

**PAGES  
MISSING**

*Mr. Master Childs*

## THE SCRIBBLER.

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# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 25 NOVEMBER, 1824. [No. 154

— *An tibi mavis.*

*Insidias fieri, pretiumque auellier ante,  
Quam mercem ostendi?*

HORACE.

Would you be cheated? the occasion's fair,  
Since you would buy, before you see the ware.

CREECH.

*Ut ameris, amabilis esto.*

OVID.

Would you be loved? be worthy of that love.

*Ambiguas in vulgum spargere voces.*

VIRGIL.

Strewing ambiguous rumours 'mongst the crowd.

—O\*O—

It is a subject of congratulation to the public of Montreal, that there are so many prospects of the rational, and delightful, recreation of theatrical amusements, being presented to them, during the course of this winter in more forms than one. Even the pavilion-theatre at the Hay-market, though only one that will be calculated to please the eye, without touching the heart or improving the mind, will be productive of benefit, as giving to the comparatively ignorant, and uninstructed, part of the youth of this place, a taste for scenic exhibitions, which may ripen into a desire to frequent the more refined representations at the regular theatre. I shall take another opportunity of giving lessons to audiences how to behave, which is certainly a matter of which, generally speaking, audiences in Canada have

very little knowledge of; and of which ignorance, I am informed, a recent instance, by some gentlemen of Montreal, occurred at the Circus at Quebec, which deserves severe reprobation. I am, however, waiting for some details of the circumstances in question, before I enlarge upon it.

Reflection on the probable frequency of theatrical performances this winter induces me to publish an original farce, written about twenty years ago, and intended for representation at Liverpool, at the benefit of the now celebrated Miss Walstein, (the heroine of the Dublin stage,) who was then engaged at that theatre, and was an eleve of mine. I forget now, however, why it was withdrawn, but it has never either been acted or published. Perhaps it may suit the managers of the theatre, or theatres, at Montreal. If so, they will have my permission to perform it upon writing to me, and engaging to allow me the net proceeds, (according to the London custom,) of the *third*, the *sixth*, and the *ninth* nights of performance.

S. H. WILCOCKE.

*Rouse's Point, Champlain, New-York.*



## THE SLIP,

*A Farce in three acts.*

This farce is partly taken from an old play of THOMAS MIDDLETON'S, called *A Mad World my Masters*, which is to be found in DODSLEY'S collection: and one scene, that of the begging-trick, from BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S, *Wit at several Weapons*. The rest is entirely original.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR GEORGE WOODCOCK,

GREGORY WOODCOCK, } his sons.

JACK WOODCOCK, }

SUCKPEN, his clerk.

LURCHER, }

WILDMAN, } friends of Jack Woodcock.

TOM, his servant.

*Servants, guests &c.*

MARIA, Sir George's niece and ward.

LUCY, her maid.

## ACT I, SCENE I.

*An apartment in Sir George Woodcock's house.  
Enter Sir George Woodcock, and Jack Woodcock.*

*Jack.* But, dear sir, can I say nothing to make you relent?

*Sir Geo.* No, nothing, nothing—Out of my doors, I say—what!—do you come home from your travels for nothing but to play tricks at home—to impose your own man upon me for a foreign lord—a German graft—but you could graft no grafts of that sort upon me, you scoundrel.—

*Jack* But, Sir, consider the force of my passion.—

*Sir Geo.* The force of your fiddlestick—damme, sir, what have I to do with your passion?—but to be put in a passion about it—I repeat it sir,—your cousin, my pretty ward Maria, shall not be such a scapegrace's wife—She shall be Gregory's—Gregory's—your elder brother,—mark me, sir,—your elder brother—who is your elder in years—sir,—in discretion sir, and your elder in dignity sir,—in dignity—yes, in dignity,—see with

what dignity he enters a room.

*Enter Gregory and Maria.*

*Jack (aside.)* Yea, and with what a formal dignity he courts my mistress,—but her heart is mine.

*Gregory.* Good morning, Sir George.—brother, your servant!

*Jack.* Yours sir.—(*aside to Maria,*) Dear girl! contrive to see me a moment before I go.

*Sir George.* Come here, sirrah,—come here—don't be whispering—and you my pretty ward, never mind his jabber—it's all froth and nonsense,—Besides he's only a younger brother—has'nt a farthing in the world, for I've turned him out of doors just now.—Zounds, Sir, why ar'nt you gone?

*Jack.* I am loth to leave my father's house, sir, especially when there is such excellent company in it—so lovely a relation, (*bows to Maria,*) so sensible a brother, (*to Gregory,*) so indulgent a father, (*to Sir George.*) (*aside to Maria, behind their backs, taking her hand,*) Sweet girl be true.

