

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Quieta vita iis tollunt, Meum, Tuum.

PUBIUS SYRUS.

How do those two small words of, Mine and Thine,
All the world's joy and quiet undermine!

— *Hinc pallor et ira,
Hinc scelus, insidæque, et nulla modestia voti.*

STATIUS.

Hence fear, and wrath, and envy's gnawing fire,
Rapine, and spoil, and gold's ungorged desire.

Satis commoda omnibus.

LIVY.

Sufficiently accommodatng to all.

Poetic justice, with her lifted scale
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

POPE.

REMARKS ON THE INSTITUTION OF THE QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

Concluded.

The object I before stated as a desirable one, namely, to publish "The Transactions of the Society," is more hinted at than expressly promised. It is to be hoped that that will be considered as an essential part of the public duty of the institution. Without it, it will be a dead letter; a few curious gems, cameos, and rich ores, locked up in the cabinet of a miser. Be the papers communicated, and read at the Society, ever so few in

number, or, perhaps, so little interesting in matter, the printing of them in semestral, or annual volumes, or if not sufficiently bulky, in *cahiers*, (I do not know any English word that expresses the same idea, as this French literary term,) would be not only disseminating that knowledge, information, and instruction, which it is the professed aim of such societies to give to the public, but would be the greatest stimulus to many, (provided the illiberal restriction of nothing but members' productions being admitted, be removed,) for the devotion of leisure to such pursuits as they see are honoured by the approval of the society.

I rather regret that the further extension of the objects of such an establishment has not been hinted at in the address; and that, if its funds and numbers be increased, the appendages, of the formation of a provincial public library, a museum, a BOTANIC GARDEN, (always a favourite idea of mine,) and lectureships for the various branches of practical science, have not been suggested as desirable to be looked to in the view of future utility. It may be said, Canada is yet too young for such plans: I will admit the country is too young for their immediate introduction, but not too young to look forward to that progressive state of improvement, which will, at some future period, sanction them; especially when we are told, in the words of the address that; "We have the advantages of many institutions of learning already existing among us, of many men in the number of our citizens who are entitled to be called learned." I will not damp the enthusiasm that may ensue from the contemplation of what may arise from such prospects, by expressing any doubts, in this place, as to the *institutions of learning*, and the *learned citizens*, intended to be alluded to; but

passing on to the next paragraph, will give my cordial assent that "the beneficial effects to be rationally anticipated from the prosperity of such a society, require no exaggerated description;" and that "It must strike every one that the objects are more desirable in themselves, inasmuch as they combine the propagation of knowledge with the gratification of laudable curiosity." The close of this paragraph is, however, rather unlucky, for *History* being part and parcel of *Literature*, ought not to have been used in illustration of the *utile* and the *dulce* of Horace. In fact, *History*, as before said, bears a far too prominent part both in the Address, and in the whole plan.

- Towards the close of the Address, the latent cancer that I sadly fear will damp and destroy this promising scion of Canadian honour, shews its poisonous head. "In a *literary* point of view," says the Address, "it is fair to expect that the formation of this society will introduce a lasting bond of union, and correspondence between men eminent for *rank*, erudition, and genius." What in heaven's name has *rank* to do with *literature*, farther than to be honoured and proud of being combined with it? and so may *poverty* too; and I am more inclined to believe that real propriety and truth would have been better observed had the phrase ran, "men of *poverty*, erudition, and genius;" for in this country, more even than in any other I have ever been in, are our men "eminent for rank," (always with some exceptions,) still more eminent for ignorance, and narrowmindedness.

With respect to the Bye-laws, I have nothing particular to observe; they appear to be very judiciously framed for the regulation of the Society.

Articles IV. and VII. give indications of some future views of forming both a library and museum.

L. L. M.

Government City, April 28th.

MR. EDITOR,

I have little of consequence to inform you of since my last, save that Bobby Brambleton's house on the ice has been robbed of a bed, chairs, tables, glasses, kegs, &c. and, to use a common phrase, the robbers made a clean sweep, leaving the unfortunate Bobby an empty tenement. Bobby, however, has more irons in the fire. There is a large and commodious house at Point Evil, which, it is said, is his,* and into which he intends moving, with his sisters. He would, no doubt, have had the pleasure of introducing the pretty barmaid as mistress of the mansion, only, unfortunately for him, she happened to get a glimpse of the Scribbler in which his memoirs were announced for publication shortly. She has since rather declined receiving his addresses, although he is more assiduous than ever in paying them. The mother is mightily chagrined at being in the Scribbler. She says "that Screebler is a beuk that ought to be bonished oot o' the kintra—and Maggy lass dinna ye mind what they say: besides Maggy, ye might do waur than" (quoting Sir Archy, in *Love-a-la-mode*,) "to snap the Ereeshman.

* Some impertinent people say they would like to know how such a house came to be built by Mr. B. after no more than six years residence in the country, and considering the capacity in which he was when he arrived. But the best way to satisfy them is to send them to the carpenters, masons, painters, &c. that were employed, and to the seignior of the place.

