

the Scribbler

THE SCRIBBLER.

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THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 23 October, 1824. [No. 132.

"The man who lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom't were gross flattery to call a coward."

TOBIN—*Honeymoon.*

Una loquitur, altera scribit, tertia filia ducit.

SERVIUS.

One lady speaks, another writes,
The third winds bobbin, or knits stockings,
Saints in the day, sinners at nights—
And of their neighbours, all cry—shocking!

—O maxime noctis

Arbiter.—

CLAUDIAN.

O, thou, of happy nights the sovereign prince,

—Amor, quid non mortalia pectore cogis?

VIRGIL.

Great love! what mortal breast does not evince
Thy powerful sway o'er body and o'er sense.

MR. McCULLOH,

IF man has a right to exercise authority and dominion over the creatures that are supposed to be subjected to his power, it does not follow that he bears a commission from Heaven, to treat them as he may feel disposed from the dictates of wantonness, cruelty, or caprice. How much more contrary is it then, to the equitable laws of nature, to imagine any man invested with a prerogative over beings like himself, that he may behave towards them with harshness, insolence, and tyranny. As my mind was lately busied in

these reflections, the treatment daily experienced by the more gentle, and amiable, part of our species, from ferocious and brutal men, became to me likewise a sad and serious subject of meditation. How did I on this occasion, execrate in my heart that unfeeling monster of a man, who without cause, or even the shadow of provocation, beats, strikes and kicks his wife, the partner of his griefs and cares, and the sharer of his joys and hopes! It is wonderful, and yet it is not the less true, that there exists such an animal as the *human brute*, an animal apparently, and I fear, really, destitute of tenderness and affection for her whom nature commands him to cherish, protect, and love. The lion, the bear, the tiger, are never known to injure the females of their species, notwithstanding the savage fierceness of their nature. Even the males of the feline tribe forbear to hurt those of the opposite sex, notwithstanding the obstreperous din, which accompanies their preludes to copulation, may lead people to think it to arise from animosity and rage: no such thing, their noise in caterwauling, is not the noise of hate but the loud expression of their vehemence and ardour. It is perhaps, from a mistake of this kind, that some contend, on the authority of Terence, the elegant Roman dramatist, who says, "*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*," that quarrels among lovers, are necessary to the renovation of love; which, from an unvaried round of joy, and an uniform glut of sweetness, would become loathsome and intolerable. To those who are inclined to maintain this opinion, I am ready to concede it so far as the quarrels of the lovers are understood to be confined to the wordy strife; and even then, I insist that scurrility, and bitterness of invective

must not have a place in their disputes; nothing will do on such occasions but soft upbraidings, kind rebukes, and mild remonstrances, frequently enlivened by playfulness of raillery, points of irony, and strokes of wit. Whenever the affair extends to battered shins, broken ribs, black eyes, and bloody noses, I can not be at all persuaded of the probability of love being really renewed, especially on the part of the unfortunate sufferer. From such causes as those I have lastly instanced, who that has had the least experience of things, would believe that a reciprocity of affection can ever spring, whatever mere book-worms, pedants and speculatists, to the contrary may affirm. For what idea can they form of what contributes to excite, renew, confirm and exalt, that noblest of the passions, which "make life itself a sweet identity,"—persons who know nothing of the endearing tie that unites heart to heart, and soul to soul, except what they echo from the opinions of others, whether true or false? Let such, if they will, continue to form to themselves their golden theories of the "*concordia discors*," or jarring harmony, existing between the happy, quarrelling pair. But to my view of the matter under consideration, the fact appears, a woman may be patient, and long suffering, from a sense of honour and respect she conceives is due to her own character, the character of even her injurious husband, and that of her children, if she has any; yet when her stock of patience becomes exhausted, the motive which hitherto induced her to restrain her indignant feelings, will not, in the end, be sufficient to check her resentful spirit. Her fear of the worlds censure will, by degrees, give way; and instead of concealing her detestation for her conjugal tyrant, the a

user of her tenderness and forbearance, she will glory to retaliate upon him for his insolence and brutality, by throwing herself, in all likelihood, into the arms of another, who is better qualified to make a suitable return for the attachment she evinces to him; or, perhaps, she may be tempted to rush into other excesses, against which her pride of soul and delicacy of sentiment, had, in a happier hour, completely armed her. That this should be the case, I would not be at all surprised; nor in truth, is a woman of refined sensibility and lofty spirit, much to be blamed, should she change her man, when he proves himself unworthy of her regard. I care not whether she be wife or mistress, she has at least my permission to sell her charms by the yard, or as Juvenal expresses it "*ad mensuram inguinis*," if maddened into desperation by a jealous, overbearing, and vexatious husband, or paramour. What an insult upon common sense, especially in this enlightened age, to suppose, for a moment, that woman was designed to be the slave of man! She that was made the reasonable companion, and far, far, his superior as the master piece of heavenly workmanship, the beauty of the world, the paragon of all created beings, for to her, with strict propriety, and definite exactness, should the panegyric be applied, which Shakespeare pronounces in the person of the beautiful Ophelia upon mankind in general! Shall then so fine a creature, who was formed to polish the manners of society, and to conquer lordly man without the aid of shield or spear, be devoted to the rude embrace of an indecent clown, or subjected to the thralldom of even a polished, but a heartless, tyrant. Shall this pearl of inestimable worth be thrown before a swinish under?

standing, ignorant of its value, or consigned to be the property of some who, though sensible of its excellence, would wantonly abuse it.* That Heaven's last, best gift should be bestowed in vain, forbid it justice, forbid it reason, forbid it gallantry, forbid it every great and god-like virtue and endowment. But as the eloquent Burke, deploring the fate of Maria Antoinette, emphatically complained that the age of chivalry was gone, when a thousand swords would leap instinctively, as it were, from their scabbards in defence of female innocence, or beauty in distress, I fear that the present age, with all its pretensions to philosophy, and superior refinement, is sadly deficient in gallant mettle, otherwise the wife-mauling ruffians would not long be permitted to triumph with impunity in the commission of their unmanly acts. By common consent such men of evil habits, so pernicious to social and domestic peace, should be driven far from human intercourse, with monstrous horns planted upon their dishonoured brows, nor be suffered to appear in the walks of men, till they had, as it is recorded of Nebuchadnezzar, passed seven years of penance, "eating grass as oxen." After the expiration of a sufficient term, spent in such a course of penal degradation, then they might be admitted

* Illustration from *Crabbe's Parish Register*.

