the bars; and when it is considered that it is through a grating only thirty-six inches in width, that every communication with the rest of the world must be held by all the prisoners in each ward, and that only when it pleases the gaoler or his assistants, to leave the outer wooden doors unlocked; and that in term-time, six, eight, ten, or more, are pressing at a time from the inside, to see and converse with as many on the outside; wives, children, relations, friends, lawyers, one head peering over another, and one shoulder shouldering another; some conception can be formed of the unjustifiable hardships to which the prisoners are exposed." "This grievance might be easily removed by the admittance into the wards, at seasonable times, of the friends and families of the prisoners, for the refusal of which, excepting as relates to convicted felons confined under sentence of imprisonment, it is conceived, there is no law, authority, or pretext, than the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the gaoler and the sheriff. (15)"

This grievance is then particularly exemplified in the instance of the gentleman who drew up the representation, (myself) who was confined, for six weeks, with one companion alone, and for six weeks longer entirely by himself, and was refused permission even for his servantman to be admitted to attend upon him in his ward, nay not even to sweep it once, being compelled therefore to perform every menial office himself, to clean, sweep, wash, cook, stack his own wood,

(15) It will scarcely obtain belief elsewhere, that such a system of exclusion of the friends and families of the prisoners prevails in any prison. Such an Algerine practice must stamp every country where it is permitted, as barbarous and uncivilized.

and empty his own utensils, and was even obliged to make a special written application to the sheriff, for leave to have a hairdresser let into the ward, to cut his hair"; (16) "Can such restriction, can such indignities, can such unworthy treatment, be necessary for safe custody?"

"But this is only the *positive* degree, in the restraint upon intercourse with friends that exists in this bastille; we will now proceed to the *comparative* and *superlative* degrees."

"By a rule of Court, for which no shadow of reason can be assigned, but the simple convenience and indulgence of the gaoler, no person whatever is admitted to visit the prisoners on Sundays and holidays, and on other days the hours are limited to between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. Whether the latter regulation is authorised by a rule of court or not, is uncertain, for the prisoners have no scale by which they can judge, but the partial information they may get from the gaoler or his assistants when they are in good humour; but the hours are evidently much too circumscribed, and, for obvious reasons, ought to be extended at all times to twenty minutes after sunrise and twenty minutes before sunset, all the year round. As to the exclusion of visitors on Sundays and holi-

(16) He was repeatedly and constantly refused permission, for any friend to come into the ward in which he was confined; either when on the felon's or on the debtor's side. On one christmas-day, (for he spent two in prison,) he asked leave of the sheriff for two of his friends to dine with him in his ward. It is not necessary to say what success he had. The second christmas he was in the debtor's ward, and joined the other debtors in applying to the gaoler, for leave for each to have one of their family, or friends, to be admitted into the ward to dine: the answer was, that it was wondered they should presume to ask such a thing!

Days, nothing could be more worthy of reprobation, more uncharitable, more unchristian. By far the greater part of those confined within the walls of any prison are of the lower orders of society. Their families, their relations, their friends, are generally such as must labour six days in the week, and the seventh, which is the Sabbath of the Lord, upon which no more meritorious action can be performed, than to avoid the reprobation our Saviour conveyed, when he said, 'I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not,'—on that day, (and not only on that, but on numerous other days which the devotion, or superstition, of mankind have set apart from the general pursuits, of labour and business,) the wife and children must be prevented from bringing the Saturday night's earnings of incessant labour; the friend from next door, the stranger who has come from far and wide, to soothe and assist his afflicted townsman, must be denied admittance. It is only on Sundays and holidays that the connections and friends of most of the prisoners can have time or opportunity to visit them, and the prohibition wears the appearance of a conspiracy to deprive them of every tittle of comfort, and shut them out from all domestic intercourse.— Shame on such wanton and unholy restraints.

“ But the *superlative* degree is far more superlatively iniquitous. Even on those limited days, and in those limited hours, access is frequently denied both to the friends of debtors and of accused felons, at the caprice of the gaoler, or at the dictation of plaintiffs, prosecutors, or police-constables. By what authority either sheriff or gaoler can PRESUME to deny access to any but convicted felons, remains to be shewn. It is palpably and notoriously inconsistent with any principle of law,

of justice, and of humanity. Shut up and excluded, both by their confinement, and their limited means, from every aid, but that which is brought to the very grates of their wards, how does it not wring the poor prisoner's heart to see his few friends, perhaps his only one, turned from the door of the gaol with ignominy and insult; within the period of the sitting of the present Court" (May sessions 1821.) "persons who have come for hundreds of miles to visit and assist a prisoner now here, have been turned away and even threatened to be kicked from the gate, nay every person asking for him has been ordered off. (17) Another, whose brother-in-law and nephew, came fifty miles with money to relieve his wants, and testimony to serve his cause, could not get to see them, and the sentry was ordered to drive them out of the yard: and when his trial took place, and he stated that as a reason why he was not ready, it was objected that he ought to have complained to the judges; but how is an ignorant Canadian, or other person, to know what he has a right to do, and what not, and how is he to complain when no intercourse whatever is permitted him? It is nothing to the purpose, whether such persons are guilty or innocent of the crime laid to their charge, both must equally suffer the most execrable injustice by this system of exclusion. Nor is it for a prosecutor, for a gaoler, or a police constable, or a sheriff, nor even for

(17) The person here alluded to being arraigned on the last day but one of the session, found it impossible, from the seclusion in which he had been kept from his friends and witnesses, to be prepared to take his trial, although confident of an acquittal, and with difficulty procured it to be put off till next session, at the expense of six months further imprisonment.

a magistrate or a judge, to determine who ought or ought not to have his friends, his family, his advisers, his witnesses, admitted to him; for it is contended that no legal power or authority exists in the British dominions, which has a right to deny or abridge that privilege to the most notorious criminal before conviction." Several instances of flagitious conduct in this respect are then adduced, and it is added that "untold and unnumbered are the complaints of the same nature that will be made in every ward in the prison, if the Grand Jury will take the trouble to make enquiries." (18)

"This worse than murderous system, ought to be instantly and effectually abolished.