Dunna ye ken Mag that nane read the Screebler, but folk that like to hear their neebor's characters vilified?" I will not swear that she made use of the last word, yet it was one to the same purport, and might have been it, for she will take good care to tell any one that she is acquainted with, that she has read "an unco number of no-vels," which may, in some degree, account for her knowing or using such a word.

Returning to the establishment at Point Evil: this house is to be fitted up for boarders, and as a house of entertainment; and the air being, as the host says, so salubrious, and the prospects delightful, it can not but prove gratifying to those who will favour him with thier custom. But then, he has not been able to obtain a licence; however Bobby's plan is this—he means to give ice and crackers, or, in his own words, "if a friend or any one else calls for a glass of liquor, I'll charge him so much for the ice, and crackers, and give him the grog for nothing, do you see, ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Brambleton said, when he saw No. 118 of the Scribbler, that if he could but find out who it was that had sent such a communication about him, he would shoot him, if he were to be hung for it next day. Please to give him a hint of the impropriety of being too rash; but don't advise him to deny the facts stated, for most of his most intimate friends know them to be undeniable.

I will conclude by asking Mrs. F. if she forgets who was so overjoyed last year when two certain young ladies were put in the Scribbler? Does she forget who said, they deserved it for their pride and vanity? And can she call to remembrance a person that spoke of their being in the Scribbler, with evident exultation? I leave her

to reflect on these questions, hoping she will not give me the trouble of opening the GREEN BAG.

SLYBOOTS.

On reconsideration I admit the following communication, as exhibiting that sordidness of mind which often accompanies great wealth, and which can not overlook the most trifling breach of the principle of *meum* and *tuum*; as well as the severity with which the offences of minor and friendless rogues are visited, whilst greater delinquents, or who have, what is called, a friend at court, either escape altogether, or are subjected to most trifling and inadequate punishments. Besides, altho' I do not indeed look upon these cases as deserving of so much notice, or wholly approve of what the writer says, it may encourage further communications respecting the proceedings of our courts of law, both criminal and civil, to which too much publicity can not be given, that being the true English constitutional check upon both the Bench and the Bar.

L. L. M.

Mount Royal, 1st May, 1824.

MR. MACCULLOH,

I would beg to draw your and your readers, attention to two sentences pronounced at the quarter sessions held this week, where Patrick Gillispie, and Patrick Ogilvy were respectively found guilty of petty larceny, and condemned, the former to eight, and the latter to fifteen days, imprisonment. To be aware of the injustice done these men in particular, and the public in general, by the manner in which the laws are administered, you must know the particulars of

their case. The prisoners, at least the first, (for not having been present at the trial of the other, all I know respecting it is from hearsay,) were engaged in clearing away the ruins of the old Mansion-house, amongst which there was a quantity of old iron which probably the persons who were employed after the fire, for the purpose of collecting whatever of any use, might remain, did not consider worth taking away, and which had escaped the prying searchings always made by the little vagrants of the town, after a conflagration. This iron, thrown aside accordingly, as they met with it, they carried home in the evening, openly, and without any attempt at concealment; a practice, I believe, generally followed by all workmen in similar situations.* It is perhaps necessary to remark here that the iron, so often mentioned, consisted chiefly of old nails, and, on the part of the first prisoner, of four small hinges, which hinges, the king's counsel, aware of the utter worthlessness of the rest, alone inserted in the indictment. The iron, or at least the quantity collected by the first prisoner, during the time he worked at the Mansion-house, (a period probably of no inconsiderable space,) he sold for the petty sum of two shillings; for which great crime of infinite extent and magnitude, he was torn from the bosom of his family, who depended entirely upon him for their support, thrown into a common gaol, and fed there on bread and water, for God knows, what length of

* This is both wrong in fact, and in principle. Suppose a mass of molten gold or silver had been found in the ruins, would the workmen be justified in appropriating it to themselves, upon the plea of such a practice prevailing, which however I deny does or can prevail in any community?

time before his trial: and this, considering the enormity of his crime, compared to which his mental and bodily sufferings, and the deplorable state of his unfortunate family, were no more than a grain of sand would be balanced against Mount Etna, our considerate magistrates, exercising all the lenity in their power, consistent with the duty they owe the public, merely sentenced him to eight days further imprisonment!!

Your's &c.

A FRIEND TO THE OPPRESSED.

It has been a long while that the following communication has lain under consideration. Although I believe the particular matter it alludes to is gone by, yet, understanding that other instances of sordidness under the garb of sanctity and charity have occurred in Montreal, I now give it an insertion, with some amendments.

L. L. M.

SIR,

By allowing the following facts a place in your now noted work, with such amendments as you think proper, you will much oblige

Your's,

PIGSTAFF KERWAL.

Montreal, 14th Jan.

