

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 15th MAY, 1823. [No. 98.

"There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,  
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound,  
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,  
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs ;"

POPE.

*Martemque accendere cantu.*

VIRGIL.

Here, martial ardour breathes in martial song ;

*Mista senum et juvenum densantur* —

HORACE.

There, young and old press on in thickening throng ;

*Vitia erunt, donec homines.*

TACITUS.

And where'er man, or woman kind are found,  
There virtues, follies, whims, all intermix'd, abound.

Story of CAROLINE SUMNER, continued from No. 96.

Lothario, who meant nothing less than not to perform one syllable of all the promises he had made to Caroline, finding it impossible to gain her on any other terms than marriage, and bent not to be frustrated in his wish, resolved to humour her with a mock ceremony ; and, to that end, meant to get a fellow, who was dependent on him, to personate a clergyman, and his own footman, whom she had never seen, was habited like a country gentleman, and acted the part of the friend, he had told her of, in giving her hand. To add to the seeming sincerity of the thing, when he pronounced, after the sham parson, the words of the ritual, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," he put into her hands a

purse containing two hundred pieces of gold. When the ceremony was over, he, ostentatiously, invited the clergyman and pretended country gentleman, to partake of an entertainment, which he had caused to be prepared at a neighbouring tavern, but they both excused themselves, being ordered to do so, for fear, no doubt, that Caroline might discover something, by their behaviour, if with them a longer time, that might not appear conformable to the characters in which they, respectively, appeared. And it was not only in these things, but in every thing else, that he preserved such an extreme caution, so as to hinder her from having the least suspicion how cruelly she was betrayed, that not even the slightest suspicion of its possibility ever once entered her head.

She lived therefore happy, because contented ; she had not been accustomed to much public diversion, nor was she so desirous of it, as most people are. Her aunt, though the gayest woman in the world, and a continual sharer in all the modish pleasures of the town, had always confined her at home, working some curious ornament or other for her dress, or had else employed her in family affairs ; so that, to live in the manner she was now obliged to do, in order for her concealment, was not at all irksome to her ; for, several hours, every day, she enjoyed the company of the man she loved, and knew not the want of any other ; indeed this is womankind.

But this halcyon season, when all was love, assiduousness and devotion on his part, and on hers, affection, kindness, and the unspeakable delight which the soul of woman enjoys when she knows, and sees, and feels, that she bestows happiness, lasted but a short time. A desire of change, an occupation of his mind by other pur-

suits, or perhaps a satiety of those charms he had taken so much pains to gain, for very few indeed are the women of whom it may be said like Cleopatra

"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."\*

All, perhaps, combined, made him relinquish in his ardent attention, and called him away from town. Prepared as Caroline was, for this their first separation, by her knowledge that he did not live constantly in town, she could not think of parting without agony : The soul of woman, devoted to one object, feels much more intensely than man : indeed man can form no conception of the warmth of love, the ardour of possession, and the misery of parting, which are felt by woman for the man of her choice, not in the commencement alone, but during every period, and every turn of that passion, love, of which it has been emphatically and properly observed, that whilst it is only an episode in the life of man, is the whole history of that of woman. Lothario, however, did not fail to bestow as much comfort and consolation upon her, as were in the power of words ; and assured her he would contrive to make his absence as short as possible : nor did her experience of mankind enable her to discover that what he said to her were rather words of course, than flowing from the sincerity of his affection, and she had not therefore the additional grief of suspecting his incipient indifference towards her.

It was not long after he was gone that she

---

\*Extravagant as this eulogium, bestowed by Shakspeare upon the queen of Egypt, may appear ; since I do know one woman to whom it is fully applicable, I think it possible there may be others.  
L. L. M.

found herself in that situation in which "women wish to be who love their lords." This she communicated to Lothario, in the manner that had been agreed upon between them, in the character of a third person. In answer, she received, what she thought rather a cold reply to such an annunciation. He begged her to be under no concern on account of her pregnancy, as he would not fail to take proper care both of her and her offspring; but expressed nothing of that satisfaction at hearing she was about to make him a father, as might have been expected from a husband, who so tenderly loved his wife, as she had flattered herself he did her; and she could not avoid being a little alarmed at this at first; but the consideration that an apprehension of the interception of his letters might lay some restraint upon him, joined to the confidence she had both in his love and honour, soon dissipated all uneasy reflections on that score.

