

Lewis MacCollon

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.]

8th July, 1824.

[No. 125.

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

To subscribers in Montreal, who pay in cash, quarterly, in advance, that is on delivering the first number of each quarter, 9s. per quarter, or 7s. 6d. for six months.

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OPEN EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK.

Messieurs WEST & BLANCHARD,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. V.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 8th JULY, 1824. [No. 125

“If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing powers who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear, with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future, wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong;
Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

POPE.

An nescis longas regibus esse manus?

OVRO.

Didst thou not know that rulers have long arms?

— *variando cuncta per omnes.* MANILIUS.

Numerous, yet varied, and all things embracing.

REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

St. Ursula's convent, or the Nun of Canada, containing scenes from real life. Two volumes, 12mo. Kingston, U. C. H. C. Thomson. printer; pp. 235.

It has often fallen to my lot, while fulfilling the duties of a reviewer in London, to complain of the tedious labour, the hard task of reading through, and the still harder one of keeping awake while reading, the dull, the namby-pamby, and common place pages, of innumerable novels, tales, and other productions, calculated for the sickly meridian of circulating libraries, and the depraved taste of maiden aunts, and boarding-school misses. Works, whose authors are well characterised by Pope:

“Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies, as of those.”

However much I am desirous of encouraging, praising to the utmost verge of propriety, and recommending even beyond their intrinsic merits, all works that have the least claim to literary rank, produced in the Canadas; I must fulfil the irksome task of classing the present publication with those heaps of inane “reviewer’s miseries,” that called forth the reflection that has just escaped me; although, fortunately, there were no more than 235 duodecimo pages in all, to wade through.

Proceeding from the pen of a female, and being, as the authoress states in her preface, “the first production of an author of seventeen:” and as an emanation from a provincial press; it claims all the forbearance of severe criticism which can, consistently with public duty, be exercised: and what I can say in praise of it, shall, as customary, have precedence of any contrary remarks.

I certainly can recommend the Nun of Canada, to that numerous class of juvenile readers who delight in pages full of tittle-tattle, says she’s, and said he’s, with rather more than a *quantum suff.* of Lord this, and Lady that, Monsieur de one thing, and Madame de another.

One of the best passages is that descriptive of a party at a Canadian Seigneur’s, in chapters 9 and 10 of vol. I.

“They had been three weeks in the country. The young people were amusing themselves in the garden, when a carriage drew up, and Colonel and Mrs Turner alighted. In an instant Charlotte was in the arms of her parents. Mutual congratulations over, Mr. de St. Louis enquired of the Colonel what he thought of the general face of the country. “I never, replied the Colonel, was

more highly pleased with any foreign country through which I have passed; and I think the peasantry the happiest I ever saw. Pride and ambition, those troublesome fiends, appear to have forsaken their humble habitations, and they seem to have no wants but what are easily satisfied." "The idea that you have conceived of them is extremely just, (said Mr. de Mont Pelier, who was present.) They are indeed an honest, peaceful, and contented people, paying their rents with great exactness, and their tythes to the clergy, an order of men they highly respect, but who do not always escape their rustic wit."

"You are, I presume, one of their Seigneurs?" said Colonel Turner, addressing Mr. de Mont Pelier.

"I have that honour, replied the latter; I inherit a Seigneurie from my father, and use my utmost endeavours to increase the happiness of my tenants; who, in return, endeavour to do whatever they think pleasing to me; for Canadians are extremely sensible of kindness.— Mr. de St. Louis has also inherited a Seigneurie. It would surprise you to observe the mutual affection that subsists between him and his tenants. He considers them as his children, and they reverence him as their father." "Your description, said the Colonel, revives in my mind that of the golden age. Your country does indeed bear a greater resemblance to it than mine."

"If you wish for further acquaintance with the manners of our country people, said Mr. de St. Louis, I will invite mine and my brother's tenants to spend an evening on the green before the house. My dear deceased father often amused himself in this manner; and frequently said that he never felt happier than when seated at the door, in his arm chair, surrounded by his tenants, who were dancing and enjoying themselves."

"I am delighted with the proposal, said Colonel Turner, and think I shall enjoy myself as well as your father did." The young ladies, who were listening to the conversation highly relished this proposal. "Go my dear, said Mr. de St. Louis, to Angelica, and bid Madelaine prepare provisions, and despatch messengers with invitations; that all may be in readiness against to-morrow evening." "What music do you commonly have?" inquired Mrs. Turner. "None but the violin," said Mr.

de St. Louis. "We have among the village youths, several good players on that instrument, whose harmony is sufficient to enliven their hearers."

The young ladies now left the room, to communicate their father's orders to Madelaine, and assist her in executing them; while Francis and Charles assisted in arranging the seats.

Every thing was in readiness against the next evening, when their rustic company assembled at an early hour,— Mrs. Turner was highly pleased at the sight of the country people, the men wearing red caps, blue or light grey capots (*capots*,) with hoods, linen trowsers and leather maggazons.* The females were habited in petticoats of their own manufacture, striped with all the various hues of the rainbow, the broader the stripes, the more tasty the wearer. Over the petticoat they wore a short mantilet of calicoe, two or three flowers of which would cover the dress. Some of the wealthiest wore petticoats of the flowered calicoe, which, like the ermine suits of the Polanders, had descended from mother to daughter, for several generations, and were only worn on great occasions. Their head-dress was a high crowned cap, formed of muslin, or flowered calicoe; and instead of bonnets, they wore silk handkerchiefs pinned under their chin. On their feet were maggazons of chamois skin, worked with moose hair. Their tout ensemble formed indeed a curious sight for an English lady."

"Little did I expect to find, said Colonel Turner to Mr. de St. Louis, as they were the next morning walking along the banks of the St. Lawrence, such decency and complaisance, not to say politeness of manners, amongst the rustic and unlettered inhabitants of so remote a country. But (added he, with a smile) I believe it is impossible to deprive the French of their natural politeness, which equally influences the peasant and the courtier.

Mr. de St. Louis, bowing and smiling, "I will not vouch for their politeness, but, as to happiness, I think the French settlers of Canada, as happy a people as there

* Generally and more properly written *moccassins*, being the shoes made by the Indians of dressed moose-leather, and usually highly ornamented with porcupine-quills, dyed of various brilliant colours.

exists on earth." "I really believe it, said the Colonel, and could almost wish that I had been born in such a peaceful state, unannoyed by the cares which trouble the peace of those in a more exalted station.