A thought struck a certain clergyman in this city called by his honour the Scribbler, Mr. Moral Police, that it would be doing a great favour to the public, and gain great credit and praise to himself to establish a *charity* school, no matter at whose risk, or to whose damage. Accordingly about two years ago, with some other clerical

assistance, they got for *charity's* sake, the soldiers' hospital where they established a school, on the foundation of every one paying what they were able, even as low as four pence a month—*all charity*. The first teacher employed was a Mr. Leets, who was engaged for 100*l.* per annum, but the funds, when subscribed, would not give him more than half, or thereabouts. Mr. L. perceiving the situation to be so different from what he had reason to expect, declined it; and Mr. Runner from Goodland was the next incumbent, and was to have the same chance. He was poor and honest, and they got him rigged out with what necessary articles he wanted, and were to have paid the amount for him, but which, when due, they were either unable or unwilling to do. *All charity*. When Mr. R. saw how matters stood, and that the whole subscription amounted only to about 45*l.* he thought it was high time to give it up. Messieurs Moral Police and Co. then tried their worst at him;—they asked him what was the reason the school was given up? told him he had not much *charity* in breaking it up; and that he had received about 2*l.* 10*s.* more than what would pay him at the rate of 70*l.* per annum, and *as it was all charity*, if he did not return the money a prosecution would be the consequence, because it was *monnoie publique*, and collected for their use and benefit, requiring him, before he left the room, to set his hand and seal to a bond payable in six months—*all charity*—this mighty sum must be paid and distributed again among the elders, and by the elders to the people. Now, sir, I would wish to know whether this school was founded on what you may call cold, hypocritical, or logical, charity, for I am sure it is not Christian charity, such as my father and mother taught me. Here,

moreover, you see a respectable, social, good principled, and strictly honest, young man, brought to town, placed in a situation of respect; but disappointed in his expectations, and because they paid him 2*l.* 10*s.* more than they thought right, though less than he had been given reason to expect, he is obliged to refund it, for the sake of *charity*. But, as I think I am as good a lawyer as they are, I have advised Mr. R. to make a charge against them adequate to his time and trouble, which he means to do, and as it is, according to their own doctrine—*all charity*, I trust he will pay them in their own coin.

DAMN THE CONSTABLES.

MOUNT ROYAL, 10th April, 1824.

*Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici,
Paucæ adeo Cereris vitas contigere dignæ.*

At half-past eight, on Monday night,
The sable wings of Nox—"put out the light;"
And Chaos seem'd to reign!—as at her birth,
When murky darkness shrouded all the earth;
And from the eyes of heaven, no twinkling spark
Could e'en "peep thro' the blanket of the dark,"—
When Nisus' *lineal* son* in wanton sport,
Instead of soaring to Appollo's court,
On famed Parnassus, 'mongst the lovely nine,
As he was wont, in revelry divine,

* *Nisus' Lineal Son*.—By turning to the Pantheon we have discovered that, after the conquest of Megara by Minos, (which he won in consequence of Scylla's cutting from her father's head, the fatal purple lock, which contained his, and his country's, safety, for doing which, she was changed to a Lark!) Nisus, as a compensation for his country, was metamorphosed into a Spar-Hawk, who, to this day, it seems, *pursues the Larks!* (more in love, I think, than in revenge.)

"PRINTER'S DEVIL."

Or on the muses' Heliconian mount,
 Sip Hippocrene, from their Pegassian fount—
 I say, instead of this immortal sport,
 To flesh and blood, he paid his amorous court;
 And at the altar of a Cyprian queen,
 Oblations offer'd—something too obscene
 To be related—let your fancies fill
 This small hiatus, as your fancies will.—
 Yet he may feel Erebus' offspring scorch,
 Instead of Venus' son's celestial torch,
 Which will not burn at such unhallow'd shrines;
 Where Mammon's lech'rous offspring undermines
 Fair virtue's bulwark, and with damning gold,
 (For which there's nought on earth but may be sold;)

Like some ambitious, plodding, engineer,
 Blows up the fortress—leaves the vestal drear—
 Forlorn—perchance devoid of hope—the last
 Sad refuge, wither'd here, by Fortune's blast!
 Which in Pandora's box, lay half asleep,
 Dreaming of future bliss!! when that fatal peep
 Of Epimetheus, spread, that horde of ills,
 Which plagues mankind! and—helps the sale of pills!
 Now, that your judgements may be nearly right,
 It seems essential, here, to offer light.

And, by comparison, I will proceed,
 As best adapted to set-off the deed;
 For every circumstance, throughout our lives,
 Is tried the best by that—and thus men try their wives.

When Agamemnon, and the cuckold Greek,
 With an unnumber'd host, set out to seek
 A worthless strumpet! who to Troy had fled,
 And left a Grecian for a Trojan bed;
 Which wanton act in this licentious wife,
 Propell'd Olympus in the martial strife;
 And all the host of heav'n, to battle sprang;
 If half be true, immortal Homer sang:
 And, as we might suspect, each pious gull
 Menelaus join'd; all others join'd the trull!
 Bellona lit the torch, and carnage raged,
 Nine bloody years, as Delphi had presaged,
 'Till Death himself was gorged, e'en to the fill;
 Then Jove, in thunder, said—"peace ye! be still!"

