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THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 11 November, 1824. [No. 133]

Quem non blanda dea potuissent verba movere

Whom would not such soft, plaintive accents, move,
So sweet, melodious, speaking grief and love.

*Opus est ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sunt
neque manifesta.*

QUINTILIAN.

Expressions that are taken from old authors, please
most, when they are neither too obscure nor too plain.

Venus aurea——
A golden Venus.

VIRGIL.

Sape tribus lectis videas canare quaternos.

HORACE

"Asthick as three in a bed."

THE PENITENT REJECTED,*

In a letter to a friend.

MY DEAR SIR,

It was on a beautiful day, in the latter end
of the month of August, that we left London, my-
self, a friend, and the lovely Emma Winnsel.—

* This little tale, was published about fifteen years ago, in
the MONTHLY MIRROR, a periodical work in London, (still
continued,) to which I occasionally contributed. It was
much approved of; and as I consider the Scribbler, as a per-
manent collection, that will preserve and transmit, such
of my fugitive peices, dispersed in other publications, as I think
worthy of it, I republish it here, and may occasionally do the
same with others, as they may occur, or as I may recover
them, for they are generally, at present, out of my reach.

S. H. W.

The heavens seemed to smile auspiciously upon the purposes of our excursion. It had for its object an attempt to restore to the bosom of her family and friends an amiable wanderer, a penitent daughter. Cast out from her father's house, yet towards that cruel father did her heart yearn continually. We knew her well, and, notwithstanding the degraded and equivocal situation in which she had long lived, the propriety of her domestic conduct, and her affectionate behaviour towards my own family, on an occasion of contagious disease, had endeared her particularly to me. She was a repentant child, seeking shelter under a paternal roof; and forgiveness for her errors from her sole remaining parent. Let us throw a veil over her faults. Yet not too deep a veil, for a censorious and hardjudging world would instantly set her down for one of those miserable daughters of infamy, who sell their promiscuous favours to every profligate. No; seduced indeed, and seduced too by a married man, yet to that one man she continued faithful. Calumny itself could not invent a tale by which to stigmatise her with a second fall. With him she shared his prosperity, and with him she bore the deepest adversity—Constant and loving, she dotted on the destroyer of her peace, whom she seemed to have taken “for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health;” and her divided heart wavered between the affluence of her parental home, and the misery of her seducer's now mean abode. Many letters had she written, many overtures made thro' a friend of her departed mother's, but in vain,—inexorably had her father forbidden her return. Her mind could not rest satisfied; she would make a per-

sonal appeal; she felt that she loved her father with filial affection, and doubted not that her presence would raise a correspondent emotion in the breast of her remaining parent. "Could he but once see me he will forgive and receive me." Ah! who would not have thought so! So young, so lovely; his eldest and heretofore his darling daughter. And was this father immaculate?—Report speaks loudly otherwise. To return however, to the journey.

The fineness of the weather induced us to prefer walking at the commencement of it, but a stage overtaking us, we proceeded by that conveyance till we reached our first resting-place. It was about eleven miles farther we had to go. "Do not let us get to * * * * * whilst it is daylight, or whilst any one may see us,—I could not bear to be seen by any one who knew me, do not I pray.—Let us go at night, my father will like it better; he would not choose his neighbours to see me or know of my return. O I am a guilty wretch, I must steal home amidst the darkness of night, and hide my shame from all around me." It was therefore determined that we should not proceed till we might calculate upon being at her father's house about the time of his retiring to bed, which was generally between eleven and twelve o'clock. It was a fine moonlight evening and we walked on. The trembling of her arm, passed thro' mine, announced the agitation of her mind; her resolution to throw herself upon the mercy of her father, wavered. She remembered his stern, and unforgiving temper. She did not feel that conviction which had before supported her, that he would receive her. We lingered on our road in order that the moon, then near setting,

might not betray the approach of this wailing magdalen to her prying neighbours. We passed through a town in which a fair had been held that day. All was mirth and hilarity, dancing and joy; save the drooping wanderer whom we led between us. "No doubt my brothers and sisters have been to the fair, and little do they think who is so near them."—She had a sister, somewhat younger than herself. "She will be my friend, she will entreat my father for me, when she knows I am at his door." In this, even in this most natural hope, a hope that clung last and strongest, she was disappointed. But let me not anticipate. Groups of half-inebriated rustics; sailors, soldiers, and others, passed with licentious revelry. She shuddered to think to what she might have been exposed had she not been under a sufficient safeguard. But shortly afterwards we had to encounter what was, perhaps, not an imaginary danger. A dreary road, along which extensive barracks are erected, was our nearest way; the moon had left us, and the place recalled to her mind various tales of outrage committed in the same dismal hour of night, along that road, by the licentious soldiery. Vain were our efforts to calm her apprehensions. Her fearful glances were directed on all sides, and her imagination shadowed in the dusky outline, forms of lurking villains all around. We passed two soldiers. Soon after, hasty footsteps were heard behind us—"Ah, now, now!" "Be calm my dear girl, are there not two here to protect you? and two on whose honour you have placed sufficient reliance to travel on foot with them in the dead of the night?" True we were not armed; not having at first intended to journey in darkness,

We had omitted that precaution. Necessary precaution, alas! where man prowls after man, in search of prey, like the beast of the forest, hunting, not for food, but for trash, for lucre, to rob and to destroy; or if an helpless female fall in his way, for worse, for ravishment and disgrace. Never shall I forget the anxiety and horror with which her head was, in frequent repetition, turned back as the footsteps approached. The stillness of the night had deluded the ear into a belief of a greater proximity in the object of her apprehension. The steps were incessant, sounding on the gravelled road, and yet, no form appeared distinctly through the dark. How close she clung, how rapidly she urged her trembling steps. I felt not the most distant shadow of apprehension: in fact I had no leisure to entertain a sentiment of fear; my attention was so wholly occupied in endeavours to calm the agitation of the fair partner of our way. My companion, more locally acquainted with the place, and with the depredations and outrages for which the spot was noted, partook of her alarm, and suddenly turned with her down a narrow path on the left. In the dark I scarcely knew what had become of them; the descent of the path was steep; I followed them, however, and turning, just perceived above me a man with a soldier's cap and feather, who half turned down the path, stood hesitating a moment, and then returned again into the main road. This only circumstance gave me some suspicion of his evil intentions; but as he did not follow us down the path, with which my comrade was well acquainted, all apprehensions soon ceased. And now, fears for her immediate personal safety having subsided, again recurred the worse apprehension of rejection at her father's door.