The romantic story, in the second volume, of the captivity in the Spanish mines of Count de Bordeaux, (a strange title, by the bye, and one that could not, consistent with the custom of the French nobility, be borne by any one, as they all derive their titles from their patrimonial territorial estates,) and his wonderful and improbable escape, will likewise please the lovers of such narratives.

The Count, escaping from a foundered vessel, and floating on a plank in the ocean, is picked up by a Spanish merchantman bound from Halifax to Mexico;* he is, on her reaching the coast of that country, seized and bound, and carried away on a mule, accompanied by several horsemen; and thus relates his first introduction into the mine.

"We thus proceeded for several hours, when the cavalcade stopped; I was then lifted from the mule, and placed on the ground, bound in such a manner as prevented my moving; but glancing my eyes around, I perceived by the favour of Luna's rays, several persons standing around me, and found we were at the foot of a hill. One of the men lifted a trap door, which was concealed by the bushes, when several others assisting, they placed me in a leather machine, which was suspended in the opening, and fastened by a rope to a stake. I was then pushed off, and continued for some moments descending, motionless with horror and astonishment. With a terrible shock I touched the ground, when I was quickly sur-

* This is indeed visionary anticipation; if ever any intercourse be opened between Halifax and Mexico, it is not likely that Spanish or Mexican ships will ever engage in such a trade. But geographical, and commercial, blunders must be excused in a writer of the sex and the age of the authoress.

rounded by several ill looking men, who held torches in their hands; they presently disengaged me from the machine and my bonds, and taking me by the hand, conducted me to a large distant apartment, where sat a great number of miserable looking wretches eating their supper. I was desired by signs to sit amongst them, but refused. Seeing I would not eat, they permitted me to remain quiet until their repast was finished, when one of those who had assisted in disengaging me, seized my hand; another took a torch, and led forward. My conductor then led, or rather dragged me through many windings, when the torch bearer suddenly pushing open a door, my conductor shoved me in, gave me a torch which he lighted, and then left me to myself.

‘I cast my eyes around my apartment, which was a gloomy cell, of eight feet square. In one corner was a bundle of straw, on which I seated myself, and gave vent to my sorrow by a flood of tears, which afforded some relief to my swollen heart. I then uttered a fervent prayer to the Almighty, and poured out my soul before my Creator! These devout exercises were succeeded by a placid calm. The tumult and agitation of my mind was reimplaced by a divine fervour. My heart was filled with confidence in the Supreme Being, and resignation to his divine will.

‘I then arose and examined the structure of the cell, which was cut in the ground, which surprised me; nor could I conjecture why so many miserable wretches as I there saw assembled, were thus immured. My torch was by this time consumed, when I threw myself on the straw, exhausted with care and fatigue, and at length enjoyed the benefit of a sound sleep.

‘At what hour I awakened the next morning, I cannot determine, for impenetrable darkness surrounded me. I walked for some time backward and forward in my cell, when the door was opened by my conductors of the preceding night, who held lighted torches. They made signs for me to follow, and led to the same dreary apartment I had seen the preceding night, where were again assembled the same miserable objects partaking their frugal repast.

‘I was once more invited to eat, but refused, for my feelings recoiled at an association with them; nor were

the provisions sufficiently inviting to tempt the appetite. The repast being finished, they began to separate, when one of the directors addressed me in Spanish, but seeing I did not comprehend him, he ordered me in broken French, to follow a poor looking creature, who stood by me. I complied, and we were followed by several others. My conductor then led the way to where a number of pickaxes, shovels, and other tools were deposited. Each man took up a tool, and separated in different directions, and I remained with the director and one of the men. The former, after imposing a task to be performed before dinner, by my companion and me, also departed. I remained confounded, entranced—at length throwing myself on the ground, ‘Merciful Heaven! I exclaimed, to what am I reduced!’ This was ejaculated in French. My companion started, ‘Are you a Frenchman?’ cried he. ‘Yes, I replied; and who are you?’ ‘Alas, replied he, I am a Frenchman, but expect never to see family and country again!’ I inquired how he came there? He informed me, that he had belonged to a French ship, which traded to a Spanish port. ‘One morning, he continued, I obtained leave from my Captain to take a walk on shore, (fatal permission for me.) I continued late in the evening, when returning to my ship I was seized by some Spaniards, who bound me, and mounting me on a mule, conducted me here, and let me down to this dreary abode! Since when I have not seen the blessed light of the sun, nor can I determine how long I have been immured in this subterraneous prison.

‘I sympathised with poor Joseph, and inquired if he knew why we were there confined?’ ‘You address yourself to the right person, replied my new friend, nor do I think (the directors excepted) that one person here, but myself, could inform you. Some years have elapsed, since one of the conductors, who has now left us, took so great a fancy to me, that he informed me of the whole affair; and promised, if possible, to procure my release; but alas! this promise remains unperformed.’

‘And what was his information?’ I inquired. ‘He said, replied Joseph, that we were on the estate of Don Juan d’Armada, who discovered this silver mine, and keeps it a great secret, for fear it should be wrested from him by

government. Having need of men to work it, his people, by his directions, kidnap all the strangers they can lay their hands on, when they are here kept for life, unless they can find means to escape, which is next to impossible. They do not confine many Spaniards, for fear it should lead to a discovery; but strangers are not missed, by which means they have hitherto escaped detection.

After several years he lost his friend Joseph, and thus proceeds:—

“His death, under such circumstances, affected me greatly, and I had nearly abandoned myself to despair, when, one day, as I was working alone, I thought I could perceive a glimmering of day light proceed from the spot I was digging. I redoubled my blows. In a few moments the delightful rays of the sun, from which I had been so long excluded, burst on my ravished sight in full meridian splendour. I crawled through the aperture, when I found myself at the bottom of a large hill, and could perceive the sea at a small distance. I blocked up the hole, through which I crept, that my escape might not immediately transpire, I then ran with all imaginable speed towards the sea shore, where I found a small boat, into which I sprang, pushed off, and rowed with all my might; and as the tide was ebbing, I soon lost sight of land.

