

Tab. 1. 149

*MacCulloch*

THE

**SCRIBBLER:**

A SERIES OF ESSAYS,

ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL, MORAL,  
AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire.

Nos. 118 to 130.

From 1st April, to 16th September, 1824.

FORMING

**Vol. V.**



*Nullum est jam dictum, quod non sit dictum prius.*

— And yet to do it in that plain way, — though their reverences  
may laugh at it in the bedchamber, — full well I wot, they will abuse it in  
the parlour.

TERENCE.

STERNE.



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And Printed by the Proprietor,

SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE.

AT ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y.

1824.



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**N. B.** A general **INDEX** or **TABLE** of **CONTENTS** will be given at the end of the seventh volume, for vols, **V; VI, & VII.**

And a suitable apology will be made in due time for the **unavoidable omission of PREFACES and ERRATA.**

1834 149

*T. Langue*

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.]

1st APRIL, 1834.

[No. 118.]

THE SCRIBBLER is published every fortnight in Montreal. Price 1s. 6d. per number, or on the following terms.

To subscribers in Montreal, who pay in cash, quarterly, in advance, that is on delivering the first number of each quarter, 9s. per quarter, or 17s. 6d. for six months.

To those who pay during each current quarter, 9s. 6d. per quarter.

To those who pay in goods, or not till the quarter is expired, 10s. per quarter.

To subscribers in the Canadas who do not reside in Montreal, the same, with the addition of 1s. per quarter.

But to such as may commission any person in Montreal to receive their numbers there, and pay in advance, the charge will be the same as to residents there.

## Lottery Office.

N. H. V. BENNET,

No. 105 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

Tickets on Sale in both the following Lotteries: viz.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND,

Third Class, now drawing,

CONTAINING

1 prize of \$20,000, 1 prize of \$10,000,

and numerous other prizes, which will alone be drawn, and completed in sixteen drawings only.

Present price of Tickets Fifteen Dollars, and Shares in proportion.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE,

Third Class, now drawing,

CONTAINING

2 prizes of \$6000, 2 prizes of \$2000,

2 prizes of \$1500, 4 prizes of \$1000,

&c. &c.

Present price of Tickets Eight Dollars.

N. H. V. BENNET,

HAS likewise for sale a general assortment of Stationery, with a variety of Fancy Articles, &c. &c. &c.

Old, young, gay, grave, if you would have  
Of riches a good store;

Be sure t'arrive, where *hundred five*  
Is seen above the door.

That's BENNET's stand; in all the land,  
Nor in St. Paul's whole street,  
Such a good chance, your wealth t'enhance,  
You can not elsewhere meet.

There Fortune's wheel, around doth deal,  
Of dollars, many a thousand;

Then hie away, this blessed day;  
Such luck is sure to rouse one

If you're a judge, it is no fudge,

If you mind what I say t'ye,  
From courts of law, you may withdraw,  
*Optum cum dignitate.*

*Attornies* too, if they will sue  
In Fortune's court of pleas,  
Need neither science; no, nor clients,  
To live at home at ease.

If *doctors* will, but take the pill,  
In form of LOTTERY-TICKET,  
All ills 't will cure, that men endure;—  
And here's the place to seek it.

Here *soldiers, sailors, farmers, taylor's,*  
*Parsons,* and *undertakers,*  
May get good pay, and go each day,  
To th'butcher's and the baker's.

Here *merchants* too, who wealth pursue,  
To India's spicy shore,  
May gain at home, before they roam,  
The gold that they adore.

And to the *dandy*, what so handy,  
To pay for stays and buckram,  
Than these proceeds, which each one needs  
From *dans* and *writes* to succour'em.

And *ladies*, last, tho' not the least,  
In BENNET's partial eyes;  
Your lack pray try, a ticket buy;  
He'll warrant it a prize.

Then, when you saunter, to his counter;  
Where fancy-goods abound,  
Lay out enough, to fill your muff,  
With what's here spread around.

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## THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V. MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 1st APRIL, 1824. [No. 118.]

ONE is none,  
TWO is some,  
THREE's a few,  
FOUR's enew,\*  
And FIVE's a little hundred.

POPULAR SAYING.

Paraphrasing, and commenting upon, the POPULAR SAYING which I have taken as a motto to this number, my readers will perceive that it alludes to the progressive augmentation of the volumes of the Scribbler. ONE is indeed *none*; my first volume struggled into existence, amidst difficulties innumerable, and apparently almost insurmountable; it was long before people could be convinced that an entire volume, could be formed out of such fugitive, evanescent, and insignificant bits of paper as the half-sheets, upon which I printed my first fifty-two numbers. When a second volume

\*“Enew” is an obsolete, or rather a provincial, mode of pronouncing “enough”; it is, in fact, a more proper pronunciation, looking to the derivation of the word, than “enuff”, as is colloquially used; for, being absolutely the Dutch word *genoeg*, the *g* being, as that letter always is in that language, pronounced as a soft guttural, English tongues, or rather throats, can not utter it; and therefore, instead of substituting a final *ff* it is better to suppress both gutturals altogether. The analogy between the English and Low Dutch languages can hardly be better exemplified than in the words we use, in which the *gh* is employed, either mutely or convertedly into *ff*; such as “light”, from the Dutch *ligt*; “right, from,” *recht* (*ch*, *gh*, and *g*, being all alike in power, and indiscriminately used, in Dutch,) “sought,” from *zogt*; “brought,” from *brogt*; “daughter,” from *dogter*; “laugh,” from *lagh*; *cum multis aliis*.

was completed in a more tangible form and shape, as a literary production, each week bringing forth sixteen pages, with a printed cover, the world acknowledged that *Two is some*. The addition of a third actually gives to those who kept their numbers an increase to their libraries of a *few* books; thence it verifies *THREE'S a few*. *FOUR'S none*, may now perhaps be ejaculated by those who are either open or covert enemies to the work; with the comedian in Plautus they may say:

*Satis verba facta sunt,*  
Enough of your nonsense.

or exclaim with one of Pope's characters in the *Dunciad*,

"Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?"