Among these quixottes, demi-gods of Greece,
 Who went to seek—not Jason's golden fleece—
 Was great Achilles, Thetis' warlike boy;
 Whose mighty prowess, caused the fall of Troy.
 Yet more for generous friendship's god-like charms,
 He has been prized, than, dreadful feats in arms:
Friendship! art thou a vision of the mind,
 Engender'd to seduce, then, vex, mankind?
 Or hast thou to some happier region fled,
 And left us, only traffic in thy stead?
 For long I've sought thee, and, 'till my latest gasp,
 I'll seek thee still! altho' thou fleest my grasp.—
 But to return, as Byron says; forgive
 Me this, almost a profanation—Live!
 Live!! stupendous bard, 'till thou hast hurl'd
 All vain usurpers from thy rightful throne;
 Then add another wonder to the world,
 And wave in awful state thy wand alone.
 But to return—to Neptune's daughter's son,
 Who, for three thousand years, has greatly won
 "Golden opinions"—perhaps in every clime,
 Where friendship may be hardly thought a crime,—
 And sympathetic hearts have power to feel,
 A faint impression of the heav'nly seal,
 Which in the bosom stamp'd, Achilles bore,
 When in his heart, he good Patroclus wore.*
 Valiant as good—Menolius was his sire,
 And, feeling something of that warlike fire,
 That animates a youth's aspiring breast,
 When fond anticipations seem possess'd,
 He join'd Achilles—Achilles bid him share,
 The luscious sweets, that Fortune might prepare;
 And while for him, fair Dido spread her charms,
 The beauteous Iphis fill'd Patroclus' arms.
 Now for my little hero—who must yield,
 In "broils and feats of arms," the tented field,
 To Greek Achilles, or to Trojan Hector,

* Hamlet says to Horatio—

——— Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts,
 As I do thee, ———

But as a *guardian angel*—that's protector—
 His bosom more expands, and will admit
 A friend to share in one delicious bit!
 And by this generous act, he puts to shame,
 Achilles' friendship, Agamemnon's fame—
 Who in Briseis claim'd the whole controul,
 Tho' Jove himself, should all his thunders roll—
 And if 'tis true, what puffing Fame has said—
 But few, as yet, have nobly shared—a bed—
 Or queen—or throne!—where each, by turns, might
 mount;
 And sway a sceptre on his own account—
 But for this—*Gods! for a name!*—O—recreation,
 My hero's all—all—*accommodation.*

“BLOW-UP.”

REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

The Charivari or Canadian Poetics: a tale, after the manner of Beppo, by Launcelot Longstaff, Montreal, 1824, Jos. Nickless, price 1s. 8d. pp. 49.*

It is with pleasure I hail a poem like this, of considerable merit, which, althought report gives

* The title-page of the publication does not exhibit this *nom de guerre*; but the advertisements having so announced it, I have made use of it here. Rumour gives this little piece to a gentleman of the staff corps, to whose name the assumed appellation seems to have been made to assimilate. The gentleman alluded to, has several times, been made to make his appearance before the public, in the *Scribbler*; I never had the honour of his personal acquaintance, but this poem lets me so much into his character and sentiments, that I now feel as if I were acquainted with him; and hence am intuitively persuaded that the pleasantry, in which my correspondents have occasionally indulged with respect to him, and to which I have given publicity, has acted upon him as tickling does upon the human frame, affording a kind of half-painful, half-pleasing, sensation, and occasioning nothing but good will and good humour between the tickler and the ticklee, notwithstanding the apparent struggle between them.

it to a British military officer, yet, from its subject, its sentiments, and its scenery, must be considered as a Canadian production. The cultivation of the art of poetry, so congenial to the habits of gentlemanly leisure, although it may not make a poet, for

Poeta nascitur, non fit,

yet, will often awaken a latent genius, and at all times must tend to polish the manners, correct the language, and give a copiousness and elegance of diction which can not be acquired by better means. The language of the pulpit, the bar, and of the popular declaimer, is, as it were, cribbed in by the solemnity of divinity, the subtlety of the law, and the party-principles of the politician; but poetry has a freer range, through not only the same paths, but through all the flowery and the thorny, the smooth and the rugged scenes of life, literature, and science. This successful effort of a devotee of the muses, the first, of any consequence, of Canadian growth, is the more pleasing to me, and the more courts the approbation of my judgement, from the subject being one, which I have myself before treated *con amore*, and from the sentiments and opinions conveyed throughout the poem, with respect to the Charrivarri, being the same as those I entertain and have expressed.

The stanza of Byron has been adopted, and the manner of that poet, attempted to be followed. To have failed in such an attempt can be no dishonour; and to have, in a great measure, subdued his Pegasus to trot easily in the curbs and trammels that the recurrence of triple rhymes, and the artificial structure of the stanza, required, is no mean praise to the author. That he canters

away at his ease, in many parts of the production, will not be denied; whilst in others, there are evident signs that the head has been scratched to find a rhyme, and the brains tasked to strain after a figure of speech, or to embody an idea out of nothing.

The story is extremely simple, perhaps too much so; for after describing the persons, and characters of the hero and heroine, Baptisto the old bachelor, and Annette the widow, they are forthwith married, and bedded, disturbed by the Charrivarri, and then put to bed again, where

“The future hours repaid the past’s delay.”