He soon reaches an Island.

“I disembarked with anxious steps, drew up my boat, and reconnoitred for some time; but could perceive no trace of human habitation. I however found a number of cocoa trees, which proved a very acceptable refreshment. At length I lay down beneath the spreading branches of a large tree, and enjoyed uninterrupted repose, which I had not for many preceding years.

‘I awakened the next morning, much invigorated, and rambled through the island; but saw no trace of its being inhabited. Still, however, I feared danger. Misfortunes had rendered me mistrustful. I therefore resolved to remain on land but long enough to load my boat with cocoa nuts, with which the island abounded, and fill a number of shells with water, and then put to sea, in hopes of meeting with some French or English ship.—

Accordingly employed the two next days in loading my boat, and early the following morning left the island."

After a most improbable cruise of three weeks in this boat, he meets an English ship, and reaches London.

I will not deprive those whom these extracts may induce to peruse these little volumes, of the pleasure of unravelling the story, which to them may prove interesting, but to others uninviting. It is sufficiently improbable to please the lovers of romance, and sufficiently simple to be easily seen through, with the exception indeed of the change of the children at nurse, on which a great portion of the narrative hinges, and which is certainly an unexpected explanation, and both adroitly and naturally accounted for.

Looking back, I find, I have already said so much, generally, in censure of the execution of the work, that I will no more mortify the authoress or her friends, by descending into further particular criticism. I can not, however, refrain from stigmatising the disgusting facility with which young lord Dudley transfers his affections from Adelaide to Lady Louisa, when the latter is found to be the the real Adelaide, and the former the real Lady Louisa,

The language is tolerably easy, but betrays several provincialisms: for instance, what English gentleman would ever in England talk of *embarking* in a carriage.

It is printed on very indifferent paper, and is charged at an enormous price considering its quantity and appearance.

A list of subscribers, and a dedication (by permission,) to the countess of Dalhousie are prefixed.

When I first heard of this work, it struck me, from its title, that it was meant to embrace the recent romantic adventures of some Canadian nuns, six I believe in number, who, leaving Sandwich in Upper Canada, in order to join a convent at New Orleans, two years ago, after proceeding thro' the United States as far as New-York, embarked there on board of a vessel bound to the Gulph of Mexico, were captured by pirates off Cuba, retaken by a British cruiser, and forwarded to their destination, (New Orleans,) by an American vessel met with soon after. Their "scenes of real life," embellished by a masterly hand, might have formed an interesting novel; and I recommend the occurrence to any one who may feel inclined to enter into the field of light literature in British America.

A statement of the case of Bartholomew Tierney, guager at the Port of St. Johns, Lower-Canada, respectfully addressed to the public. Montreal, Jas. Lane, printer, 1823. 8vo, pp. 48.

The question of the seizure of the steamboat Phoenix, in August, 1822, at St. Johns, has been recently agitated in the Court of King's Bench at Montreal, and has revived the interest which attached to that transaction, and to the pamphlet under review.

The decision of the Court, in the action Bar. Tierney, vs. the Steamboat Phoenix, was against the plaintiff, in consequence of a difference of opinion among the judges; and it was finally held that he could not sustain his action on the ground of not having entered it within the time prescribed by law, viz:—twelve months. It is understood, however, that an appeal is to be

made to Quebec; and upon an examination of this pamphlet there appear good grounds for calling in question the propriety of the judgment pronounced, as to the fact at issue. The seizure was made 26th August, 1825; and on the 29th March following Lord Dalhousie, upon certain considerations, desired the "proceedings might be stopped," which implies that proceedings were commenced, and these must of course have been, in behalf of *all* the parties concerned, viz: the King, the government, and the seizing officer. M. Tierney could not, in duty or in courtesy, continue his separate action, while the governor's pleasure as to finally proceeding on the part of the government, was unknown. But, as soon as he did know it, it appears he did commence his proceedings by serving protests upon the collector and comptroller of the customs at St. Johns, and upon Capt. Sherman, then one of the proprietors of the *Phoenix*, against her clearance, on the 24th April 1823, within eight months after her seizure; and in February last, ten months after the protest, the Monition from the court of King's Bench was issued and executed; thus shewing a chain of proceedings, without the lapse of twelve months at any one time.

The question of the *legality* of the seizure remains uncontroverted; and indeed no one that had not a distorted judgement could ever doubt it.— The propriety and policy of it was another thing. But it appears to me, Mr. Tierney was wrongly advised in bringing his action against the *Steamboat*. He should have sought his redress from the Executive government, and brought his action against Lord Dalhousie, for having taken upon himself to give away what was not his right to give away, namely the private, vested, legal, pro-

party, acquired by Mr. Tierney in his share of the value of the vessel, legally and officially seized by him. However in either case, as well as in the appeal cause, if it be carried to Quebec, the same result might and must be anticipated. By the pamphlet it appears that the chief justice has already prejudged the cause; and we all know that in Canada, justice is only awarded, when it happens to be in conformity, to the will and pleasure of such great men as are interested, or choose to interest themselves, in any question. Mr. T. had better therefore rest satisfied, with the injustice and injury he has already experienced;— and which, the pages of his pamphlet, bear strong testimony of. The facts stated by him have not received contradiction, excepting by an affidavit, published in the papers, of one Robert Davies, a district bailiff, purporting to deny that he ever made the affidavit published in Mr. T.'s book, as having been sworn to by him before Mr. Decoigne, at L'Acadie, and contradicting the facts stated therein, and by an affidavit of Mr. Sparhawk, also published in the papers, giving a different view of the transaction relative to the seizure of his press and types, which formed the immediate and ostensible ground of Mr. Tierney's dismissal from office. Now as to Davies, Mr. Decoigne has since, at Mr. Tierney's request, made an affidavit, which has also appeared in print, that Davies did make the deposition in question before him; so that either this understrapper of the customhouse, or Mr. Decoigne, the magistrate, must have committed wilful perjury. With regard to Mr. Sparhawk's deposition, it goes for little, or nothing, and seems only to be

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an emanation of that busybody-ism,* for which that gentleman is so well known.