Whilst on my part, were I only writing for reputation and fame, I too might say *FOUR'S none*; for, I will venture to say, no individual, rich or poor, high or low, governor, or thieftaker, has so long and so triumphantly soared upon the wings of public opinion, or is so universally known, throughout Canada, as I have and am, through the medium of the *Scribbler*: but my motives for continuing to write, besides the

*Famæ sacra fames,*

may also be said to be the

*Auri sacra fimes;*

not that I get much *gold* for my labours, nor even can I avoid comparing myself with the musicians in *Roméo and Juliet*, who, not being able to explain why it was said

Music with her *silver* sound,

were banteringly told by Capulet's servant, 't was,

“Because such fellows as they got no *silver* for their  
sounding;”

but nevertheless I do get my subsistence, “in  
meal or in malt,” from my literary efforts. And  
moreover, gentles, I am extremely willing and  
anxious to do good in my generation, and to tell  
you of your foibles and follies, as well as to in-  
struct and amuse you. Upon these grounds, I do  
not agree with the saying FOUR's *enew*; but carry  
it on to FIVE, and having got there, will say with  
Horace; in addressing my book;

*Tuque dum procedis, Io triumphe!*  
*Non semel dicimus, Io triumphe!*  
*Civitas omnis, dabimusque Divis*  
*Thura benignis.*

As thou proceedest let loud Pœans sound,  
Not once, but five times, let applause rebound,  
Let cities join, and lands remote, around,  
Give incense to the gods.

FIVE is indeed *a little hundred* to me; an earnest of  
still greater increase; the precursor of other lustral  
hecatombs of thanks and exultation, to be offered  
to the public for their constant support; which I  
hope to merit and obtain, till that inexorable de-  
stroyer of men's faculties and plans, *Old Age*,  
(not insensibly creeping on me,) shall compel me  
to resign my censorial and inquisitorial sceptre  
into other hands.

It is rather a singular coincidence, which I  
leave for the commentators of future ages, when  
they republish my works with notes, additions,  
illustrations, alterations, amendments, and a glos-

sary of obsolete terms, to expatiate upon, that the first number of Vol. V. of the Scribbler is, thanks to my propitious stars! published, and the Supreme Court of King's Bench in Montreal, commences its sittings, on the same day, and that that day should be ALL FOOL'S DAY!

I hope that Court will no longer *make fools* of those clients, who have waited with sickening delay, for three whole years, for their decision in cases which are as clear as noon day. They know in their consciences, to what particular cases I am alluding, they know the abominable oppression those cases displayed, and they know, or ought to know, that delay is almost the same thing as an utter denial of justice; but I am afraid justice will ever be found in Canada to verify the picture drawn by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Women Pleas'd*.

“ Justice was a cheesemonger, a mere cheesemonger,  
Weigh'd nothing to the world, but mites and maggot-  
And a main stink. Law, like a horse-courser,  
Her rules and precepts hung with gaudy ribbands,  
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,  
While she herself, was hackney, lame, and founder'd.”

I can not conclude this rather rhapsodical introductory address, without adverting to the improved state of literature in Canada. That such a work as the Canadian Magazine, with all its imperfections, has maintained its ground, for six entire months, is one proof of the increased relish for reading that begins to prevail among the British part of the community, and which alone can raise them to a level with the almost universally well educated society of the French Canadians; another may be found in the establishment of the Literary and Historical Society at Quebec.



an institution which appears, from what little has been published, or has transpired, concerning it, to promise largely to promote the sources of intellectual enjoyment, as well as of general prosperity, in Canada. I am afraid, however, that institution will be on too narrow, too aristocratical, and exclusive, a scale to be of as much use as it might, if entered into with the liberal ideas which men of literature, philanthropists, and cosmopolites, ought to entertain. I am, it is true, deficient at present as to information concerning it and shall be obliged by any friend who will communicate with me on the subject. Till therefore I have fuller means of speaking to the purpose, I confine myself to the expression of the hope that they will publish semestral, or at least annual, collections of interesting papers in the same way as other literary societies do.

The editorship of the Canadian Magazine has, I find, now passed into the hands of Dr. Christie, a gentleman from whose known talents, I augur very favourably of its maintainance and improvement. The late editor Mr. Chisholm, has announced his intention, (vide advertisement, at the end of this number,) of publishing a monthly CANADIAN REVIEW, and *Literary and Historical Journal*.— Rejoiced as I am to see every literary luminary, whether a *magnus Apollo*, a meteor, or a farthing candle, make its appearance above the horizon of "this more recently civilized, but not uninteresting quarter of the earth," I must be permitted to doubt whether Mr. C. has stamina, "responsibility," talents, or information, sufficient, to conduct a *Review*. The *literary and historical* part, may be safely left in his hands, for he is stored, I believe, with book-acquirements: but as for *criticism*, the lord have mercy on us! He

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is undoubtedly much improved in the art of composition, and has studied English grammar a little more, since the crude and abortive attempts made by him *previous to becoming*, and when he first became editor of the Montreal Gazette; but the introduction to the Canadian Magazine, a paper which the sapient folks of Montreal praised up to the skies, is sufficient to shew how very contemptible his pretensions are. (or were at that time, for I think he writes better now.) to literary judgement. If he is able to write a *Review*, he ought to be able at least to pen an advertisement, and I would ask him, how "the *utility* of a work." can be said to be "a desideratum?" I would tell him that "an opportunity" cannot be "fitting," but may be "fit;" that "in so far," ought to be "in *as far*," &c. But it is now time to proceed with my own

## REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS:

*continued from No. 116.*

*Canadian Magazine, & Literary Repository; Vol. 1  
continued.*

From No. III. I extract the piece entitled,

ON THE INFLUENCE OF A WELL REGULATED ENGLISH THEATRE  
IN MONTREAL.

A well regulated Theatre, to use the language of Shakespeare, "ought to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature: to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

This definition of the purpose of playing, given by our immortal dramatic bard, has never been more admirably illustrated and justified than in his own plays, in which we may say with Dr. Johnson,

"Each change of many colour'd life he drew,  
"Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new."

From the above description of a well regulated English

Theatre, it will readily be concluded that I should wish to banish from it every piece, containing any thing blamable in sentiment or moral. Still, however, by the salutary retrenchment of faulty passages in performances generally good, no want of variety would be found; and particularly we should have no occasion to employ the productions of the wits of Charles's reign, who "pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend."—I confess, that unless I were to allow the necessity of sometimes sacrificing to novelty and fashion, by the representation of a new play, though it were not entirely unexceptionable, I might be justly accused of proposing something impossible. But I will admit that such an indulgence may sometimes be necessary, nor would I call it dangerous; for such is happily the general bias of the human mind, in favour of religion, virtue, and propriety, that plays of a good tendency are likely to stand their ground against those of a contrary nature; if the latter have nothing but the suffrage and support of the public.

I shall now briefly consider the probable influence of a well regulated English Theatre, in Montreal, upon religion and morality, on political sentiments, on knowledge, and on literary genius, there.