"To me a master's stern regard is shewn;
I'm like his steed, prized highly as his own;
Stroked but corrected, threaten'd when supplied;
His slave, his boast, his victim, and his pride.

And is that bosom, (what on earth so fair,
'To cradle some coarse peasant's sprawling heir?
To be the pillow which a surly swain
May treat with scorn, and agonise with pain.

L. L. M.

to converse occasionally with human beings, but not allowed to cohabit with those whom they once called wives, and treated worse than slaves.— Their women should become the property of more meritorious men, while the wretched miscreants, who had so embittered the lives of their fair spouses, should be condemned, during the remainder of their ignominious days, to behold, as mortified spectators, the happiness of their consorts, imparadised in the arms of high-spirited, high mettled, and vigorous gallants, enjoying all the pleasures, that emanate abundantly from the teeming fount of love.

Although the rib-roasting of wives is utterly beneath the dignity of man, it least of all becomes the character of an Irishman, if we are to give credit to the popular bard of Erin who sings, "An Irishman's heart is the heart for the ladies" When warm with the spirit of Innishowen,* the blunder of a bold Hibernian may have a claim to indulgence, if he happens to stumble on his friend, and for love, knocks him down. I mean when he meets with such a friend, who is inclined to make him the retort courteous, by returning his salutation with a blow from the "sprig of Shillelea." But with respect to the fair sex, it is far otherwise; to them no shillelea should be applied, unless it be one produced from the *arbor vitæ*; a wand calculated by nature to yield more pleasure than pain to the ladies, when applied to the proper place. To wield this magic wand alone, in every pitched battle, or casual encounter, with a woman, would be to act

* A peninsula of the County Donegal, in the north of Ireland, celebrated for its excellent whiskey.

Like true born Irishmen, if they would wish to prove to the world that they had not degenerated in point of manhood, since they emigrated from the green fields of their fathers. From all this, it would be my advice to those children of Erin, dwelling in the Town of the Basin, and elsewhere, who have of late fallen, in manliness of action and manliness of sentiment, from the gallantry of their ancestors, to amend their future conduct towards their wives, or mistresses, and not to make farther experiments of what their prowess can enact, with their feet and fists, upon the belaboured bodies of their tender bed-fellows; nor make application of any weapons, except that which I have already hinted at, upon pain of being hung high on the gallows of infamy. Should they hereafter, persevere in their wickedness and folly, I must discharge a painful, but necessary, point of duty; namely, that of informing you, Mr. Macculloh of their vile, discourteous deeds, and of specifying the names of every mother's son of them: whilst you, if I be not deceived in my opinion of you, will not hesitate to "lash the rascals round the world," fit objects for the "slow and moving hand of scorn to wag and point its finger 'at."

PHILOGYNES. †

* Philogynes will perceive that I have omitted the concluding part of his communication, in which he has some remarks on the painting of mythological devices, and Egyptian hieroglyphics on the ivory frame of woman; which has proved too *hieroglyphic* for me. I repeat I shall be happy to be favoured with his further correspondence.

B. L. M.

SAINT GEORGE'S FIRST CHAPTER OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF EVENTS.

Rite me, matronæ dedicastis. ST. AUGUSTINE.

You did right, ladies, to make me your historian.

Now in a certain city, which is situated near a mountain famous for apples, whence that land is called the land of Apples, and by some the city is called the city of the Royal Mount—there were persons who affected to desire to engraft into the minds of youth, yea, even into little children, an early knowledge of the holy works, and to impress them with a sense of right and wrong, and to point out to them the difference between truth and falsehood. Now this was, according to the saying of the wise men, a good thing to do; but behold most of those persons did not know much themselves about right and wrong, and did not know the right way of going about the work they undertook. And there were old women and young women, old men and young men, widowers and widows, married and single; yea, and also a few *maidens!* howbeit *maids* in that city are about as scarce as strawberries at Christmas. And lo! they were of all denominations and sects: and they attended, each in their turn to the investigation of the inward economy and conduct of the house of instruction and the teachers: and like unto all other people who did little, and wish to appear, in the eyes of their fellow-citizens, to be doing a great deal, they caused their names to be printed in conspicuous characters, in the public journals of the city, before their respective turns arrived.* And when their turns came,

* When will that supereminently ridiculous and absurd custom be exploded, of publishing weekly lists of bank directors, visiting members &c. &c. And which besides the folly of its vanity, is an egregious and

those who were not absent from the city, nor had the headache, or the megrims, or the doldrums, and who had nothing else to do, went to the house of instruction: and they found fault with this thing, and were not altogether pleased with that thing; and so, when they had found fault with all they could object to, whether in or out of reason, they said, truly things can not remain in this way; and straitway they ordered one of their elders, whom they called a scribe, to write unto all the crooked-minded, and the bigotted, and the self-conceited people of the city to meet on a certain day: and they appointed the meeting to be held even in the house of God. And when that day arrived, and they had assembled, they were so thick that they were sitting upon each other; and a poet of that country sung on the occasion

The motley group's as thick as bees,
Where ladies sat on ladies knees;
For't would not be, or meet, or fit,
Breeches and petticoats should sit,
So close that what is under both,
Should wake up from a state of sloth:
And that's the case, withouten fail,

When warmth meets warmth, and tail meets tail.