From these simple materials, however, Mr. Longstaff, has contrived to construct one hundred and seventy-nine stanzas, scarcely any of which, (except where, in imitation of his prototype, lord Byron, he indulges in too great a latitude of parenthesis,) tire attention; and almost all lead into one another, and, in despite of their occasional erratic nature, dovetail so well together, that, when you begin the poem, it is impossible to stop till you come to the close. He fails most in the explanatory and connecting parts of the poem; both in the little that is serious, and the much that is comic, he is, in general, very successful; but most so in the humorous: of all I give specimens.

23

“But pardon, gentle reader, that before ye,
 This long digression’s laid, and I have stopp’d
 From the straight forward sequel of my story,
 And amongst Cupid’s darts, and mazes popp’d:
 But as some people like the amatory,
 And time of some few moments may by lopp’d,
 I fain would tell ye this, and having done,
 Plead for your grace—take breath, and so go on.

24

Baptisto, was a goodly man, at least
 As the more common meaning of the word
 Admits, to those who stick to law, and priest,
 And make appearance say, they've seldom err'd,
 And by the rules of honesty increas'd
 Their worldly weal, and tho' it seems absurd
 To class the terms, pass'd by the general rule,
 For the best natur'd soul alive, *id est*, a fool.

25

And none know wherefore, such terms we should class,
 Save that in humouring mankind's caprices,
 He verified "the poor man, and his ass,"
 A fable, which instructs, (as well as pleases,)
 That 'twere in vain, to stride the motley mass
 Of minds to satisfy which only teazes,
 And leaves us, when our labour is all done,
 Far from the goal, as where we first begun.

26

'Twere strange to say so, yet th' extreme of good,
 Is much man's ridicule, as that of folly,
 Unless we tread the step, or suit the mood
 Of those around, in mirth, or melancholy,
 Opinion sneers at this one, for a prude,
 And that, for being rather free and jolly;
 Such different paths do our ideas take,
 To stamp, the one a bigot, one, a rake.

Now all this, excepting the explanation of what is
 meant by "the best natured* soul alive," is nothing

* It will be perceived by the critical reader that I write the participles, and participial adjectives, in poetry, differently, sometimes marking them with an elision or apostrophe, and sometimes not. In this I follow a system, which I think the correct one, namely, that where the final *e* terminates the original words whence they are derived, I retain the *e*—*best natured*, is an instance; in the text of the poem, it is printed as I have done it in the quotation, (as, of course, I quote, according to the copy,) with an apostrophe, but *nature*, having the final *e*, according to my plan, requires it to be retained, since it can be better read with it than without it, for no one would pronounce it *natu-red*: but when the original words end with a consonant, such as *err*, and *pass*, in the same stanza.

but prosing and makeweights.

The following stanzas, on the contrary, are replete with poetry, pathos, descriptive elegance and appropriate figures.

21

“Or shall I hail thee, Love, as minstrels sing,
 Whose Muse inspir'd by rapture's glowing powers,
 Paint all thy blessings with the Iris wing
 Of Fancy—blooming as th' immortal bowers,
 Where Venus' self reclin'd—fresh as the Spring,
 And balmy as the breeze that breathes o'er flowers,
 Fair as the lily, when at morn bedew'd,
 And fragrant as the couch with violets strew'd.

22

Sweet as the tones which flow from music's numbers,
 Which o'er the waters mellows all its sound,
 Calm as the zephyr when all nature slumbers,
 Chaste as Diana's orb in azure bound,
 Pure as the vestal, whom no guilt encumbers,
 Bright as the vision of some fairy ground,
 Soft as the sunny radiance of the skies,
 And as the essence sweet that never dies.”

43

“Man, strikes the heart with powers which are his own;
 The forcible and grand—the firm, and brave,
 To rouse the multitudes with deed, or tone,
 To succour and defend, to seek and save;—
 But, woman, should be tenderness alone,—
 Hers is the sweetness of the summer wave,
 Which heaves its panting breast, and as it flows,
 Wins with the loveliness with which it glows.

44

Compare her cheek to the soft blooming rose,
 Contrast her eyebeams to the sapphire's blaze,
 Her parted lips, to fruit, on which there glows
 Crimson's rich tints—and her sweet smile which plays,

then I put the mark of elision, to shew that they are not to be read, as dissyllables. I take this opportunity of explaining my mode; because I have, by verbal, or rather literal, critics been accused of inconsistency in this respect.