To mention religion, when discoursing on a Theatre, might to some appear impious; and it must be confessed, that plays have often been represented, fraught with sentiments hostile to the cause of religion and virtue. But I believe it will be found, that even the most violent opposers of the theatre, on the ground of religion, have only contemplated the abuse of it. They have granted that a dramatic representation of the affairs of life, is by no means sinful in itself. What they complain of, is, that many of our comedies, and even of our tragedies, have no design to set religion and virtue in the best light, nor to render vice odious to the audience; that, on the contrary, a vicious character is often the hero of the piece, or the object of reward, at the end of the play,

I should be far from wishing to defend, or excuse, the abuse of what I conceive, if properly employed, might become admirable means of pleasing instruction. But I would take upon me to say, that if dramatic representation be not in itself sinful, the casual abuse of it is not a sufficient cause for abandoning it altogether:—for certainly it is a species of instructive amusement, accessible to all ranks, and useful to all ages, and which seems always to have been favoured or discouraged in the world, in proportion as liberty and good sense, or slavery

and superstition prevailed.\* The Pulpit, as well as the Stage, has, by worthless characters, been employed for iniquitous purposes: yet no one censures the former mode of instruction, nor, upon reflection, shall we find just reason to blame the latter. The Legislature have the controul of the Theatre and of the Managers; and they ought to encourage an institution so capable of forming good principles and manners in our youth, while they banished whatever is personal or indecent, whatever tends to inflame or corrupt the heart. It may be proper here to remark, that good examples, to have the desired effect, should be set before us by virtuous persons: hence the propriety of encouraging personal virtue in Players, and of preventing as much as possible the ridiculous circumstance of receiving a lecture on charity from a miser, on economy from a prodigal, on virtue from a debauchee, or on chastity from a prostitute.† Instead of an English Theatre, thus regulated, being inimical to religion and morality, I should be apt to think that it would tend to enforce their most important precepts, and, by bringing their errors to the test of practice, in the imitation of real life, would be a safe and ready means to improve both. It is certainly not a fair mode of attack, which in the present case is by many practised. They lay hold of some pictures of vicious conduct, which incidentally occur in the necessary grouping and contrasting of characters in the Drama; and seem to consider the exhibition of vice, however censured or punished by poetical justice, as hurtful to the audience. Now this must arise from a narrow mode of thinking. If we go into the world, the scene of the most important virtues, we must behold vice; will not therefore the view of it, in its true colours, exhibited in a well regulated Theatre, rather serve as an antidote than the contrary? I might here mention that many dramatic pieces, on religious subjects, have been represented on the stage with unbounded

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\*Not so: where has the drama been more encouraged, or in what country has a larger number of dramatic pieces been produced, than in France, under its despotic monarchs, and during the reign of the blindest superstition?

L. L. M.

† This is certainly a most visionary, as well as an absurd, idea. It is tantamount to saying that players ought to be the prototypes of the personages they represent. Upon such a principle, Calista, in the Fair Penitent, ought only to be acted by a lady who had been detected in crim-con, and Jane Shore, by the kept mistress of some great man.

L. L. M.

applause, while they contained the most sublime truths of christianity, enforced by all the powers of eloquence, adorned with all the charms of poetry, and supported by the fascinating effects of appropriate scenery and skilful acting.—It would, perhaps, be useful to bring forward such pieces in Canada.

Public spectacles among civilized nations have generally been encouraged and numerous attended, and have always been supposed to have so great a share in forming and supporting national character, that their nature and peculiarities in different countries have become an interesting subject of consideration in all historical enquiries. Hence also appears the propriety and necessity of the previous examination of whatever is to be exhibited upon the stage. The British Government have accordingly *assumed* a right to scrutinize all performances intended for the Theatre,\* though every other species of composition is sacred from the touch of power, till it come into the hands of the public. This being the case, political objections to theatrical representation dwindle into insignificance, in the present view of the subject; and we are left to contemplate its probable utility alone. In an English Theatre, there ought to be at least three different gradations of places and prices. This has ever been customary in Britain; it renders the entertainment accessible to all ranks, and facilitates the preservation of good order. It has also the still superior effects of moulding and supporting the national character, of infusing, as it were, into a great body of the community, sentiments of patriotism, magnanimity, and justice, and of conferring upon the lowest individual present, a temporary importance, peculiarly grateful to humanity. Thus, over the ruins of the City Theatre, we might be permitted to exclaim with equal pathos and propriety, as the Poet has done over the ruins of the City (Village) Alehouse :

“ Vain transitory splendour! could not all  
 “ Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
 “ Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 “ An hour’s importance to the poor man’s heart!”

\* It is, indeed, an *assumption*, and has no foundation in any law, save being a relic of the star-chamber system.

L. L. M

(To be continued.)

Looking over my last number, I perceive that I have made more promises for this, than I am able to fulfil: such therefore as, from the press of matter, I am obliged to postpone, will, I trust, find a place in No. 119. Amongst these, I foresee, will be my remarks on Mr. Knower's trial, and some that suggest themselves upon that of Mr. Henshaw. I now take up the remainder of that, *in curia Scribleri*, relative to pugilism.

L. L. M.

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BY AUTHORITY.

TRIAL OF THE EDITOR OF THE QUEBEC MERCURY

*Continued from last number.*

The Court being resumed, the public accuser began his reply to the ingenious defence which had been attempted to be made by the counsel for the delinquent, by complimenting him on the talents he had shewn,

“To make the worse, appear the better cause:”

but, as long as men had eyes, no sophistry would ever persuade them that “black was white;” and all that could be said in favour of such arguments and declamations as were made use of, to excuse or palliate the favourite foibles or vices of mankind, was comprised in the candid confession of Gibbon, in one of his letters to Holroyd, (lord Sheffield:)

“indeed, the principal use I know in human reason is, when called upon, to furnish arguments for what we have an inclination to do.”

He was very willing to allow that gymnastic exercises were both allowable and laudable; but he would not allow that boxing-matches could rank as such; they were no more gymnastic exercises than gladiatorial combats were, and no one, he believed, would in this age either justify, or even be a spectator of, that species of amusement which was so favourite a one with the Romans. Boxing matches, were not exercises, but, properly speaking,—and it was perhaps almost the only proper expression that was used by the amateurs of the ring, fights—and whether it was cockfighting, or manfighting, fighting was not an exercise or amusement, but a sad reality of calamity, that the infirmity of human nature, and the vindictive and degrading passions of mankind, often indeed rendered necessary in self-defence, but which never, no more than the dissection of human bodies, necessary for acquiring surgical skill, ought to be made a matter of exhibition, of delight, and of amusement. Altho' this was a casual thought that had occurred, he esteemed it a felicitous illustration—The exhibitions were alike, offensive, cadaverous, and disgusting; the delight derived from them alike, brutal, sanguinary, and hardened; the amusement, alike, coarse, vulgar, and indecent. Yet the dissection of corpses had far the preference in point of real utility, and the advantages society derived from it.—But he was wandering from the question. The defence, if he understood it right, in this point of view, maintained that the art of boxing was necessary for the protection of civilized man, in England, against the aggression of the rabble. He utterly denied that position. But conceding it, still the brutal public exhibition of such contests was not necessary; all that was requisite to