About four months after this, he returned to town; but his presence, which she imagined would give her perfect happiness, destroyed, in a great measure, what little she had enjoyed in his absence. While he continued away, she was every day pleasing herself, and building fancy castles, as the time of his approach drew near, indulging in every idea of happiness, of mutual endearment, mutual caresses, felicity unutterable, which she doubted not their meeting would bestow upon both: but when he did come, how were those golden hopes frustrated! His words, indeed, were obliging.—bore even the semblance of affection and kindness;—but his looks gave the lie to his tongue: his eyes, those true intelligencers of the heart, no longer sparkled with that impatient ardour which was once an indication of his passion: the visits he made her were

shorter than usual : he was always full of business ; always in a hurry ; had some friend, or some appointment waiting for him ; and, whenever she mentioned the condition she was in, and seemed to lament that a child, begot in honour, should, at its first entrance into the world, be looked upon as the offspring of shame, he only affected to laugh at her romantic notions as he called them, and said that he thought she had reason to be quite easy : that many women had gone thro' the same obloquy, without having the consolation she had of knowing it was undeserved ; and that when once the time arrived that he could acknowledge her for his wife, she would be amply recompensed.

All this Caroline knew as well as he, and had often reflected on, as affording those only comforts she could enjoy under her present situation, those of conscious rectitude, and anticipated exultation : but then she thought the remonstrance did not come so well from his mouth, and that the delicacy of his passion, which she measured by her own, should have rather made him grieve that she could not appear at present with all the advantage of being his wife. She did not, however, make any complaints on this score, and, though she had too much reason to suspect a very great decay in his affection, yet she only endeavoured, by all the endearments in her power, to awaken it to its former energy, without letting him know she perceived any alteration.

But what secret anguish she endured, while acting in this manner, let any woman whose prudence has enabled her to do the same, judge. As for Lothario, he gave himself no trouble to dive into her sentiments, but contented himself with finding she made him no reproaches. The truth is, he was now entirely taken up with a

new object : the charms of a lady in the country had made him utterly forgetful of those he had left in town ; nor did his return to the society and caresses of Caroline, recall, otherwise than when his imagination was feasting on the beauties of his new flame, those passionate feelings which her person was formerly able to raise in him.

*(To be continued.)*

*Reformation-hotel ; Trifluvia, 12th April.*

MR. EDITOR,

Allow me through the vehicle of your weekly miscellany, to do a service to the inhabitants of our little place, who, however little they may care for the good of the public, are generally pretty well alive to what regards their own interest.\*

During the late session of the provincial parliament, I was at Quebec, on business of my own, for a few days, and I accustomed myself to spend my evenings at the House of Assembly, to listen to what was going forward. As may be conceived the first time I was there I looked out for our representative, Mr. Bad-water, but saw nothing of him ; when I went the next day, as I still did not see him, I enquired about him, and was told he had just called in, but had been sent

\* "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him," says Solomon : and really, notwithstanding I have given so severe and so deserved a dressing to the petty Grand Jury of Quebec, for meddling with matters beyond their sphere and above their comprehension, and in despite too of my admonitory warnings, I learn that a set of jackasses, (the breed is very numerous in the place) at Three Rivers, have been trying to get the Scribbler noticed, by another petty Grand Jury there : I shall wait to learn the result before I say more than, lord bless their numskulls !

L. L. M.

tor to make up a party at whist, at a gentleman's who is said to derive his origin from the ancient *Romans*, but who, if that be the case, has sadly degenerated; the following day I went again, but he was not come, however, as I knew that a question of great importance was about to be discussed that evening, I supposed he would not fail to make his appearance; nor was I mistaken, his appearance he did certainly make for about half an hour, but when the house was about coming to a decision on the subject, he vanished from before my eyes. At a loss to conceive why he should be missing at a moment which I considered so important to the interest of his constituents, I indulged in some further queries, and one of his friends whispered in my ear, do you not know that "charity begins at home;" I did not know what this meant, till I found that Mr. Bad-water had got the appointment of King's notary in the town he represented; in soliciting which place he, very laudably, employed the six weeks he passed at Quebec. As this gentleman acts, therefore, on the maxim, that "charity begins at home," he will allow me to tell him that had he remained at home, he would have been better able to watch over the conduct and amours of Mr. Bad-boy his son; and might, perhaps, have been able to procure a husband for his eldest daughter miss Bad-eyes; as well as to keep out of the scrapes into which a tongue that is a little too long, his lady, madam Bad-teeth, sometimes inadvertently gets herself.