*Sir Geo.* Why that's sensibly spoken; but it wo'nt do. You can't stay—you'll spoil all else; (*turning observes him near Maria,*) get along you rascal—out of the house I say. Maria, you ought to be ashamed to encourage him.

*Maria.* Dear Uncle, may'nt I speak to my own coz, to my old playmate.

*Sir Geo.* No, I tell you—no—here's Gregory—he's another guess sort of man.

*Gregory.* Yes, madam, you will find a difference between me and my brother.

*Maria.* Oh, I can plainly see that.

*Greg.* I knew you must,

*Maria.* But, dear Uncle, I came to tell you

that a man is just brought before you, for poaching, he has been caught with a couple of rabbits. Mr. Woodcock here would wait upon me upstairs out of mere politeness.

*Gregory.* Hem! hem!

*Sir Geo.* Odd catch conies—fine game—fine sport—glad they're made game of—damn the poachers—this is an affair of consequence.—I must go—Tell Suckpen to get a mittimus ready and to bring down Burn's justice; and my gold rimmed spectacles—and my great wig.

*Exit, and Gregory follows.*

*Jack.* Dear Maria, my father forbids me his house, but I will outwit him, and that piece of conceited dignity there.

*Maria.* Do, dear Jack—from my plaguing uncle guardian, from my demure cousin lover, good Jack, deliver me——!

*Re-enter Sir George.*

*Sir Geo.* Come along, you baggage, come along, I forgot I left you with that youngster, get in, get in,

*Exit Maria.*

And now sir, you, get out.

*Jack.* But, dear father, although you forbid me your house; you'll grant me something to support myself?

*Sir Geo.* Not a jot, not a heller, as your pretended German rascal called a farthing; live by your wits, sir, live by your wits; you thought you'd wit enough to overreach your own father; but he was too sly.

*Jack.* But, sir, out of so many thousands, will you not allow me what you did before, only two hundred a year.

*Sir Geo.* No, I say, nothing, live by your wits. But the conies.—

*Jack.* Only one hundred !

*Sir Geo.* Not a jot.—The conies——

*Jack.* The conies are killed already—no more mischief can be done there.

*Sir Geo.* But I say there will be more mischief done, and so, sir, live by your wits, I say—when you can outwit me I'll give you five hundred a year: but when will that be, “say the bells at Stepney” ha, ha, ha ! *Exit.*

*Jack.* Well dad, since you will have it so, I will live by my wits, and make you come down with your five hundred a year in a short time,—How now, Tom !

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Sir, your friends, Mr. Lurcher, and Mr. Wildman, met me just now, and asked me what success ?

*Jack.* So they are come? I'm glad of it, and though this stratagem failed, I warrant thee the next don't,—they must assist me. Zounds ! I thought the old man's love of dignity would have made him fond of the company of a German lord, whilst I contrived to make his charming ward fond enough of my company, to run away from his. But, Tom, have you sounded her maid ?

*Tom.* Let me alone for that. After I was kicked out of doors last night. Saving your honour's presence, my—here, reminds me of that—I stripped myself of my foreign dress and stole gently indoors again in my own, that is, in your honour's, or rather in the taylor's—who, not being paid for it.—

*Jack.* Rascal—but what did Lucy say ?

*Tom.* Oh, your honour ! Lucy said, that her mistress loved you.

*Jack.* Dear Maria !

*Tom.* That I presume, your honour knows  
Then Lucy confessed.—

*Jack.* What did she confess?

*Tom.* That she had, a penchant for me.

*Jack.* Damnation, trifle!

*Tom.* That, I presume, I know. And then, as  
to the means of getting her young mistress out  
of the house, and into your arms, we agreed in  
thinking.—

*Jack.* Ay, what did you think?

*Tom.* That neither she nor I knew how to  
set about it.

*Jack.* Pooh! but I'm losing time—Come  
*Tom.* *Exeunt.*

*Scene 2. A Country Inn.*

*Enter, Jack Woodcock, Lurcher, and Wildman.*

*Jack.* Don't you think it'll do: damme, it's  
an excellent plot—Get hold of my fathers money  
and jewels, and cheat my dull brother out of his  
mistress. But you must all be perfect in your  
parts.

*Lurcher.* Aye, aye. It'll be rare sport. But  
why has Tom provided a beggar's disguise for  
me?

*Wildman.* And an old red coat for me?

*Jack.* 'S death, man, hav'nt I told you: my  
good old dad, and grave Gregory his son, intend,  
I find by Tom's intelligence, to go to lawyer  
Film this morning about the writings for the mar-  
riage they wish to take place, and as it's fine  
weather, my sweet cousin is to walk with them,  
for an airing. Now you two must accost them  
in the manner I will tell you. You Lurcher, must  
greet Gregory in Latin, and you, Wildman, must  
attack Sir George, as an old disabled soldier,

whilst Maria walks on, and so gives me an opportunity of concerting the whole plan with her.