be learnt, might be learnt in schools, or academies, upon the old Broughtonian plan. Like the art of fencing, it was not necessary to acquire it, that real duels should be fought at the rapier's point, that blood should be spilt, and lives taken, in serving an apprenticeship to the exercise of the small sword: but foils, buttons, and guards, answered every purpose both of instruction and safety: so, if it were necessary, would gloves and cushions, enable any man to take lessons in the pugilistic art, without resorting to Moulsey Hurst, or Epsom Downs, to witness the beastly contests of butchers, dustmen, and coalheavers. But it was not necessary to acquire it. The interference of the laws, in cases of sudden assault or insults in the streets, was always prompt, efficient, and cheap. Besides, an English mob were never appealed to by gentlemanly language, and firm deportment, without, at once, taking the side of the injured and the assaulted. And he could conceive nothing more derogatory to the character of a gentleman than even to put himself upon the same footing with the brutal rabble, who looked upon a knock down blow as a sound argument, and a black eye and bloody nose, as proofs of manhood and courage. As to the *argumentum ad hominem*, used by the learned counsel, of a doubled fist held up to the face, it had nothing to do with the present case; it was nothing more than that sense of resentment for personal injury, which the God of nature had implanted within the breast "of saint, of savage, and of sage:" and operated in the same way with the Tartar, the Indian, and the European, whether they had learnt the art of boxing or not.

Having, as he conceived, convincingly refuted



the mistaken notion that this *soi-desant* art of self-defence, was at all necessary: he would next, overthrow the excuse sought to be set up by the defendant, on the ground of expediency and of pecuniary interest: an excuse that he knew, would avail nothing in this court, where the reigning principle always was an utter disregard of private interest, and of public obloquy, provided the conduct it pursued, was consonant to its own comprehension of what was right or wrong. Conrade's sentiment, in Southey's *Joan of Arc*, was peculiarly happy, as applied to the judge before whom he had the honour of pleading:

———"high of self-esteem,

I must be honour'd by myself: all else,

The breath of fame, is as the unsteady wind.

Worthless——"

If editors of papers would follow the same course, their independence would be greater, their reputation higher, and their profits more; for reputation followed independence, and profit reputation. He would admit, and the judge himself he knew would admit, that, in whatever was harmless, whatever was indifferent, whatever was necessary as a sweetener, or an antidote, public taste might, and indeed ought to, be consulted by public writers; but go beyond this, and allow your own judgement, your own sense of propriety and decorum to be carried away by a blind desire *ad captandum vulgus*, what are you but a base hireling, a pander to the vices and follies of mankind, a subservient time-server, who, when the tide turns, will be despised, and kicked out of the confidence of that public whose depraved appetite you have endeavoured to

pamper at the expense of your own self-esteem. He would not follow the learned counsel in his savoury similes of cookery, and horseflesh, of beef, mutton and boxing matches, but would leave him to reflect upon the Roman satirist's expression

*Squirit sua culina.*

He carried his kitchen along with him.

As he brewed, so he might bake; the yeast he had made would not serve to lighten the bread in his oven: for, if the example of other editors is to bear sway: if the New York Albion, or the (Fisher's) Quebec Gazette, are to form the criteria of editorial excellence, is it on account of their extensive circulation, or of their *ultra* tone? If so, let Cobbett, the versatile, the virulent, the vulgar, the ten times turned turncoat, than whose papers none are more extensively circulated, or, in their way, more *ultra*, be the model, the archetype, from whom to copy. But he would allow the fair irony which the learned counsel had indulged in as to the editor of the official Quebec Gazette, and as the last Albion contained a most delectable account of a grand fight in England, occupying about a sixth part of the paper, to admit which the present editor, (who appears to possess a similarity of propensity with his predecessor.) was compelled, he says, to omit other important intelligence prepared for publication, he would leave those "swine to wallow in their own mire."

He now, however, came to a more serious part, the defendant had, by his counsel, denied the jurisdiction of this tribunal in matters which most essentially came within its orbit. The office of the *Censores morum* of ancient Rome, took in

the whole range of the *res publica*; their manners, their laws, their constitution, their religion, were all open to the inspectorship and to the strictures of the censors. So in this court the Inspector and Censor-general had taken upon himself, with the consent of the public, not only the superintendence of the manners and fashions of the age, but of the laws, the courts, the judges,—the rulers and the ruled—the people, and their governors—he was entitled to pronounce not only on the proper administration of the laws, but also on the propriety and equity of the laws themselves,—from the etiquette of a ballroom, to the acts of the Imperial Parliament. As a free man, and a free Englishman, such animadversion was an inherent privilege; but moreover, as a literary magistrate, no matter whether under the title of consul, imperator, or dictator; as the present chief magistrate of literature in these regions, he had a right to enquire into and censure, or approve, the laws themselves. He was above the law in that respect; and both law and lawyers, were bound to bow down their heads before him.

Here the judge interposed, and intimated to the Accuser-general that he was wandering from the point; that however much he considered the courts, the judges, and the lawyers, as proper subjects for his animadversion, the laws themselves were only so in his quality as an Englishman, who, while he obeys, has a right to censure, and while he respects, has a right to remonstrate. The learned gentleman might proceed.

The Accuser-general then stated that he had already concluded, and would no longer trouble the court.

The judge then declared that on account of the lateness of the hour, he should postpone the

decision, and would pronounce sentence, with a further explanation of his views on the subject, which should be

(To be concluded in next Number.)

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Fable from the *Journal des Spectacles*, versified.

(See Scribbler, No. 93.)

One rainy day, fair Venus sent  
To Jove's a card of compliment,  
Requesting Madam Juno would,  
If that her washing leave she could,  
(For here on earth it rain'd in spouts,  
A proof that Juno wash'd her clouts.)  
Come to her bower, *sans ceremonie*,  
To take a friendly cup of tea.  
Now, mistress Jupiter, tho' yet  
She bore the jade a grudge, (to wit;  
For Paris' foolish love-sick whim,  
That gave the apple to the—queen  
Of love, instead of to a goddess  
That wore both petticoat and boddico,  
Resolved to Venus' bower to go,  
As she had nothing worse to do,  
So she sent word she'd come to tea,  
(But begg'd for hyson, not bohea.)  
As soon as she had done some stitches,  
In mister Jupiter's old breeches.

Now to the bower of Cytherea,  
Let us be carried in idea.

The table set, the teathings placed,  
Three naked girls the arbour graced:  
Which Juno's modest eyes did shock  
To see them all, without a smock;  
Yet ne'er a word escaped her lips  
'Bout them, while she her hyson sips:  
But, as on earth the conversation  
At each tea-table in the nation,

Is scandal, crim-con, and all that,  
 So there the goddesses did chat  
 Of who, and where, and when, and why,  
 Did paw-paw tricks, thro' earth and sky.