Then it happened, or rather it was planned, that one of the ladies of the land, who was a great woman, amongst the greatest in those part, opened, in an exhortation, the object of the meeting. It was thus that she spake; "Surely all must be aware of the difference in the management of our school, and that of the other one, conducted upon the same principle; and we must readily ac-

gross impropriety, inasmuch as the lists are not made out, according to those who really officiate, but to the rotation of their names in the books of the respective institutions, whether the parties are sick or well, in town or out, in Canada or in England?

L. L. M.

knowledge the superiority of the latter for cleanliness and subordination. Now we must contrive to remedy this; we must strike at the root of the evil, and I think I have found where that lies." And they were all struck with astonishment, because of the length of the lady's speech, and said that her husband, who was *the king's adviser*, must have bestowed upon her some of his eloquence, And one of them spake up, and said, "Impart unto us, we pray thee, thy knowledge, that we may concur in thy wishes, for verily thou hast spoken after the manner of the moderns, Then the lady who had given such pleasure with her oration, rejoined, and said, "Truly I do believe that it doth rest with the female instructor of the female children, for she is dirty, and hath indolent habits, and is unfit to conduct the institution." And all concurred therein, and said, "Behold this is verity."

Now when the great lady had finished, another lady, who was married by a *monk*, and who was called by the name of *Bob-her-tail*, because, in former times, she had bobb'd her tail, (as all the pious people in that meeting knew well enough, & that it is not lawful for those who are married to do so,) raised herself, and stretched out her neck, and said, that they had forgotten one thing, which, in her opinion, was a greater reason for discharging the instructress than all else that could be brought against her; and that was that she had had many children, and was then in a fair way to bring forth another. And some, when they heard this thing took compassion upon her; and they said, or thought, that they ought not to blame in another what they all did themselves, and if the lady who brought this forward had no children, it was not because she had not tried it, and

they hinted, moreover that, according to the opinion of those skilled in the secrets of procreation, too frequent and promiscuous embracings tended to prevent instead of promoting fertility, and in illustration they quoted the words of the wise man who saith in his thirtieth chapter;

“There are three things that are not satisfied, yea, four things that say not it is enough. The grave and the barren womb, the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire, that saith not, it is enough.”

And peradventure the saying of the wise man would apply in this instance. And others again were vexed in their hearts that the instructress should have children and they none; and some exclaimed “sour grapes,” and others cried out “horns, horns;” whilst others secretly wished that they might have the begetting and conceiving of all the children in the world, so unbounded and impossible to be satisfied were their desires. And much confusion and murmuring prevailed. But at last it was ordered that the child-bearing instructress should remain in her situation, until a certain person who was journeying amongst the Selfites should return, to supersede her. And some declaimed against this, alledging that it is also written, “Thou shalt not buy a pig in a poke.” But their objections were overruled; and they all departed to their own homes that they might mind their families and have a little talk about their neighbours, for it is further written, “Thou shalt not be idle;” which they interpret that they shall busy themselves with their neighbour’s affairs, and see that they lose nothing for want of talking about them. And so endeth this chapter.

Glory be to the name of the Talkers: amen!

ST. GEORGE.

Mount Royal 13th October,

DEAR SIR,

As the winter is approaching with gigantic strides I trust that you will have more opportunity of introducing accounts of parties, and amusements, mingled with a little *scandal* into your much read work, and thereby enhancing its value in the eyes of the ladies, and bring it more into their favour than it is at present. *En attendant*, I send you the following.

On Friday last Mr Keen gave a concert combining all the songs sung by him upon two other occasions, which, in consequence of the bad state of the weather, were scarcely attended at all; but, as the heavens were propitious upon this night, although they did look somewhat loweringly all day, he sang to a pretty numerous and fashionable audience, if we reckon the corps of editors, with their wives and daughters, such as have them, who do no ways make themselves scarce upon such occasions. Amongst the *bon ton* company I particularise: The Hon. Tory Loverule, and lady; Miss Rette and one of the little Tories; the countess of Old-Joseph, who looked less like briars and brambles than usual; the widow, who shone like a luminary in the galaxy of beauty; Dr. and Mrs. Drugwell, and her facetious sisters: Miss Jarrett, and of course the masters Foresight; the reverend Dr. Mortgage and lady; Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Sprig; Little Natty, and miss, messieurs. Bigdoors, Rag, Coldcough, Smithy, and Madam Messiah; Mr. and Mrs. Huggs, Mr. and Mrs. Falcon; Mr. and Mrs. Spasm, &c. The songs generally were sung with effect. "The death of Abercrombie" was excellent. "The blooming rose," interesting.— "Will Watch," fine;—and "Go ladies eyes around

boys," he "could not refuse," giving a repetition; when loudly encored. I will add, that, for a wonder, only two red coats were present, a sure sign that dinner-invitations are more plentiful than dollars or concert tickets.

Your's devotedly,
MIRABILIS MUFFINDORFFE.

Although the following verses, possess little claim to public notice, yet as they appear to be written for the purpose of "feeling the lady's pulse," to whom they are addressed: and it gives me great satisfaction to do any thing to promote matchmaking, and the lady may probably not be quite so fastidious as myself, I give them as received.

L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

To Miss Josephine P * * * * *

Must I continue silent still,
And in love's charms for ever languish?
Must I endure the pains that kill
Nor dare disclose my anguish?

No, tho' the wound hit deep and sore,
To spurn fond love, when 't is revealed,
Yet, O, I feel 't is painful more
To love, yet keep that love conceal'd.