*Lurcher.* O! O!--

*Jack.* She is to pretend to consent to marry Gregory; a licence and parson are to be ready, and then, you know, the licence and the parson are to serve my turn instead of my brother's.

*Wildman.* Excellent!

*Jack.* In the mean time, I have another grand scheme to play off. The old gentleman, you must know, has a kind of a hankering after a pretty girl; and one of Squire Careless's maids—a tall, strapping, lively, wench, has caught his fancy.—She comes to him sometimes after dinner—A good glass, you know, does wonders with old men—

*Lurcher.* Aye, and with young men too sometimes.

*Jack.* Buxom Kitty is privately received by Suckpen.

*Wildman.* And pray who is Suckpen?

*Jack.* Suckpen is, when his worship fills his station as justice—his clerk—This sixpenny-fee fellow, ushers the girl into the old gentleman's closet, whither Justice retires to—take a nap—that's all.

*Wildman.* Faith, I believe that's all.

*Jack.* Faith, and so says Kitty too.

*Wildman.* So, Sir Fly-at-all, you are acquainted with Kitty too?

*Jack.* How could I do else, you dull dog—I must be master of all my father's secrets, or I should never be able to come over him so damn'd cleverly as I intend,

*Lurcher.* Bravo!—But how does all this further your scheme?

*Jack.* Hark ye, ye stupid rascal!—In that

closet, dad keeps a casket—a casket, boys—in which there are yellow boys, and notes of all kinds, from bank notes down to promissary notes—thousands of pounds—besides jewels, boys—rings and watches; and moreover, what is more to my purpose than any thing else, all the writings of my Maria's estate.

*Lurcher.* How you run on!—Why, all these things are locked up in a casket, in your father's sanctum sanctorum—in his retired closet. They are there, and you are here.

*Jack.* I know it—I know it—but I will be there, and I will be here, and they shall be here—*Hic et ubique*, boys!—Kitty is a good friend of mine—mum—dogs, mum—The old gentleman is determined to enjoy himself to day, and has sent for Kitty, and I am to be disguised in her clothes, boys, and—

*Wildman and Lurcher.* Ha, ha, ha! say no more—excellent!

*Jack.* Come along; no delays now—come along.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene 3: the fields near Sir George's seat.*

*Enter Maria, and Lucy.*

*Maria.* Surely my uncle is crazy; he seems determined on this match; but it shall not take place.

*Lucy.* Nay, madam, if you like the younger brother better, why should you take the elder—unless it were for his estate, and that you don't want, for your own is large enough.

*Maria.* True, girl; but that's the very thing that makes my good old uncle so anxious to have us united. Why if we two were to marry, we

should have almost half the county.

*Lucy.* To be sure, madam, and besides you would be a lady when your father-in-law died—and indeed sooner—for I overheard Sir George consulting with Gregory about getting him made a lord.

*Maria.* Lord have mercy on us! we shall all be made lords or ladies soon—I shuddered the last time.- -

*Lucy.* What last time?

*Maria.* Why, at the last great Irish creation, when it was God's great mercy we were not all peers, or peeresses.

*Lucy.* Dear, dear— am sure I should'nt shudder to be made a lady—Now I think that young Mr. Woodcock, never has any chance.

*Maria.* No chance, Lucy—you mistake—he has the noblest; the prospect of rising by his merit: you know he intends to return to the navy; and though we have many peers, remember that amongst them are men that owe their elevation to nought but merit—the highest merit—that of serving their country amidst danger and death. No girl! say not that merit will not lead to the highest honours in this happy country, when we can rank amongst our nobility, such glorious names as have of late given honour to the peerage.

*Lucy.* Oh, madam, I had almost forgot; Tom told me we should meet his master in disguise as we go home; and you will know him by a black patch over his eye; and he'll contrive an opportunity of speaking to you in order to contrive the means of—

*Maria.* Oh! of running away with him. Well it's decreed that the young folks should outwit the old ones. Do you know what he means to do?

*Lucy.* No madam; he'll explain it all to you, he said.

*Maria.* Well, though I have no plotting head like him, yet I think I can take a hint, and that's enough. I wish he'd come while they are at the lawyer's. Hush there they are.

*Enter Sir George and Gregory.*

*Maria.* Come Uncle, I am almost tired; let us walk home.

*Sir Geo.* Tired! such a lively lass as you, tired! Ah, ah, you shall have a coach of your own; when you're married to Gregory. I know you'll give your consent to-day—won't you? dear pretty little wardee!

*Maria.* Indeed—dear guardee! I don't think I can; lord! you must give me time to consider—tomorrow perhaps—tomorrow you know, Sir George, I shall be wiser than today.