When each had drank twelve cups of tea,  
 Venus told Juno they'd make free,  
 Just to retire that they might do ——  
 The same as ladies here below.

Next, in the closet, bolted in,  
 The jade produced—a flask of gin;  
 When, after some few drams she sips,  
 Dame Juno oped her prudish lips;  
 (For when the liquor down the throat is  
 'T is said decorum in the pot is:)

And scolling at Miss Venus' maids,  
 Cried shame upon the wicked jades:  
 "Why don't you dress them neat and clean,  
 "Nor let their bosoms e'en be seen?  
 "Tho' graces they are called, I'm sure  
 "No more than you, they're virgins pure."  
 "Well, mistress minx!" says Venus, then,  
 "Why, do you think the gods ar'n't men?  
 "No—thank your liquorish husband's care—  
 "They like my girls such as they are.  
 "And, as for maids, good madam prude,  
 "Since in your cups you are so rude,  
 "Pray, which among your goddessships,  
 "Had they such thighs, and waists, and hips,  
 "As me and mine—(look,—you can't shew,  
 "Such red and white, such black—such snow—)  
 "Would not pursue the same sweet trade,  
 "And scorn the barren name of maid.  
 "But, troth, ye're all such ugly witches,  
 "The gods wo'n't deal with such sad bitches—  
 "Besides I'm sure thro' all the sky,  
 "There's but one maid, were you to try:  
 "(Who in the Zodiac there sits moping,  
 "With none but beasts about her groping;)  
 "And you yourself, I'll swear, ar'n't able,  
 "To find one maid to wait at table."

Now, Juno, tho' the greatest scold  
 In heaven or hell, as we are told,

Did nought, but swear a few round oaths,  
 And all at once tuck'd up her clothes;  
 For she was gall'd both sad and sore,  
 And out she flounced, and vow'd the whore  
 Should eat her words, for she would send  
 All thro' the world, to the world's end,  
 And get three virgins who should vie  
 With all the naked flirts i'th' sky.

Then when she knock'd at Jove's street-door,  
 (Which seem'd on earth to be the roar  
 Of distant thunder.) Iris came,

Made her best curtesy to her dame.

"Zounds, wench," says Juno, "get your bonnet,

"Your shawl and cloak, for, curse upon it,

"You must fly down to earth to fetch

"Three maids to heaven to plague that wretch,

"That Venus, who has dared declare,

"That in Olympus none there are."

So round her shoulders Iris threw  
 Her shawl of many colour'd hue;

Which to the eyes of mortals shewed.

A rainbow glittering thro' a cloud.

And strait to earth her way she bent.

Trying to get upon the scent

Of maidenheads, but still the gale

Brought nothing but an odour stale—

In short 't were tedious to relate,

How, far and near, how, soon and late.

Thro' city, country; land and sea,

She sought for one virginity.

At length; tired, draggled, halt, and lame,

Back to her mistress Iris came.

Without or maid, or maidenhead:

And down she sat, and scratch'd her head.

"Now where, the devil, have you been,"  
 Says Juno, "all this while, you quean?"

"Why, when I've taken breath I'll tell.

"Ma'am, you must know the king of hell,

"Grim Pluto; he has had a dust

"With his three furies—" "You be curst!"

Says Juno, "What has that to do

"With th'errand you went for below?"

"Have patience, ma'am," Iris proceeded,  
 "'Tis Pluto's fault I ha'n't succeeded:  
 "For after seeking every where,  
 "At last I heard where three maids were,  
 "Ugly, 'tis true, they were as sin,  
 "And all took snuff, and all drank gin,  
 "Yet I should certainly have brought 'em,  
 "And not appeared in heaven without 'em;  
 "But Mercury had them bespoke  
 "For Pluto, and, in fire and smoke,  
 "Carried them off before my nose,  
 "For which the devil burn his toes."  
 "'Tis a fine story this you've told,"  
 Quoth Juno, who all know's a scold,  
 "But what in hell could Pluto do,  
 "With virgins in his realms below?"  
 "Why, ma'am, since in the whole world's round,  
 "Only *three virgins* could be found,  
 "Mercury, who knows a thing or two,  
 "What they were fitted for well knew,  
 "So that the thing most certain sure is,  
 "He wanted them to make *three furies*."

MAURICE MASK.

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Chambly, 8th March, 1824.

MR. EDITOR,

It is singular enough that a highly flattering  
 address to you, which was left with me the other  
 day for signature has never appeared in the  
 Scribbler! It was indeed indirectly hinted to me  
 that a rider of a very persuasive character  
 would be tacked to it by a certain party for the  
 suppression of future intelligence from this quar-  
 ter.—This however I knew would not be sanc-  
 tioned by the subscribers, and if it were, surely  
 you would not forfeit your credit with the public  
 by suppressing the address? My word for it,  
 Mr. Editor, others when they read it (and for  
 fear of the worst I send it to you herewith) will be

encouraged to communicate with you for the rectification of greater abuses than that which I complained of, and with an equally good effect too, I predict.

As to the address itself, Mr. Editor, I shall not animadvert on its style, it seems to have been framed by a schoolman and a poet, and I hope it will answer all the ends designed by it. I can only say I cordially gave it my sanction, having experienced all the benefits expressed in it, and the public are farther to be benefitted. I understand, (as soon as the fine weather sets in,) by an afternoon service in Chambly Church. This *must be*, too, Mr. Editor, that those may be spiritually edified, who, unlike myself, cannot possibly attend divine service in the morning of the sabbath-day. When this is the case, Mr. Editor, the public will be more deeply indebted to you than is at present

Your grateful correspondent,  
AN ORTHODOX CHURCHMAN.

*Copy of "An Address from the respectable inhabitants of the village of Chambly to the Editor and publisher of the Scribbler."*

"We the under signed inhabitants of the village of Chambly, take the earliest opportunity of making you sensible of our grateful and sincere obligations, for all the benefits bestowed upon us, by the prompt and efficient assistance rendered us by means of the Scribbler, in the reform of certain abuses and misdemeanours, affecting the peace and good order of our society:—More especially for the manifest and signal benefit we have received lately, by the publication of a paper, complaining of the unceremonious retrenchment of our sunday devotions; a retrenchment



unparalleled in the treasury of our remembrance. We can not find language adequate to the expression of our feelings on this occasion; accept therefore, the "eloquence of our silence;" and with assurances of undiminished respect, joined with our best wishes that *esto perpetua* may be the Scribbler's fate, we subscribe ourselves.