My burning cheek, my anxious eye,
Have they not, long since, told my love?
And may I hope your heart that I,
When these have fail'd, with words can move?

Yet speak, sweet maid, the fatal truth,
Tho' it should be my passion's bane,
I'd rather, than thus spend my youth
Mid fearful doubt, despair, and pain.

PHILO.

Montreal 14th October.

But I will make no apology for admitting the following trifles. If they are above the usual routine of the poetry of periodical publications, the public will find it out, and applaud; if not they will, equally without my pointing it out to them, pass by and condemn them.

L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Written 23d August 1823.

Come listen to my sweet guitar,
It can expel thy bosom's pain;
Its sound soft zephyr wafts afar,
To cheer the songsters of the plain.

We'll sit where purling waters flow
And gently kiss the rural hill,
On which sweet pinks and lillies grow
To deck the naiads of the rill.

There peace for ever wilt thou find;
There do ten thousand graces dwell;
There never blew infectious wind;
There never lived a monster fell.

Repair then to this heavenly place,
Where music will drive care away;
Come, with that sweet enchanting face,
On which the loves and graces play.

TO A FRIEND.

I've built a temple in my heart,
For thee, my dearest friend,
And tho' wide oceans do us part,
My thoughts ne'er from thee bend.

"Forget me not," was it you said,
Ah! no, I never will,
Till death his hand has on me laid,
And memory stands still.

CENTO, FROM BRITISH DRAMATIC POETS.

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amor? OVID.
 'Tis love inflames my mind, my pen inspires,
 And reason never damps or curbs love's fires.

Addressed to ALTHEA.

"O woman, lovely woman—nature made you,
 To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you.

OTWAY.—*Venice preserved.*

On the first sight I loved you, since which time
 Tho' I have travell'd, I have travailed, lady,
 More for a second blessing of your eyes,
 Than for all aims else—

BEN JONSON.—*Devil's an ass:*

There was a wanton bed
 Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
 Her willing body to be press'd by me.

FLETCHER.—*Shepherdess:*

But, O, what thought can paint that fair perfection?
 Or give a glimpse of such a naked glory.
 Not sea-born Venus in the courts beneath,
 When the green nymphs first kiss'd her coral lips,
 All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient beauty,
 Could, in my dazzled fancy, match her brightness,
 Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breasts,
 So nicely shaped, so matchless in their lustre;

LEE.—*Theodosius:*

—By Rosaline's bright eye,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, strait leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie—

SHAKESPEARE.—*Romeo and Juliet:*

Cas. She is a most excellent lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has, methinks it sounds a par-
 ley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye, and yet, methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection. *Ib. Othello.*

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out,
At every joint and motion of her body.

IB. *Troilus and Cressida.*

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

ROWE.—*Fair Penitent.*

Age can not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; and vilest things
Become themselves in her.

IB. *Anthony and Cleopatra.*

——— Yes there's a thing,

A thing would make the best o'n's all dance after it
A dainty thing———

FLETCHER.—*Island Princess.*

Shew me but any lady in the court
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh——— IB.—*Woman hater.*
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Othello.*

By all the power that's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears, and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee.

OTWAY.—*Venice Preserved.*

If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it———

SHAKESPEARE.—*Othello.*

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
'There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me look upon.

IB. *Two Gentlemen.*

For where thou art, there is the world itself,
And where thou art not, desolation.

IB. *Henry V.*

If such another woman can be found,
 You would rave too, dote on the dear content,
 No matter what the fools of form shall say ;
 Let them believe us mad—we'll pity them,
 And their dull want of knowing how to love.

SOUTHERNE.—*Fatal Marriage.*

O! she is more than I can speak or think,
 The softest bosom-dear, the most delicious love,

IB. *Mother in fashion.*

—Here's this hand that I must ever
 Love better than I have done since she touch'd it.

FLETCHER.—*Thierry.*

Here is my hand, for my love's constancy
 And when that hour o'ertakes me in the day,
 Where in I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
 The next succeeding hour some dire mischance
 Befall me for my love's forgetfulness.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Two Gentlemen.*

—What should you blush at?
 Blush when you act your thoughts-----

Blush soft between a pair of sheets-----

FLETCHER.—*Maid in the Mill.*

—Why should thy words
 Find more restraint than thy free-speaking actions,
 Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs,
 The silent orators to slow desire.

IB. *Thierry.*

—Why do you blush?
 Who lay with you that night?-----
 What bedfellow had you?

-----'T was a man I lay with:
 Never admire—a proper man I lay with,
 Young as Lisander---and able too-----
 I grudge not at your pleasure.

IB.---*Lover's progress.*

-----So perfect is my love
 That I can think it a most plenteous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps.

SHAKESPEARE.—*As you like it.*

When I again enjoy my sweet Evanthe,
 And bless my life with her most dear embraces,

All that the world has else is folly,
Labour and loss of time.

FLETCHER.*---*Wife for a month*.
Next night the same sweet course of joy run o'er,
Then the night after, as the night before,
And the night after that,---encore, encore!

GARRICK.---*Prologue*.
S. H. W.

* In quoting from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* plays, the name of the latter is only used, both for brevity's sake, and because he is generally supposed to have had the chief hand in those parts of their plays that possess most poetic merit. Many attempts have been made by the critics to ascribe, personally, to each of them, their respective shares in the large collection of plays that goes under their joint names, but unsuccessfully, and, at best, resulting in conjecture alone. It appears, indeed, from a copy of verses, by *Wm. Cartwright*, prefixed to the folio edition of their works of 1679, that the general opinion was, that they were chiefly written by *Fletcher*, and revised and fitted for the stage, by *Beaumont*. Speaking of the former, it is said ;

“—’Twas his happy fault to do too much ;
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing *Beaumont*, ere it did come forth,
Working again until he said ’t was fit,
And made him the sobriety of his wit.
Tho’ thus he call’d his judge into his fame,
And for that aid, allow’d him half the name,
’Tis known that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the sponge and pencil were his own ;
That himself judged himself, could singly do,
And was at last *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* too.”