I am, &c.

EPAPHUS.

---

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Oh, heard you a sound, from a distance it came,  
Like the wild wind that sweeps o'er a desolate plain?

Oh! heard you the sound? it is louder than ever,  
It is heard on the banks of the deep Guadalquiver.

More near it approaches, 't is heard on the Seine,  
And louder, foreboding more trouble, I wean;  
'Tis heard in the palace, the seat of the kings,  
And loud and discordant thro' royal courts rings.

'Tis heard in the lands of the Shamrock and Thistle,  
Which support the red Rose, when war-winds loud  
whistle.

'Tis heard by the chieftains that roam o'er the mountains;  
And heard by the lowly, midst vallies and fountains.

Each manly heart's roused, as it's heard from afar,  
'T is liberty's voice calling loudly for war:  
With musket, with target, with plume, and with blade,  
Each warrior is ready for freedom's bold raid.

Give the word, O! brave Spaniards, if aid you require;  
Look around 'mongst your brethren, and kindle war's  
fire;

We'll fight in your ranks, nor e'er seek repose,  
Till vanquish'd is Gaul;—Spain's, and liberty's foes.

THISTOR.

THE LAWYER'S PARODY ON THE BARDS LEGACY.

When I, calm, in pale death shall recline,  
Oh! bear my wig to my mistress dear,  
Tell her it has three long tails behind,  
With a bunch of curls behind each ear;  
Tell her with fragrant oil it is scented,  
Frizz'd and comb'd both up and down,  
And nothing o' th' barber's art is wanted,  
To make it fit for a lawyer's crown.

2

Next is my gown, tho' torn and tatter'd,  
It once was quite new and well to wear,  
But tho' torn, and rusty, with mud bespatter'd,  
'T will make a petticoat for my dear.  
When thro' the streets you flout and gallop,  
This gift of love shall keep you warm;  
But lift it not up, nor let it be pull'd up,  
Unless it be done in all due form.

3

Now comes my snuff box, not least in favour,

In

Bu

A

DO

If t

Office

liveri

the la

for it

keep

ing th

them

that

"lan

to fil

MR

A

of E

tice

mar

is a

nei

et l

un

to

sh

be

—

fr

or



A gift from my grandmother long ago ;  
 In lifting the lid, you must still endeavour,  
 To keep any dust that lies below :  
 But if with a cold your head be stuff'd up,  
 In opening the box, Oh ! cautious be,  
 A little pinch may then be snuff'd up,  
 And when you sneeze, Oh ! think on me !

PADDY O'D.

---

SUPPLEMENT TO THE  
 DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXI.

*If the miller who resides not far from the Scribbler Office, in Mount-Royal, will be more punctual in delivering letters he receives from people's friends in the land of cakes, they will be much obliged to him, for it is their candid opinion that no gentleman would keep letters in his desk three months, without informing the parties to whom they were addressed, seeing them every day too, that he had them. From the reports that have been made to us by persons who knew him "lang syne," we believe he has more knowledge how to fill pirns\* than of manners, propriety, and the world.*

MR. GOSSIP,

About five miles, more or less, from the Isle of Bullfrogs, there dwells an administrator of justice, who was formerly a blacksmith, and of German distraction ; pray have the goodness, as he is a poor man (being the wealthiest in this here neighbourhood,) to send him the price of a pocket handkerchief, in your next number, as he is under the necessity of putting his delicate fingers to his nose occasionally, and wiping them on his shoes, a practice, which, however much it may become a namesake of one of the most celebrat-

---

\*Filling pirns, is an operation that all weavers in Scotland first learn their children ; it consists in winding upon a reed or quill the yarn before it is put in the shuttle to weave.

Note by Dr. Driadust.

ed of the masters of the ceremonies at Bath, methinks does not so well comport with the dignity of a justice.