"Your well wishers and friends,"

*Here followed the names of all the respectable inhabitants of Chambly.*

Though the Chambly gunpowder-treason affair, has already occupied its full share of my pages, I give place to Scrutator's second letter, (more for the sake of the irony, and sarcastic tone it exhibits as the composition of an able controversialist, than on account of its being a full justification of his former communication, which, in its principal point, the causing an effigy of the Pope to be made, and that effigy to be burnt, seems to have been a falsity, fabricated for the occasion; and which therefore, will put me on my guard, as to what he may in future transmit, *as matters of fact.*

L. L. M.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Little did I think, when I lately sent you the communication, relative to the affair which took place here, under the auspices of the reverend Nick Rap, that the *manes* of CICERO, the once renowned prince of orators, and father of his country, would be disturbed by your publishing it; or that the tomb would

"Ope its ponderous and marble jaws  
To cast him forth again;"

in order to be the advocate of a pampered, proud and intolerant individual. Contemplating the eloquence and learning which characterised the compositions of Cicero in a former age, and the puny proof he has lately given of his literary powers, in defending the conduct of the rector of St. Stephens; I can not forbear exclaiming, "O, what a falling off is there!" *Hei mihi! qualis, erat quondam! quantum nunc mutatus ab illo!* In vain do we look for that soundness of reasoning, that energy, richness and beauty of expression, that brilliancy of wit, and majesty of thought, which graced, embellished, and exalted, the writings of the most eloquent of men. Ah! luckless Cicero! what has befallen you since you went to the land of spectres? your memory and understanding have undergone a sad, sad change! The gloom of Orcus has darkened your intellectual vision, and, I fear, while you, poor ghost! sojourned in "the dusky land of dreams," that you quaffed too largely of the oblivious waters of the river Lethe. But why should I deplore, with idle sorrow, the ruinous condition of his mental faculties, as if either Cicero or his ghost, had any thing to do with the writing in question, signed with his venerable name? No, the man who has the temerity to use the signature of that immortal man, bears no more resemblance to him than "Hyperion to a satyr." Thus the sorry ass, by wearing a lion's hide, attempted to pass for the king of beasts—the fable is stale—and I forbear. As to the contempt in which he holds my talents, I assure you, Mr. MacCulloh, I feel no concern on that account; his censure or approbation are to me equally indifferent. My writing to you on the subject of the disgraceful *bonfire* was merely intended to state a plain matter of fact, which

loudly called for public reprehension. Without using any meretricious ornaments of pretended Ciceronian eloquence, I endeavoured to deliver a "round, unvarnished tale," that, so far from having been refuted, has been rather confirmed by the attempted refutation.\* Cicero begs you will inform your readers that *all* I have asserted is a "gross and wicked fabrication," yet in the next sentence he admits that there was a fire made, on or about the 5th November. I should wish to know how Mr. Cicero can reconcile this with common sense. His communication abounds in such contradictions, but, as I do not profess to be a logician, I will not notice his petty errors, but proceed to the apology offered for burning the chips, &c. on that particular day. It was, says this zealous defender of Nick Rap, to prevent the risk of a similar accident to that which had consumed the stables, &c. of the hon. Col. De Salaberry. Granting this, how is it that, after the chips were removed out of the house, to some distance on the common, that he could not defer the burning for a single day? Like Hamlet, speaking of his mother's wedding;

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio?"

the prudent and loyal minister wished to prevent danger by consuming the chips, and at same time to give due homage to the anniversary of gunpowder plot; and that too in a country where the Roman Catholic is the predominant religion. But this excuse, poor as it is, is moreover a false one, for the burning of Col. De Salaberry's out-

\* Not so, Mr. Scrutator, the principal fact, the effigy, has been fully denied, and by your present silence relative to it, you admit it was false.

L. L. M.

2 | houses happened on the 18th of November, thirteen days after the *bonfire* in question. Perhaps, however, your learned correspondent will maintain his point, by pretending that his reverend friend, by some divine illumination, foresaw what was to befall the colonel's buildings, and that to guard against a similar occurrence, he adopted the plan of removing the chips. For my part, I own myself rather sceptical on this head, and am of opinion, our theologian could no more foresee that casualty, than either the Scribbler or myself, whatever Cicero to the contrary may affirm, notwithstanding. But we have been too long amusing ourselves with scums while sitting on a barrel of gunpowder. Let me ask Cicero, whether the reverend Nick Rap did not, in a coarse, vulgar, and even scurrilous and insulting letter, that he lately wrote to a Roman Catholic gentleman, for the purpose of defending his conduct, on the 5th of November acknowledge to have made a bonfire on that day?

Cicero states that I detailed the motives of the reverend's conduct—another falsehood—I did not—I left the public to conceive them from his actions. It is true, I stated the probable consequences of his behaviour, and on reference to my letter, you will perceive that was all.\* My opponent, likewise says that, if the minister made a *bonfire*, Scrutator set fire to it, and that, consequently I am the person who would wish to endanger the public peace, as well as assassinate private character. Leaving it to such logicians

as | \* Scrutator, indeed, did not say in words, such and such were the motives for the conduct he blamed, but imputed, in such plain terms, the consequences he supposed might arise from it, to the reverend gentleman & his intentional objects, that Cicero was not to blame in saying so. L. L. M.

as Cicero to explain how a *fire* can be set on *fire*. I would ask whether I am to be restrained from publishing the truth, especially in an affair of public moment, because, forsooth, the character of my own minister would be injured? I hate bigotry and intolerance, and I hold it as a principle, that truth should be paramount to every other consideration. "*Calum ruat, fiat justitia.*" Besides, I was influenced by another motive that carried with it no little force, I have heard several Catholics, bold, determined Irishmen,

"A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms,  
Zealous yet modest; innocent tho' free;  
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;  
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms:"

threaten, both before and since I wrote you, that should Nick Rap ever again repeat the same ceremony, they would pull the old tavern down about his ears, and make a bonfire of its ruins. Now, Mr. Macculloh, am I not a better friend to my minister than the spurious Cicero. By exposing him to the censure he deserved, I deter him, if any thing will have that effect, from the repetition of the same offence, and, at the same time, appease the populace, and cement the good understanding which has hitherto existed between the votaries of my own and of the Roman religion at this place.

SCRUTATOR.

*Chambly, 1st. March, 1821.*

P. S.—Cicero wishes I would give my name to the world. Query: is it because the reverend Nick Rap lately offered twenty five pounds to any one who would discover who I am?

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXV.