Undoubtedly in this affair of the press and types, Mr. T. according to his own shewing, acted with unnecessary suspicion and unbecoming petulance; But his main offence was his sturdy and unbending conduct in the affair of the Phoenix.

As to the earl of Dalhousie, his conduct, both as to the matter of the Phoenix, as a public question; and with regard to Mr. T.; appears to have been characteristically inconsistent, intemperate and partial. With vain-glorious arrogance, he at first breathed vengeance and defiance; but soon found his impotence to compel the surrender of the boat.† His lordship, however, appears throughout, to have been so far consistent, as to follow his customary system of being led by the nose by a peculiar set, and to consider all who were not particularly patronised by them, as unworthy of being attended to. Whatever Mr. T.'s conduct may have been, Lord D. certainly gave him no opportunity of exculpating himself, or even knowing upon what grounds he was dismissed.

MR. EDITOR,

It is proverbial that it "is a bad wind which blows no one any good;" and old Æolus has, in a late instance, been faithful to himself; for, after having blown a cold and deadly blast against our

* In coining this word, I have departed from my own rules as laid down on a former occasion, and have tacked to an Anglo-teutonic compound word a Hellenistic termination. I let it stand, however, as, notwithstanding its incongruity, it strongly expresses the idea intended to be given.

L. L. M.

† Vide Scribbler, Vol. II. No. 64.

late police-magistrates, he veered about, and subsided into a prosperous and gentle *Gale*, as he blew towards the quarters of a *celibastic* gentleman, celebrated for his ardent desire to be supposed possessed of the genius of eloquence, and of masculine attributes. He is a firm believer in the assertion of Virgil;

Possunt quia posse videntur

and, not content with the favours he fancies Mercury, the god of orators, has bestowed upon him, or the blessings of St. Yves*; he aims to be reputed a devotee of the noisy, roaring, god of wine, and of the beauteous goddess of love. Unfortunately, his success, when sacrificing at their shrines, is not equal to his zeal in the worship of those divinities. His devotions to the first are, invariably, followed by a debilitated stomach and troubled brain, with consequent qualms, both of conscience and of the midriff, and a long list of etcæteras. Nor is dame Venus more propitious to him. He has been a long and zealous devotee of that ca!

* St. Yves is the patron and protector of lawyers. "*Pai tu*," says the author of *LETTRES CABALISTIQUES*, "*dans une ancienne legende de St. Yves*;

Sanctus Ivo! advocatus, et non latro; res miranda!" Let. 94.

Saint Yves, a lawyer, and yet not a rogue!
O, wondrous age, when such men were in vogue!

His festival, in the Roman Catholic calendar, is on the 19th of May. In *Les vies des Saints*, it is said, "*il avoit pour maxime, qu'il ne faut point faire attendre, ceux qu'on peut assister d'abord.*" Would the present fraternity but keep that maxim in mind, they would be less open to the shafts of the satirist, the censure of the moralist, the stigma of the politician, and the curses of their clients.

L. L. M.

precious goddess, who always turned tail upon him or rather he upon her. He has not, however, been known to make an attack, *en regle*, since he attempted to gain the favour of a young and fair priestess, the daughter of your old friend, lord Northland. Here his suit was, for some time, permitted, but the young lady, having a quick perception, and being as capricious as her mother, (madam Venus, I mean, of course,) turned him off, the moment a certain gentleman, well *provisioned* with materials for fixing variable colours, proved his abilities in the *dyer's* vat. Our hero is, withal, a love-lorn poet; but, it is said, is now determined to 'let the girls alone,' *puisqu'elles sont si exigeantes*; & means to confine himself to storming brothels *ex officio*, sending ladies of pleasure to the house of correction, giving "forked advice," to the "hoarding up of provoking gold;" and, failing other amusement, he will continue, like the cats, to *play with his tail*. *En attendant quelque chose de plus;*

Your humble servant,

PUSH-PIN.

In last number I published a communication from the Montreal goal, stigmatising the unfeeling conduct of some vindictive creditors; and announcing my intention of taking up the matter of the abuses and oppressions that prevail in that miserable abode, under the eye of justice, sanctioned or connived at, by authority, and disregarded by judges, and courts, by magistrates, and sheriffs, and all, who ought to be the refuge of the oppressed, the controulers of the subordinate instruments of the law, and the redressers of the injuries and insults they inflict upon the persons that fall under the lash of their delegated "little, brief, authority."

I was not then aware of the death of the late gaoler; a man, certainly very unfit for his station; but of whom I shall not now say much, hoping his successor, will avoid incurring, as he did, the curses of the fellow beings who were committed to his charge.

Of the different communications I received on the subject, (and to which allusion was made in my notices to correspondents, when I expressed my fears, that their publication would only tend to aggravate the evils complained of,) I will only insert the following; but in further delineation of the wretched system that prevails in the prison at Montreal, I mean to give an abstract of the representations which were made, for several years running, by the successive inmates, and the pre-entments founded upon them, by the grand juries; which, with the notes and illustrations, I shall be enabled to add to them from my personal knowledge, (having been, as is well known, an inhabitant of those dreary walls, both in the felon's and the debtor's wards, for nearly two years,) will give a more full idea of the whole, and better serve as a beacon to succeeding gaolers, and a remonstrance to, and reprimand of, the persons in authority, who ought to see to those things, than detached letters, and individual representations.

L. L. M.

Sepulchrum vivens. Mount Royal May, 1824.

"Woe unto you, ye hypocrites; for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them, are not aware of them."

MR. McCULLOH,

The growing enormities practised upon the poor unfortunate sufferers in this miserable ha-

bitation, have induced me to drop a few lines for the *Blue Book*, hoping they may find a place, and draw forth the suitable remarks of its editor; who is much better acquainted with the aggressors than the author of this communication. I shall, however, call them by the very applicable and illustrious names of Haman and Jezebel.

When any one from the regions of life and light calls at this place, to see a relation or a friend, at any time during Sundays or holidays, or on any other day, except between the hours of 8 A. M. & 4 P. M. he is sure to be refused admittance, and is frequently driven away by dogs, kept, it should seem, for that purpose.