## AN EYE WITNESS.

FRACAS. About a week ago, an amazonian combat took place between two heroines, who, like their counterparts of the canine species, quarrelled about a bone, for a husband is unto his wife, even as a wife is unto a husband, bone of her bone, as well as flesh of her flesh. Having received a true or a false account, no matter which, that her good man was too assiduous in his attention upon a lady who resides not far from the Haymarket. Mrs. Edgenorth, one day, sallied forth, and made an attack with nail and tooth upon Mrs. Snip; dire was the conflict, and sharp and loud the shouts of the contending forces,

"Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast

When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last:"

torn caps, and handfuls of hair, bestrewed the field of battle, nor was there a want of sanguine streams issuing from the fivefold wounds inflicted by nails sharpened for the encounter: victory, soon declared in favour of the valiant Mrs. Edgenorth, who come off almost without damage, exulting in having disfigured those charms she thought had seduced the wandering eyes of her helpmate, and retired declaring that if ever her Bill dipt into that *taberna* again, she would pound him like ice for cream, whip him like a sillabub, and knead him like the dough of his own pasties.

MR. EDITOR,

No opportunity should be allowed to escape to shew the world the rapid strides, that some of our gallants are making towards gentility. I am determined not to allow any of those acts to pass, without making them public thro' your interesting miscellany, so that our neighbours may have an opportunity of improving their vulgar manners, and make Mount-Royal as renowned as Paris for *politesse*. A specimen of real politeness and good breeding, I now beg leave to state, *pro bono publico*. A limb of the law, whom I shall call, on this occasion P'tit Johnny, descended both by *pere et mere* of most noble blood, which descent he does not fail to publish to the world,

per me  
—This  
receiv  
de cer  
er for  
tion h  
turne  
c' étoi  
woule  
hour.  
made  
from  
did n  
ny of  
tienco  
miles  
back  
to en  
patru  
was  
mann  
the in  
deau  
empl  
chris  
ny's  
are n  
the  
nor c  
rous  
all co  
migh  
cross  
ole b  
causi  
leath  
ole m

*per mare et terram*, by assuming both family-names. — This *Bel-être*-model of good breeding, I say, received an invitation-card from a lady, *pour être de ceremonie* : in other words, to stand godfather for her new-born grand daughter ; the invitation he received with *beaucoup de plaisir*, and returned a polite note, (in French of his own,) *que c' étoit lui faire beaucoup d'honneur*, and that he would not fail to wait on her at the appointed hour. But the hour, alas ! came, and no *compere* made his appearance : the lady waited in state from 11 o'clock A. M. till 7 P. M., Mr. Johnny did not come, and he dispensed with the ceremony of an apology. *La pauvre dame* lost all patience ; the *matrone*, who brought the child five miles from the country also, losing patience, took back the infant, with an empty stomach, exposed to end its days on the road, and inhabit *limbus patrum* should it die. Now, Mr. Editor, where was ever heard the like instance of true-bred manners. The noble *compere*, when he accepted the invitation, no doubt, expected that the *bi-deau* would (as all other persons whom Johnny employs are forced to do,) announce the new christian *au son de la cloche*, upon tick ; but Johnny's *maman* taught him another story ; as the banks are not just now in the humour of discounting, the requisite five shillings could not be raised ; nor could it be collected amongst *maman's* numerous friends ; nor amongst his *confreres*, where all confidence is lost. I dare not say more, lest I might receive a challenge to fight with pistols across a dining-table, and that beholding the noble blood of Johnny forsaking his cheeks and causing him to faint away at the sight of those death-doing instruments, might excite the risible muscles of

Yours, &c.

ROGER BONTEMS.

*The dashing lady who figures away in crape dresses, silk shawls, and blond lace, begs to inform Messrs. Ladle, Jug, Bottle, and Co. that twenty-five pounds per annum is not sufficient to keep up her present way of living, and hopes they will increase her salary, otherwise she will be obliged to allow gentlemen to pass through the back window sans ceremonie. N. B. Strangers admitted at the front door; entrance five dollars.*