It was not long before we approached it. It was past eleven. We took a circuit round the fields in order to avoid a neighbouring public-house, in which the lights and noise announced that the guests had not yet departed. To be less obvious to notice, my companion was to wait for me at the entrance of the village, whilst I accompanied the drooping fair to a field in front of her father's house; a road and hedge were between us and the wicket which led into a garden before it. "Now, dear girl, go, and heaven prosper you." Hesitating, trembling, and in tears, she feared, yet longed to go. At length she summoned resolution and tottered across the road. I watched behind the hedge. All was silent. She knocked. A rough voice from the parlour, which she instantly recognised as her father's, asked "who's there?"—In accents that seemed to me as if they would have moved a fiend bent on destruction, she replied, "'t is me father! your daughter Emma." The churlish answer came, "I don't know you, I don't desire to know you." "Will you not let me in, dear father." Such plaintive accents, sounding thro' the calmness of night, never before or after struck my ear;—"dear father,"—"father,"—"will you not have pity on me"—Moanings so sweet and melodious, even in misery, as would make one doat on distress. No answer was returned; but as if to add insult to obduracy, after a little bustle in the house, a maid servant threw up an upper sash, and enquired, "who's there?"—"Tell my father it is me, his daughter Emma; where's my sister?"—Upon this the servant shut down the sash, and all was again silent. Now, thought I, now will the door be opened, and this sweet per-

tent be again received into the home which she
 was born to grace. Minutes elapsed, and no
 one came. I heard the mourner sob with agony.
 Minutes passed on, and no sound of welcome or
 reception. Overpowered by her sensations, she
 sat down, on the threshold. Minutes, long, long,
 minutes, still crept silently along. Again the
 mournful, the pathetic, invocation, "father, dear
 father," rang upon my ear.—And it rang also
 upon his. But it made no melody there.. All
 harsh and grating, no responsive string vibrated
 to his heart. Minutes upon minutes, like the
 waves of the tide, rolled on, and nought broke the
 solemn silence but the plaintive voice, "father,
 dear father."—He heard, but heeded not:—but
 the time will come, when that mourning voice of
 a repentant daughter will ring in his ear; the
 time will come when he will hear it again, and
 when he would ask mercy of his God; "even as
 he forgives the trespasses of others," then, then,
 shall that still small voice of agony and distress
 pierce his ear, and swelled by remorse into a
 scream of horror, will strike conviction to his
 soul, that to expect forgiveness he should have
 forgiven. Was there no chord that could be
 roused in that merciless heart of thine, to recall
 the memory of her mother? to recall the endear-
 ments of her childhood; the promise of her ripen-
 ing years; her opening beauties, and cultivated
 blandishments? No trace to bid thee identify
 the blooming girl of sixteen, with the wailing
 magdalen that saes for admittance at thy door
 at midnight?—"But only for this night dear fa-
 ther, father."—In vain—Even the uttermost
 stranger, would have admitted a wretched weep-
 ing female, wandering without a roof to shelter.

her at midnight; and a father, denies his helpless daughter, his repentant, returning, daughter, even one night's repose. No, cast her forth, barbarian, to all the horrors that may await her. 'T was dead midnight, 't was past midnight, long time she sat and moaned on her father's threshold; she leant her aching head against the wall.—Twice or thrice she started up and called again most piteously upon her father. Deaf as the wilful adder, he disregarded the sound of repentance and lamentation. And where was her sister? why not try her entreaties, and solicit admittance but for one night, for her forlorn, her unhappy sister. No, proud of her own yet uncontaminated character, she no doubt looked down upon the wretch that presumed to claim relationship with her.

An hour had flown in unabating wailing, and repeated solicitation on her part, and in silent, obstinate, obduracy on his. "Come, come away" I cried, "'t is folly longer to remain."—She heard me not, and still, "father, dear father," was her cry—But her father cared not for his child. He knew not that there was any one near to comfort and protect her—he knew not that—he cared not for that—Shelterless and forlorn, she might wander whither she list. He knew not but the licentious and lawless prowlers of the night, might assault his desponding daughter on the desolate road through which she must pass. He turned her away to every misery and infamy that might await her in that dreary hour. What mockery of argument and feeling is it, in such an instance as this, to say, as has been said, I will not receive this polluted girl into my house, because she is a shame upon my family. Will it

redeem the honour of your family, to sink her into still deeper pollution, to drive her from your door to be violated by the midnight ruffians from the neighbouring barracks, or the drunken votaries of dissipation that have been carousing at the fair, whence part of your own family has but just returned? or if she escape these horrors, will it redeem the honour of your family, if you compel her into those paths of dismay and prostitution, from which she has hitherto kept aloof?—He reckes not; he is callous; he has no such daughter.—Surely sweet girl some evil star ruled at thy nativity that thou shouldst experience from mankind, (not only in the instance of thy unrelenting father,) brutality that would better characterise the untutored savage of the desert, than the supercilious man of supposed civilization.

At length, wearied with solicitations, with sobbing, and with anguish, she came away. I felt irresistably impelled to clasp her to my breast, and to vow that from thenceforward she never should want a protector, or parental friend.—I too am a parent, I have daughters, one rapidly approaching to the years when temptation of every kind will assail her; God forbid that she should ever forsake the paths of virtue; but if she should fall, if I know my own heart, I could not thus relentlessly press a daughter down to still deeper perdition by refusing her the only asylum, which nature and repentance must teach her to seek.