To fair Aurora's beauty, when she throws
 Her opening blushes on the face of day,—
 Her bosom,—to the consecrated shine
 Of Love,—encircled with a charm divine;—”

Again;

93

“I recollect some thirty years ago,
 For I am old, and these things pass with years,
 Once to have felt the heaven inspiring glow
 Of Love,—which all the youthful soul endears,
 To one fair object, as the feelings flow
 Warm, pure, and fervent,—when no vale of tears
 Hath cross'd our youthful wand'rings,—and no care
 Has fallen to our unembitter'd share.—”

94

And tho' 'tis past, I can recount with some
 Pleasure of memory's smile, that such hath been,
 When from the studious toil, I hasten'd home,
 Where every wish enraptur'd all the scene,
 And found the welcome sweet,—for those who come
 From far, to find health, sparkling in each mien;
 But above all, to see one face, more dear
 Than all beside,—o'erjoy'd e'en to a tear.—”

95

And these are things, which make us so regret
 Parting with life,—kind friends,—soft smiles,—sweet
 eyes;—
 When Death endangers and gives us a threat,
 That from our sickness, we no more, may rise;—
 Cares may encompass sometimes,—we forget
 Ev'n cares, when true affections sympathize,—
 Envy may reach,—and Calumny may dart,-----
 But we live, safe, at least, in one fond heart.”

I am compelled to defer my extracts, in exemplification of the humourous parts of this poem, till the next number.

(To be continued.)

For the Scribbler.

SODA WATER COTILLIONS.

A new Song, for the South Cumberlanders.

1

Now dancing rules the town, with her sprightly heel and
foot,

And merchants' clerks, and printer's devils, gloves and
pumps have got.

Instead of harp, they call on *Sharp*

To scratch the catgut for a quarter,

'Twas *Rufus* plann'd it all,

With his small beer, and soda-water :

Whack-row-de-dow.

2

The town was all in quietness, till the vapours *Abner* got,
To cutting capers then he went, instead of cutting cloth,

He cursed his shears, and cock'd his ears,

With *Miller*, *Jones*, and both the *Carters*,

But *Rufus* managed all,

With his small beer and soda-water, &c.

3

The druggist's eyes were blinded, with rum and gin so
cruel,

He there mistook a virgin fair for 's *twenty-thousand jewel*,

The *Deacon* blue, and *Priest's* son too,

Bot'a characters of the first water,

But *Rufus* managed all,

With his small beer and soda-water, &c.

4

The *Chancellor*, of great renown, a *Greenhorn* from the
woods,

Has left his plough, and *uncle Jake*, and took to peddling
goods ;

Wooster and he, could not agree,

Had some *large* words, 'bout a *small* matter,

But *Rufus* settled all,

With a *barrel* of soda-water, &c.

5

A *Public*, cried the gentlemen, will, certain, raise our fame,
Abner, to shew his consequence, brought forth his flaming
dame ;

Then, three at night, O! what a sight!
They handed round, dried buns and water,
But Rufus wash'd it down,
With his small beer and soda-water, &c.

6

Is't earnest? cried the *Garter-Knight*, whilst squabbling
in the dark,
By God it is, cried *Charley Brag*, you'll find you've miss'd
your mark ;

Then hugging, clinching, stair-rails wrenching,
Flat on his back, lay *Knight of Garter* ;
But Rufus managed all,
With his small beer and soda-water, &c.

7

Sir Pedagogue, with fiery nose, and *Hiram* slim and tall,
Cotillions they must have, they said, whatever might be-
fall,

There was hooting, squalls, and midnight brawls,
With horrid oaths, and horselaughs a'ter,
But Rufus managed all,
With his small beer, and soda-water, &c.

8

All sizes, male and female, you'd think had gone astray,
From mother's lap, or nurse's care—some lost their *clouts*,
they say ;

Some stockings lost ; who'll pay the cost?
Sir George, the *knight of Ladies garter*?
Or let Rufus settle all,
With his small beer and soda-water.

Whack-row-de-dow.

after Ogilvie had been suspended. This gentleman it seems, took great offence at what appeared in the Scribbler No. 117 relative to him, and actually threatened to stop the distributor of the work in the street, take the books from him, and tear them. He had, however, the prudence to consult some friends on the occasion, who advised him, not to disturb the hornet's nest. But the intention having been expressed in words, his offence came under the cognizance of the court; who, lamenting to see a *gentleman*, as they were persuaded Mr. Delisle was, both from his family and his education, give away to so indecorous a degree of passion, only advised him temperately to read that number of the Scribbler which had offended him, when he would perceive that the allegations against him were inserted as part of a letter, upon which the Inspector-general bestowed no credit, and which he has severely cut up. They added, that, whether Mr. Delisle was competent or not for the situation, since the Inspector-general had declared that the office of high constable ought to be filled by a gentleman of dignified deportment, correct principles, and firm conduct, and so far from considering Mr. Delisle as unfit for the situation, had, in another place, (the Free Press,) applauded the choice made of him, that gentleman might have considered what was said both of him, and the office, as more to his honour than otherwise; however, as he had chosen to put on a cap, the court sentenced him to wear the same, as long as he himself should see fit.

Billy Mammoth, Miss McCome-again, and Miss Barley, all of Coldspring-manor, stood indicted for that, at sundry times, they had com-

mitted the crime of having broken open the cover of the blue-book, addressed to Isaac the scribe, and of having perused it, they being fully able to subscribe and pay for the same, contrary to the form of the Scribblerian statute, in that case made and provided.