But they were still so intimately blended in their compositions, that, in another copy of verses, by *Jasper Maine*, prefixed to the same edition, they are thus apostrophised :

“Great pair of authors, whom one equal star
Begot so like in genius that you are
In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much less your praise : you, who had equal fire,
And did each other mutually inspire ;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one framed the plot, the other did indite ;
Whether one found the matter, th’ other dress ;

It is with great satisfaction I perceive that it is in contemplation to erect a regular theatre in Montreal. It is stated in one of the public prints, (the Canadian Times, a paper that has devoted more space to the interesting and important subject of public entertainments than any other,) that "a number of the influential inhabitants of this city have come forward with a liberality which reflects credit upon themselves."

Or th' one disposed what th' other did express ;
Where'er your parts between yourselves lay, we,
In all things which you did, but one thread see,
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That art with nature ne'er did smoother run."

And in another, by *J. Berkenhead* :

"Some think your wits of two complexions framed,
That one the sock, th' other the buskin claim'd ;
That should the stage embattail all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, *Beaumont* the horse.
But you were both for both, not semi-wits ;
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits.
Y' are not two faculties, and one soul still,
(He th' understanding, thou the quick free will,)
But as two voices in one song embrace,
(*Fletcher*'s keen treble, and deep *Beaumont*'s base,)
Two full congenial souls ; still both prevail'd.
His muse and thine were quarter'd, not impaled.
Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in 't,
Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again,
Stamp'd both your names upon 't, at one bold hit,
Then, then, 't was coin, as well as bullion wit."

The latter verses are well worthy of preservation from the richness and variety of their imagery. I do not recollect to have any where else seen any poetry under the name of *Berkenhead*; there were I believe, some dry political tracts published by him.

Fletcher, however, out-lived *Beaumont* some years; yet no one play excepting the *Faithful Shepherdess*, has ever been traced to be his writing singly.

S. H. W.

I am sadly afraid, however, that this very circumstance will damn the undertaking; whenever and wherever these *influential inhabitants*, (for every one in Montreal knows who they are,) have any thing to do, unless it is wholly and entirely planned, executed, and conducted, according to their narrow, proud, Scotch, prejudices, and arbitrary wills; and unless the Hon. Tory Loverule, (a name by which he is now better known than by his own plebeian one.) is chairman, patron, and so forth; all is likely to end in smoke. I should trust far more to the public spirit of Mr. Molson, to whose "active exertions and indefatigable perseverance" it is stated that the "public are indebted for the forwarding, (furtherance,) of this project;" that to all the hollow professions, and deceptive subscriptions of all the *influential* men in the country. True it is, that in all Mr. Molson's undertakings he has an eye to his own profit; but, in the first place, who, in this lucre-loving community has not?—and I am quite sure, from whatever knowledge I possess of the human heart, that the reputation, and the praise that follows from the investment of capital in enterprises, that are either for the public good, or called for by the public voice, is not only a great additional spur, but likewise a duly appreciated additional reward, which tho' not carried to the credit of the profit and loss account, in his ledger, is not unentered in the book of his heart and mind.

The plan for such a building proposed in the Times seems laid out judiciously, with the exception of the distinction made between the entrance to the boxes and the pit, the one being intended to be in the front in St. Paul Street, and the other in the rear, facing the river. This ap-

appears wrong. The entrance to both ought to be in the same front, because, first; it creates a feeling of humiliation in those who frequent the pit, (who are generally the main support of every theatre,) and would induce many to stay at home, who would go if they could mingle in the croud, and not be distinguished from the frequenters of the boxes; and next, when the boxes are full, as it is to be hoped, may not unfrequently be the case, recourse is generally had to the pit, and vice-versa, which, if the parties have to go round the whole building, and that perhaps in a storm of rain, or snow, would be so disagreeable as to cause them to prefer returning home altogether. These objections would be obviated, if the theatre were so constructed that access both to boxes and pit, could be had from both fronts. And then even, as to the gallery, it is indifferent at which front its entrance would be, as it must in that case, be on a par with both the other entrances; though it might have but one to itself.

My idea that if a new theatre be erected, it should be upon the principle of admitting of the exhibition of equestrian performances, as well as of regular plays, and thus be both a theatre and a circus at once, or more properly speaking an amphitheatre, I see, will be adopted. This, in the present state of society in Montreal, is undoubtedly the best, and will give opportunities of either alternate or joint performances. But a plan ought to be made, by which, on nights when no feats of horsemanship are to take place, the central area might be covered with flooring and benches. This an ingenious mechanic might easily accomplish, so that a temporary and removable additional pit for the audience might occupy the space of the area, on such nights.

Space will not allow my further enlarging on the subject; I shall be pleased, however, with any communications that may be made respecting it.

L. L. M.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XLVIII.

Our friend and coadjutor in the task of lashing all kinds of folly and vice, from those of gubernatorial and senatorial standing down to the Pompeys and Philisees of sable celebrity; the editor of the *Albany Microscope*; has given a different account of the fracas, between the rival Thespians of the Circus in Mount Royal, from that with which we had been favoured, and which appeared in our last. In order to compare notes on the subject, as it has attained a certain degree of celebrity, we give an abstract of the Albany edition of the story; premising, with due submission to *Microscopic* authority, that it is probable, from our greater vicinity to the scene of action, and personal acquaintance with some of the parties, that our's is most likely to be the true one.