(18) I have myself repeatedly experienced the capricious and wanton tyranny exercised in excluding persons from the prison, for no alleged cause whatever, but merely from having become obnoxious to the gaoler or his wife. I need not enumerate instances, they were many and shameful; and yet, I believe, I was treated with more consideration than most other prisoners. On one infamous occasion, (which at the time I made the subject of a newspaper remark.) I applied both to the sheriff and judges, but could get no redress: they, poor impotent creatures! had no power, forsooth! to bring the gaoler to a sense of duty and humanity! But the indiscriminate admission of the friends of prisoners (that is of debtors, and of persons under accusation of felony, for criminals under sentence may, of course, be restricted in that respect, it being part of their punishment,) is not an indulgence or a favour, it is an essential right they are entitled to, and of which no Court or judge in the land, much less a sheriff, a gaoler, ought to DARE to deprive them. Moreover, in another point of view, every inhabitant of Canada has a right to enter the prison at seasonable hours, for it is a public building, built partly with his money, for the public use of the community; & he is entitled to as free ingress & egress into and out of it, as to any market-place; always keeping view the observance of such rules as are necessary to prevent the escape of the prisoners, or means being provided them for that purpose.

It has been alleged that the indiscriminate admission of visitors to prisoners, has given occasion to the introduction of saws, files, and other materials for breaking gaol, but the law gives ample means for the punishment of persons bringing such tools, the reasonable suspicion of which will authorise their immediate apprehension and imprisonment: and, as beforesaid, it will be utterly ineffectual to prevent attempts being contemplated and made to break prison without a competent establishment of turnkeys. (19) Besides the utter removal of this crying and enormous grievance, there ought to be servants and messengers appointed, and paid, for the purpose of going of the prisoners, errands; a stated price might be fixed for carrying messages for the prisoners, which none would grudge, and which might be made another source of legitimate perquisite to the gaoler, whilst, twice a week, the messengers should be bound to go gratis to market for the prisoners, with baskets to fetch their provisions." (20)

(To be Continued.)

(19) But one great other reason why attempts to break gaol, are so frequently, and, notwithstanding the military guard that surrounds it, so successfully, made, here; is the close, and rigorous confinement prisoners are subjected to. The greater subjects of complaint, and irritation there are in that respect, the more will the human mind be always stimulated to overcome all obstacles in order to regain liberty; and it will invariably be seen that there are fewer attempts to escape made or planned in gaols, where the prisoners have a moderate degree of freedom allowed them, and proper indulgences shewn them, than in such in which they are held in close confinement, and subjected to indignity and tyranny. A man in chains has much more real cause, as well as temptation, to break his fetters, than he who has leave to walk in a garden, has to go beyond its precincts.

(20) This is the case in most of the county-gaols in England.

REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

The Canadian Magazine, and Literary Repository, Vol. II, from January to June, Published by Joseph Nickless; Printer, T. A. Turner, p p. 576.

It is with pleasure I observe that most of the defects which called forth my reprehension in the review of the first volume of the Canadian Magazine, have disappeared in the second. This may be attributed principally to the change of editorship, by which the conducting of this work has fallen into the hands of Dr. Christie, in lieu of Mr. Chisholm. Yet it is not altogether perfect, or immaculate; but where is the literary production that is so? The hacknied lines of Horace, however trite, convey the sentiments that should actuate every literary critic so justly, that, unsusceptible of improvement as they are, they involuntarily flow from the pen on such occasions:

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.—*

They are, also happily applicable to that original poem, which in my review of the first volume, I characterised as one of uncommon merit. *The Fall of Constantinople*, of which the second Canto appears in No. 7, has, upon the whole, so many beauties, that they hide, by their splendour, the greater part of those blemishes, which criticism would not fail to stigmatise, in a poem of less merit. Although this canto concludes with the taking and sack of the city by the Turks, and the death of Constantine, it seems to break off abruptly; and, from the words "[end of second canto]" subjoined to it, it may be considered, that the conclusion of this production is one of those papers,

which the advertisement on the cover of No. 8 alludes to, as having been withheld by the late editor from the proprietor. If so, it is much to be regretted that so petty a squabble should deprive the public of the gratification, and the author of the same, attendant upon the completion of a poem so deserving of preservation.

The instability of fate is beautifully illustrated in the first stanza of this canto

“ Lo, on the far horizon there appears
 A small, stern, speck to set the world in tears ;
 Slowly it comes, the prophet of the wrath
 Which soon shall spread perdition in its path,—
 Cloud comes on cloud, whilst gradually expires
 The day-god’s ray, and all its wonted fires ;
 Peal comes on peal, the thunder-dealing cloud
 Now shakes the timid, and appals the proud,—
 Flash comes on flash, whilst Terror’s sable form
 Stalks through the air,—the demon of the storm ;
 Now, sweeps the blast—what havock it imbues,
 Now strikes a pile, and now a fleet pursues ;
 Now hurls its ire in one convulsive roar,
 ’Till cities crumble—navies are no more,”

But I can not afford room for more than the following extract, describing the final successful attack by the Moslem army

“ Arm, arm, Byzantium, Constantine awake !
 But, wherefore call, when Glory is the stake :
 Each at his post, where Honour leads his glance,
 Beholds the powers of Mahomet advance ;
 The stir of thousands strikes the watch-guard’s ears.
 ’Till, lo! the phalanx in its might appears.
 As roll the billows, dashing on the rock
 Which meets their fury, and resists their shock ;
 As shakes the oak, the rain-drops from its leaves,
 When the wind bellows and the thunder cleaves :
 Thus comes the foe—thus adverse arms repel
 The blows, till sound seems frantic with the knell.

The Moslem multitude their wild forms toss ;
 Now towers the Crescent loftiest—now the Cross,
 The mass of thousands now bears that on high,
 This—now sustain'd by Valour floats* the sky ;
 Long was the conflict,—deadly was the strife
 On that steep rampart, trembling with the rise
 Burthen of slaughtered victims : when that stern
 Impatient Soldan, with the fiery yearn
 Of fierce ambition, ordered on his host
 Of Janizaries,—feared and favoured most†
 Hark, to the trumpet,—hark the tambour's roll,
 Shrieks of the wounded and the dying soul ;
 The roar of cannon, and the rack of steel,
 With war's revenge, the ready blow to deal,
 The call to Valour, and the cry to blood,
 The thousand murmurs of the multitude,
 Commingled ring : Alas, how long ! how late !
 The dauntless Roman fought for Freedom's fate ;
 His fallen numbers tell, nor yet appals
 His soul, until Justiniani falls !
 Then rush'd the Cæsar, onwards with a soul
 Whose bursting feelings brooked at no controul ;
 “ On to the fight now,” Valour leads the rest,
 And Rome's last hopes crowd round the regal crest ;
 Born for a hero—lo, his heart, nor flies,
 Nor sues—for Heroism never dies,
 Sooner than thus succumb, where Glory's aim
 Leads on to immortality of Fame !
 Behold the purple he disdains to wear,
 But like the lowliest soldier, nerv'd to share
 The deadliest danger, and most daring deed,
 Lives, strives alone, to vanquish and be freed.
 Alas, fair Fortune doth not always crown
 The brightest hope, or trial for renown :
 Though Justice bears a sword, yet strikes she not

* This is no doubt, an error of the press for “ flouts the sky ;” an expression used by our old dramatic poets, speaking of the banners of an army, meaning, “ defies, or braves.”