We had now to return; two o'clock came before we got back to the town, where the fair had been held. The voice of revelry was dying away; a few houses were yet open; but no accommodation was to be procured at any. She was fainting with fatigue: yet it was necessary to

walk on to the next town, or lie on the road. She had walked nearly fourteen miles. Her feet were blistered. Mustering the remains of her strength and spirits, the latter a little physically recruited by a glass of brandy and water which we got where the mailcoach stops at * * * * *, we took our sorrowful way.

A little distance, however, was all she could accomplish, and she gave way to our entreaties to seek repose in an oatfield which had been reaped and shocked. A couch, commodious enough, was made for her with the sheaves of corn; and she laid her wearied limbs and aching head to rest. We watched beside her. It was a fine starlight night. I am an elderly man, a family man, a man of principle: but had I not had a companion, I know not what rebellious workings, *la nuit et le moment*, might have occasioned. A youthful beauty sleeping by my side, one too of known frailty—'t was well there were two of us. With the first dawn of day, we awakened her from a refreshing slumber; the birds carolled around us, and all was gay, save the bosom of our lovely charge. 'T was one of the most delightful mornings I ever witnessed. We got to the first town we had passed to breakfast.

Thus, my dear sir, I have given you an account, as you desired me, of an excursion, the pathetic incidents of which you have heard me dwell upon. I have related them as they occurred, without arrangement or art. The whole is the exact truth, and you are perfectly welcome to make whatever use you please of it.

I am &c.

PHILOGAMOS.

P. S. As we had not been perceived by any

one, either on our approach to, or return from, the village; a report was circulated afterwards by the servantmaid that it was Emma's ghost which had appeared, and had called her father up at midnight. No unnatural conclusion, as the mind of the village-girl could not conceive a father to have been really so cruel as to deny his daughter admittance at that time of night, had it indeed been her.

OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF MASSINGER'S PLAYS:
Continued from No. 115, Vol. IV p. 330.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

In the 1st Scene, *Fulgentio* says;

If you 've a suit, *shew water*, I am blind else.

None of the commentators have elucidated this passage. The sense is easy enough to comprehend, but I am stupid enough not to have discovered the applicability and particular meaning of the words *shew water*.

—————The injured dutchess,
By reason taught, as nature —————
for, as well as by nature.

In Scene 2:

Scylli. ————— marry, much *condoling*
The scorn of their *Narcissus*.

Condoling for *lamenting*. I know of no example, however, of a similar use of the word.

Omnia.—A man so absolute and *circular*
 In all those wish'd-for rarities that may take
 A virgin captive.

Circular, by a trope, is here put for *complete, perfect*, a circle being the most complete figure, and a symbol of perfection. So in the *Emperor of the East*,

—In this, sister.

Your wisdom is not *circular*.

In this scene, a passage occurs that has been a stumbling-block to the critics.

We are not *parallels*, but *like lines divided*,
 Can ne'er meet in one centre.

Coxeter says, "this seems badly expressed; parallels are the only lines that can not meet in a centre." Mason, with some propriety, says, "*We are not parallels*, means merely, *we are not alike, we are not equals*," and refers to a passage in the same play in illustration; Act III sc. 3,

But he and you, sir, are not *parallels*;

but he considers *lines divided* to mean, "the divided parts of the same right line, which never can meet in one centre." Gifford, again, in a long note, thinks that by *parallels* Massinger meant *radii*, and he cites some authorities in corroboration. For my part, I think it probable, that, adopting this idea, and confounding the *parallels of latitude* in geography, with the *meridian lines*, upon which the degrees of latitude are marked in maps, and which, like radii, *meet in one centre* at the poles, Massinger, by *parallels*, meant *parallels of longitude*, if I may so call those meridian lines;* and

*This conception of Massinger's meaning is confirmed by the adoption of the same mode of expression by that eminent modern geographer, PLAYFAIR; who, in his "history of geography," pp. 46 & 181, uses the word *parallel* in the same way: "In these the meridians are straight lines, converging to a point beyond the pole, which is the centre of the *parallels of longitude*."

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then opposes that word by *lines divided*, meaning what are now termed by mathematicians, "parallel lines." I have not an opportunity of ascertaining whether the geographers of his time were equally accurate in their definitions as those of the present day, but I think it likely that the error, if any, is not Massinger's, but that of his contemporaries in general. At all events Shakespear evidently uses the word parallel in the sense I have ascribed to it, in his *Troilus and Cressida* Act. I. sc. 5.

——— *As near as the extremest ends
Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife,*

in other words, as near as the arctic and antarctic poles are to each other.

In a succeeding part of this scene

One aerie, *with proportion*, ne'er discloses
The eagle and the wren.

Passing over the ridiculous blunder of Coxeter, who reads; "One, airy with proportion," and explains it to mean, "one puffed up with an high opinion of his birth;" as well as the conjectural emendation of Mason, who proposes to read *encloses* for *discloses*; and Gifford's defence of the latter; I contend that the words *with proportion* do not, in this place, signify any relative quality, as to bulk, which is the supposition of both Mason and Gifford, the former observing, "the airy that is fit for an eagle can not be equally fit for a wren. If it be proportioned to the one, it can bear no proportion to the other;" and the latter, "eagles and wrens are too disproportionate in bulk to be hatched in the same nest;" but they signify, *with propriety*, or general proportion. My interpretati-

on is this: "It is not consistent with propriety, that the same aerie should disclose, or shew, or rather contain, an eagle and a wren." This is the more apparent from the context;

—tissue and frieze,

In the same garment monstrous,

Both metaphers applying to the incongruity of dissimilar connections. The same idea occurs in *the Duke of Milan*;

—tell me rather—

—that the ravenous eagle and the dove

Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;

Or any thing that is averse to nature.

In Act II Scene 2;

Page.—You, sirrah; sheephead!