Montreal, Friday, July, 23.

“This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertaking.”

Shakespeare.

An affray, not without interest to those who delight to trace the efforts of love upon the conduct of men, took place a few days since to the no small diversion of those who were not implicated. A pretty little actress—to begin at the beginning—who graces the boards of the Circus, had previous to her departure from New-York, given by signs, words, or letters, a gentleman performer on the New-York boards, certain demonstrations of favour, on the strength of which he considered himself a

happy lover, and dreamed of marriage and all that sort of thing. Cruel fate tore the happy lovers asunder. She departed for Canada, and so deeply affected was she at the separation, that she did nothing but weep all the way to Albany, refusing food, so poignant was her woe. At Albany she was better, and improved so much in time that by her arrival here she forgot to weep and failed to sigh. Here she met in her own line, a youth who in former times would have been an Adonis, and in modern, a fine fellow. When she looked in his face, she forgot her former lover, and blessed her stars—"that heaven had made her such a man." Thus time passed away, when the old lover could endure absence from his charmer no longer. He came to this country; he saw the mighty change! All kinds of venomous feelings rushed through his mind, poisoned his peace, and interrupted his hopes, raised his pride and lacerated his liver. One night after the performances had concluded, the new lover and the lady, set out on their way to her lodgings, whither he attended as an escort. The *old* lover followed. Who can describe his rage? All the ingredients of the witches cauldron seemed boiling and bubbling in his bosom. The favored one left the lady at the door of her lodging, and was about returning to his own, when he faced his bloody minded rival, armed with his injuries and full of his wrongs. High words ensued.—The old lover accused the new of interference, and said *he* had the best right to the lady, as he had loved her first. The new one derided his claim, or at least doubted it, when the passions of the other became so explosive, that rushing to his fist, he sent it with dreadful velocity into the face of the favourite. Dreadful war was then waged, and the blood of the combatants flowed freely along the pavements. It was too dark to allow the recorder to enumerate the separate feats of valour on each side; suffice it is to say that long and bloody was the contest, and the parties were separated only by the interposition—not of a goddess, but of a watchman, who took the direction of affairs, and stopped the effusion of blood, by locking up one of them. The next day a challenge was sent, but the meeting was prevented, we know not how or why. The sequel is odd enough. The lady has turned off both her suitors, and has determined to do without either of them.

Mount Royal 10th October.

MR, GOSSIP,

Last week Mrs. Cursewell gave a *set-out* to her Scotch friends, who were as thick as thistles on a heath, or as numerous as poor relations at an Irish wedding. It is sufficient, however, for the present, to inform you, that Kate McCracker, surnamed the curst, was there, from whom I have had a full account of the party, of which I mean to send you the "ins and outs," in time for your next number-

O RARE OH!

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE, & EARLY FECUNDITY. — Lawyer Weak, about three months ago, considered it a profitable speculation; or, some say, being under the influence of a dignitary of his church, was enjoined it for a penance; to enter into the holy state with Miss Wheelbarrow, (so called from patiently bearing whatever was laid on her.) Now the profit consisted in taking his patron's cast-off mistress off his hands; and the penance, in fathering the child; though, to be sure, it might as well be his as another's, for many women are themselves quite uncertain as to the particular paternity of their offspring. Mr. Weak's prudence and condescension, however, have been rewarded, as, with uncommon celerity, Mrs. W. has already presented him with a fine baby. Such a *quick conception* of the duties of the marriage-state, deserves honourable mention.

"The BELL has a *clapper*;" and it has been rung out loudly, since it has been hung up in the Scribbler. But it is nothing but sound:

"She's empty! hark! she sounds; there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear."

Joshua the son of Nave, ought not to be in a rage with any one but himself, for presuming to talk of those who are as far above him and his, in merit and honour, as "a king to a cobbler," as the saying is. It is hoped the dressing he has got will teach him, and his fellows, to keep more prudent tongues in their heads, and not to provoke a hornet's nest. But *jam satis* of such characters. Only let this be a warning to all not to indulge in any invective against the lady in question, as they may rely no one will ever be permitted to do so with impunity.

INTRIGUING CALENDER.—The lady of an honourable judge, and Captain O'Pickle, are supposed to be studying Cicero's, *Sedant arma togæ*, That the gown must submit to the sword, is the general interpretation, or in other words the petticoat must give way to the dragoon's weapon. This the lady contends in all very well, but she finds that both gown and petticoat can be waved in triumph over the Captain's sabre after she has taken off its edge. The lodging-room, with a separate entrance, belonging to the Bob-her-tail establishment, is certainly a convenient place of assignation; but it is rather too glaring for day-time, and in a peagreen silk dress too!

Apropos; of the Bob-her-tail family: *Jack Anthony* the *Carter*, has been observed enacting the part of *Mark Anthony*, or "All for love, or the world well lost," with the *monk's* better half, for a *Cleopatra*; for feeling of knees and clasping of waists at the window, seem indications of performing the whole of the part in private. The lady was always reputed to be a good *Cleopatra*, and has frequently acted the part, both in the *Hall* and in the saloon.

There is a gentleman who should not promise a lady to go home with her, and then keep her waiting, and go and see another. The latter, lady *Louisa*, gives him great praise for his gallantry towards her, in seeing her home, and hopes it will be repeated. An early insertion of this in the scandalous book will oblige,
O.

Apropos of gentlemen's promises. Did the gentleman who promised a lady a ticket for the concert on a certain occasion, expect to be put in the blue book, for neither fulfilling his promise, nor going to see her afterwards?