L. L. M.

† The Janizaries, ever since the establishment of that formidable body, have borne the fate of the Turkish empire, and its Sultans, in their hands.

'The vilest ever, with untoward lot.
 Yet is 'Truth just, where Candour's voice requires
 Applause or censure for its pure desires;
 And all the harvest which this life presents,
 Time reaps and stores in record's monuments.
 Lo, as the eagle on its bloody lair,
 Which flaps its wings with spirit lingering there.
 (Though the last plume of its proud pinion, rent
 Leaves it, deserted, and the element
 Which raised its soaring flight unto the skies,
 Murmurs around it with bemoaning sighs :)
 So stood the last, lost Constantine,—and there
 With his proud heart, indignant at despair,
 Implored awhile, a death-blow of the brave,
 And would not stoop, subdued, who could not save.
 Firm to the last, he strives, one moment more;
 'Tis past, and lo, Byzantium's hopes are o'er.
 Now rush'd, the Giaour, infuriate at delay,
 And seiz'd, unspar'd, the victim and the prey;
 Slaughter led on, whilst Lust and Rapine near,
 Urged the full fury of their wild career.
 Temples, and shrines, the matron and the maid:
 Speak, ruthless war, in demon might array'd,
 With brandish'd sword, and rude licentious gaze,
 Darting uncheck'd through Passion's fiery ways:
 Who shall denounce thee, as the tongue should tell,
 With hand uprais'd gainst Heaven and heart in Hell?
 Who shall denounce thee?—Mark the mother's tears,
 Who weeps the slaughtered promise of her years!
 Mark the fair form, which Cytherea's charms
 Might envy, lest it waken Love's alarms!
 Mark the torn relic of each fair abode!
 And, mark the altars, now defiled, of God!"

I have distinguished six lines in Italics, as utterly
 unworthy of the rest; in which the rhyme breaks
 off, either between two substantives, or between
 an adjective and a substantive; the former is oc-
 casionally pardonable and indeed frequently un-
 avoidable in a poem of any considerable length,
 but the latter is almost entirely unexcusable, and

the recurrence of this defect in three successive couplets is what I scarcely ever saw. In line 358 "dying soul," is very improper; and the alliteration of line 378, has neither strength of thought, propriety of expression, nor poetic beauty to justify it. Alliteration is frequently a great beauty, but not unless every word is in its due place, and at least as proper, if not more so, than any synonym that could be substituted; for instance

"The small, stern, speck, to set the world in tears,"

in my first quotation; as well as line 116, speaking of Bajazet;

"Which chain'd that captive caliph in his cage."

and lines 205 and 206, alluding to Constantine,

"He as he hears, the cannon and the crash
Defies,-defends,-dares all things, but be rash."

I must, however, leave this subject, with the expression of my hopes that the author of the *Fall of Constantinople*, will publish it as a separate poem, which I am convinced would deserve encouragement.

The other original poetry, (although, as before, it is not easy exactly to distinguish, what is original and what is selected,) can not be said, in any instance, to surpass mediocrity; the following quatrain excepted, which shines with a terseness, and expression adapted to the subject.

On Freedom,

"Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor, and a mouldering wall,
Than to bend the neck, and to bow the knee,
In the proudest palace of slavery."

Of the original prose-papers many possess great merit. The most pleasing is one which, under the title of the *Itinerant*, gives an amusing, intelligent, and faithful account, of local scenes and manners, observed during a tour up the Ottawa River. Though it does not say, *to be continued*, I trust it will be so, and that it will give encouragement to others to take minutes of their travels thro' such an interesting country as Canada is, in order to give them to the world. There are now several channels through which they can publish their remarks; and in addition to the *Canadian Magazine*, and the *Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal*, I again offer insertion in the *Scribbler*, of such accounts of excursions and journies, particularly through the more unfrequented parts of the country, as I may be favoured with. The *Itinerant* is written in rather a frothy style, and is far better executed in the narrative, than in the introductory or reflective parts. I will give some extracts.

The description of Mrs. Bell's Inn at La Chine is a good cabinet-picture; and the settlement of the bill (contrary to what is often the case,) a pleasing close.

"The settling of a bill at a tavern* is so much of an every day occurrence that it is hardly necessary to describe it. The waiter or landlord takes the money with a low bow, and with a profusion of thanks officiously interposes his help, to carry down and embark your baggage. He even sees the departure of what is called, a good customer, without much sincere regret, in the hopes that the next hour may supply his place with another. The only predominant feeling which engrosses his attention, is a desire to wipe out from your mind any thing which you may have met with to render you dissatisfied with your fare, in the hopes of securing your custom when you again travel the same road. For never maiden aunt or bedridden uncle felt more dissatisfied at a gay and young nephew for omitting the customary new-year's visit, than a

landlord of an inn when he sees a traveller who has been in the habit of stopping, pass his door to his neighbour's hotel. Ascertaining the amount of the bill, I gave my share to my companion and left him to settle it. I would have added some more as a remembrance of me, but my friend told me it would give offence, and I yielded to his opinion. I was putting on my great coat in the little parlour, while my companion stepped into the adjoining room to settle the bill with the landlady: the captain of the boat having gone on before with my portmanteau. The door being open, I had a clear view of the manner in which the settlement was finished between the two first. The hostess stepped forward and with a sweet smile on her face—not such as indicated inward glee at the opportunity of touching the “filthy lucre,” but such as expressed the sweet feeling of the heart when it meets with, or receives, a due return from a sincere friend; she stretched forth her hand to receive the amount. It was but a trifle, but it satisfied the demand—and both the donor and receiver felt mutually pleased. There was something in the manner of giving it which struck me. It was not thrown down with the careless air of a spendthrift, nor with the dashing mode of a dandy; neither was it told out piece by piece, as if the action of the miserly hand wrung from the cold heartless caitiff a drop of blood for every sous. No it was poured liberally and free into the extended hand—and received with that uncounted security which says “I know he would scorn to defraud me.” The action was accompanied with a cordial shake of the hand—and the “good day” and “good journey to you” which followed, spoke more than all the bows and scrapes and tantalizing interferences of the most dexterous modern waiter.—For the former comes pure and sincere from the heart, while the nods, and winks, and sneers, which break out the moment the stranger's back is turned, shew the latter to be hollow deceit and false appearances.