With a face cut on a *cat-stick*.—

I first thought this should have been *crabstick*; but reflecting on the ludicrous and monstrous faces, that are generally carved at the extremities of the *cat-heads* of Dutch and Danish vessels, (frequently mentioned by our old writers, from being almost the only foreign ships then to be seen in the Thames,) I conceive the allusion to be to such; and that *cat-stick* means *cat-head*, "stick" being very commonly applied, by seamen and shipwrights, to any piece of long timber, a spar, or a beam such as terminates in the cat-head.

Towards the close of this scene, in Mason's edition, *Sylli* exclaims,

—Now I begin to be valiant:

Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a *butcher*!

Do a friend's part.—

Which passage is the occasion of notes, both by *Coxeter* and *Mason*, and had led me also into the

lists, to conjecture what might be the meaning of it: I had even written a long note, to prove that they were both wrong, and that I could not set them right; when, behold, Gifford comes, and producing the old copy, restores the reading, "O, for a brother!" which, making plain sense of the passage, to the confusion of the critics, knocks all our elaborate comments on the head!

In Scene 3,

Gonzaga.—And when we command
With *lenity*, and our direction's follow'd
With chearfulness.

Lenity, by a catachresis, is here made to mean *sedateness*.

When the scout brings *Gonzaga*, "assurance of a new enemy," he says,

This I foresaw and fear'd,—

which is, seemingly, a perfect contradiction of his speech immediately preceding the entrance of the scout;

—a sudden tempest raised,
Not fear'd, much less expected, in our rear,
May foully fall upon us.

But this speech was addressed to his army, and whilst it inculcated prudence, was intended also to inspire confidence; and, when an event, which though he apprehended, he did not before choose to acknowledge his fears of, did actually occur, he then, from the sudden impulse, admits that he both "foresaw and feared it."

In the first scene of Act 3,

Desert may make a sergeant to a colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher;
But if he ever get a company,---

query? what military rank is here meant by *colonel*? Romont, in the *Fatal Dowry*, is styled "colonel," but never so as to suppose it to be an inferior rank, as seems to be implied in this place. To explain the word *lanceprezado*, in the same speech, Gifford refers to "The Soldier's accident;" I should wish to consult it for the specific signification of "colonel" in Massinger's time.

A *bucksome* widow—

This word, now spelt *buxom*, seems to have *buck* for its etymon; wanton as a buck, or, like a doe wanting the buck.

In this play, *Adorni* is the character of the most interest. Massinger delights in painting the humble and sincere passion of an inferior, and often puts his higher characters in disguise, for the purpose of exhibiting them as lovers, in the humblest stations, aspiring to the affections of their apparent superiors. *Adorni*, in the *Maid of Honour*; *Mirtilla*, in the *Guardian*; *Pisander*, in the *Bondman*; *Antonio*, in *A Very Woman*; *Allworth*, in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*; *Lidia*, in the *Great Duke of Florence*; *Galeazzo*, in the *Bashful Lover*; and even *Vitelli*, in the *Renegado*; are instances, more or less in point.

L. L. M.



ON THE NIGHT BLOWING CEREUS.

The celebrated Erasmus Darwin, in his poem of the "Loves of the Plants," has personified with exquisite, although fanciful and meretricious, imagery, the most beautiful productions of Flora. Amongst others the *Night-blowing Cereus*, has not been forgotten. This

most fragrant flower, a native of the interior of Jamaica, never opens its petals but in the night, when it emits an exquisite odour, (like all other perfumes, arising from the operation of the sexual process,) which impregnates the air all around. In the day it remains close shut.— The flower is of a large circumference, of a bright golden yellow, and is of the class of *Polyandria*, that is possessed of one female organ, surrounded by numerous males. In Dr. Thornton's grand Botanical work, there is an allegorical engraving, representing a temple of Hymen, to which a Cupid brings the Cereus, and presents the flower to the deity: the perspective is a landscape in Jamaica. The following verses were made upon the painting, (by *Reinagle*,) whence this engraving was taken.— They were intended to have been inserted in the work,* but were thought to be too long, a copy of verses therefore by Dr. Darwin himself was substituted.

Waft me, propitious Eurus, o'er the main,
 To where, in verdant beauty, thro' the plain,
 The tall palmeto lifts its tufted head,
 And plaintains spread their ever-cheering shade;
 Where, in united fragrancy, is seen,
 In darkling shade, pimento's vivid green,
 The coy Portlandia's silvery silken pride,
 And thousand, thousand, scented shrubs beside,
 Commixed with cooling shaddocks, jessamines,
 Bright oranges, and grenadilla vines,
 The waving plumes the bamboo rears on high,
 The tufted lilac of the richest dye,
 The scarlet cordium that effulgent glows,
 The bushy oleander, th' Afric rose,
 A brilliant, numerous, countless, tribe of flowers,
 Spontaneous 'broidery of Jamaica's bowers.—
 Or thou, bright rolling orb that giv'st the day!
 O, snatch me, in thy rapid course, away!
 Upon an orient sunbeam let me ride,
 And, instantaneous, o'er the tropic glide,

* In the first vol. of that grand national work, the verses descriptive of the Frontispiece, which represents Esculapius, Flora, and Ceres, making offerings before a bust of Linnæus, were written, and were there subscribed by S. H. W.

To where yon amethystine mountains rise
 Reflecting bright cerulean from the skies,

Here, on a lofty summit lighted new,
 Let me admire th' extensive glorious view,
 The mingled beauties of the land behold,
 And far beyond, the sea reflecting gold,
 Serenely tranquil, from th' expanse on high,
 Shewing another sun and nether sky.

On these sequester'd heights a fane appears,
 Which in the clouds th' inventive pencil rears,
 Here the connubial God new lights his fires,
 Where ardent climes awake more fierce desires,
 His busy torch the livelong day doth light
 Love's votaries to the altar of delight.
 Now, when in midnight silence hush'd around,
 E'en Hymen's joys are scarcely active found,
 A wanton Cupid, bounding o'er the plain,
 With eager footsteps, presses to the fane,
 And offers at the sacred nuptial shrine,
 The loveliest nymph of all the fair that shine
 Beauteous alluring in botanic loves,
 Pride of Jamaica's glen-embosomed groves.