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

*From the Government City Advertiser.* SYMPTOMS OF WAR-LIKE HABITS. Some mornings ago, a rencontre took place at an early hour on the plains where the immortal Wolfe so nobly fell, between two amorous swains of this city, (both from the land o' cakes, and suspected to be akin to the family of the cakes,) Mr. John Hurlotrumbo of the house of Mancolt & Co. and Maister Macweeder, of the house of Macweeder & Co., who had come to the resolution of fighting themselves into the good graces of Miss Margaret, (a namesake of the latter gentleman,) for whom, or for whose expected purse, they both entertained the most vehement affection. It was therefore settled that the affair should be finally set at rest by the application of *gunpowder and no ball*: and that the laurels of the victorious hero, should be a sufficient passport to the undivided affections of the fair Helen, who thus set the Upper and Lower town in arms. The parties accompanied by their seconds, having repaired to the field of combat, proceeded immediately to the usual ceremonies of priming and loading, and measuring the distance, (which it had been agreed upon was to be twenty yards French measure,) and all attempts at reconciliation proving fruitless, the souls of the combatants being "up in arms," a pair of tremendous horse-pistols were handed to them by their seconds, and the fatal monosyllable "fire," was no sooner articulated than executed; and, horrid to relate! the wadding from Hurlotrumbo's pistol struck his opponent's nose so violently, that, conceiving he had received the dreadful "summons to heaven or hell," he faced to the right about, and ran away, taking the nearest track whence he came, with a face as black as any powder-monkey, leaving the field of honour and the lady's heart and hand to the now far and wide renowned Hurlotrumbo; and, as might be expected, it is now finally arranged between the conqueror and the lady's friends

that the fair-one is to be led to the altar of Hymen, as soon as the smoke and smell of the gunpowder has blown over.

**MATRIMONY ON THE TAPIS** Mr. Charley Tip, of the vapour establishment in St. Johns-Street, to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Annie Bois; this match will take place as soon as the lady's timbers are sufficiently seasoned for the ceremony. The reverend Dr. Harkforward is to attend them on the occasion, in order to afford them all the consolation their critical situation may require.

*My son* Charles of the chapeau-manufactory is about to be yoked to the great matrimonial ear with Miss Grid-iron, *sa voisine*, as soon as the gentleman's mamma returns from the family-mansion.

**WANTED**, a number of notaries and advocates to fill up a battallion of each that are now raising, and supposed to be destined for Botany-bay. The recruiting goes on but slowly, as seldom above six pass examination weekly. A few medical students and loblolly-boys will meet with encouragement as assistant surgeons, with the title of M. D.s.

**NEW DEFINITION.** Sir, Looking over the grammar-exercises of a young lady lately arrived from a boarding-school in the Upper province, I remarked

The } definite article  
Pope } third person singular, neuter gender.

I, for a moment, doubted the correctness of this definition, but reflecting that the lady who keeps the boarding-school is closely connected with a clerical gentleman, all doubt was immediately removed.

**EXHIBITION.** To be seen daily at Mr. Henderson's spacious apartments near the Scotch kirk a famous American Hog. It is said to have cost some Anglo-Canadians about £7000 currency, and was in the act of escaping to the woods, when it was seized by the snout by a sturdy cabinet-maker.

**MISLAID, STRAYED AWAY, OR LOST;** By the inhabitants of Lower Canada, about £23,000 supposed to have been found by a person newly come to live among them. Should he restore it to the right owners, no questions will be asked.

**PRINCE'S RUSSIA OIL.** We understand that the principal ratcatchers have had their scruples as to the ceremony of jumping over the broomstick with their squaws removed, in consequence of the importation of a large quantity of this oil, said to be very efficacious in making the hair grow in bald places.

**SCRUBBING BRUSHES.** It is hoped there will be less shuf-

fling about poor men's wages, and so leaving them to forage for themselves after relying for a whole winter upon promises of vapour-employment; and that Capt. Scrub will not, as is his custom, make use of the pronoun *we* when he speaks of the St. Lawrence Company, nor dabble in concerns out of his line, lest he might get such a brushing as may leave him a dirty coat from

MINISINO.

*Nemo amat eum, sed omnes oderunt tyrannum.* OVID.

Mr. Editor,

In a certain capital of a province abounding with mountains, lakes, rivers &c. (commonly called Government-city,) presides a lusty redfaced fat commander of the *pistol-company* or companies, pray advise him to take less of this country's beverage, so as to enable him to mount his horse without aid; and also to be little more lenient to those whom fate has caused to be subservient to him.

Your's sincerely

A LIGHT SIX POUNDER.