(*To be continued.*)

* There is one characteristic difference between the inns in America and those in England. In the former the servants are all paid by the master—hence on a traveller leaving one of them, he is not beset with the importunities of the waiter, cook, chambermaid, boots &c. and all those harpies, who assail him for a *douceur* on leaving an inn in England.

In a late Paris Almanack a curious calculation has been attempted to be made, in order to prove that the morals of the female inhabitants of that city are not of so loose a nature as is generally supposed.

Out of 22,612 children born in the year, 13,630 were born in wedlock, and 8,982 out of wedlock; whence it is inferred, by arithmetical proportion, that chastity stands to lewdness, in Paris, at the ratio of 13 to 8, or, almost two honest women to one loose one.

Now, this seems to be a very erroneous calculation, and I should arrive at a very different conclusion from the same data.

1st. Of 13,630 children born in wedlock, it is no unreasonable supposition, considering the well known laxity of the marriage ties in Paris, that one fourth are children of other men besides their mother's husbands; therefore of 13,630 prolific wives, there may be said to be adulteresses. - - - - - 3,407

2d. We will suppose there were 6,000 wives who had no children that year; of whom, taking the same proportion, one fourth adulteresses. - - - - - 1,500

3d. The 8,982 children born out of wedlock are, probably, the issue of only one fourth of the unmarried women of loose character, amongst whom, from their promiscuous concubinage, according to the calculation of statistical men, scarcely one in eight bear children; but say one in four; lewd unmarried women may therefore be reckoned at. - - - - - 35,928

4th. But, no account is taken of abortions, suppressed pregnancies, and infanticides, always numerous in Paris, from which, conjecture may add to the loose women there, at least - - - 2,000

making an aggregate of 42,835

Now deducting the 4,907 adulteresses from the 19,630 married women, there will remain, honest wives (a large allowance!) 14,723; and, as girls, who are neither seduced nor married, must be considered as neutral, as relates to this question, the ratio would be that of 2 to 6, or at least three lewd women to one virtuous one, which, according

to the general run of female character in all large cities, but particularly Paris, appears a much more rational result.

Still it may really be very different; for as Paris contains at least 8, or 900,000 inhabitants, or about 200,000 families, the proportion of *women* (setting aside, as before said all *girls* uneducated, or unmarried,) must be much larger than is reckoned on in this calculation, which is grounded upon registered births. Now the number of unregistered births is probably full one half as much; and would alter every feature of the calculation; but without further data, it must be mere conjecture.

L. L. M.

The following original letter, dated in 1744, (from a great uncle of the proprietor of this work, to his cousin at Wisbeach,) displays so remarkable a contrast between the then state of the metropolis of England, and its present one, that it may be an object of curiosity. He proposes, occasionally, to give some similar remarkable letters, of old date, which still remain among those few family papers, saved from the rapacious fangs of his plunderers the *Agents of the ci-devant North West Company*, which may be amusing, if not instructive to the reader.

L. L. M.

LONDON 15 Octr. 1744.

DEAR COUSIN WOOD

Having this good opportunity by Cousin Hall. I thought proper to send you your account the balance due to you being £6 15s. 6d. as above at your service.--Mally has brought a Letter she reced. from you at Gravesend, mentioning that your Bror. mr. Peter Wood, had sent us a ham, and a Letter; we have never reced. either of them, nor had any Letter from them since the 12th. of June 1743. wch Letter Betty Sanderson brought up with her, formerly I wrote you my wife sent a Gown which they thank'd us for with

above Letter by Betty Sanderson they had reced it, & I answered the same Letter the 2d of July 1743 & have never heard from them since that time.—We have had, & still have dismal disturbances here in Town with street Robbers. that as soon as it is dark, it is not safe to go out neither in the City or any other parts about the Town, for they go together with Cutlasses & other Weapons in Companys, & stop people almost in any street that the Government & Magistrates of the City have been forced to issue out Proclamations for Rewards for taking them, & they say they have taken about 60 of them, I hope they'll suppress them in a little time for they go about with Constables and Soldiers, breaking open the doors of all suspected houses. We are are glad to hear you are well and better of your lameness, & my Wife & Children joining with me in kind love & humble service I am

Dear Cousin

Your affectionate

Kinsman & humble servant

Mark Close.

Pray Cousin Wood let all our kind love & humble services be given to all the good family with you; tho' Mally is lazy I believe she'll write you a few lines by this opportunity & perhaps tell you more news than I have done,

To

Mrs. Elinor Wood
at Mr. Richard Hull's
at Wisbich
In Cambridgeshire

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO ADELINE.

Wretched, alas! was this bosom of mine,
And unnerved was each string of my heart,
When I heard that my fair and fond Adeline
Was ill-treated for taking my part.

Since then I've been plunged in sorrow and tears,
And my nights without sleep have gone by;
And heavy's my heart, till the cloud disappears
That hangs over our love spangled sky.

Ah! little we thought, when we stray'd in the grove,
 Where the blossoms of May look'd so gay,
 That the warm sighs our breasts alternately hove,
 Were foretellers of anguish to-day.

HOPE.

A correspondent has informed me that the verses that appeared in No. 126, under the title of CLARINDA, were published some years ago in the Courant. It was in 1821 that that piece was sent me, along with a number of others, by an esteemed friend and correspondent, marked "*Manuscript poems, humbly submitted to the Scribbler, for occasional insertion.*" These I have from time to time made use of; and can only suppose that the author. (with whom, from circumstances chiefly derived from constant occupation on both sides, I have not lately interchanged any letters.) not seeing this one inserted in the Scribbler, may have communicated a copy to some other publication, from which the Courant must have copied it; for I am convinced he never sent any of his productions to that paper. What I wonder at, is that I, who constantly see the Courant, did not notice it at the time; and from this and the other circumstances, I am inclined to believe my present correspondent must be mistaken, and be deceived by a similarity of subject or title. I have thought it right, however, to give this explanation, as, wishing the Scribbler to maintain its reputation of being almost entirely original composition, I am always desirous of stating the sources whence the small quantity of republished matter, which is occasionally introduced, is derived.

