

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 13th Feb. 1823. [No. 85.

— *Magna testatur voce per umbras.*

VIRGIL.

Deep from the shades of death, sounds indignation's cry.

In quo diversi nitentur cum mille colores.

OVID.

Here numerous objects shine with thousand hues.

— *Spuma tunc astra lacessis*

Cuncta fremunt undis ac multo murmure, montes

Spumeus invictis canescit fluctibus amnis.

LUCAN.

Down the steep fall the roaring waters rush,
The mountains echo back the stunning sound,
The white wave-boil, and foam, and thunder on,
And high aloft in clouds, the spray obscures the sky.

Montreal, 26th Jan.

MR. MACCULLOH,

You will oblige several of your subscribers by allowing me to ask one of the gentlemen from Upper Canada who made their appearance in a card in your last, a few questions which he can answer at his leisure. With the other gentleman I have nothing to do.

Did he think himself a gentleman, when he travelled from Kingston under a feigned name, and came to Montreal in disguise; and what were his motives for so doing, as well as for making a precipitate retreat, after stating that he intended to stay in town all this winter?

Did he fancy it was gentlemanly to go into a party without an invitation from the managers, and then grumble because he was called upon to pay his share of the bill?

Did he think his appearance that of a gentleman upon that occasion, when he entered the room and danced several figures, in a *long beard*, a *black coat*, and *boots*?

This gentleman, I perceive, belongs to a squad called the *Creamers*, famed, I am told, for slang and abuse; but, from the specimen which he exhibits of their politeness and breeding, I fear they will find few friends in this place. He has not been content with abusing the company, but has attacked even our aunt Peggy, who, in return, presents her compliments to him, and begs to assure him that if he will pay her the 13 s. 6 d. he has owed her the last three years, she will, at her own expense, furnish him with a pair of pumps, the next time he intrudes himself into company unasked. I remain

Yours,
ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

A GRAVE YARD SCENE.

Oft in the grave-yard's sad and gloomy dell,
By night, my wakeful fancy loves to dwell;
And 'neath the shadows of her mournful gloom,
Let fall a tear on my lost Mary's tomb.
There late I roved, with pensive thought, along,
Ere yet the curfew rang the graves among.
No sound was heard throughout the drear abode,
For Death and Silence, hand in hand there strode;
Yet soon did there my watchful eyes behold
Two spectre-forms, in shape of human mould.
Amazed I stood, with fear half petrified,
And saw the spectres pass me by my side.
Armed they seem'd—and soon they smote the ground:
How did it echo thro' the dark profound!
These must be demons, to myself I said,
That dare profane the mansions of the dead;
Wretches whose souls nor sense, nor pity, feel—
Alas! with pain the truth I now reveal:
Like men their shape, and men they were indeed—

But stop—could men commit so foul a deed
 As stain'd their wretched hands? Oh, awful blot!
 A deed too horrible to be forgot.
 They dug the earth—disturb'd the sleeping dead,
 And from the grave-yard with a body fled.

SOMNIATOR.

Montreal, 24th Jan.

DEAR SCRIB,

We have had a number of balls of one sort or the other this winter, of which you have taken no notice. I do not know whether this proceeds from a deficiency or neglect of your reporters; whether our Mount Royal folks have improved by the many good lessons you have given them, and that there was nothing at those balls, either good or bad, worthy of remark*; or whether all persons who are in the least suspected of being Scribbler-reporters are expelled from them†; but

* It can not of course be expected that I should give an account of all parties that take place; and it is only those at which some peculiarity occurs that require it. In what are supposed to be the upper circles in Montreal, the same humdrum routine of mock gentility prevails as before, and the same, or a worse, system of exclusive purse-pride, renders them as unsocial, and dull, as ever. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I turn from these upstarts, to the contemplation of the more genuine society, the truer politeness, and more rational hilarity, that are displayed in the parties of the middle classes, such as the one of which Mr. Random gives an account, and such as this winter will principally engage my attention. The Oldjosephs, the Jarretts, the Gobblers, the Brutes, the Loverules, and the rest of the *conseils* of fashion and rank. (O! such fashion and rank!) may enjoy a respite for a while as, unless on some particular occasion, I do not mean to notice them much this winter.