*From the Steam-Boat Chronicle.* IMPORTS this season, by way of Backbite; One lieutenant colonel; one commissary general; a few subalterns; a dozen or two of yankees; three old maids, and five young ones (entered as virgins and paid duty as such but strongly suspected of being counterfeits) for sale on speculation in Mount-Royal; a few horned cattle both human and brutes; with a number of other non-dutiable, and un-entered articles. EXPORTS. Seven merchants; eighteen smugglers; nine insolvents; one runaway couple in disguise; one calf *big enough to low*; three or four maids or would be maids returned as unsaleable from the Mount Royal market; three light pieces; one pastry-cook; one figure of fun; and one paragon.

*From the Backbite Mercury.* It is said that the rigging of our gospel-shop wants repair, as some mischievous wag set fire to it last week, with a view to destroy the idol which, it is reported, the high priest worships in secret, viz. the ace of spades, who accompanies the knave of hearts in the balcony.

It is likewise in contemplation to supply the rev'd. Proser M'Glutherem with six newly imported packs of Highlander-cards, instead of the decalogue, that, when his dozen of hearers come, he may proceed with due solemnity, divide them into three parts, and pronounce with an audible voice, "Dearly beloved brethren, the scripture moveth us in sundry places, —to cut for deal, and play for the odd trick, &c. &c. &c."

*From the South Cumberland Intelligencer.* DUNGHILL, not BUNKERSHILL, BATTLE. Early this spring, brigadier-gener-

at Bigdoors, receiving advice that *Major-general* Yeslati, had posted himself upon the hill in the stableyard, generally called the Dunghill, and considered himself as both in military and legal possession thereof, sent a powerful detachment consisting of one private, armed with a strovel, and aided by a heavy wheelbarrow, to attack, and carry away, at the point of the spade, the said dunghill. The major-general, promptly turning out, summoned the soldier to desist, who, in return, fired a volley of abuse and oaths, but was at length obliged to retreat. Upon reporting his ill success to his commanding-officer, the brigadier-general, the latter instantly, like a damned overbearing curse as he is, (we beg pardon for using the language of our reporter,) directed a battery of arrest to play upon the major-general's head quarters, which he like a damned fine fellow as he is, (we again use the words of our author) gallantly sustained for three days and nights, but at length sallied out, and in result kept possession of the dunghill.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, IF NOT SOONER. *A bottle green razée, to dash with to the head. One that would answer to run on a good level turnpike without being likely to break every time it went out, would meet with a ready sale. N. B. a few dozen of good bedcords wanted for the use of my old bottle-green razée.*

SALLY F.

(*Supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer, will be continued next week.*)

---

*Two curious epitaphs in a churchyard  
near HONITON in DEVONSHIRE.*

Alas! no more I could survive  
For I is dead, and not alive,  
And thee, in time, no longer shall survive  
But he is as dead as any man alive.

---

Here lie I, no wonder I'se dead,  
For a broad wheeled waggon went over my head.

---

"Satan," said John Bunyan, "ceaseth not to buffet the saints; for which he useth many crafts and shapes, sometimes taking upon himself the form of a dog, sometimes an hog: and he wil often times hide himself in the bole of a tobacc pipe, or squat at the bottom of a bowl, or cree

in at the neck of a bottle, and so get within the lord's people unawares." *Three locks for the strong box of faith*, p. 507.

In Trusler's Chronology is the following entry :  
 "Adam created, Friday, October 28th, 4004, died 3034 before Christ, aged 930."

The empress Barbara of Cilley, (who plays a considerable part in the interesting romance of Herman of Unna,) was one who, *ne croyoit ni Paradis ni Enfer, et se moquoit des religieuses qui renoncent aux plaisirs de la vie, et qui mortifient leurs corps*. "When she was about taking to herself a second husband, some of the sage moralists of her time represented to her the example of the turtle, which remains a widow all its life, after the loss of its mate. "*Si vous avez,*" answered she, *à me proposer l'exemple des oiseaux, proposez moi celui des pigeons et des moineaux.*"

Bayle, art. Barbe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. JERRY'S two last communications are received; both will appear, probably *in toto*. M\*\*\*\*\* and YES are under consideration; PSYCHE has too much merit, notwithstanding her verses extend to rather too great a length, not to find a place, as soon as space will permit. SOLOMON SNEER'S REPENTANT is nearly in the same predicament. A SUBSCRIBER has made too much of a trifling subject, but it will come in somewhere. TRUEPENNY is counterfeit coin.

N. B. In some copies of last week's Scribbler, the No. was, by mistake printed 96, instead of 97.

[PRINTED AT BURLINGTON, VT.]