“ See Hymen see,” the joyful urchin cries,
 “ Applaud my choice, and consecrate my prize,
 “ In beauty exquisite, and charms full-blown,
 “ That bless the sable face of night alone,
 “ Lured by her grateful fragancy, I've found,
 “ The brightest pledge of love's sweet magic round,
 “ Extensive o'er the vegetable train,
 “ Obsequious to my all-commanding reign.
 “ Behold, where seated on her golden throne,
 “ Refulgent Cerea loossens here her zone;
 “ Now when each eye intrusive is withdrawn,
 “ She bares her breast, and drops her veiling lawn,
 “ My power she owns, and melting bends to bless
 “ The ardent youths that nightly round her press;
 “ See where, exhilarate, the white-robed band
 “ Welcome, in crouds, the rapture of her hand.
 “ Now Hymen, e'er the envious Sun appears,
 “ And o'er yon arch his flaming chariot steers,
 “ Their loves in blissful harmony unite,
 “ And bless enjoyment with the nuptial rite,

" For only some few hours to Cerea's given
 " To plight her virgin vows to bounteous heaven;
 " Sublimely bright as Iris' radiant bow,
 " Alas! as fading, and as transient too,
 " Her beauty wanes, when Sol resumes his sway,
 " And, blushing for the night, she flies the day.
 The god receives; he, smiling, grants the prayer;
 And twenty bridegrooms wed the blooming fair.
 S. H. W.



MR. DICKY GOSSIP, being much engaged in making preparations for the coming winter, and having rather a paucity of matter in his budget, begs to defer the publication of No XLIX of the Domestic Intelligencer, till the next number of the Scribbler is issued. In the mean time, some communications received by Mr. Macculloh, which, from their nature, are generally turned over to Mr. Gossip, are inserted without being cooked up by that archimagirist, and will probably satisfy the cravings of that appetite for *domestic news*, which his Intelligencers are calculated to raise, and intended to satiate.

L. L. M.

DEAR SCRIB,

——— Love is a god,
 Strong, free, unbounded, and as some define,
 Fears nothing, pitieth none.

MASON.

The appearance of winter has caused our good people of Mount Royal to be rather wary, and they intend to prepare themselves against its approach with all the comforts necessary to repel its rigour. Many of our citizens have had their stoves polished, and put into actual

* A very decent disguise, indeed, Mr. Macculloh, for *Scare*
dial.

Note by Hortensia Tittle-tattle

requisition; whilst others are inclined to resort to a more efficacious preventative of the *miseres* incident upon the frigid temperature of the coming season; and intend taking to themselves *sleeping* partners, whereby they may accend the dormant sparks into a genial connubial heat, and prove besides a happy remedy against the *blue devils*, on a dull wintery night.

Amongst the latter are :—

Mr. Awkward-side, who, to give a zest to his expected matrimonial felicity, is furnishing his house in a superb style, in order to be ready to receive a beautiful daughter of Eve, who is descended from no less ancient a family than that of *Adam*.

Dr. Stephen Sawney, alias Snuffle, who is in a promising way to lead off triumphant the *Miller's* maid, and put the noses of the rest of her admirers out of joint.—When I say that he has obtained the circumference of her—“O, law ! Mr. Figaro, what are you saying ?”—Have patience, madam Scandal, and hear me out.—Then I say that he has obtained the circumference of her waist, which is neither more nor less than eighteen inches and three quarters. He flatters himself, however, that it will not always remain so small: but that must be left to nature, time, and chance to determine; for, as a writer on political economy has said, in substance,

As every shot does not bring down a duck,
So children don't arise from every luck-
-Y chance: for if it ever should so hap,
Ten thousand worlds would not keep them in pap.

But, Mr, Scrib,

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle !
The cow jump'd over the moon, &c. &c.

Such were the thoughts, audibly expressed in a melodious whistle to the above tune, that crowded across my imagination, upon being informed of the projected unions of body and soul, (for I contend that, where mutual delight and happiness are experienced, souls, as well as bodies, commingle in the deed;) which I am about to cause to be entered in your record of similar events.
To proceed:

You must know that great alterations are to be made, in some of our ton-ish families.

Mr. Jacky Foresight is to join his heart and hand, to the hand and heart, and his purse and state, to the state and purse of widow C. Lark; and, whilst the old ones are billing and cooing, a negotiation is going on, between the young of both families, and their flames. As the old ones enjoy themselves, they think it but just that the young ones should be indulged in what they, from experience, know to be, of all pleasing things the most pleasurable. Miss Lark is to be paired with a Black-bird, and her sister Susan is destined for the would-be Clutterbuck, the law-student.

Mr. George (not Sir Humphrey Davy,) has ingratiated himself pretty far into the good graces of the GRASS widow Mrs. Bob-her-tail. Rumour states, not only that they have been frequently seen walking out together in the dusk, but various other symptomatic circumstances; particularly that they were once actually caught in—deep conversation in the kitchen, almost touching each other with their—heads.

The courtship of Dr. Nick Ran is evidently drawing to a close, and his great antipathy to the fair sex entirely removed by a few igniting sparks from the flashing eyes of a miss Nan Loosey. A few ridiculous qualms about religion form the only impediment to the immediate consummation of the marriage.

The chieftain, (not Bruce,) is about to tumble into a *Pot*. Some will have it that he has already fallen in, but we must not believe all we hear; so we will take it for granted that he has only fallen over it.

The earl of Stair, it is said, has sheered off, and does not stand to his bargain with miss Annie Changeling; for whom the earl says, he never had any particular regard. So much the better for her; she deserves a better match. His lordship's attentions are now fixed, as far as such a whiffle-whaffle can be fixed, on a miss Strutter, with whom he says he will consummate, on his return from the land of oatmeal and haggis.