L. L. M.

† I take this opportunity of expressing my contempt at the *unmanly* conduct observed not long ago by a number of *pretended* gentlemen at one of the Montreal assemblies who combined together to send to Coventry, a gentleman certainly their superior in intellectual abilities, whom they suspected of

this I know, that the fear of the Scribbler has caused a number of our would-be-great people to be very circumspect in their behaviour. If, however, you will allow me, I will, in spite of the foolish presentment made by that most wise and enlightened body, the petty Grand Jury of Government-City, add myself to your list of contributors; and to begin, I will give you some account of a ball which took place the 20th inst. at Joe King's Assembly rooms, New Market. It consisted of the middling class of society here, certainly in my humble opinion, a class that together with a better tact for enjoyment, possesses more of the true *savoir vivre*, than those who aim to move in a superior sphere, without either dignity to support their consequence, or knowledge of the world to set off against their braggart pride. The managers were Mr. Pebble, Mr. Porker, and Mr. Firelock, jun. and they judiciously conducted the whole in the good old

being a correspondent of the Scribbler. The ideots have not the sense to perceive, that, tho' for obvious reasons, it is necessary, both that I should not know who my correspondents are, and that they should not be known to the public, it would otherwise be an honour to be proud of; and that a century hence, perhaps, a conjecture that such a person was a writer in the Scribbler, will form a matter for his great-grand-children to boast of. As for the poor creatures themselves, they may rely that they are not suspected to possess abilities sufficient; but with regard to the gentleman in question, though I am well convinced of his ability, I am perfectly ignorant whether I ever received any communications from him or not. But I am told this surmise arose from a purloined or intercepted note from me to him; (worthy modes of obtaining intelligence!) In a note I wrote to express my regret at his discontinuing to take the Scribbler, I recollect adding that my regret was the greater, as I thought I had reason to suppose I had been favoured with some valuable communications from him. Oh! most indubitable proof; and obtained in the most honourable way! More about the Montreal Assemblies, anon.

L. L. M.

Canadian way. The assembly room, which is, I believe, 60 feet by 30, was ornamented by eight transparencies which, with the branches and sapplings of evergreens, that formed bowers over the entrances, and on the staircases, had a very good effect. The greatest part of the ladies were in the room by seven o'clock, for they were not fashionable enough to consider it as a point of etiquette to come late. It really appeared to me as if there had never before been seen assembled together in Mount Royal, so many handsome and well dressed females, and on entering the room, I was struck with the enchanting coup d'œil of so many smiling and lovely creatures all apparently as freely and familiarly enjoying the pleasure of each other's society, as if they were sisters.* Dancing was began with "Speed the plough," led off by the young and sprightly Mrs. Firelock, and Mr. De Gaut, and continued till about midnight, when "God save the king," was played and sung by the company; after which supper was announced, and the ladies (for

*The contrast is striking between such parties, and the dull, monotonous, and formal sets that are seen at the Montreal Assemblies. There, generally forgetful of what the very essence of assemblies is, namely the social intermixture and polite familiarity of all who are admitted, (an intermixture and familiarity which is never required to be extended beyond that particular evening, unless courted by either party;) and, in fact, really ignorant of what real good breeding and polite circles are, the company form themselves into knots, sets, and juntos, who speak not to, nor dance with, each other; scarcely even, in the evolutions of the dance, deigning to touch the hand, or cast a look, upon those who do not happen to belong to their own coterie. But, although this is the practice both with the ladies and gentleman, I do not so much blame the ladies, who would, I know, with the frankness and affability of their sex, behave very differently were they not influenced by the lowbred notions of the *parvenus* who pretend to dictate public taste, and public manners in Canada, tasteless and mannerless themselves. L. L. M.