There is no distinction made here between debtors and criminals. All seem to enjoy equal privileges, or rather to be equally deprived of all privilege, while immured in this miserable abode. None are allowed wine, or spirits, unless they obtain it clandestinely; and every visitor both male and female, suspected of conveying such forbidden articles, is subjected to a thorough, and indecent search, by Jezebel herself; who if she finds any thing, destroys the article, and drives off the smuggler. It is pretended there is a law to prevent debtors from having either wine or spirits of any kind: * if so, why are they allowed it in other gaols in the province?

* Spirituous liquors of all kinds, are, not improperly, prohibited in all gaols, excepting by the prescription of the medical attendants; but wine, not being prohibited, and beer and ale, expressly allowed, by the English acts of parliament; no gaoler has a right to debar a debtor from being supplied with them. This, and the other matters touched on, in this letter, will, however, receive more particular attention in the course of the abstract intended to be given,

L. L. M.

Jezebel is, in fact, the keeper of the gaol; for Haman is entirely under petticoat government; and his acts may generally be considered as only obeying her mandates. And should he be so directed, he causes those, who are refractory in paying him or her the exacted obeisance and respect, to be removed to another apartment, under the pretence, supported by the false assertions of some of the vilest within these walls, of their having attempted to make their escape.

Not long ago, two poor fellows were sent to the Black hole, in the lower regions, under the following trivial accusations: the one for having, as was thought, insulted her ladyship, by using, with respect to her, the appellation of *Steamboat*: the other, for refusing to wash the room, in which he was confined. They were there both kept in chains more than thirty-six hours!

About a fortnight since, a stone was found rather loosened from the others, in the wall of one of the apartments, in a corner where the wood is usually thrown; and suspicion, being a thousand eyed monster, the occupants of the ward were, generally, accused of having attempted to make their escape. Upon their denying the charge, and refusing to comply with the wishes of H. by owning that such an attempt had been made, and giving information by whom, they were locked up in their cells every night at sunset. After being thus shut up several nights, four of them made a considerable noise by pounding against their doors; and for this they were taken out, and put down, into the lower regions of darkness, and kept there in chains more than seven days! during which time they had nothing but their blankets to secure them from the chilling dampness of their subterranean abode.

Such are a few of the insults and evils that debtors confined here, are obliged to submit to.— Complaints have frequently been made to the sheriff; but, in applying to him, *tantum narramus fabulam surdo.*

The voice of the public ought therefore to echo the cry of

VOX A SEPULCHRO.

Mem.—*The abstract alluded to, will be commenced in next number.*

The following letter, printed, verbatim, and literally, as received, is another curious specimen of the many singular scrawls, hieroglyphics, and pothooks, sent for the Scribbler to exercise his ingenuity upon.

MONSIEUR,

I have now to inform you there is a certain person a short distance from town who is a great brag a great run down character and a great liar, he runs fishiating from one place to the other it is only to get a glass of grog.

He and his old lady can take a pretty good swig every day of about two quarts between them, likewise his ploughmen for their breakfast getten nothing but a rotten old boar in a manner of getting wrid of it, in coming home to their supper it some boiled bred and milk that's to take the sowerness from it.

He goes to town mostly every day comes home asdrunk as he possibly can be, carrees him up stairs callsout come here you damd bitch and take my hatoff if she does not come at the word of command he up with his fist and knocs her down what happiness between them.

I am &c.

F. L.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

A MERRY TALE.

There were two country bumpkins, hearty fellows:
 One was a miller, t'other blew the bellows,
 Shod horses, and so forth; and both were wed
 To wives with merry tails, both in and out of bed.

One day came Thomas, running to the mill;
 And cried; "Would you believe it, neighbour Will;
 Who then was standing, whistling, at the door;
 "My wife, I do declare's an arrant whore,
 "For there, behind the stack, I seed her lying,
 "Flat on her back, with all her colours flying,
 "Tossing the squire up in the air, like cork,
 "And that, sure, is no easy piece of work;
 "His worship was not born to be a jockey,
 "And 's heavier now, by being a little rocky.—
 "I never thought it, Will, as I'm a sinner,
 "Our Moll had so much sparkish mettle in her;
 "For tho' she 's funny, when we two are sporting,
 "I thought her chaste, as in the days of courting;—
 "A wife as virtuous as your's or any,
 "That wo 'n't turn up for every brawny zany." [old!
 Then Will laugh'd loud. "Ha! Tom, so you're a cuck-
 "You 'd not wear horns, if your Moll had been buckled
 "To such as me, who thresh and grind away,
 "With Nell at all times, thro' the blessed day:
 "I make her pockets ring, when I take pains,
 "*Jingling her bunch of keys* about, like chains:
 "And yet no sempstress, sitting with her thimble
 "All day, can be more mettlesome and nimble,
 "Or readier at grinding after supper,
 "Because she knows I always fill her hopper;
 "And I can tell by th' *glistening of her eyes*,
 "I am the only he that gets between her thighs.—
 "But I'll go see the show: where did you catch 'em?"
 "Behind that stack," says Tom, "the devil fetch 'em:
 "Do run and look, and if the jade 's there still,
 "After the squire, you may take *your* turn, Will."
 So off the miller went, peeping and listening;
 Heard *keys a jingling*, and saw *eyes a glistening*.
 But, to be sure, he crept a little nigher;

And then, convinced, cried, "Thomas, you 're a liar:
 "I see them at it,—but see clear and well,
 "'Tis not your Moll, but my own wife, mad Nell;
 "I hear the peal she 's ringing with her pockets,
 "And see her peepers turn round in their sockets."
 "Ah, ha!" says Tom, "pray who's the cuckold now?
 "But all men married cuckolds are, I know;
 "And, for your consolation, Moll 's as bad—
 "I catch'd her, last time, at it, with the lad—
 "The sturdy chap, who, Monday, came to say,
 "His master's horses must be shod that day.
 "But I knew well, and would have laid my life,
 "If I had bid you go to see *your* wife,
 "Playing the whore, I should not be believed;
 "So, as I hate my friend should be deceived;
 "I made you itch to scamper to the stack,
 "To see *my* wife, heels upwards, on her back."

MORAL.

The only way, in such a case, to act,
 If of your rib they tell, or truth or lies,
 Is, not to make a fuss, but prove the fact,
 And see the raree-show with both your eyes:
 By which you 'll know, as sure as you have life,
 Whether 't 's your neighbour's, or your own dear wife.