Foreseeing that we shall not find room for full half of the matter on hand, we hasten, without further preface, to make our

## SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

*From the China-Bay Flying Post.*—Beau Peter is very mad, that is as much as his quiet temper will let him, at having his love-tricks made public, because people say it was only on account of the expectations he had of obtaining some half-bred money that he fell in love with Miss Soaker. By the bye, Lord Goddamhim put that young lady to no bad school to learn gentility, as out of four sisters, one is kept in the kitchen as servant to the others, on account of her not been accomplished enough to be seen in company. Dr. Ravel-tail was going to give the Scribbler a blowing-up, in a devil of a hurry, but somebody told him, the Scribbler would not mind such a fool, so he was a wise man for once, and let it alone. A Canadian had a sad fright not long ago; meeting the club-footed doctor near the canal-bridge, to which spot he had been escorted in their carriage by two young ladies late at night. (which Dr. R. boasts is not an uncommon affair;) the poor Frenchman took him for *loup-garou*.

The editor will please to take notice of a lazy custom ladies have, at this place, of loitering and lolling on their beds after breakfast; and when any one happens to call on business. (such, for instance, as the quack to feel their pulses.) getting up, and going a round-about way to come into the room, with, "excuse me, I was hard at work, and could not come directly."

*From the Clarence-town Mirror, March 10.*—Just arrived from Government-City, and to be exhibited on the Royal Square, from ten till four, an EXTRAORDINARY LARGE PORPOISE, said to have been found in *St. John's Well*. Persons desirous of viewing this animal, will do well to purchase tickets of admission immediately, as he smells so strong that apprehensions are entertained he can not be kept long. Tickets to be had of Messieurs Boxer and Awl, price sevenpence halfpenny.

*From the Government-City Advertiser*.—Shortly will be published, *Memoirs of Mr. Bobby Brambleton*, shewing: his being servant to an Irish officer; his becoming steward to Sir John Brookshire; then steward of a steamboat; then in the grocery and provision-line; and finally a lumber-merchant, commission-broker, smuggler, &c. An account is next given of his turning glass-of-grog-seller, in a house he built upon the ice. A chapter will be devoted to his amours, in which his adventures with another man's wife on board the steamboat will be related; with other anecdotes, and terminating with an account of his falling in love with a pretty little barmaid, whose father he expects will leave her a few hundred pounds. In the progress of his courtship, the carrioling, and parties, and dances they enjoyed together will be detailed, and the wonderful dash he cuts in dancing, for tho' he does not know one step, such is his natural proficiency in the art, that Mrs. Fisher, the young lady's mother, has gravely remarked, in her broad Scotch dialect, that he was "an excellent an' gracefu' dancer." A note will be added, explaining the ups and downs, Miss F. his intended, tho' only sixteen, has already had in the world. In a second part will be given some family anecdotes: how his sisters arrived about two years ago from Erin; and were agreeably surprised at being introduced into the parlour, instead of being set to scour pots and pans in the kitchen; with a digression upon haughtiness and ignorance, superciliousness and foolishness. In particular an account will be found, how a decent looking old man, who does all the work at Mr. Brambleton's, acts as a menial, and eats in the kitchen, attracted the notice of some company one day, when the conversation turned upon servants: on that occasion Miss B. was asked, where did Mr. B. get his old servant? he seems a very decent sort of a man: oh, says she, giving her head a stiff and formal toss, he is an old man that my brother met one day, who said he was in distress, and my brother took pity on him, took him into the house, and has fed and clothed him ever since: and in the sequel it turns out that the said old man, was no other than their own uncle!

*March 20th.*—A certain female *Herald* is advised to be more circumspect when she slanders her neighbours, for she is old enough to know better. It is also expected, when she again dances quadrilles, that her petticoats will be of sufficient length to cover her ankles, and prevent remarks upon the holy state of her hose.

JACK SLY.

"To laugh at all things—for I wish to know  
 What, after all, are all things—but a show?"—BYRON.  
 The ci-devant opera-dancer's ball, (in order to raise the

wind, and stop the mouths of Blue-Bottle & Co.) took place on the 2nd Inst. The masters of the ceremonies were, Dr. Rheumatism and a Scotch emigrant from *Dunbar*. The latter appeared like most of his clan, when in office; and it was reported in the room, that he wore on the occasion, (much to his credit,) the same shirt that appeared thro' the back part of his pantaloons, when under drilling at St. Anns.) Amongst the fashionables, we noticed Doctor By-Authority and his lady; and the misses Odds. Miss Betty appeared to set her cap at a son of Mars, but, notwithstanding her increased anxiety to shew off, her exquisite steps, (gleaned, by the bye, from the *ci-devant* figurante,) she failed, and her Waterloo swaggers were useless: to her mortification, the gentleman preferred the chirping of a ship-builders *goldfinch*. A *mealy Rabbit* was introduced by a friend; she appeared to justify the observation that their kind are generally wild in the month of March. romping in a ball room is very indecent

## CUT-EM-UP.

MR. EDITOR, Can you inform me by what management or miracle, certain merchants' clerks, in the lower regions of this City, can, with their salaries, support whores, keep horses, gamble at billiards and cards, be members of drunken clubs, and last, tho' not least, be volunteer dragoons?

## HONESTY.

*From the Twirlingtown Spy.*—"What's this dull place to me?" used to be the burthen of the song of all visitors of our renowned town; and as that is the chorus which the longfaced gentry of the place are partial to, we have to record their successful efforts to cut short even the transitory amusement afforded by a theatrical company, who lately, on their way to Mount Royal, gave us a specimen of their histrionical talents. The *first performance* was *nothing*; to the *second*, some opposition was made; on the *third*, a *few* of our *selectmen* determined to put it down; the *fourth*, was unanimously voted by the starched ruffs and wigs to be quite *enough*; so the *fifth* was not allowed; and they brought a *little hundred* of rules, regulations, byelaws, restrictions, and similar artillery used against popular feelings and popular amusements, to drive the performers away. What gave most offence was Madame Blanchard's legs, which, during her performance attracted the gaze of all the bucks and collegians; Now Dominic Daniel, tho' he likes a "leg of mutton in a silk stocking," as well as any body, could not, in consideration of his professorial and presidential dignity, have a peep at the aforesaid leg



himself; and that being also the case with the *select*,\* (N. B. *tr* not the *elect*,) they laid their wise heads together, to act the dog in the manger. Moreover the conscript fathers of the village were scandalized and affronted, at the character of Timothy ALL TALK, the clown, conceiving it to be a studied reflection upon themselves, poor souls. In order to accomplish the desirable end of preventing the morals of the virtuous youth of this place, from being corrupted by a female dancer's silk stockings and elastic garters, the Dominie was to issue his precept against the collegians frequenting the little theatre and circus; this, as was foreseen, was disobeyed, and here was a glorious opportunity for the *select men* to be called upon to shew their "little brief authority." The poor players were accordingly obliged to strike their flag, and troop away. But the collegiate youths were roused:

And lads of spirit, not a few,  
Full forty students of the U—  
Niversity of Twirlingtown,  
Determin'd upon hurling down  
The mandate of the learned Do—  
Minie, which they refused to o—  
bey; and resolved to feast their eyes  
With Madam Blanchard's legs and thighs,  
Which the professors sore did vex,  
For tho' *they* don't dislike the sex,  
It did not suit such wise and graye  
Men to confess they passions have.  
So Doctor Daniel did it thus;  
He caused the rebels to be rus—  
ticated all, for four weeks *tempus*,  
Which was the end of all the rumpus.