the supper-room was too small to contain both them and the gentlemen,) retired to partake of it. It was certainly a substantial and excellent repast, and did credit to the providers; no flimsy thin wafers of ham, or five slices of tongue laid in order on a muffin-plate; but turkies, geese, hams, and rounds of beef graced the board. It was, however, rather inconvenient, and awkward for the ladies, in their ball-dresses, to have to act as carvers; yet, being in that sphere of life, in which comfort and utility are seldom sacrificed to fashion and frivolity, even in carving they excelled, and as I peeped into the door, I fancied I discovered an elegance of attitude while their well-shaped arms were displayed in that housewifely exercise. In the mean while, Mr. Firelock was, with his accustomed attention and assiduity to serve the ladies, engaged in handing round the coffee; which, notwithstanding the narrowness of the room, whereby he was compelled to scramble behind the ladies' backs, he contrived with admirable dexterity, to do, without scalding a single one of the many white shoulders that met his eyes, and were enough almost to have bewildered his senses. I regret that I have to record one of the "miseries," which even the most joyous scenes occasionally present. Whilst the ladies were at supper, the gentlemen in the ball-room, which was over the supper room, with an indiscretion for which they afterwards paid full dear, danced by themselves, and caused a shower of dust, and whitewash, to fall down upon the supper-table, and in the tea and coffee; but no sooner had they, in their turn, sate down to take their *baucher*, when, with playful and retaliating malice, the ladies made a greater clatter still, and sent down still more plenteous showers of dust to spoil their supper and their clothes; but

this lasted only a very short time, and shewed the forgiving disposition of the fair in its real colours. Whilst the musicians were wetting their whistles, in order that no time might be lost, some of the ladies, with playful vivacity, mounted the orchestra, and tuned their violins, flutes, and clarionets "with varied woodnotes wild"; and a couple of games at romps, and one at "catch me if you can," were played, and did great credit to the performers. Waltzing then commenced, with some ladies, by those gentlemen who had acquired the art; (and those who had not, cursed their sad fates, and made a vow to take lessons the next day from a certain brilliant dancing-mistress in this city.) Amongst the ladies who displayed resplendant grace in that bewitching dance, shone out, Mrs. Firelock, Miss Lowhond, Mrs. De Gaut, and not to be omitted, the really fascinating and amiable Miss Stout, who you know is all the go this winter here, and who, as usual, drew all eyes at all times, but more especially when waltzing with graceful ease, with Mr. Idler: I must, however, say no more about her, or I shall talk myself in love with her, which I must not do, for I should have fifty rivals in a breath. Some trifling accidents occurred, such as a certain tall gentleman's long watchchain dangling to and fro and hitting the ladies' arms; and a fall which another got while waltzing: a number of hearts too were exchanged, and some lost, (one of which I found, set 2, no. 16, and will restore it to the owner on application:) some complaints too were made about squeezing hands, which so greatly hurt one lady, who shall be nameless, that she refused to give hers to one of the gentlemen, tho' frequently sued for. The ladies, as is always the case, much exceeded the gentlemen in number, and several of them, rath-

er than be lookers-on, took other ladies, and played the man admirably; but whether they were in the habit of, or intended to accustom themselves to, wearing the breeches at home, I leave for your readers to determine. I felt much pleasure too in seeing so many elderly people who, as if their youthful vigour had returned, enjoyed the evening with as much gaiety as the young ones. For the promotion of similar convivial and truly social parties, mingled as this was of various classes, forgetting all distinctions, and stifling all prejudices and jealousies,* it may not be amiss to enumerate a few more of the guests; and as no one claimed any pretended precedence over the other, so I will set them down promiscuously as they occur to my memory. There were Mr. and Mrs. Cavalier, Mr. Manacle, Misses Firelock, Pebble, Blush, and Marian, Mrs. and Miss Rivet, the old lady Evergreen, who appeared in her wedding dress of last century, Mr. Mrs. and the junior Miss Caleche, her lively elder sister being still at Government city, Mrs. Shallifow, who, in addition to a very becoming dress, sported an elegant gold watch, Mr. Rag and Mrs. R. attired in a beautiful striped