*Sir Geo.* (*aside,*) Ah, the baggage knows she'll be of age then. (*to Maria,*) Wiser—no—no—you can't be wiser than when you do a wise thing—so take Gregory.

*Maria.* Oh, indeed Uncle, but I shall be wiser—for tomorrow, I shall be at years of discretion,—lord! before we are one and twenty, you know, we are quite blind babies, foolish girls—but then the moment the sun rises next day, then we are fit to manage ourselves; and our lovers and husbands into the bargain, when we get them.

*Sir Geo.* Ah, Gregory, Gregory! why don't you?

*Lucy.* (*aside to Maria.*) Ma'am! here he is.

(*Jack enters in disguise, makes a signal to Lucy.*)

*Maria.* Where? Lord I should'nt have known him!

*Enter Lurcher. as a beggar, and Wildman as a lame Soldier.*

Jack. On, on, now, now,——

Lurcher. *Salvete Domini benignissimi.*

Sir Geo. Hey-day--beggars--what, and I a justice: what does the fellow say?

Lurcher. *Salvete Domini munificentissimi.*

Greg. He speaks Latin, sir; I will undertake him. *Salvete dicis ad nos; jubeo te salvare.* We can talk to you in Latin too, sir.

Lurcher. *Charissimi doctissimique Domini, ex abundantia charitatis vestrae, aetote propitii in me juvenem miserum.*

Greg. A pretty scholar, by my faith!

Sir Geo. Does he beg or steal in this language, Son Gregory, he may take away my good name from me and I ne'er the wiser.

Greg. He begs, he begs, Sir. *Audi tu scholasticus. Ego faciam argumentum.* Mark, now, Sir, how I fetch him up.

Jack goes off and talks aside with Maria and Lucy.

Sir Geo. I have been fetched up a hundred times for this, yet I could never learn half so much.

Greg. *Audi et responde: hoc est argumentum; nomen est nomen: ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc.* I have put him to it.

Sir Geo. Yes I think so.

Jack. (looking on.) The rascal is almost out of his set speech. Step in, Wildman.

Greg. *Cur non respondes?*

Sir Geo. Cur; aye he's a damn'd cur.

Lurcher. *Oh Domine, tanta est mea miseria.*

Wild. (aside) So, he's almost in again.

Greg. *Sed quod est tibi nomen, et quis dedit; responde argumentum.*

Lurcher. Hem! hem!

Wildman. He's dry; he hems: God bless your worship's honours! may a poor soldier, whose maimed limbs speak better than his tongue, beg a small alms?

Sir Geo. Well, I ever had a reverence for a soldier, for my father was colonel of the militia, and he used to march with so much dignity. What say you, Gregory

We'll give 'm a shilling a piece.

*Jack.* So, now I have settled all---now for my father, I'll cheat him even no, (*comes up.*) Good morning gentlemen; what! charitable to these fellows! Most beggars are impostors, and I am sure these are.

*Lurcher.* (*aside.*) What does he mean? Sure he does n't intend to discover us.

*Greg.* This, Sir, appears to be a scholar, I have tried him in Latin, and he is well grounded.

*Sir Geo.* And this man's coat speaks for him, Sir, 't is his Majesty's livery, God bless him, and may he never want stout fellows to wear it, or long purses and willing hearts, amongst his subjects, to pay the taylors.

*Jack.* But let me try him; he may be an impostor too. I have had the honour of serving my country. Pray my good friend, what service have you seen?

*Wildman.* I was in Egypt, your honour, when we fought under the noble Aberrombic. Sure your honour recollects Jerry Brisk, who lost his arm in the trenches before Dam-it-ah: your honour was ensign in the same company.

*Jack.* Aye, I recollect him perfectly, honest Jerry--- What, arms and arts must not thus go a begging---walk a little farther off my friends---What say you, gentlemen? 'tis pity these fellows should be compelled to this life--- Sure this is an iron-hearted age.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis pity indeed, and our pity shall be mov'd---come, Sir, here's my shilling.

*Jack.* A shilling! oh fie--give nothing rather--'twere better you railed at them for begging, and so quit yourself. I am a poor gentleman, that have little but my wits to live by.

*Sir Geo.* Troth, and I love you the better, Sir.

*Jack.* Yet I'll set you a better example--here fellows, ---there's between you-- a guinea a piece--I've no more about me now.

*Lurcher.* *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.*

*Sir Geo.* This is a bad example for us, son, Yet we must not let a stranger shame us. I'll give as much as that gentleman, tho' I never be a soldier or scholar while I live. Here, friends, there's a guinea a piece for you, (*aside,*) would this bountiful gentleman had n't come this

May today.

*Greg.* And my offering to equal it.

*Wildman.* May soldiers ever defend such charities.

*Lurcher.* And scholars pray for their increase.