MAURICE MASK.

Mount Royal, June, 21.

MR. SCRIB,

I have the honour to send you an Epitaph, for
 the Right Honourable the Earl of Chump, Lord
 Lean-ox. You will be pleased to publish it, toge-
 ther with the exordium.

TOM GREGORY.

"The Egyptians paid so much respect to their
 dead, that they embalmed them, and carefully pre-
 served them, in their catacombs, or caverns, con-
 secrated to that purpose. Their epitaphs were in-

scribed, in hieroglyphic characters, on the imperishable rock, from which these receptacles were excavated. Their kings erected the pyramids to be their monuments; memorials whose perdurability was sufficient epitaph. In the present times, a tombstone, that scarcely outlives a second generation, is the only monument which the moderns dedicate to the immortality of their great men. As the right honorable the Earl of Chump, proposes shortly to descend to the shades, and does not intend to have any other monument than vain and perishable marble, there does not appear to be a better mode of eternalizing his memory, than to compose his epitaph, and publish it in the immortal pages of the Scribbler.

The following attempt is, accordingly, submitted to the public."

*Hic jacet ardente tabefactus amore, Joannes,
Quem mulier siccam fecit ad ossa procax.
Cave, tui mecum quo plus deperderis, inquit,
Vermis eo lambet luridus ore minus.*

Mount Royal, June, 10.

MR. EDITOR,

Mr. O'Brass, a young limb of the law, is paying his addresses to Miss Knightrider, and as a token of his tender love has presented her with a pinchbeck watch, about six inches in diameter, and weighing two pounds and a half, which she displays, on sundays and holydays in full swing, from her waist. It was, by some evil designing persons, formerly reported that this young gentleman had lost his virility, but Miss Knightrider swears that it is a palpable falsehood, and will soon produce sufficient proof to the contrary.

This young pair have got the habit of giving nicknames to persons, and are pleased to call several of their former acquaintances, who have dispensed with their society, *the Synagogue*.

The lady still continues to have an implacable hatred to your book, and swears, by the pinchbeck watch, that she will be revenged, if ever she comes near enough to put salt on your tail.

By inserting this as soon as possible in your Scribbler you will oblige

A GLEANER.

DIALOGUE.

Scene. The cabin of the *Richmond Steamboat*.
Interlocutors. Mr. Monopoly; and one of the young Pollysons.

Mr. M.—Why Jack, I'm quite astonished.—How, in the world, does Honesty contrive to get such elegant work executed? They say he's poor.

Young P.—Credit, dad!—credit I s'pose.

Mr. M.—No, no. All these fellows he has got, have been with me—real Saturday night's men.—But why such accommodations on a small river? I thought the damn'd boat that I've been building to run here, would have been good enough; or I'd have spent a thousand pounds more on her. It's too late, or I'd alter and improve her. If he had never attempted to get another instead of the old burnt up one, I should have been spared the expence of building a boat, and a wharf, and a house, and a store, and what not, for this dull paltry place. They might have travelled in scows, and Durhamboats, for what I cared. Bnt, monopoly—monopoly—that's my name, you know, you dog.

Young P.—Aye, but you'll lose money, if you run your new boat against this.

Mr. M.—I can afford it,—what, shall any of them small fry be steam-boat owners? It's true, I should be glad if there never was a boat on the river: but when people dares to build them; I'll oppose them

Young P.—Bravo, old boy! but look what a height Honesty has built his cabin of. Does he mean to have giants for passengers? Nine feet! why I swear there's no room to be suffocated.

Mr. M.—No, no. He means to catch all the tall Yankees; and all our officers who wear feathers. Colonel Burncock used to be mad about the low cabins: but he's gone now, bless his cock'd hat! Perhaps Honesty means to wear a feather in his own cap yet

Young P.—Come let's go on deck, and see if we can't find some fault there, to console you, dad;

Exeunt.

Overheard by

JACQUES LAROQUE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XLI.

An accumulation of papers lying before us, we will commence this number, with sundry promiscuous

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Cataroqui Journal. HYMENEAAL NOTICE.—It is currently reported among the fashionables here, that D. Willy Plug intends leading to the altar, in a few days, the *bucksome* widow Spillman, of Clayhill, relict of the late Dr. S. The lady's fortune (adopting the usual phraseology on such occasions;) is her smallest attraction; although it is whispered, that she is possessed of a few hundreds in ready cash, together with an annuity of

fifty pounds for life, but, as she has, it is said, already passed her grand climacteric, the annuity can weigh very little in the scale. The doctor also expects, on the birth of his first child, to enter upon the receipt of a legacy of three hundred pounds per annum, provided the child, whether male or female, be christened Willy; such being the condition of this eccentric bequest, made by an uncle lately deceased in Wales. As soon as the bustle of wedlock, and the consequent exertions necessary for complying with the conditions of the legacy, are over, the doctor, it is hoped, will proceed with his favourite project of publishing an account of his tour round the lakes, so long contemplated by him, and indeed so long looked for by the public.*

TOM TICKLER.

From the China-Bay Flying post.—Detesting, as we do, the degrading details of pugilistic contests, which blackguards incongruously designate under the head of “the Fancy;” and yet desirous of obliging a correspondent; we give a few items of a rencontre or two, at this place; more, indeed, for the sake of their proper termination, than as wishing to perpetuate the memory of such scenes. It appears that a person, whom we will call “the champion,” had employed a *meek* man, to make him a pair of cart-wheels, which were completed and delivered; but, being afterwards missing, the champion accused the workman of having taken them back. The “lie direct,” and a round or two at fisticuffs, in which the champion came off conqueror, ensued. Fair play, however, it is said, was not given; and, in a subsequent rencounter the vanquished became the victor. Words likewise followed between the champion and McMastiff, a freehearted Irishman, possessed of all the bravery, generosity, and sympathy, peculiarly his nation’s, and brother-in-law to the *meek* man; the consequence of which was, a challenge for a fight between the champion and McMastiff. At the time appointed, they met, but the *furor pugnandi* having departed from the champion; he first equivocated by refusing to fight otherwise than

*Joking apart; descriptive tours, and literary, historical, and scientific accounts, of the many almost unexplored parts of both provinces, are much to be desired; and if such men as the gentleman here alluded to, well qualified for the purpose, who may have made notes of their journies, will give them to the public, they will, no doubt, receive that encouragement which they merit.