* The contrast I have before alluded to as existing between such parties and the formal ones that are held under the name of the Montreal Assembly, is this season, the more to be regretted, as I am well convinced it can not be the fault of the managers of the latter, for a majority of the seven are undoubtedly real gentlemen, and who know what real rank, and real fashionable life are. Indeed they have one amongst them whose habits, manners, fortune, and disposition entitle him not only to take the lead, but to be an example to all those who aspire to true gentility. The affability, beauty, and true lady-like demeanour of the enchanting fairy, his union to whom has identified that distinguished foreigner with the Canadian nation, and it is to be hoped has rooted him in our soil, may well be held up as a pattern for the rest of her sex to intimate, and endeavour to equal. L. L. M.

silk gown, trimmed with blue satin, Mr. Wrong, an acquisition to any party where gentlemanly manners are in request, Mrs. Riverburn, who shone to great advantage both in dress, and in conversation, &c. &c. It was not till past five o'clock that any of the party thought of retiring, nor did the whole separate, till the bells of the sleighs and carriages, along with daylight breaking through the dark canopy of night, warned them it was time to renovate their spirits with refreshing slumbers. The whole of the party, I believe, eagerly anticipate another similar assembly, as does,

DEAR SCRIB,

Yours &c.

RODERICK RANDOM.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER:

*Lines written at sun-rise in sight of the
FALLS OF NIAGARA.*

The orient beam now peeps from yonder East,
And roseate blushes tinge the verge of heaven,
While sable night withdraws her dark blue veil,
Bespangled deep with sparkling gems of light,
And fair Aurora shoots th' empurpled ray,—
The earliest ray of radiant, dewy, morn.
Sublime the scene! Earth and her children lie
Wrapt in the shroud of all-subduing sleep,
Silent as death, while, high above, the arch
Of the celestial sphere glows with the fires
That light immensity, and swift revolves,
In its diurnal circuit, round the poles.
Silent as death, is all, except yon burst
Tremendous, from the deep, embowell'd earth,
Whence, as from Ætna's boiling gulph, the roar
Of rolling thunders issues, on the wing
Outstretch'd of the quiescent air, and stuns
Th' astonish'd ear of night. As yet the morn,
Slow lingering, skirts the sky;—but soon its beams
Reveal the floating mount, that lay, but late,
A gloomy bank upon the blue expanse,
And shew, as from some cloudcapt eminence,
The dusky volume of incumbent spray,

High heap'd in midway heaven, that hangs condensed
 As threatening tempest o'er the rushing surge,
 Whence it, evolving, steams, and hurries up,
 In rapid flight, and tosses, whirls, and rolls,
 And wheels sublime, in convoluted wreaths,
 And giant columns huge, immense, and spouts,
 In swelling masses, from the thundering gulph,
 Obscure and dark, that rages deep below,
 And plunging, tumbling, tossing, foaming, drives,
 With furious blast, the mounting spray that shoots
 Heavenward, in changeful evolution swift,
 Until it mingles with the mass above.

Thus seems the cataract when now the morn
 Hath chased the dense obscurity away,
 That close enveloped all, while night her veil
 Hung o'er the world. But soon gay morning spreads
 A lucid mantle o'er the rising scene—