*Sir Geo.* A word with you, sir, you said you lived by your wits; if you follow this practice, you'll beggar your wits, believe me.

*Jack.* Oh, sir, I hope to increase them by it. This seed never wants its harvest. Fare you well, sir. (*Exit.*)

*Sir Geo.* I think a man had as well meet with a reasonable thief, as an unreasonable beggar sometimes; I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again; Can you change my guinea, friend?

*Lurcher.* *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

*Sir Geo.* My gold is turned into Latin!

*Re-enter Jack.*

*Jack.* Look ye, good fellows, here's one half guinea more that lay concealed—

*Sir Geo.* Away, away, son, we shall be drawn in to found an hospital presently. Where's Maria? oh, yonder walking home—come,—come.—

*Exeunt Sir Geo. and Gregory.*

*Jack.* This was a neat trick, hey boys! 't was a lucky thought came across me.

*Lurcher.* Thou most accomplished fellow, if you succeed in your next plot, you shall be elected grand master of the order.

*Jack.* What order do you mean? an order of knighthood?

*Lurcher.* Yea, the right courteous Knights of the post.

*Jack.* Well, here are four shiners—just to wet our whistles—to keep the old gentleman in mind that he turned me out to live by my wits. *Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

(*To be continued.*)

—O\*O—

A budget of communications from Government City, having, by some mischance, been delayed for several months, I have selected such as, from the matters on which they treat, may be rendered generally applicable, without much reference to the individuals who, at the time, were pointed at, and the personal and temporary interest relative to whom, has probably, either wholly died away, or has greatly faded.

The first letter may be considered as a general lesson to young ladies, if they wish to be beloved, to be, as Ovid advises them in the words of my motto, "amiable" as well as lovely. The second exposes a species of meanness, by which tavern keepers, public men, who depend on the support and remuneration of their expected customers, are often sufferers, led to incur great expense, and subsequently blamed for asking payment of what ought to be considered as a debt of honour. A note to that letter will be a further illustration

The third—but I have done, I shall leave my readers to draw their own conclusions, and profit by the various mirrors I endeavour to hold up to them, not of fictitious persons and circumstances, but of real actors and matters, within the circle of their own observation.

Some things completely temporary, in the above budget, have been suppressed, though at the time, they would have answered my purposes exceedingly well. I hope the writers will make due allowance, and not, on that account, refrain from transmitting to me their communications, for the due reception of which a better and more regular arrangement has now been made than existed heretofore, (*vide cover.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCRIBBLER.

Government City———1824.

SIR-

I have lately received a great many civilities from an old gentleman, in my neighbourhood, one of Vulcan's doctors, and his sanctified wife, who formerly belonged to the Field-train, and is said to have been devoted to the service of the goddess Venus. They have a niece to dispose of, and seem very desirous of getting rid of her in the matrimonial way. They have taken no small pains to fix me for a nephew, but I can not by any means think of an union with the young lady

She is, I must confess, a very fine girl in her person, nor does she want understanding; but with her beauty and her sense, she has certain *accompaniments*, which will effectually *bar* any *overtures* on my side. She has innumerable *crotchets* in her head not at all to my taste; and is, indeed, with all her *airs*, which she mistakes for graces, the most *chromatic composition* I ever met with. Her temper is very rarely in *tune*. Her *voice* is naturally melodious, but she often throws it out in such a manner, that her *notes* are quite discordant. I have seen her *shake* with anger, and *swell* with envy. When she is in a rattling humour, she never *stops*. To her inferiors she commonly talks in a *sharp* tone; but changes her *key* before those who figure in a superior style. She is very apt to *play off* her dearest friends, behind their backs, for the amusement of the company present, who applaud her *execution*, little thinking that they are themselves to be *new set*, for the entertainment of others, *with variations*.

After what I have said in regard to this young

lady's behaviour, you can not, Mr. Scrib, suppose that she has *parts* or *powers* to draw me out of my *solo* state. The old gentleman and his lady may *harp* upon their old *string*, as long as they please *ad libitum*, but they will not find my sentiments, concerning their niece, *in unison* with their own. Notwithstanding all their formal *scrapes*, and her flattering *figures*, I shall go on, *piano. piano*, till I meet with a woman every way *forte* enough to *peg* me down. in a *duet*, with her for life.

To conclude, you will not soon *catch* me bound in the *chords* of matrimony. I make a shift to keep up my *glee* extremely well in my harmonious meetnigs abroad, which would be considerably disturbed at home, by a wife with *shrill pipes*, always in *alt*, and the *cantabiles* of a nursery.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant

ADONUS-

Government-City, April 24, 1821.