It appeared in evidence, that at one time, after having received from the office, a number of the Scribbler, inclosed in a cover directed to the aforesaid Isaac the Scribe, upon being accidentally followed, the cover with the direction thereon, recently torn open, was found on the path Mr. Mammoth had taken; and that, on another occasion, particularly on the — day of May instant, a report prevailing of such a practice, after the depts. had left the office with a number of the Scribbler, inclosed and directed in the same way, a messenger was sent after them with another blue-book, open, in order that they might satisfy their curiosity without violating the sanctity of a seal, or invading the property of another; and that the said messenger, on coming up with them, perceived that the defendant, Billy Mammoth, had already opened the cover, and that the other defendants, Miss McCome-again, and Miss Barley, were contending with each other, for the first sight of the blue-book therein contained; whereupon the messenger presented the other book, saying, I brought this to save you the trouble of opening the other, and am sorry I am too late.

The evidence being most clear and decisive, they were found guilty, and sentence passed upon them that, from and after the appearance of this number of the Scribbler, they should hold down their heads, whenever they passed that way again, without looking any where but on the ground; with the proviso, that whenever the

said Billy Mammoth thought fit to subscribe to the Scribbler, and on behalf of himself and the other two delinquents, to make an apology for what they had done, they might then again hold up their heads, and look about them, as if nothing had happened.

Tom Booby, esquire, and another person, name unknown, were charged with the double offence of borrowing the Scribbler, and of disrespectful conduct towards the Secretary and Treasurer, by whom they were detected *en flagrant delit*.

The deposition of the secretary and treasurer, in this case, stated, that one day in the month of April last, going to the store of Tommy Make-a-leash, who is a subscriber to the Scribbler, Mr. Booby was perceived reading the blue-book, with his companion looking over his shoulder; that deponent addressed them, wondering that *gentlemen* who were so well able to pay for the amusement they derived from the Scribbler, should obtain it by stealth, and promising them they should figure accordingly in the blue-book; whereupon Mr. Booby answered that he did not care, he had already been in it; and that both in an unbecoming and ungentlemanly manner, (considering they were addressing a lady,) then nodding, and sneering, wished her good bye, adding, take care you yourself are not put in; alluding, as deponent verily believes, to the unjust, oppressive, and false imprisonment, to which deponent had, between three and four years ago, been subjected by the brutal and arbitrary conduct of Mrs. Slipslop MacRope, and of the scoundrelly agents of the *cidevant* Rat-catching Company.

On the part of the defendant, Booby, it was contended that he was, naturally, curious to see

what had been said of him in the Scribbler, and, therefore, although not a subscriber conceived himself, in a manner, entitled to get at that information in the best way he could. To this it was replied, that, tho' that might be a sufficient justification in such an instance, it would be proved that he was in the constant habit of borrowing the Scribbler, whether he himself had been scribbled or not.

Under all the circumstances of the case, and considering that it was a natural, and indeed laudable, curiosity in Mr. Booby, to find out what was said of him, and in the hopes likewise that he would not offend again, but on the contrary subscribe to the work, the very lenient sentence of the court was, that he should laugh three times on the wrong side of his face, and should, whenever he and his companion, met the secretary and treasurer again, make a decent bow in passing.

The court took occasion, however, to reprimand Mr. Make-a-leash, for allowing his blue-book to be read by persons well able to pay for it; and assured him that upon a repetition of the like, he should be pilloried in the Scribbler.

Mr. Gallic was charged both with borrowing the Scribbler, and of allowing a friend to read it: but having pleaded guilty and thrown himself on the mercy of the court, alleging that he was upon the point of leaving the country, or else would have become a subscriber; he was discharged, with the proviso that on his return he should take the blue book.

Several other cases were postponed, and the court broke up, *sine die*.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO PSYCHE.

Then be it so—each past hopes dies,
 And memory, like a fading dream,
 From her it long loved dearly, flies,
 To court some less capricious theme.

Then be it so—Love's throb is o'er—
 'Tis Psyche's will, we part for ever—
 'Tis Psyche dooms, we meet no more—
 And yet, from memory part she'll never.

Then be it so—the farewell sigh
 Has no fond heart to break but mine!
 No glance to steal from watching eye,
 Except contempt's proud look from thine.

Then be it so—if 't must be so—
 Since all but love thy heart discloses—
 But wheresoe'er I'm doom'd to go,
 Every throb on thee reposes.

Dear lady!—say it once again,
 For fain my heart would not believe it;—
 Yet, tho' it give my bosom pain,
 'Tis better far than to deceive it,

LOXIAS.

 DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXIX.

We are happy to perceive the extension of periodical papers, and have received the first number of a new one, called *the Journal of Argus*, from the village of Butchertown. Even if every village should produce an *Argus*, with his hundred eyes, we, *DICKY GOSSIP*, the *Briareus* of Canadian tittle-tattle, will always find an hundred hands to record the voices that may issue from the *oragae centum* of Fame.

JOURNAL OF ARGUS, No. 1.

Butchertown, 29th April, 1824.