The fields—the woods—the flood precipitant,
 Resistless rolling down the giant steep—
 The stormy bosom of the wave below,
 Seen partial and obscure—the heaving mounds
 Of broken water, that tumultuous rush,
 Rebouncing forceful, from the hollow rocks,
 Now here, now there, and jostling, mingling, plunge
 And sink, in swift succession—all above,
 The shelving rocks projecting, threatening bang
 Suspended as it were—their shaggy heads
 Crown'd with dense foliage that, dependent, skirts
 Their farthest edge—the trees that, dripping, drink
 The falling spray—the river rough above,
 That boiling, plunging, o'er its rugged bed,
 In hurried fury, storms, and roars, and bounds,
 From rock to rock, and dreadful smokes along
 To gain the farthest brink, and thence to shoot,
 And tumbling, strike to the continuous peal
 That deep, incessant, rolls its thunders thro'
 The troubled air, whilst earth, convulsive, shakes,
 And owns the force, resistless, of the flood.

Wonder of wonders, hail! feign would I strike
 My lyre to thee, and, from its deepest chords,
 Awake the theme sublime; but deeper, oh!
 Thy thousand thunders toll. My trembling muse
 Casts round on thee her wilder'd, anxious, gaze—
 Starts back upon herself, and shrinks before
 Th' aspiring thought of such adventurous song.

ERIEUS.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XVIII.

They write from Clarendon, that the Rev. Jack Boxer, not long ago, made a mistake in the pulpit, and very unaccountably, having occasion to say he would refer to a passage in the Scriptures, most audibly said it was to a passage in "the Scribbler," he would refer. It was generally supposed that he had been reading that profane book, and that it had laid so fast hold of his imagination that he could not get rid of it, even while preaching. But being taxed with it, he denied reading it, or allowing any one in his house to peruse it, saying, with much indignation, did they suppose that he, being a minister, would do such a thing. An attentive observer, however, has been heard to declare, that in the reverend gentleman's discourse on last christ-mass-day, the latter part of it was taken word for word from Mr. Macculloh's pretty little book. At all events it would be right for him, when he sends his servant to a certain place to borrow the Scribbler, to caution him not to tell people on the road what he is going for. Report says that Mr. Jack Boxer jun. is determined to marry their pretty servant, Sophy; he was sent to Mount Royal to be out of the way; but it wouldn't do, and he swears, that if his daddy, as he calls him, will not join them together in holy matrimony, he will get somebody else to do it.

From the Shamlee Repertory, of 6 Jan. General Fleabite and his spouse, in returning home a few evenings ago from squire Bluebottle's, met with an accident which was likely to become very serious. The general, perceiving his better half dropping from his arm, in his attempts to keep her on her pumps, unhappily fell across her hypogastric regions, from which dangerous position they were fortunately relieved by the assistance of that very quintessence of politeness, little chew Tafit, de vomanhater.

Jem White is hereby cautioned not to make assignations in future with Shelah Potmetal at a certain temple of Cloacina, lest the votaries of that goddess might surprise them a second time.

Notice is hereby given to the friends of merry making, that Sammy Kettles, in conjunction with Shemmy-ap-Morgan-ap-David-ap-Jones, has at present every requisite for making hot toddy, except the trifling ingredients of rum and sugar.

Sir Isaac has been in a great rage because he has not lately been noticed in the Scribbler, but private letters from the mansion-house of the knight, say it was because he got an impudent letter from a former illtreated mistress.

From the Backbite Mercury. The wicked story from Berthier that was inserted lately in a certain notorious publication, no doubt furnished the hint to the getters up of the following farcical interlude. Mr. Ninny Twilight lately received intelligence of a parcel of choice tea being deposited in a certain barn. Every preparation was made for obtaining possession of the treasure, and Mr. Billy B. Linsey-woolsey proffered his assistance and a seat in his carriage. They were led to the spot by the informer, who, when in sight of the "gossiping commodity," demanded his pay for the information, saying his maxim was, cash down. The money was given, and the honest guide soon vanished. The tea was seized and conveyed to the proper place. Mr. Linsey-woolsey, broke open a chest, and thrusting his hands into the sweetscented hyson, ejaculated; "the devil and damnation, hollo! Twilight—~~soap and water—quick—~~!" An express was directly sent off to Mount Royal for a quart of double distilled lavender-water; and he has ever since breakfasted on bread and milk; hyson not being allowed at table, nor even to be named.