### Mount Royal, 29th March.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.—Peter the Great Turk, and Commissary general. (commonly called, by the misses in their teens, *Old leather legs*;) the Wonit Major, and the young Commissary List-her, for Government City.

Capt. Le-Sly, and the widow Languish, it is supposed, for Cataroqui there to enter into the holy state, and to

\*We quote the sentiments of an author we admire, on the perversion of the expression *select*. "I hate all *select* things, in the present accepted sense of the word; select parties, select assemblies, select books, and *select men*; it is equivalent to unsocial, proud, little, concealed, illiberal and tyrannical (*vide* Scribbler, vol. III. page 53, note.)

spend the honeymoon. The fascinating address of the captain, it is said, has at length overcome all difficulties, and the widow surrendered, reserving to herself the power of naming their future residence, which, it is thought, will be on her own manor on Long-Island, being convenient to the quarters of the *Three Score*, where she has some *ci-devant* adorateurs.

Baron Allsides and At-her, for Cataroqui; the latter, it is said, had extended his nocturnal beats too widely, had given old Moll the go-by; and attacked a true Canadian, whose walls proved furnished with metal higher tempered and better served, with a masked furnace, which, now and then, threw a few red hot shot at the doctor, which obliged him more than once to sound a retreat, and at last, to abandon position.

The Old Harrier, poor old brute! after a most fatiguing season, has again voluntarily taken himself off to the farm, and with him the old mongrel Ringlow. What part the latter intends playing now, we are at a loss to guess, whether that of a sacred condoler, or in his more genuine character of lurcher, to aid the old hound in the pursuit of some game more suitable to his breed, age, and physical powers; we will leave them for the present at Drummond's town, but not without a strict watch, particularly on the lurcher: and if he shews his nose where it ought not, we will have the terriers uncoupled.

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#### EXPECTED NUPTIALS, AND AMATORY INTELLIGENCE.

The winding up of a certain widow's timepiece is deferred until the month of May, that season of all others.

— "when nature all  
Wears to the lover's eye, a look of love."

She declares she should have *died* long ago, had she not been cheered by the hope of a comfortable abode for the remainder of her days and nights.

The same joyous season will unite the bursting loves of the Miller's Maid, and Mr. What-skin.

A young knight of the lancet is to lead to the *valley* of Hymen, Miss Brown-apple of Va-drole; as all obstacles

have been surmounted, the *right-hand* man, who had claims to the lady's affections, being absent.

The Scotch music-master is determined not to be disappointed, and, since he can not get Miss Rattle Caleche, will at least try for the sister, whom he hopes will not require much pressing to perform a *pas de deux* with him.

Mr. Links, the gentleman, will shortly be married to Miss Damask, both of Shamplea.

Watty Piddle is on the eve of marriage, and directly after the ceremony, the happy couple are to leave here for Australasia, where a dear relation has been many a year tilling the soil, under the mad behest of the fifteen fools in Scotland, ycleped lords of Session.

Dear Dicky—Your late amatory intelligence has almost had fatal consequences amongst the beaux. The admiral, so called, as being a namesake of the gallant tar who fought the battle of Camperdown, on reading the approaching nuptials of the earl of Stair, got up in an enormous fit of passion, swore he would send his lordship to hell in a cask of ginger-beer, if he should dare to aspire to that hand, which none but a hero deserved to obtain

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

The gallant admiral concluded his speech by declaring that if the knight of the Spruce-beer, did carry off his darling, he would try his fortune elsewhere, and shew them that he too could get "a better thing." Query; who does he intend to pour a broadside into? Some say that, being fond of a good standing colour, a *bois brute*, attracts his attention. Your's &c.

GEORDIE COCHRAN.

It is expected that Mr. FitzCaroline, will soon aspire to the hand of the beautiful Miss Softly; for, after he had conveyed her home from a tea party, the hour being too late to go in, they parted, exchanging "good night *my-dear*," so that there is something brewing besides beer, thinks

LARRY LISTENER.

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

In the Press, and will be Published early in April, the First Number of a Periodical Work intended to be Published Monthly, in this City, to be called THE CANADIAN REVIEW, and *Literary and Historical Journal*.

The utility of such a work as this, conducted on liberal and enlightened principles, and having mainly for its object the extension of literary acquirements and historical research, has long been a desideratum in the BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES. The present period, when every species of knowledge is extending itself with such rapid and beneficial strides over the more ancient provinces of the world—has therefore, been deemed a fitting opportunity for encouraging in so far as the influence of the proposed work will admit of the polite arts in this more recently civilized but not uninteresting quarter of the earth.

It being intended, in a prefatory address in the first number of the CANADIAN REVIEW, to offer the public a full development of its plan and the principles by which it is to be regulated, it only remains to be further stated in this place, that the Editor, conscious of his responsibility for the character of the work with which he has been entrusted, has spared no pains to secure the assistance of the most respectable men in both Provinces for information and talents; and by whose aid, he ventures to assure the public, that the CANADIAN REVIEW will be every way worthy of its support and encouragement.

Montreal, 3th March, 1824.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PEG PRATTLE, and the CHAMBLEY NEWSROOM, must wait till next number, as also CRONY, NICODEMUS, and the *first chapter* of the BOOK OF BULLFROGS. The adventures of a CRIMSON SHAWL, and LORD GODDAMNHIM'S intercepted letter, will be inserted the first opportunity. NO SCANDAL, and BLOW-UP, have, with regret, been shut out this time, but will certainly come in. L. L. M. recognises the handwriting, style and manner, of an old, and most valued, tho' unknown, correspondent and hopes *she* will more frequently favour him with *her* communications. A PLAIN MAN, LEATHERMAN, and A FRIEND TO THE BLUE BOOK, will be partially availed of. CAIRA wo'n't do. Part of OBSERVATOR'S remarks, tho' in type, have been obliged to be left out.

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*Terms of the Scribbler continued from first page.*

To subscribers in the United States, who pay in cash, in advance, one dollar and twenty five cents per quarter; and to those who pay in goods, or not till after the quarter is expired, one dollar and a half per quarter; the carriage or postage from the place where the work is printed, to be paid by the subscribers.

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Montreal 6th June, 1823.

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

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Quebec, 25th April, 1823.