A most convenient *Pornetheon*,* has been established, under the superintendence of the *Angel*, of the late firm of *Boucaneur, Yug, & Co.* There are numerous apartments, and separate entrances, to prevent collision of rivals &c. and the four *amans en titre* of the patron-

* *Pornetheon*, from *PORNE*, *meretrix*, *anglice*, a whore; and *THEOS*, *deus*, a divinity; signifying an edifice sacred to those who make divinities of whores. Amongst whom, if the truth be spoken, have been found in all ages, the wisest, the greatest, and the most renowned, of men. No wonder therefore that their example is followed.

Note by Cannistrokius Secundus.

ess of the establishment, have each their stations, one is in the parlour, and one in the bedroom, one in the cellar, and one in the garret; and when each has had his *butter'd bun* and chocolate, each departs by his own door. The names of the partners in this extensive concern have not yet been accurately reported, but are promised us.

Stebb's gala rooms appear to be getting into repute we were informed in August last, in the polite language of M. Palangette, whose communication was at that time considered inadmissible, that "the master let the room for fortyshillings, to *young whores* only, who let the young men in at any price they choose." It was accompanied by a list of names. But, *requiescunt in pace*, let them rest in peace, for the present.

EXPECTED INUPTALS.

Mr. *Foresight* to the experienced widow of Mr. Commissary *Leclerc*. Both standing A. 1 in the vidual list.

The *Great Turk*, and the accomplished widow *Arches*, have also, it is rumoured, made up their minds to enter into that state of connubial blessedness, which experience teaches is far better than solitary widowhood.

Both these pairs, if they do come together, certainly deserve happiness, and will have the best wishes, not only of all their acquaintances and friends, but also those (little as they may be worth,) of: their's to command, DICKY GOSSIP.

Frank Terrier, to one of the miss *Providers*, of St. Joey's street.

Watty Piddle, it is now said, but we don't believe it, is about taking the hand of one of the miss *Flowers*. This is about the two hundredth report of that gentleman's hymeneal attachments.

The dandy of *St. Stephen's Green*, is shortly to lead to the altar, the beautiful long legged* miss *Manly*, It is to be hoped that she will not find that

"The rest is all but *leather* and *prunella*."

* Long legs were always my delight in the female figure, and must be of every man of taste. I have often in my mind, likened them to *Sancho Panza's simile*, when he spoke of sleep. "It wraps a man up all round, as it were, like a cloak." But they are great nuisances to the hosiers, who don't like to have long legged lady-customers, especially those

Sandy Cowherd, the wee wee grocer, to the pretty little *Miss Reaper*. The courtship has been rather tedious, as the cock-a-doodle editor, laid claim to her for himself. As however the *times* are altered, miss R. hopes she has escaped bad times, and has now got good luck.

Mr. *Sammy Cut-her*, it is now said, is to be stitched to miss *Laydown*, a needle-drawer by profession. She has only reached her seventh lustre, and, though about fifteen years ago she got mired in a bog, and broke her leg above the knee, she is reckoned to be as good game as her mother. How Mr. *Cut-her* could *cut* his assiduous attentions to the pretty, young, and more suitable, miss *Julia Heady*, and that too after repeatedly having promised her marriage, is astonishing; but some men, like *Gertrude* in *Hamlet*, will

———“ on this fair mountain leave to feed,
To batten on this moor———”
“ And prey on garbage. ———”

The *Boundary-line Budget* contains extracts from a pamphlet, published or intended to be published, in consequence of what appeared in that paper relative to Mr. *Look-over-all*, and his spouse; and as we formerly gave those publications, so we now select some of the said extracts in further elucidation:

Lamira.——Look, now they peep.

Anabel.——Pox peep 'em.

FLETCHER.—*Little French Lawyer*.

“ Mr. *Independence*, and Mr. *Scorn*, who have been dubbed by the titles of *Underwit* and *Chippy*, have been played the devil with, as suspected of being the authors of some late communications respecting Mr. *Look-over-all*'s great match. In the mean time the *PEEPER* and the *LISTENER*, are

who garter above the knee. I have often gone into ten different stores in search of stockings before I could meet with a pair long enough to suit the handsome legs of a lady of my acquaintance, whose symmetry of shape rivals every other.

Note by *Maurice Mask*.

shaking their sides with laughter to think how snugly they lie perdue, and are never once dreamt of as the libellers, whilst others bear the blame, and are proscribed as infamous, without either investigation, proof, judge or jury. But *sen* we have *tuck* pen in hand, let us send *extronary* word to Mr. Dutch, that if *sich* a thing as a detecting of our real characters should *tak* place, he may expect to find two old-fashioned plain, Dutch ploughboys, who always "feel curious and droll," as also able and willing to avoid either being constrained to court his favour, or fear his resentment. You may see we *is* Dutchmen boys from our language; and even Mr. Dutch himself used to interlard his discourses, with *sich* kind of phrases, until after he set up a school, and taught the ladies and gentlemen of But-t-t-ter-Town."

(Signed.) PEEPER and LISTNER.

"Mr. Look-over-all, having sat in judgement, and being accuser, witness, judge, and jury, passed sentence upon the blue book that it should be burnt, as well as all copies thereof, which could be got hold of; whereupon also it was ordered by the aforesaid court that Mr. L. O. A. should equally be appointed hangman in order to carry the sentence into effect, that it should be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, which was done accordingly, to the great edification of all concerned."

"Intercepted correspondence, on this momentous occasion.

To Mr. Sing-clear, Good Morals, October 1824.