L. L. M.

*In Curia Domini Scriblers.
Die Mercurii octodecimo Augusti.*

It having been represented to the Court that, notwithstanding the former reprehensions bestowed upon the Editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, for the publication of details of boxing-matches, he had again inserted in his paper, in two different instances, accounts of such conflicts; the Censor-general, after inspection of the articles alluded to, has been pleased to declare, that the unassuming and obscure manner in which they have been admitted into the least conspicuous parts of the *Mercury*, being a sign of the conviction of the editor that he was sinning against the orders and regulations of this Court; and, taking into consideration that, the copying of a short article of that nature from English papers, not peculiarly disgusting in its language or circumstances, may be looked on as a venial fault, in an editor who conceives himself bound to gratify even the vicious tastes of his readers; and moreover particularly considering that the *Mercury*, according to the decree formerly issued on that subject, is now alone generally readable by the lowest class of the community, in their lowest resorts; THEREFORE, the above deviations from the paths of propriety and decorum, shall not be visited with any severer punishment, than that this public admonition shall be considered as one of the three times of being pilloried in the SCRIBBLER, to which the editor of the *Quebec Mercury* was sentenced by the judgement formerly delivered.

Editors of other papers in Lower Canada will, however, please to take notice, that no such favourable construction will be put upon any infractions of the orders of the court, of which they may be guilty; which will all be visited with more or less severity, according to the heinousness of the offence.

L. L. M.

THE TEA PARTY.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Enter Mrs. GOODENOUGH, her two daughters, HARRIET and BETSY, and her niece, SOPHIA.

Mrs. G.—Now, my dears, before our visitors come, let's see that all is comfortable for their reception.

Harriet.—Yes mamma! and genteel too.

Mrs. G.—You're right Harriet, we ought to have things genteel, that is we ought to have them so as not to disgrace whatever station we hold in life, but, at the same time, not to ape at higher rank, or shew an ostentation beyond our means.

Harriet.—Well, but my dear mamma! I have done right to put the silver teapot, and creamjug on the table; have n't I?

Mrs. G.—Certainly, my dear, for they were your poor father's, and I have had them ever since our wedding-day, but I think there was no occasion for the festoons of artificial flowers in the hall, nor the half dozen coloured lamps you have put up.

Sophia.—Oh, it was I did that, ma'am, I thought it would look grand, and like the fete that was mentioned in the papers t'other day.

Mrs. G.—Well, and where are the chandeliers, the lustres, and the footmen, to usher in the company,—Oh, Sophy! I am afraid you would sacrifice comfort to glare.—But there's a knock—who's that?

Betsy (looking out)—Oh! that's Miss Singlefrost, the old frump—she looks as cross as a witch.

Mrs. G.—Betsy you should not call names.

Betsy.—I can't help it ma, she's always cross, but when her cats are purring about her.

Harriet.—She comes early mamma, to have a dish of chat, as she calls it, before the company come.

Mrs. G.—And I fancy her chat will not be very harmless. I would not have you follow her example girls, for she is very censorious.

Enter Miss Singlefrost.

O dear madam, how do you do.

Miss Singlefrost.—Very well thank you ma'am—but have you heard the news?

Mrs. G.—I have not heard any thing particular since Mrs. Trumpet's ball.

Miss S.—O don't mention the creature—she dances like a witch, every body cries shame on her. She shows her legs so, that it's quite—that it's quite—a shame, that it is—yet the menfollows were all looking at her, and Mr. Shuffleton who was talking with me, absolutely made me blush for him—he ran away to gaze with the other fools, and tho' he intended to dance with me, and was just going to ask me—he never once afterwards came near me—foh! the brute.—

Mrs. G.—You should consider my dear miss Singlefrost, how that lady has been baed; that her education has been foreign, and her manners, though inconsistent, in some respects, with our particular ideas of propriety, may be in reality perfectly harmless:—but it's impossible she can think any harm, for she's a very good kind of a woman, I'm told.

Miss S.—A good kind of woman, indeed, I don't know what your bad women are made of then, Mrs. Goodenough.

Mrs. G.—Well, all I can say is, that bad thoughts of another can scarcely rise in one's mind, unless there are some correspondent bad ideas in our own.

Miss S.—Bad idears indeed! what do you mean Mrs. G? I'd have you to know, I never have any bad idears—all the world knows how I refused Mr. Turnabout, because I found out he was a profligate, and Mr. B. and Mr. C, and Mr. D. all because they talked about necks and ancles (not that I'm ashamed of my person Mrs. G. for it has often been a subject of admiration,) and did n't I turn Mr. Fondle off, because he was always telling me of his first wife—and how she used to nurse him when he was sick, and all such stuff?

Betsy—Mamma, Mamma, here's Mrs. Brickdust, and Miss Fiddlefaddle, and Mrs. Careless at the door.

Miss Singlefrost.—O, I shan't have time to tell you the news—why Mr. Touchit, is married to Miss Flint—and Dr. Drug is going to live in the country, for they say he sent arsenic instead of cream of tartar, to poor Miss Qualm, but that matter is hushed up—And Mr. Swimmer has called his creditors together, and wo'n't pay a shilling to the pound, so there's an end to Mrs. Swimmer's parties. And old Shamskin is dead, and it is found out that his kitchen-girl, a saucy dirty slut, was married to him, and she's to have all his money. And,---hush don't say a word of this—they say Mrs. Careless was caught in the garret with the footman—Oh the nasty huzzy—hush! be quiet, here she is.

Enter Mrs. Careless.

Miss Singlefrost.—My dear, dear, Mrs. Careless, how glad I am to see you, how does Mr. C. and all the family?

Mrs. Careless.—Thank you ma'am, we're pretty well—how are you, Mrs. Goodenough?

Mrs. G.—Very well thank you.

Enter Mrs. Brickdust and Miss Fiddlefaddle.
 Welcome ladies, how are you all—fine weather,
 but rather cool.

Miss Fiddlefaddle.—Cold indeed—see how I'm
 wrapped up—young ladies help me off with my
 things, if you please.

Mrs. G.—Betsy, go tell Mary to send in the tea.
 But Mrs. Brickdust you seem to be out of spirits,
 has any thing happened?