Mount Royal, Oct. 26.

Your's diligently,
FIGARO.

Ms MACCULLOH.

October 30.

Dear Sir,—As I am in a gossiping humour to-day, and it is such dull weather I can not go to visit my neighbours, nor they come to me, I thought I would just give—little vent to my—what shall I call it?—desire of chat an inclination for a little scandal—no matter; you know what I mean—so I sit down to write to you.

First: I have no news or scandal to tell you. I hear nothing; every thing is very dull. It will be well to give a hint to a lady who was at Mr. Keen's benefit, not to talk so loud in future, for people on the other side of the house to hear. It is thought she made a little too free with the brandy-bottle—very excusable, it being a cold, frosty night. N. B. I measure other people's corn by my own bushel.

Hoofbeating* Peter is very partial to taking liberties with the ladies in the dark. If he is so fond of them that he can not keep—paws off Pompey! why is he ashamed to see their pretty faces?—Between you and I, Mr. Scrib, a woman feels very queerish at meeting a man the next day, whose feelings—I mean, whose impudence, she has had experience of the night before. Consciousness, (“conscience makes cowards of us all;”) that he knows all about it, makes her blush and fidget, but it often happens that a piercing and arch glance from a speaking eye tells the impudent fellow he may—try again.

Give a hint to Mrs. Bob-her-tail Friar, not to be so bashful in the street, and to look a little up, and cast her eyes about her: It is understood she is playful enough with them, (and other things too,) at home.

O, here's company come to tea, so, good b'ye,

ALICE TWITTERISH,

* Hoof-beating in men, is the same thing as spinning street-yarn is in the ladies.

Note by Glossarius Broadbrim.

Mount Royal, 1824

MR. SCRIBBLER,

The following was relatd to me by some gentlemen, who reside near, and are personally acquainted with, all the circumstances alluded to, and which, it is both their request and mine, you will insert in your blue book.

THE FIVE POUND MAN, IMPROVED AND PROMOTED.

Col. Stump, or the earl of Shingleton, a "pretty man," enough, who rides in an elegant two wheeled box, is now in high life, as stiff as *pork*, and dashing away bravely amongst his friends in the nobility. He is seldom out; not more than once a day, when he merely recreates himself by riding on his two wheels to the village of *Good Morals*, to receive the attention and respect of the *flats*: a ceremony which generally consists in what may be termed smashing blow-ups, and are performed by actors with a number of graceful movements and gestures, peculiar to great folks. The language used is pure and classic, and a variety of refined, personal, epithets, are liberally bestowed on those occasions, such as "you are a damn'd little inferior monkey," and so on. The earl, not long ago, with wonderful pomposity, in a fit of enthusiastic exultation, boasted of his superiority over the poor ignorant *flats*, (we all know they are not very learned,) in proof whereof, said he, they stand back to listen to my learned discourses; when I come, *see*, I hold them all under my *thumb*. He has so won the affections of all, and being so accomplished a little old man, with ivory teeth, that, out of duty and respect, at his arrival at villages, &c, the people hasten, with horns, fryingpans, kettles, &c.

to announce the *great stump machine* is at hand. It has even been proposed by some zealous devotees, that a horseman shall always precede his movements, with a horn, blowing his favourite tunes. Then, surprised, and in confusion, will his subjects run to their doors, while the crier proclaims "The Earl is coming!"—and at the close follows another, blowing a similar instrument, and shouting aloud, at intervals of the music "The Earl is gone by."

It is said that he not long ago made application to a stitcher of neat's leather for gentlemen's feet &c. for a pair of Morocco stockings, I believe they call them, (I am not very knowing,) or at any rate, black thingums to come up to the knee, in order to do business with gentlemen, and attend assemblies in New-York, etc. and perhaps to take his chance of leading some fair one to the *halter* of happiness, or some such like *livingo-jingo*; but the man not being likely to be ready by the day fixed, (what a shame!) the said Earl, in a rage, would be "blistered, if he had n't rather lose five coppers than be disappointed," and actually offered half a glass of any thing, if he would stitch all night to get them done: but, how unfortunate! the poor man's optics would not admit of such extra exertion.

It is well known that the colonel has invented a droll machine, which he says, with plenty of good teaming, will pull up the largest stump in the whole world, provided, nevertheless, that is to say, that the soil is first all carefully removed from around it, and the roots chopped short off.

It is also well known, says my informant, that he has planted a vineyard, (or a field of hops,) out of the profits of which, (together with the fifty guineas he is to have granted to him by go-

vernment as a premium for his invaluable invention,) he intends, the ensuing spring, to raise a fabric of brick, ninety nine feet square, and three times as high as the tower of Babel, which we all know got no farther than the clouds.

At his tea-parties, the Earl takes delight in repeating what a *big* preacher said to him at his own table. "Colonel," said he, "I must tell you one thing." "Ah! what is it?" "I must tell you that I really think you are a *whaler*."

In another conversation of his, one day, with a friend, he observed; "I feel so well when I am a gentleman, I can't help being one nearly all the time; and, having been so much in gentlemen's society, I have made proficiency in a graceful address, but that, you know, was always mine. I am very ceremonious and blustering; that, you know, constitutes gentility; and I have acquired it from persons of my own rank—that is gentlemen."

The writer concludes that the earl's polish may probably have been acquired or improved in the society of certain genteel and polite darlings of his in this city; but declares his ignorance of the source whence he derived the art of never overcharging, (or not charging at all,) for any favour or service done to his friends.

MEDDLESOME.



SIR,
Sitting at a window in a house in Mogul street, I saw the Grand River stage pass, and set three ladies down, who attracted my particular notice. One was a matron, demure, yet with a sly expression of archness in her countenance that seemed to say, she not only had known what's what, but was not unwilling even yet to

take her chance of the ups and downs in life. By her sidesat one some months too young to be a bride, and on another seat, a lady apparently in her prime of womanhood. Their respective ages might be, fifty, thirty, and twelve. When they alighted, the youngest says: "Mamma, if you will permit me, I will go to the Cushion, and tell them to take care of our baggage." "Do so, my love, and request them to send it home." So away tripped miss, as quick as day, and as light as a feather. And the following rather curious conversation ensued with the bar-keeper.