MR. SCRIB,

Yesterday, being the anniversary of His Majesty's birth day, a superb dinner was given, on the occasion, by Mr. Landstreek, of the Neptune Inn, to whose attention, promptitude, and zeal, for accommodating his customers and the public, great praise is due. Especially, however, must he be lauded for the *masterly* manner, in which he conducted the whole business of that evening. The wines were excellent, and the guests must taken a good share, as fifteen bottles were consumed. Nevertheless I am told that no others were present besides the president, vice-president, and two members. The dinner-room is

about thirty feet in length, and was decorated by many fine paintings, transparencies, &c. The table was laid about twenty four feet in length, and was well covered with roast beef, plum-pudding, mutton, veal, turkeys, geese, fowls, ducks, pastry, &c. &c. A grand dessert was next served up of jellies, blencmanges, creams, custards, tarts, &c. &c. Pound cake, and fruits of various kinds graced the table during the evening; and many loyal and patriotic toasts were drank, and the company broke up, about two o'clock, perfectly satisfied with their entertainment.

#### A VISITOR.

MY DEAR LUKE,

I must give you a key to the above; the fact is Mr. Landstreek invited a large party to a subscription-dinner on St. George's day, and expecting a party of about forty or fifty respectables to dinner, provided accordingly. To his great disappointment, however, only four attended\*; and fifteen bottles of wine were charged against the four. I shall leave the rest to your consideration.

#### A VISITOR.

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\* In 1818 or 19, I forget which, a subscription dinner on St. George's day was provided at the old mansion house hotel by Mr. Martinant, I subscribed, and believe I was about the twentieth on the list. Another dinner list was made up for Clamp's Coffee house, but which, of course, I declined subscribing to, as I was already engaged. When I came to the Mansion house, there assembled, besides myself, two Americans, Mr. Thayer, and Mr. Mower, Mr. Js. Viger a Canadian, and two boarders in the house who were likewise Americans: I believe there were one or two more, whom I do not re-

Government-City, April, 1824.

Mr. MACCULLOH;

The past winter has furnished many instances of the ridiculous; and, amongst them, few more deserving of your notice than the Grand School for Scandal. In this academy, one of the most prolific sources of entertainment has been a marriage, in consequence of which the perpetrator's society is not only shunn'd by the would-be great ones, who belong to the school but his character is publicly abused in every tap-room. Not long ago, a respectable citizen became inclined to please his own fancy more than that of his neighbours, by taking to his bosom the woman of his heart. Now it happened that the lady was, what is called, a widow bewitched, that is her husband had run away from her, and she had not heard of, or from, him for several years, notwithstanding every endeavour to find out where he was, or how situated. In consequence of this, the gentleman in question has been cruelly punished by a court of scandal, in which, without ever having been heard in his own defence, he has been sentenced to be for ever excluded from the society, & depled the *Merchant's ball*. Now, it may be as well to tell you, who the merchants are, who compose

collect, but there was not one *Englishman* but myself. After much solicitation, I was induced to take the chair, and Mr. Thayer was vice. We had the most excellent dinner that could possibly be served up, with wines of all kinds, and passed upon the whole a pleasant evening. Our charge was exceedingly moderate, I believe about one pound each; but Mr. Martinant, upon the strength of his subscription-list, had provided that which ought to have produced him a handsome profit; whilst, I believe, very few of the other subscribers, could be prevailed on to pay their quota of the expense of the eatables only.

S. H. W.

this merchant's ball.

*Imprimis*: There is a blacksmith and his lady, a taylor, an ensign, a baker, saddlers, shoemakers, painters, glaziers, armourers, all in a row :

“Four and twenty fiddlers all of a row.”

The culprit was tried before a court of oyer and terminer summoned for the occasion, —Mrs. Blacksmith, presidentess, who, poor soul, never went astray in her lifetime, but is as sanctified looking at this moment, as the French bishop himself, good man. Mr. Blacksmith, his handsome niece, Mrs. Grass and her daughter, and Isaac the son of William, were the other members of the court.

Isaac pleaded hard for the prisoner, and urged that he should be brought forward to hear the charges against him, and to be allowed the privilege of defending himself: but the plea was overruled, and the prisoner found guilty without a hearing.

The abilities of the assemblage who composed this court, in the most useful and excellent accomplishments they profess to teach, and without which no lady can possibly be fashionable or thoroughly educated, are so well known in Government-City, that to endeavour, by a pompous advertisement, to enter into a detail of them, would be endless as well as fruitless, let facts therefore speak for themselves.

Any person who, thro' an officious curiosity, or any other motive, would wish to be acquainted with the domestic occurrences, &c. &c. of any family within five miles of this metropolis, need only apply here, where all manner of false reports

are duly and expeditiously circulated, and debated at the first tea-tables. Likewise any person who would wish to excel in this most desirable accomplishment, in the knowledge of which they flatter themselves they surpass any in British North America, may be completely and expeditiously taught it, on the most reasonable terms.