Mrs. Brickdust.—O, the worst thing in the
 world ma'am; you can't think what a slave I am,
 always working and cleaning; and scolding to
 make the servants do their duty, and keep the
 house clean; and always have it spoilt, and dirti-
 ed—O I wish there was a law that men, should n't
 wear boots, they are always so dirty—Lord ma-
 dam, to-day you know is cleaning day, and there
 we had got all pretty well in order, and nice and
 neat, and the floors scrubbed white, and the
 stoves brushed black—and then, first comes in
 my big fellow of a husband, and he had been all
 day about town money-hunting, as they say, (O,
 it's a sad thing, Mrs. Goodenough, that people
 wo'n't pay what they owe, when there's such a
 sight of money goes to pay for scrubbingbrushes,
 and brooms, and sand, and emery, and all such
 necessaries of life.)

Mrs. Careless.—I suppose ma'am your husband
 was pretty tired.

Mrs. Brickdust.—O, he was tired a little, I dare
 say;—but then he ought not to have come in, in
 his galoshes, and should have wiped his boots on
 the doormat; but what does he do, but runs in all
 in his dirty pickle, and soils the new scrubbed
 floor, and says, O Nancy, let me have a glass of
 wine, for I am fatigued to death, and then slap he
 goes to the window, and shuts it, tho' it ought to

have been left open for an hour longer to dry the floor you know—O it's not to be borne!

Mrs. Goodenough—Well, I pity poor Mr. Brickdust.

Mrs. Brickdust.—Poor Mr. Brickdust, indeed, ma'am!—pity me—Here I work and work, and have no comfort of my life; and can't keep a clean house, under foot, nor overhead, do what I will. So after scolding a bit, we had just got a little comfortable;—tho' the poor man was indeed sadly vexed because he had collected no money, when in came, bounce, that filthy fellow Jean Batiste Compere,—O, in his nasty sabots—and his pipe dropping the ashes all about; and my husband was very glad to see him, for he brought him the rent of his farm, and all in French crowns; but he dirtied the place so, and spit all about upon the stove so, that it was a terrible thing, and I cried for vexation; but Compere made his best bow, and said he was sorry, and so on, and so on: but it's a shame that there is no law against dirty sabots, and against smoking and spitting.

Mrs. G.—But then, dear madam, there ought to be a law against bad roads, and against bad weather too.—As to smoking I can't say much in its favour; it is certainly a filthy custom, but when use has made it a second nature, we ought not to grudge or deny it to those who perhaps have no other enjoyment.

Mrs. Careless—True ma'am; now, I am careless by name, and careless by nature, for I like every body to do as they like, and so does my husband. To be sure it's a plague to be caught sometimes in a mess by company coming in; and then one has so much trouble to stow the things out of the way, and hide the disorder; but after

all it is easy to make some excuse or other. You can't think what an accident happened at our house yesterday.

Mrs. G. What was that ma'am?

Mrs. C. Why, William was gone up to get out at the roof, and see what was the matter with the chimney, as it smoked terribly; and getting up the ladder in the garret, he fell from the top step and slipped down, because it was covered with pigeon's dirt.

Mrs. *Brickdust*. Do you keep pigeons ma'am? Oh they're filthy creaturees.

Mrs. *Careless*. They make a little dirt to be sure, but it's in the garret, and nobody sees it there, you know. So poor William fell down, and we heard the fall, and a great groan; so Mr. *Careless*, who has the gout, and could'nt get up fast enough, bid me run up, and see what was the matter; and there I found the poor fellow, with his leg broke in two places, and so, just as the other people were coming up, in came Miss *Flighty*, and up she flew to the garret, with the rest, and caught us all in the confusion.

Miss *Singlefrost*, (*in a whisper, to Mrs. Goodenough.*) Miss *Flighty's* sister told me a very different story.

Mrs. *Goodenough*. You see how much report may be depended on.

Miss S. But there's something in it for all that.

Harriet G. Mamma, the tea is all ready.

Mrs. G. Ladies, please to walk into the drawing room and excuse me for a minute, I want to say a few words to my girls here.

Mrs. *Careless*. O by all means ma'am.

Exeunt Mrs. Careless, Mrs. Brickdust, Miss Singlefrost, and Miss Fiddlefaddle.

Mrs. Goodenough. Now, dear girls, I want you to take notice of the different characters of these ladies : you see what a sad sloven *Mrs. Careless* is ; never be so, but try and be always neat and clean ; yet don't fall into the other extreme, and be so overclean as *Mrs. Brickdust*, who torments herself and all about her, and is always in a pickle because she is always a cleaning. It is the greatest folly in the world to lose the object, which is comfort, for the sake of the means, which is cleanliness. Let me also point out to you the bad temper and uncharitable disposition of *Miss Singlefrost*. Your maxim should be, believe every one to be good till you find them out to be bad. As to *Miss Fiddlefaddle*, you saw she did nothing but play with the kitten, and look out of the window, and didn't say a word all the time. Avoid such insignificance, dear girls, as much as you can, and though you must by no means be as pert and as noisy as *Miss Flighty*, I hope you will always, be able to bear your part in a rational conversation.

Harriet. Thank you ma'am you're always so good to teach us we will try and be as nice, and as good a woman as you are. *Exeunt Omnes.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XLIV.

In this busy time of the year, when drays and carts of all kinds are rumbling and rattling through the streets, conveying the goods which, being *manufactured for exportation* in England, have reached their destination, where they are to be exposed to the gaping and desiring eyes of the *natives* ; when auctioneers wear their lungs and their hammers out : when clerks are quill-driving ; and shopmen bowing and smiling ; when the port is crowded with ships, and the *LaChine*