From the Bullfrog Island Calendar. Early in last month, Capt. Padrien O'Rafferty and his lady were out at a party, and, woeful to relate, ere they returned, a large dog, bigger even than a fist, leaped up and bit the child's nose so dreadfully, that the doctor was sent for, who found the wound so large he had to put on his spectacles before he could perceive it; and in consequence, the captain has issued a general order that only one of them shall leave the house at a time in future.

MR. DICKY,

I have been rather surprised that you never give us any of the after-fun; you merely report the expected nuptials, and say nothing of the bu-

siness after it is brought to a crisis.* With your permission, I will hand you, for digestion at the next tea-table, a few occurrences at an hymeneal gathering the other evening. The nuptials you announced as being likely to lead to the performance of "the Taming of the *Romp*," being about to take place, I received a kind of Paddy's invitation, which, by *St. Patrick*, was no invitation at all at all, to be present at the striking off of Miss Reaper, to Major Kisseem; I soon found myself seated in company of the Tares, the Britles, and a few other families of distinction. A few moments of anxious expectation ushered in the Reaper, followed by Miss Courtesy, as furbe-low-supporter: next the experienced major with Mr. Merchandize. It appeared, however, that the major had, in his agitation, left his licence in his dressing room, which caused him to make a retrograde movement, but he soon reappeared with his warrant. In order to prevent mistakes, the reverend John, and Billy Peltaway, acted the parts of prompter and underprompter, the former saying "I take you ~~Sarah~~ *Reaper* to be my wife," the other repeating the same words, and finally the major, ditto; seeming thus as if at once three husbands espoused the astonished bride, who, being a late proselyte to the episcopal creed, was not, in this instance, partial to the response. The "witching time of night" was now fast approaching, and it being the intention to reap the *corn* at Griffinsville, the bride and groom were placed in a sleigh, and followed to

* In this the example is followed of all novelists and dramatists, no sooner do their heroes and heroines enter into the holy state of matrimony, than the volume closes, or the curtain falls; for which very sufficient reasons have been given by the writers, which need not here be repeated. D. G.

the country-seat by the whole company two by two, on foot, except your humble servant, who went home to tell the news.

MONONGAHELA.

REPORTED NUPTIALS, &c. Mr. Tapborer, it is said, now again stands some chance of obtaining the hand of the gay widow Play-away-care; but this wants confirmation. We will never believe the witching widow will be married again, until we see her fairly noosed: nay, perhaps bedded, for she might change her mind between the ceremony and the consummation.

At Government-city, as soon as the pressure of public business is over, Sir James Prime, of the Casernes, to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Seraphiana Milestone, of Beehive Cottage. This match is said to be rather obnoxious to the lady's Pa, but is advocated by Dr. Gravesend, the family-physician. Miss Caleche, who is on a visit to the cottage, it is said, will officiate as dame d'honneur on the occasion.

Symptoms of the hymeneal fever have occurred between;
Simple Simon the apothecary, and Miss Runner;
Mr. Eny How, and Miss Goslen;
Mr. Anglesey, and Miss Lasacre.

By the 1st of May next, a gentleman of sterling value is expected to lead to the altar the enamoured Miss Old, of the establishment of the high priestess of fashion. It is said that Miss Old has been for a long time on the look-out for a partner, and now one has offered, she will take him with all his imperfections. Her duty, after the ceremony is performed, will be to attend on her deary, in the capacity of nurse, as he is rather out of health from his frequent oblations to Venus and Bacchus. She will also have to teach little Johnny his letters, when he comes from Scotland, as he is expected out, during the summer, to see papa:

Mr. Macculloh presents his compliments to Dr. Charlatan-noddy, and begs to inform him, in satisfaction of his many anxious inquiries as to who is a friend to St. Andrew, that the letter which appeared under that signature, was made up out of four different communications on the subject; so general was the displeasure excited by the paltry pride which that letter exposed.