And for the further convenience of the public, should any one happen, at the time the court is not sitting, to require their services, they are informed that one, (whose business solely consists of this, and working, at intervals, at the anvil,) lives high up the street, on the same side of the way, and one of an inferior kind, east of John's gate, who is entirely devoted to scandal; and the public may be assured, that none of them pay the least regard or attention to truth.

To attempt any essay upon the importance of the accomplishments taught in the *School for Scandal*, would answer little purpose, as the attainment thereof is so well known to be of such general utility, and is now so universally studied by people of fashion; so that every person's own understanding must convince him that it is a qualification, that, for the good of society, ought to be universally cultivated. The members of the *School* flatter themselves that this exposition will have the desired effect, as they are determined that nothing on their part shall be wanting to give general satisfaction.

N. B. Scandal-broth every morning;—and the debates begin precisely at half past seven in the evening, when tea is on the table.

Though rather incorrectly written, I have no doubt, Mr. Macculloh, that my communication will have its uses—and so, adieu, *au revoir*.

QUOTIDIAN.

## THE SECOND BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE

## EVIL-DOERS.

1. Then it came to pass in the days of Simon the Seignior, at the place which is called the city of the Basin, that certain misdeeds were exposed, which so confounded the evil-doers, that they knew not which way to turn around, (even on their own territory,) for fear of being espied.

2. And there dwelt amongst them an earthly man, who was, nevertheless, a mortal, although he was said to have transacted the affairs of the prophet, (whom they hated yet feared,) to whom, said they, he sendeth matters for digestion, which afterwards afflicteth us with costive pains.

3. Then murmured they amongst themselves; saying, we will not have this man to abide amongst us; but others said, can men be driven by force from here. Then stood up one of the spirits, and said, Nay, but make promises to him and fulfil them not, for now is the time that you can compel him, by his necessities to do what we wish, that is to be off.

4. Then stood up one in the midst of them, saying, verily it behoveth me to be the organ in this business; now I will tease him to leave off his present employment that another may supplant him, and when he hath done one eighth part of what I shall promise to pay him for, then will I have him make room for another also; that it may be fulfilled which was spoken by the spirit, saying, "two places hath he to look to for support, and a third place hath he not. Now deprive him of the two places, and ruin must follow.

5. And he spake true, for he performed what he proposed, although he seldom doth so, and is therefore called a liar.

6. Then the disciple of the prophet packed up his things, and journeyed afar, over the great waters, and westward, until his arrival in the land of promise.

7. But on his way, he stopped on a high place to look back; when he was accosted by a pilgrim, in the follow-

auxiliaries from the south, took him completely by surprise, and succeeded in making a lodgement in the main body of his citadel. Some negotiations, it is said, followed, and terms of capitulation were discussed; but as yet the final result is unknown. The enemy are in part possession, and so is the general. It is, however, confidently expected that should he be, in the end, compelled to abandon this post, he will, as he has always hitherto done, rise up again in some other quarter, and continue his warfare against the follies and vices of the age, with renewed vigour. AMEN; SO BE IT.

N. B. Putting a finger in the pie would n't do any good.

We proceed to make some more

#### SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

*From the Government-City Advertiser, of 24 Sept.*—A creditor of the estate of the late Deaf Harry, (an honest and upright Emerald islander, who departed this life a few years ago,) would caution Alick, the son of John, the Yankee, not to sport his wife so often on horseback; as he is doubtless not aware that she sports herself too, and thinks it good sport to raise those growing ornaments upon Alick's head, which are at present tolerably visible to all but himself.

N. B. *Les roches parlent a present.* Some people ask how this *parvenu* grew rich all of a sudden; whilst other people answer, with Deaf Harry's money, to be sure.

*From the Shamblea Repertory.* Mr. Editor—You will oblige me and others by giving a lesson to old lady Ma-bete, so as to make an impression upon her, and prevent her in future from being quite so stingy as she is, and not quite so proud. As a specimen, one day she and her servant-girl had a quarrel; which, being overheard by the neighbours, they thought there was some mischief going on in the house: but, upon listening, found that it had arisen about an old broken plate, of which she has obliged all her girls to eat, for the last six years. The girl said she would not eat off of it, while

there were other plates in the house ; but the old lady said she had no idea of allowing common servants to eat off the same plates she herself made use of. Take another : Her son, who fills a high official situation at a neighbouring town, is obliged to bring his dinner with him, when he comes to see her, or else he must dine at the next inn. However I am in hopes this will be enough to produce a reform, as, setting aside these faults, the old lady is otherwise a favourite : and if not, she may expect at some future period, to hear again from.

JACK TOUCH-HER-UP.