canal, is---not completed; thanks to the *judicious, public spirited,* and ACTIVE board of management, to whose slumbering efforts it has been, for so many years, committed; when all thoughts are engaged upon invoices, bills of lading, cent per cent, and discount;---at this period, barren is the field, and scanty the crop, of literary remark, or amusing anecdote; and even Scandal herself seems asleep. The pursuits of trade absorb every faculty; and we have a great mind to print a Commercial Advertiser, instead of a Domestic Intelligencer. But, a rumour having got afloat, that Mr. Macculloh had declared, that if he did not get an accession of subscribers, and be able to stop the mean and pilfering spirit by which *borrowers* are actuated, when they read his work, without paying for it; and above all, if he did not get more promptly and regularly paid for what he does circulate, he should stop the Scribbler at the end of the present volume; it appears that all that part of the community of Mount Royal who could spare a moment from weighing sugar, measuring calicoes, and counting dollars, declared they would not suffer the blue book to be given up, as there would then be absolutely no amusement for their evening hours or leisure moments; therefore we, Dicky Gossip & Co. (for, be it known unto all men and women, by these presents, that we have got a *sleeping partner,*) have resolved to proceed in our career, trusting that the aforesaid ladies and gentlemen who are anxious that the blue book should "live and reign," will, in the first place, pay as soon as called upon; secondly, positively refuse to lend their Scribblers to any one; and thirdly, recommend and influence all their acquaintance, *who are able and willing to pay,* to subscribe to the sixth volume.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Trifluvian Reporter. A friar of the judicial order, has renounced his vow of celibacy, having been overcome by the flesh, through the medium of a pair of piercing eyes, located, (as our neighbours in Yankee-land would say,) in the head of one of our Trifluvian fair, the sister of Thomas Booby, Esquire, of Mountroyal, of Scriblerian memory. The friar lately performed a pilgrimage hither, to offer up his vows at the shrine of his saint, and Madam Busy-body reported that he had actually privately committed—(don't be frightened, ma'am!)—matrimony with the fair lady of his adoration. In this, however, as in many other instances, she overstretched the mark; but preparations are going forward for the consummation, which can not be long retarded; and authentic information adds that the month of September is the destined one for that joyous event.

From the Back-bite Mercury.—Captain *Walterson*, in order to encrease the chance of adding another son to the family, has, at the recommendation of the barrack-master, got a bedstead made, with wire springs, the same as patent carriage cushions. The price was twenty dollars, cash down.

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, &c.

Sir Thomas Booby is determined not to be behind-hand with his sister in joining (not making,) issue, which, but for the bad state of his health, he would have done long since: but his physicians warned him, as he valued his salvation, not to marry, till he has been a tour through the States, and to those renovating springs, which are thought, like Medea's cauldron to rejuvenilize both the old debauchee, and the young profligate. As soon, however, as Sir Thomas returns, we may look for the union of this "book-worm,"* with the fair Miss Ogletem, who has got rid of her engagements with the *admirable Crichton*, of which some account may hereafter be given.

The great Mogul has, since his return from the land of bagpipes and thistles, renewed his solicitations for the fair hand of the handsome, lively, and (better still,) weighty pursed Miss Jarratt. But a formidable and unexpected barrier lies between him, and the lady to whom he aspires, in an old family propensity towards a red coat, although the present one is better garnished than the one that was taken into the bosom of the family a few years back. The old

*An appellation, at all times, in my opinion, more encomiastic than otherwise; but especially so in a country like Canada, where literature is so little studied, at least by the youths imported from Europe. L. L. M.

gentleman has taken every precaution to curb the inclination, of the rising part of his household, and ever since a memorable era in the family, until very lately, a red coat has scarcely ever been known to gain admittance into the house. But, at length, after innumerable entreaties from his wife (who we all know to be fond of a gay thing,) Mr. J. relaxed in his resolution, and again admitted red and black coats to intermingle at his table; when, alas! the young lady took that fancy to the coat of a gallant captain, not from North Cray, or South Cray but from *Cray-town*, which is the cause of so much vexation to the Mogul. Whether both the mother's and daughter's inclinations will counterbalance the implacable antipathy of the father to red coats, added to his project of procuring a partnership between his son, and the Mogul, must be left to old father Time to determine, but I hope, for the happiness of the young lady, (for whose cash I have a kind of sneaking regard myself,) that the captain may succeed.

The young *Portefaix*, surnamed *the Cub*, is gaining firm possession of Miss Nancy Layfin's affections. The retirement of Miss Nancy to her paternal seat, renders their meetings less frequent than during the winter; when parties, and balls, and reveldry, gave opportunities of "whispering soft nonsense in a lady's ear."* During that exhilarating season the young lady was living with the Jarretts, whither she went, 'tis said, for the purpose of being introduced into the *beau monde*, which report says, she is formed to adorn.

Young hickory-faced O'Brown, the law-student, has inscribed his case, (a desperate one,) upon the *role d'Hymen*, and has served his opponent with a notice to shew cause why his suit should not be joined with that of miss *Puitsdoux*. Whether *acte* will be granted or not, rests with the judges, namely the parents of the young lady, who, for the present, seem rather indisposed to favour O'Brown's pretensions.

Report, with her extended throat and envenomed breath, says, that intelligence has been received at Loverule-hall, that the faithless Spoggy, was about to be, and, by this time probably is, married to a Twenty thousand pounder. The sprightly widow, who was in hourly expectation of his return to "claim his victory's reward," and ever since his departure employed herself in wreathing a crown of laurel to encircle his brows, it is hoped, knows too well "what's what," to act the part of Ariadne on the occasion.

ST. GEORGE.

Mount Royal, 6th August, 1824.

* We doubt whether the Cub is able to whisper much soft nonsense: but love is a great transformer, and can make a man of a Cymon at any time; especially such an inspiring and love awakening object, as miss Nancy

D. Gossip & Co.

Young ladies, (query, whether tailors' daughters are ladies?*) are admonished when they go a shopping, and have nothing to buy, that it will be more prudent for them to slip a note, with an assignation where to meet, into the hands of the young fellows in the store, than to give them such significant winks and looks, as by standers cannot fail to interpret, "come and see me this evening," or "meet me at the old place at eight o'clock."

.. POET'S CORNER.

Tell me, ye knowing and discerning few,
 Where I may find a friend that's firm and true,
 Who dares stand by me when in deep distress,
 And then his love and friendship most express;
 Who by a secret sympathy can share
 My joy, my grief, my misery, my care :
 He must be prudent, faithful, just and wise,
 Who can to such a pitch of friendship rise.

B. R. G.

Mr. Macculloh sent us for insertion last number, the following article, but which we were obliged to omit for want of room.

Extracts from Journal of the Secretary and Treasurer.—
 "Called on Mr. No-where, for payment of the present quarter—said I came to trouble him for money.—'T would be no trouble he said, as he did not mean to take it any more.—But you have begun upon the quarter—Didn't know that, but would return the books†—Could n't find them; after a long

* Most certainly they are, Mr. Gossip, in this country, where dealers and shopmen are merchants; tavernkeepers, esquires, doctors, and so forth; and quill-drivers, gentlemen. Every thing here, you know, is upon a grand scale. But, besides, every female, who behaves with propriety, and is well dressed, is, undoubtedly, entitled to the appellation of lady, unless she happens to be in a servile capacity.