My dear friend,—

You ha'n't an idea of the multiplicity and increase of my troubles. I tho't when I tok to myself a woman to wife (particularly after making

so discreet and wise a choice as I did,) my troubles would be all over. But no sooner had I commenced my happiness, than the insolence and presumption of those two mean, little, underwitted, rascals, the *Peeper* and *Listener*, threw, by means of "the herald of infamy and slander," an alloy to my felicity. Could you believe it, that they have given publicity, (through that shameful print of Dicky Gossip's,) to my little harmless piece of gallantry with the sister to Nag-ups because I *whistled* to her; as likewise to my causing the guests at the celebration of my marriage, to pay the piper. But these two rascals are both *sich* little beings, and move in such a different sphere from the one in which I live and move, that I *shall* do nothing more with them than wring and twist their noses, just enough to let them know that it is dangerous to attack a superior like me. Let them go on; they can't hurt me, nor the other part of me: my character is established and so is her's; and I heard her tell Dr. Singer it had been so for thirty years past. You can see there is but little disparity in our ages, for I am going in my nineteenth year. She is entitled to an uxorious husband, which she has, by dint of good fortune, got. She *haves* her way in all things. I am, you know, very partial to coffee, but she likes tea, and therefore I don't get any, but in her absence. I think something must be done with Dicky Gossip, for treating me and mine so disrespectfully. One thing I guess, will finish him; my wife says that some great man of her acquaintance, is going to stop his printing the blue book;* and then all that remains to be

O, ye of little faith! Do you think it in the power of *any great man* to stop the blue book? Has it not arisen like the *Phoenix*? once, and twice, and three times, in despite of the paltry people who are called great men? L. L. M.

done, is to punish the other two, which will be done some dark night. I have burnt two numbers of the 'tarnal blue book.

Your's &c.

LOOK-OVER-ALL:

DEAR MR. LOOK-OVER-ALL!

Since the receipt of your's I have ascertained that the names of the persons you suspected to be the Peeper and the Listener, are properly Independence and Scorn. I am sorry that your suspicions rest on innocent persons—but only find out who are really the guilty, and I give you full liberty to persecute, pound, wring, and twist them, even to your heart's content.

In haste, your's

SING-CLEAR.

It is written, "And I will cut off from life him that pisseth against the wall." Now there is a certain set of very pious minded people, who perhaps think themselves the chosen seed, dwelling in the land of Hungryville, and who have set themselves up as a spiritual wall, against which, all persons are forbidden to discharge the evacuations of their minds, yea, a wall that shall be unassailable to the profane, and into the mysteries behind which the populace are commanded not to be *peeping*. Nevertheless it came to pass, that some persons, either too independent or too imprudent, to care for the setters up of the wall, ventured to publish some of their doings in that "most contemptible thing, the Scribbler," and in consequence thereof, lord and lady Look-over-all have threatened to deprive some young men of sundry of their unruly members, such as their noses, tongues, and what not. "Am I," says

her ladyship, "to be treated in this manner by such vile creatures as *Underwitty* and *Chippy*? Only because I have been so fortunate as to marry the man of my choice. No—I will destroy their wretched trash whenever it comes within my grasp; and my lord shall do it, for he will do all I bid him—He is, I declare, "as charming as ever"—And "there is a certain something appertaining to the man of worth, and of an accomplished education, which every day attaches us more firmly to him." There's sentiment for you!

PEEPER.

Mrs. Ganlow, much as she wished to take the Scribbler, begs to decline it, as her confessor has interdicted her from reading the blue book, and has made her do penance for having taken a few numbers of it.*

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

——*

There has been published; A PROSPECTUS of a
PAMPHLET TO BE ENTITLED
An APPEAL to the CANADIAN LAND-COMPANY,
on applying part of their Capital and attention to the
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS. BY EDWARD V. SPARHAWK.

"In the publication of the APPEAL, the author's object is not profit. If the expense of printing is defrayed, his expectations will be fully realized." Subscriptions received by the Agents for the Canadian Times, in the Townships, and by H. H. Cunningham, in Montreal.

The pamphlet will contain between forty and fifty octavo pages; price 2s. 6d. exclusive of postage.

IN THE PRESS,

And will be published in the course of next month, THE ALBUM, No. I. Consisting of Fugitive POETRY on various subjects, by EDWARD VERNON SPARHAWK.

*If this be the case, it is almost the only instance of illiberality I have heard of, and certainly the first I have experienced, on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy of Canada.
L. I. M.

SUBSCRIBERS at QUEBEC, are particularly requested to be prompt and punctual in paying both their arrears, and the advance on the present quarter, to the secretary and treasurer, who is now on a mission to that place, for the purpose of collecting, and making arrangements for the more regular delivery, and for extending the circulation of the Scribbler. As her stay must necessarily be very short in Quebec, it is particularly requested that a lady may not be required to call twice upon any subscriber. Numerous candidates for the Black List; and others, for a niche to expose uncivil or neglectful behaviour towards her, were the fruit of the last visit made to Quebec, in the summer of 1823; but they were begged off by her; this time, however, all delinquents, and undeservers will not fare so well, which it trusted will be sufficient warning.

My few punctual subscribers, and personal friends, will of course, on this subject, naturally say,

“———Let the gall'd jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung,———”

And to them all thanks and good wishes are due, and cheerfully paid by

L. L. MACCULLOH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. A NIGHTWALKER, and A WRITER, are both approved, but are delayed till next number, it being the intention to versify one or both of those articles. My OLD BOOTS is so obscure, that tho' it was wished to avail of his communication it can not well be done without further explanation. TORRIE'S verses are received, and will appear, with alterations. NONESUCH, is indeed a nonesuch, and nonesuch can appear.

—O*O—

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.

CIRCUS, AT QUEBEC.

Messieurs WEST & BLANCHARD,

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

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

Agents for the Scribbler at the country places
in Canada, are requested to use their exertions
to collect what is due, both of arrears, and the
advance on the present volume, and remit as
above. Some agents are so neglectful that it will
perhaps be necessary to form a Blacklist, also of
those who neither collect nor remit, nor even
write.

Rouse's Point, 16th Sept. 1824.