*From the Not-silly-to Detector.*—An odd occurrence is much talked of in this place. Deacon Bily Am's son, not long ago went a courting to a certain young lady, but after keeping her company some time, fell off in his attentions, and paid her no more visits. One evening, however, he took a fancy to go and see his old sweetheart, instead of a new one whom he had in tow. He naturally met but a cool reception. He however stayed pretty late, so late that as soon as he was let out of doors the family retired to bed. The young lady when in her chamber, forgot to draw her curtains when she undressed. Being in a state next to that of naked Venus, such as is described by Publius Syrus ;

*Æquum est induca nuptam ventum textilem ?  
Palam prostrare nudam in nebula linea ?*

That lady's linen 's thin as woven wind,  
And hides no more than a slight summer-cloud ;

and just stepping into bed, she perceived the figure of a man peeping in at her windows. Conscious of the beauties she had disclosed to his sight ; she exclaimed, "Now you have seen all you can, you may as well go." The inquisitive proved to be her quondam admirer ; the man was pursued by her two brothers, he was traced thro'

a light snow that had fallen that night for a considerable distance, and, though he waded along way through a brook to baulk the pursuit, his footsteps were again recognised, even as far as his father's house, through a window of which he had crept. The pursuers being admitted at the door, the old lady his mother who was drying his small clothes by a fire, exclaimed, "so you and my son have been at some pretty pranks to night, for he has just come home, wringing wet." Proof as positively circumstantial as possible that he was the peeper.

*From the Twirlingtown Spy. A Dialogue. Scene Mr. Barrel-herring's bar-room.—Mr. By-the-powers;—*What a ridiculous thing to encourage such a book as the Scribbler! but it will soon be stopped. Then echoed by others; O the infamous book!—O, said Mr. Clackit the jew-ju-judge, (but that was on another occasion,) Our captain is fool enough to think one man has as good a right as another to send parcels and papers by the steamboat; but it's no part of my duty to do any thing to accommodate the public, and I'll be damned if I take any of his parcels or letters, let the captain do as he likes.——*Billy Faithful to Captain Roy; Do n't you think the jew-ju-judge is above his business? Captain Roy. No wonder, but Mister, by the powers, mind your own business: and as to the book being stopped, I shall believe it when I find it is so, and Bill, be sure and send it me as long as it is published. That I will, says Billy Faithful Mr Barrel-herring then remarks that there were many things in the blue book that made the women blush. O ho! is that the fault? says Captain Roy; damn your finishing folks that call a blush up in public, and—No, but to tell about the freshet! says Barrel-herring; Oh! that's an old story. Then up gets Captain Roy; No, says he, that's no place for Macculloh; to be there where he must go miles around to get half a bushel of onions, or a peck or two of Indian meal, and think himself lucky in getting such good pay for his papers. Damn the fellow, says By-the-powers----Ay damn him, would have said Jew-ju-Claskit, had he been there. Curse you all for a parcel of fools, says Captain Roy. True Captain, says Billy Faithful, you are one of the ten righteous men among the Selfites; and the prophet knows it. Come, says, Captain Roy, now give us glasses of grog all round, and so adieu.)*

A certain red-haired young man, who belongs to a Printing-Office, in St. Paul Street, should not be going so often after young married women, especially in a Shoe Shop in Notre-Dame Street, not far from Durino's Tavern.

Miss Fanny Reaper, has been known on a late occasion, to destroy such parts of the Scribbler, as contained pieces about herself, and Mr. Cowlerd, the little grocer.

#### EXPECTED NUPTIALS.

The Prior is hot in pursuit of Miss Brownday, the Heroine of Circus notority, who has already caused feuds and bloody noses without number. The lady, it is said, has resolved to reward the admiration of the prior, by being stitched to him for life.

At Government-City, Mr. A. Mogul to Miss Matilda McCatcall.

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

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** The letter written in pencil was received; the interest of that subject has chiefly gone by, but something may be cooked up out of it. ROMEO, is under consideration. A large budget of communications has just come to hand, time does not admit of more than merely acknowledging them. NEPTUNE, from Clarencetown; ME, from Berthier, ALERTO, WHAT YOU PLEASE, CAUTION, COUNTRY-DANBE, CORPORAL C., ROBIN GOOD FELLOW, (2 letters,) BEN TATTLER, &c. are amongst them.

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# CIRCUS, AT QUÉBEC.

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, a handsome stage having been erected, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. and several eminent performers engaged for the purpose.

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

Subscribers at Quebec, are respectfully informed that Mr. JOHN WALLEY, Quebec Baths, St. Paul street, Quebec, is continued as agent for distributing the Scribbler, receiving communications, and corresponding with the proprietor.— Letters and communications may be deposited in the letter box at Mr. Walley's, and will be punctually forwarded.— Collections will be made at intervals by a person or persons, specially authorised for that purpose.

## 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 arrangements to the fourth volume, will be ready in a short time.

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.

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