Note by Geoffry Crayon, the bastard.

† If Mr. No-where, knows how to read, he should have observed the conditions of the Scribbler, that three months notice of discontinuance is required; in strict propriety therefore he owes for the whole quarter, but he will be let off upon paying 1s. 6d. for the soiled number; the non-payment whereof, will entitle him to a niche in the BLACKLIST.

J. L. M.

searched a number of the Scribbler, cut open and much worn, was produced, having been lent to a neighbour to read. This won't do Mr. No-where, I must charge you for what you have had, and can not take this back, after it has been read and soiled—That's all the same to me,—why did n't you call for your books! *—Because it was not my business—my business is to call for the money.—Well, I sha'n't pay.—Very well you'll hear of this.—I do'n't care, you may say what you like about it. Good morning—Good morning.”

“Arrived at St. John's, saw Mr. Reaper, who was going to the States. Asked about the Scribbler, it's success, how many subscribers we had &c.—quite chatty—N. B. No Mont-realers present. Embarked on board the Steamboat. Mr. R. did not speak to me the whole way, for fear, no doubt, he should be thought to hold a communication with L. L. M. Laughed in my sleeve to think how people stand in awe of L. L. M., and are afraid of the *Scribbleress*. MEM. Tavern-keeper's wives are ladies, (or think themselves so,) as well as Taylor's daughters. Ha! ha! ha!”

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

MR. SCRIB,

If the following theatrical remarks are worthy of a place in your miscellany, I shall be glad to see them inserted.

The Montreal Journals have often complained of the want of taste in the Canadians, for dramatic exhibitions. Now that the equestrian performances at the Circus, have attracted them to where there is a very good stage, good performers, and a judicious and amusing selection of pieces; they seem to relish the drama, even more

† It is the business of subscribers to give notice when they wish to discontinue; and moreover also to give proper directions in case of a change of residence, where their numbers are to be sent to: as otherwise, if they are left at the old places and are mislaid or lost, they must be equally accountable for them as if they had received them. This is particularly applicable to the masters of steamboats on the St. Lawrence, who, when the navigation closes, ought to send word to what address their Scribblers are to be sent during the winter; which if they neglect to do, the whole amount, whether they receive the numbers or not, will be claimed of them.

L. L. M.

than the feats of horsemanship, tumbling, tight rope, and slack wire dancing; and many, who understood little English when they first frequented this place of entertainment, have almost become competent judges of scenic representation. I have many times observed the difference betwixt them and some of the fops and dandies who swagger out of the boxes into the pit, to smoke their cigars,* and stare at modest women; sometimes with the end of their cigar, thrust under a female bonnet---then, hissing, to shew their critical judgement, at what *they* think blunders. If a pause, ever so necessary to the "cunning of the scene," be made, 't is sure to be hissed at; if the scenery does not fly up and down, like lightning, nothing but hisses,---as if all plays were pantomines, in which the quick change of scenery is one of the chief substitutes for sense and wit. A jest is sure to be applauded, however coarse, not because it is brought in apropos, but merely because it is a jest. I should be glad if others who are more able, as well as have more opportunities of witnessing the performances than I have, will offer you their gleanings likewise; and that a proper distinction be drawn between that part of the audience that are capable of judging and enjoying the drama, and that who come only to display their egotism, their vanity, and their folly.

I could not help noticing a theatrical practical bull, or blunder, in the melo-drama of the *Forty thieves*. When Ali Baba's wife tells Morgiana that she has not a morsel of provisions in the house, the painter gives her the "lie direct," for there are a number of smoked hams depicted hanging over the chimney.

DEMOPHOON.

* A most filthy and abominable custom, which the managers ought wholly to interdict.

CIRCUS,

OPEN EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK

Messieurs WEST & BLANCHARD,

Have spared no pains or expense to make the Circus deserving of the encouragement of a liberal and enlightened public.

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES are exhibited, (according to the bills of the day,) every evening, a handsome stage having been erected, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. and several eminent performers engaged for the purpose.

HORSEMANSHIP, VAULTING, OLYMPIC FEATS, GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING, TIGHT-ROPE DANCING, SLACK-WIRE, BALANCING, and a variety of other entertaining feats, are introduced between the performances.

An admired comedy, and an amusing farce, are presented every evening, with occasional songs, pantomimes, and ballets.

Doors open at 7, and performance to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.—Tickets to be had at the Box-Office of the Circus, at the Bookstores of Mr. Jos. Nickless and Mr. James Brown, and at Mr. Bennet's Lottery-Office—Box, 2. 6d. Pit 1s. 3d—Children to the Boxes half-price.

The Managers beg to suggest, that by purchasing Tickets in the day time, it will save ladies and gentlemen much trouble and inconvenience on entering the Circus in the evening.

The liberal and increasing support which the entertainments of the Circus have received from the inhabitants of Montreal; while it is flattering to the Managers; and is also, they humbly trust, a proof that their efforts have, in some measure, merited success; is likewise the most powerful incentive to future exertion, and will ever demand both assiduity and gratitude.

NOTICE.

THE title page, preface, dedication, (to the Swinish Multitude,) and index, of the third volume of the Scribbler, are now ready for delivery, at this office, and at the Scribbler Office, Montreal, to subscribers who have had the whole of that volume, and have paid for it, GRATIS, and to others for one shilling Halifax. Similar appendages to the fourth volume, will be ready in a short time.

It is found necessary to add to the conditions of the Scribbler, that henceforward subscribers who wish to discontinue it, must give three months notice; and no subscription will be allowed for less than six months.

Those who have not paid up, or remitted their arrears, to the end of the fourth volume, will please to observe that the Scribbler will not be sent to them, till they do. To take away every excuse, they are informed that remittances in bank notes, directed "S. H. Wilcocke, post office, Montreal," will be sure to come safe to hand, and be punctually acknowledged.

Agents for the Scribbler at the country place, in Canada, are requested to use their exertions to collect what is due, both of arrears, and the advance on the present volume, and remit as above. Some agents are so neglectful that it will perhaps be necessary to form a Blacklist, also of those who neither collect nor remit, nor even write.

Rouse's Point, 13th May, 1824.