"If you please, Mr. M. will you send our luggage home."

"Yes, miss, but first tell me what it consists of, and how am I to know your things?"

"O, there are three trunks, and a valise: they ar'n't directed but you may know them. There's grand mama's, which is long and old, and has almost all the hair worn off. Mama's is newer, and not quite so wide, her's is a good hair-trunk; but mine is a nice little tight box, quite smooth and pretty; not a hair-trunk like the others; I'll shew it you, if you please."

Mr. M. (*laughing.*) "Never mind, miss, I shall know them by your description."

If this real anecdote is worthy of a place in your blue book, insert it, and oblige

A WRITER.

Butchertown, Nov: 1. 1824.

ADVICE given gratis to *Mr. Shepherd*, and
Miss Bigwood.

Mr. Shepherd, who is esteemed as well an admirer, as a connoisseur, and a friend, of the fair sex, ought to know that he has scarcely acted a proper part with regard to Miss Bigwood, in promising her marriage, appointing the very day, causing her to incur considerable expense, in preparing her bridal dress; and to invite her friends to the wedding; and--finally, writing to

ber, (to the great surprise and disappointment of the noble damsel,) that, upon mature deliberation, and taking the advice of his friends, he does not feel himself disposed to espouse a lady, whose age is so disproportioned to his own.

Mr. Shepherd is the more to blame in this matter, inasmuch as he ought to have made his deliberation, and have taken the advice of his friends, before coming under a positive engagement, and before *stretching things* to the point he has done. Most certainly he can not plead ignorance of the situation, extent, or aspect, of the premises, upon which he was about to enter, as legal possessor: as he has been for several years intimately acquainted with the antiquated domain: and certainly, from his own practical, and frequent experience, can decide whether miss B. is as fit for the connubial bliss, as any one of his own age, or younger: having followed the old song—

“ Girls, indeed it is no joke,
For me to buy a pig in a poke ;
So, with your leave, I'll try—
Before I buy.”

Miss Bigwood, on her side, ought also to have known that she would have done better, to have kept her own counsel on the subject, rather than incur fresh ridicule, by putting herself in a passion; and when she found herself under the hard necessity of *disinviting* her expected wedding guests, wanting them to believe, that, if her marriage with Mr. Shepherd did not take place, it was for such and such alledged reasons, which every body heard, and nobody cared for, or remembered: whilst they were also flatly contradicted by the encouragement, the advances, the pursuit even, that it may be said she practiced,

and the arts she still daily practises, to entice back into her nets the junior lawyer; which are all too glaringly evident to the public; for the noble damsel is too much entranced by the "sweet passion of love," not to shew it.* In fact the only reason Mr. Shepherd *does not* marry her, is because *he will not*; being too much accustomed to young ladies to entertain an amorous passion for old ones, whatever money, estate, or powerful connections they may bring in their trains. It is said there are some young ladies at Government-City, who have shewn Mr. Shepherd some little trinkets, that have proved so attractive in his eyes, that he prefers them, not only to the fortune and noble birth of Miss Bigwood, but would esteem them beyond the mines of Potosi, or all the gold of Mexico.

ARGUS.



FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

THE NIGHTWALKER.

Enter Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, to Titania, the queen of the fairies.

Titania. So, Puck, where hast thou been the live-long night?

What pranks hast done? or what have met thy sight?

Puck. O, if I tell you, you will burst with laughter,
Or quick as thought, with Oberon† go after;
For, both your mirth and amorous fire, 't will waken,

* Illustration from, John Lillie, *Euphues and his England* or the *Anatomy of wit*; a romance, 1632.

“Fire can not be hidden in the flax without smoke; nor musk in the bosom without smell, nor love in the breast without suspicion.”

† Oberon, king of the fairies.

Else in Titania I am much mistaken.

Titania. Go on then, Puck, raise in me what you will,
All titillation I'll find means to still.

Puck. I flew from Persia, where I just had seen
A black slave sleeping with that region's queen ;
All to Mount Royal in far western lands,
Where I devined some fun would be at hand.
There I had heard there was a lady bright,
Who paintings did exhibit to the sight
Of all the curious, who would pay for peeping,
Whether by day, or when 't was time for sleeping.
For mistress Q. a glorious picture shews,
From ten 'till four o' clock, at yon big house :
But her sweet cabinet of pictures rare,
Where beauty, symmetry, and curling hair,
Combine to form a portrait of delight,
That ravishes the heart, and blinds the sight, }
Is only shewn to favourites at night.

Titania. Puck, never mind describing what we know ;
I can, I'm sure, as fine a picture shew.

Puck. O, for a mortal, mistress Q. my queen,
Is beautiful and sweet as may be seen ;
But ladies, whether they, or fairies be,
Or women, care not others praised to see.—
Well, thro' the keyhole, in the room, perdue,
I crept, and there saw pretty mistress Q.

Undress—and such a skin, and such a shape—

Titania. Psha! Puck, you're always such an am'rous ape!

Puck. Pray madam don't be cross, and I'll go on.

For when the light was out, then came the fun.

First came one lover, who his wine had taken ;

A steady lover tho', or Puck's mistaken ;

Mylady then and he a part did play ;

I guess'd what 't was, not 'cause they aught did say,

But the bed crack'd and sighs, and pantings came,

And murmurs of O ! dear ! Oh ! what a shame !

Soon fast asleep, and tired with love and wine,

Then fell the hero, snoring like a swine.

I was a going, thought the sport was o'er :

But presently there came one lover more.

Groping i'th dark, he found the lady's shoe—

“ Hark, hush ! who's there,” said, gently, Mrs. Q.