An old maid is desirous of meeting with a young man, even tho' he be an old bachelor; to join her in

keeping house. He need not be very wealthy, as the lady has four or five freehold houses. It is expected that several clever young men will apply that she may have her choice, tho' she will not be very particular. Address Rue du Trou, passage du Tremble.

Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP, at the sign of the Tea table.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. I must apologize to PARIS, for the error I was under, in supposing his lines to have had relation to a married lady; the tenor of them certainly might bear me out in the supposition; his verses in explanation will appear next week. ALEXANDER will find a nook. BLUE PETER, SKIMMERHORN, and COMICAL JACK are received, and are under consideration. BOBADIL can not appear.

Letter VII from Pulo Penang is unavoidably postponed.

L. L. M.

BLACK LIST, No. I.

(Continued.)

Defaulters.

C. G. O'DOHERTY, assistant at the Montreal General Hospital; owes £1. 4. 6. for the first volume; has borne dunning in all shapes, and has paid most liberally in promises, all of which he has broken.— Proposed to burn the Scribbler in effigy, but happens to be executed himself first, in terrorem, for like bad payers.

DAVID MUNN, Shipbuilder, owes £1. 4. 6 for the first volume.

WILLIAM SHARP, Livery stable-keeper, owes 13s. 6d. Tried to pay in insult and abuse, the currency of horse-jockeys and blacklegs, but found that no change could be given him.

(To be continued.)

The Scribbler, a weekly Essay, on literary, critical, satirical, moral, and local, subjects, (presented by the Grand Jury of the quarter sessions of the peace of Quebec, as libellous, useless and injurious!) is published in Montreal, every Thursday, price 9d per number, or 9s per quarter, or 17s 6d for six months, payable in advance. Every six months completes a volume, and a title-page, preface and index, are given with each volume.

COTEMPORARY TESTIMONY, extracted from the *Literary Miscellany*, (a weekly essay, published in *Montreal*, semi-monthly, at 2 1-2 dollars per annum,) of 28th January, 1823, in a letter addressed to the editor, respecting his work, which, says the writer,

"I profess myself an approver of, as its tendency is to improve the understanding, regulate the conduct, and refine the taste of those who are capable of availing themselves of the advantages to be derived from moral and literary subjects. Yet such subjects, I fear, will not meet with a reception and encouragement equal to their deserts, as the people of this country are far from being susceptible of impressions made by the perusal of works of taste. Licentious productions composed of ribaldry, and the offals of Billingsgate, would afford them a more delicious treat than the finest moral and scientific tracts. None ever saw this truth in a clearer light than a descendant of the famed *Scriblerus*, and one who at this day stands unrivalled among the literati of Canada, for great abilities and classical erudition. This extraordinary person, when he commenced his career as Editor of a noted publication, on finding that the dignified style of the moralist and sage would not suit the low humour of the inhabitants of this town, by altering his mode of writing, and making it conformable to their inclination, displayed a rare and happy versatility of genius, which could move with equal grace in the beggarly and sordid rags of *Diogenes*, as in the splendid and courtly attire of *Aristippus*. Such an example, set you by a man of undoubted knowledge and experience, ought to induce you to an imitation of his conduct, and cause you to relinquish the ungrateful task of throwing the children's bread to dogs. So long as you have to deal with pertinacious ignorance, presumption, and conceit, it will be of no avail that your compositions abound with justness of thought, elegance of expression, and grandeur of imagination."

Gratified as I must feel at the panegyric (really higher than my most sanguine vanity will allow me to believe I deserve,) here bestowed upon me and my work; it is enhanced by the reflection that it was published soon after the presentment of the Quebeckers against me was known in Montreal, & shews that that truly contemptible document, has its due weight with men of sense; that is, just no weight at all.

L. L. M.

[PRINTED AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT.]