L. L. M.

"rough and tumble." Mac, rather than deny himself the promised pleasure of the battle, said he would fight him as he desired, though it was not what was agreed on. But Minerva, (not the steel-clad Pallas, the heavenly termagant, as one of our poets calls her,) but the eagle-eyed goddess of wisdom, inspired the champion then to declare, there was no man he more esteemed than MacMastiff, and that he had quite forgot the insults he had received, ascribing them only to the heat of passion, and should never have spoken again of it, had he not been spurred on by false friends: that it was shocking to humanity to fight, and, being peaceably disposed, if Mac would give him his hand, it all should be forgot. No malevolence mingles to alloy the good qualities of Pat: his warm heart, o'erflowing with the milk of human kindness, "did not withstand the appeal;" and conditioning alone, that the aspersion of his brother in law, as to the cart-wheels, should be retracted, (which was forthwith done, it being acknowledged that they had been found, under a parcel of hay;) he laid aside all animosity, with a cordial shake of the hand; and all present drowned the memory of the fray in the good liquor of an adjoining inn.

CAROLUS.

At the procession of the *fete Dieu* at the Indian village; the little docteur of China-Bay escorted a few young ladies to see the shew; along with whom was Mrs. Pin-ber, formerly Miss Wintertown, to whom the doctor paid great attention. The ladies, however, brisk and lively as the boiler of a steam-boat, or as the spruce-beer they drank at Mr. Dennis's, for the day was uncommonly warm, sallied forth to make a tour round the village; which, when the doctor was informed of, he ran in all haste to overtake them, but meeting with some of his old customers, the squaws, he thought he might pass a few hours of his time as pleasantly with them, as with the ladies. But the doctor is a man both of parts and courage; for, after solacing himself with the "daughters of the forest;" if the woods, behind the little chapel, could tell tales, they would babble about him and a recently married lady, and that he did, then and there, *pin her* to the ground; however, physical experiments as to the growth of horns, and ascertaining whether any other pabulum, besides crackers and spruce-beer, internally administered, would tend to promote an inflation of the abdominal regions, are in the doctor's line.

Being on this subject, we would recommend to Mr. Bullfinch, to send back to her husband, (that is, if he will receive her,) Mrs. Ly-in-chamber; as the experiments he has been making, seem to have had as little effect in raising a rotundity

of shape, as the efforts of her husband, or those arising from frequenting the house of the Indian ferry man. *Nil desperandum*, however, being Dr. Ravel-tail's motto, he too means to try his luck with the lady, before he leaves this place.

TELL TALE.

FROM THE SHAMPLEA REPERTORY.—*Hints to a student of divinity, under the reverend Nick Rap.* When in church, you should appear to pay more attention to the service than you are wont to do; and instead of staring a certain young lady out of countenance, it would be better for you to throw your eyes upon a prayer-book, if you have one. Perhaps, if you were to devote an extra hour to your toilet at home, it would spare you the trouble of arranging your dress during the service, and thereby discomposing your neighbours.

Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, was personated here, some Sundays ago, on our bason. But the bason-Lady had a great many attendants, with harmonious music from a violin and seven voices. Her dear spouse, lord, and master, played sweeter music, 'tis said, that same night, with the long-winded flute.

From the Clarence-town Mirror.—Lately arrived here, a whole troop of *Merry Andrews*, to teach young Ladies all kinds of manœuvring, dancing, singing, &c. They are recommended to put up window-curtains, for want of which the young ladies are exposed, "in beauty's naked majesty," going to bed a nights.

From the Twirlingtown Spy.—Dr. New Sarum, who some affect to call Dr. Scare-em, the new one; lately burnt his fingers, or rather got a pounding, not with a pestle, but with a brawny fist of a true bred son of Neptune. The Dr. had taken upon himself to affirm the steam-boats were not now so regular as they were in captain Consequence's time.* This begat words, and, the potent spirit of Bacchus aiding the catastrophe, the doctor was obliged to knock under, by being knocked down. Visible marks of His Majesty's fists (for the in-

* As to the regularity of the time they keep in their passages, I know little and care less; but this I know, that their irregularity with respect to the care and delivery of parcels and letters, is quite as bad now as ever it was in former times; which is as much as to say quite as bad as it almost possibly can be.

gals of the tar aforesaid are the same as those of Great Ocean's King.) prevented the doctor from stirring abroad for several days after; and, it is said, he has come to the resolution of not meddling in future with what does not concern him.

Select men and others, who ought to set good examples, should not go to taverns out of town, on Sunday evenings, or any evenings, get roaring drunk, fight, and break furniture, and be to be carried home next morning in a waggon, with a long bill of charges for wine guzzled, and damage done.

From the Turn-ber-eye Aurora, of Feb. last; (mis-laid till lately.)—All the virgins of our village envy the success of beautiful Jenny, the daughter of Johnny McCallico the *swipe-maker*. Jenny has lately jumped into the matrimonial mash-tub with old farmer Cavern-knee, from the neighbourhood of Backbite, to which place he carried his bride the day following, to *cool her*, for they both struck together, while the iron was hot, after about ten days courtship. Her maiden aunt, Kitty McCallico, (alias the Evening Star, alias the Morning Chronicle;) was bridesmaid. After the marriage ceremony, she retired to a bedroom, and was observed, in a very strange position, before a looking-glass, taking a grand survey of her sweet self; and cursing her unlucky stars, for being so long left on the shelf. The bride and her dress, were very much admired by candle-light. It was declared that she looked very like an angel; (for the unfortunate bit of a twist at the neck; is no fault of hers;— so we 'll call it a natural stoop, or graceful bend. Poor Baptiste Cher-franc, one of Jenny's former swains, was observed to be very melancholy; and the wedding was, upon the whole, dull and stupid, until dancing commenced, to the old family tune of the *Turnpike-gate*.

By inserting the above in your paper, you will gratify my wife and me, one of the wedding party, and more especially, my neighbour, the **LEATHERMAN**.