“ Is he asleep.” “ Yes, as a rock,” said she

"Then I'll come gently in, and take my fee,"
 So, moving cautiously, good room was made,
 Where madam quickly on her back was laid,
 And, nothing loth, unnumber'd kisses gave
 And took,—I wish'd that I had been the knave.
 In the mean while the strong concussion woke
 The other : who, however, never spoke.
 'Till all was o'er, then while the amorous pair,
 Were whispering bawdry in each other's ear :
 "By heavens" cried he, "no longer can I bear"
 "Hush, hush" said, Mrs. Q. "believe me, dear!
 "I'm only dre-dre-dreaming of yourself."
 "No, no, deceitful woman,—who's this elf?"
 "By God!" says 't'other then," She's mine, I swear,
 "As you I have as much right to be here."
 Mean time, with sweet caresses, blandishments,
 Words soft, and kind, and sighing languishments,
 Their angry passions she essay'd to move,
 And still'd them, and, instead, fresh waken'd love.
 But pass we now, how each with ardour burns,
 And each caress'd the wanton dame by turns.
 When gone was one, (the morn began t' approach,)
 The other Mrs. Q. did then reproach—
 "I did not think this of you, saucy jade!"
 "Come, kiss my lips, my dear," was what she said.
 "Forgive me, so you must; here is a note
 "For dollars ten, he gave me for the sport,
 "You know the picture won't alone suffice
 "To keep me; as for you, you are so nice
 "A pleasing man, for money I ne'er ask'd you,
 "And pleasure's pay is all I e'er have task'd you."
 "Well, I'll forgive you then, if you'll be true,
 "In future." "That I will, so kiss me now."
 And what they further did, need not be told;
 But the bed creak'd again, because 't was old :
 And sighs, O! dears! O! my's! were plainly shewing—
Titania. Stop Puck, to Oberon I must be going.—*Exit.*
Puck. (solus)—So, ho! Titania could no longer tarry,
 But's off, with Oberon, to play—old harry.
 A great deal's yet to come, and that's the best;—
 But, Robin Goodfellow must tell the rest,
 ————— Another time.
Post.—Which I will put in rhyme.

MAURICE MASK.

A TRUE ANECDOTE. In a country place, where a news-paper had recently been set up, which was originally chiefly printed in pica, the proprietor, having obtained founts of long primer, and brevier, began to print the paper more in small type than in large. One of his subscribers complained to another, that it hurt his eyes reading such small letters, and that the printer ought to be ashamed at using such paltry little type that it was scarcely legible. "O! it is not his fault," said the other, his type has been in such constant use that it's quite worn down to a small size; but when it gets too little, he'll get new."

The present struggle in India, between the government of Bengal and the Birman empire, renders whatever relates to that extensive country, populous empire, its magnificent cities, and singular customs and superstitions, both interesting and amusing to every British community. Some manuscript remarks, made during a residence at Rangoon, (part of which found their way into Dr. Buchanan's Essay on the literature of the Birmans, (*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. 5 p. 163 & seq.) are in my possession. I give the following, and may give others as occasion may serve.

N. B. It may be proper here to remark that these extracts have nothing in common with the *Letters from Pulo Penang* published in this work, and still to be continued, (for which much recent matter of gross and execrable injustice has occurred, which will be stigmatised in the same allegorical way,) it being well understood that the Pulo Penang letters allude under that disguise, to circumstances, persons, and events, familiar to the public in Montreal.

"The Birmese conceive that there are five species of atoms; 36 of the first species make one of the second; 36 of the second, one of the third, and so on. Seven of the fifth or last species, are equal in size to a louse, seven lice are equal to one grain of rice, seven grains of rice are equal to one inch, twelve inches to one palm, etc."

"The *Nat*, a kind of aerial beings, or genii, are said to be male and female, and to perform matrimonial duties in the same manner as mankind, *sed in coitu, non semen sed solum aëra vel ventum emittant.*"

“The elephant of the emperor of the Nats, described to have thirty three heads, every head has seven teeth: in every tooth are seven lakes, in every lake seven flowering trees, on every tree seven flowers, in every flower seven leaves, in every leaf seven thrones, in every throne seven chambers, in every chamber seven beds, in every bed seven Nat dancing girls.----(a fine seraglio. 1,331,669,031 girls!

L. L. M.

*La Bibliotheque Canadienne ou Miscellanees Historiques,
Litteraires, et Scientifiques.*

The Editor of the above periodical work flatters himself that it will be found deserving the attention of such of the English population as are already conversant with the French language, and would also take the liberty of recommending it to the notice of those commencing or desirous of perfecting themselves in the study of French.

Montreal, 4th November, 1824.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

ALEXANDER SKAKEL, A. M. will deliver, during the ensuing winter, a course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy, which will be illustrated by a regular series of experiments, performed with excellent apparatus. The first Lecture will be given on Wednesday, the 3d of November, at Seven o'Clock in the Evening.

For terms, and other information, application to be made to him, at his house, 27, St. Jacques Street.
Montreal, October 12th, 1823.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The writer of the letter dated 11th Nov. is respectfully informed that the communication he alludes to, had been previously rejected, as an unnecessary attempt at exposing that as a CRIME, which could not but be harmless: if he comes this way, L. L. M. will be happy to see him. EURYALUS, is under consideration, PATER-JOSTER, inadmissible.

—O*O—

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CIRCUS, AT QUEBEC.

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 will be exhibited, (according to the bills of the day,) every evening, & 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, will be introduced between the performances.

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

Doors open at 7, and performance to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.—

The managers flatter themselves that, in like manner they trust they have obtained the favour and support of the citizens of Montreal, towards their endeavours to amuse, entertain, and instruct the public, so also they may succeed in entitling their performances to the decided patronage of the discerning and liberal community, of Quebec. They will make no further professions but will appeal to their exertion in future, for confidence and encouragement.

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 FIFTH 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 places 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, 16th Sept. 1824.