The proprietor of a certain store in St. Paul Street is particularly requested to have those rags that are constantly dangling out of the upper windows, withdrawn; as some people report them to be nuisances, and others are afraid of their frightening horses, as well as jack-asses.

MR. GOSSIP,

In your Intelligencer, No. 37, I observed a paragraph, concerning a young lady receiving a letter, and shewing it to Dr. Well-burn-it, &c. This you attributed to miss Dale, which is a mistake, as the circumstance occurred with miss Knightrider. I thought it my duty to inform you of the error, that you might put the saddle on the right horse.

Z. Y. X.

June 19.

MR. EDITOR,

Since your last notice of Mr. Sam Cut-her, he has been very attentive to miss Julia Heady, and has been almost every night since, in her company, with his cutting and carving, and paying with kind looks and soft words. He has, however, presented her with a very handsome silver snuff-box, and she has given him a diamond ring; so that matters begin to look serious.

J. W.

Really, Mr. GOSSIP, marriage improves the appearance of ladies *d'un certain age*: there 's the lady who has become Mrs. Wildman, before which she was *dyed* like a gipsey, has, since she has lain in a marriage-bed, (which is certainly one of the pleasantest things in the world,) cast her skin, and looks as gay as a woman of twenty, with her three stories of neck-beads, and double tier of rings on each finger. And to say the truth, there are very few young women who can walk so smartly, or turn so quick upon their heel, as she can, with her coal-scuttle Leghorn bonnet. Upon the word of an old amateur, last Sunday, upon entering the chapel, she looked delightful, and had she been a young girl, her countenance and figure would have inspired love in many a breast, as I must confess they did desire, in

A BEHOLDER.

EXPECTED NUPTIALS,

It is expected that Dr. Didymus will soon -lead to the altar of Hymen, the nonpareil, Miss Gaiters of Richelieu. As soon as the honeymoon is over, the doctor will commence a series of lectures, both in physic and in law, in the course of which he intends to make a few remarks on the best way of

running a sieve. He succeeded uncommonly well, in an affair of that kind lately. It is reported that it was in consequence of Miss G. having caught a cold, and being persuaded by her friends to send for Dr. D. that this match has arisen. The physician acted his part, *comme un bon docteur*, and only kept her six weeks on the bed of sickness, feeling her pulse, and squeezing her hand at the same time.

• O flesh, flesh! how art thou fishified!" SHAKESPEARE, *hem!*

A certain young lady, known sometimes as "plain Kate, and bonny Kate," but oftener as "Kate the curst," despairing of ever being united in the holy bands of matrimony, with one of her own colour, (brown) has turned her thoughts upon a still darker hue, and has pitched upon a tall flatnosed, pouting-lipped negro, a near neighbour of her's, to be her Romeo. She says, like Juliet, "What's a negro?"

———"It is not hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor *face*, nor any other part
Belonging to a man."
"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name, would *smell* as sweet."

However, every one to their liking as the old woman said, when she kissed her cow.

A gray upholster, is desirous of repairing and glueing, a *dent* piece of furniture, which can only be done with the matrimonial chisel and Venus's gluepot.

POET'S CORNER.

TO STELLA.

O why do you visit yon lonely spot,
Obscure in a dark ravine,
Where the woody bank winds upon either side,
And the rivulet parts between?

O, is it to hear the cold north wind sigh,
Thro' the tops of the leafless tree,
Or the rippling current meander by,
O'er its gravel bed, light and free?

Or is it to hear, when the evening is still,
 The billows that break on the shore,
 That bounds the blue wave of broad Eric's ex-
 When the blast of the tempest is o'er? [pansé,

Or is it to watch the first peeping flower,
 That gives its pale bloom to young spring,
 Or to catch the first sweets of the western gale,
 That the favouring zephyrs shall bring?

Or is it to think upon him that's away,
 Whose image is fresh in thy mind,
 Where Cupid the elf lodged a dart in thy heart,
 Which, withdrawn, left its venom behind?

It is thus?—but forgive me, if, selfish, my-soul
 Should grudge every thought you bestow him;
 For such is the *something* that lurks in my breast,
 That I fear I should hate, did I know, him.

MENALCAS.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.—Scantiness of room at the close of the last number, prevented me from noticing several communications then on hand. Amongst others, I wished to have stated that SCRUTATOR's poetic tale, was not rejected, either from want of intrinsic merit, (though its execution was but *mediocre*,) or from any doubts as to the truth of the facts, but because those facts are too old, and need not be added to the weight of obloquy, that already rests upon the character alluded to. An anecdote, under the same signature, is rejected, from its insufficiency of detail, as there must have been, at least some *alleged* or *supposed* reason for the conduct of the auctioneer in question. PHILO-SCRUTATOR has gone to too great a length for the insignificance of his topic; the only part of his communication that was properly available has been made use of. A RAMBLER too, is both too dull and too prolix. So was CAROLUS, but his seventy-four has been cut down. E. P. M.'s favours have been received, and, it will be perceived, have been attended to: no species

of pecuniary remuneration is ever expected. SUPPLEMENT rejected; so too on consideration likewise the communications of HUMPHRY CLINKER, and THOMAS PLEAN MAN.

The present number is again a week out of time, owing to the circumstances mentioned in my last. I am expecting accurate information from Montreal as to the mean and dishonourable manner in which, I have reason to believe, my principal workman was inveigled away from me. I name no one at present; but the culprit, who must be conscious how infamously he has behaved, may tremble in his skin, and smart at every pore, in anticipation of the poignant scourging he may expect to receive.

The publication of a further BLACKLIST having been delayed another quarter, will again be deferred till the result of the quarterly collection, which is now making, is known. But no further mercy will be shewn. And it is earnestly hoped that prompt and punctual payment may be made now; according to the intimation given in last number: whilst country subscribers and agents, are again apprised that, if within a reasonable time, they do not write and make remittances, they will all be executed *in terrorem*, to deter others, from following their bad example.

L. L. MACCULLOH.

Printed at ROUSE'S POINT, CHAMPLAIN, State of NEW YORK
By, and for, S. H. WILCOCKE,
And published at his office No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste Street, MONTREAL, L.C.

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ROBERT JOHNSON.

Montreal 6th June, 1823.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Agents for the Scribbler at the country 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, 13th May, 1824.

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