Caution to Mr. Shepherd, and Miss Bigwood. Please to close the window-shutters, those times that you are disposed to play tricks on the sofa, in the early part of the evening; for, as Voltaire says, *l'exemple fait tout*, and it leads to strange results; as the following instance will clearly demonstrate. About six months ago, a *princess* of this place, walking past the window, with her *Fan*, hanging on her arm, heard that kind of noise that attracted her womanish curiosity, and looking in saw,—what she should not have seen—which had such an effect, that she was obliged on the spot, and as she stood, to be—covered by her fan—the consequence of which was that the day before yesterday the reverend Messire Fine-heap, was called upon to tie the fan to her apron-string, in the face of holy mother church.

A great noise occurred here, the other day, among the village *belles*, occasioned by Dr. Sonnel going to Warrentown to visit his patients there; but which the ladies here resolved, *nem. con.*, was for the purpose of seeing Miss Fairy, who, they said, was not a fit match for him, but who, other reports say, is a very pretty girl, and well worthy of attention.

Arrivals.—Walking out yesterday, to snuff up the fresh gale, I strolled as far as the promontory of *Fine-estate*, where I seated myself to enjoy the prospect. Looking towards Mount Royal, one of my eyes, (*Argus loquitur*;) espied a boat coming down the river, directing its course towards Butchertown. Watching it, till it put ashore near Joseph King's, I found, when I went down to enquire, that the widow Swaddle, and the Misses St. Dizzy, had disembarked from it. The bells of the church, struck the alarm on this occasion, and the people of the town, were some smiling, others swearing, others weeping, and others whispering, but all I could collect, (for it will be recollected that, tho' I have five score eyes, I have only one pair of ears,) was the expression, "birds of a feather, flock together."

MR. EDITOR,

Please to discontinue the insertion of my advertisement for a Miller, as the *Empiric* from Herbertstown applied next day, and shewed himself perfectly capable of doing the duty of the office required.

DELIA THE MILLER'S MAID.

Mount Royal, 14th May, 1824.

Would it not be well for *widowers*, who are selling their furniture at auction, to dispose previously of their seraglio of street beauties? At a late sale, the other day, a whole covey seemed to be employed about the house, and diverted the attention of many of the audience from the articles put up, amongst whom was

A PURCHASER.

It is not right for any married man to assert in public, that his wife is too damned ugly to be loved; for, even were it true—the truth must not be told at all times. It is, however, said he is much given to go astray; and perhaps “this accounts for it.”

EXPECTED NUPTIALS.

Dr. Spectacles is seriously attacked with the hymeneal fever, to such a degree, that it threatens to become malignant, and the application of that universal panacea, the fair hand of a fair daughter of *Adam*, (and it is said, it will be uncle Natty's niece,) is the only possible febrifuge that can be exhibited with advantage. Yet it is feared that will be denied him, as uncle Natty wishes his ward to be joined to some one, who has all the requisites of a man and no more.

The contention between a *Miller* and Mr. Macandre, for the fair hand of Miss Matilda Charlatannoddy, is scarcely conceivable, and the bruit runs that Mr. Macandre will bear off the palm.

McRope, the would-be divine, is performing his devotions at the altar of Cupid; the priestess Charlotte will reward his labours; for the self-same night that will see her sister Maria in the arms—not of Morpheus, but of *Linsey* of *Notoriety*, is destined for that of the priest's connubial blessedness.

The Dutchess of Normandy is about to emerge from her state of dowagership, and to purchase a *Greenfield*, where she will roll on the autumn of her days, in the renewed state of matrimony.

Your's, &c.

ST. GEORGE.

JUDAS ISCARIOT *the latter.*

The former of this name, became notorious on account of the enormity of his crime; not so with the present one, for he, as well as his doings, are upon a most limited scale. He

has, however, of late years, much advanced his consequence, by the assumption of the curatorship of a large estate, and the tutorship of a minor heiress, and thereby, probably, saved himself from that state of nothingness, which is apportioned to those *here*, who have not the precious metals. Now the state of affluence, and plenty so required, is settled upon him, for a season of no inconsiderable duration, as his ward is very young. Many even venture to say, that he will, throughout life, feel the goodly consequences of his *ministration*, and that the object of his solicitude, will also feel the consequences of his kind care, and the peculiar *keeping* propensities of his nature. Judas also possesses a great share of *secret cunning*, and it is intimated, that he will exercise no small share of that quality, in this his fortunate undertaking; he is none of those who bring back their ill-gotten wealth, and tender it unto those who gave it, in token of repentance, as did the former of this name, never being troubled with that comfortless feeling, called *remorse of conscience*. Nothing of this kind ever troubles him; hence, we see, he is better calculated for his undertaking than was his pattern of old. He, considers it far better to spend the monies he possesses, in buying consequence for himself, being persuaded he could in no other way obtain distinction. It may be a subject of interest with the more inquisitive, to learn how *Judas* acquired his cognomen. To give a short explanation, the following will suffice. At the instituting of a certain Bank in Mount Royal, some five or six years ago, great men not being very plentiful, among the stockholders, *Judas*, (then called Benjamin,) was selected to represent one. At the next annual election, he, in a most *disgraceful* manner, *betrayed* his associates, who in consequence, at that period, surnamed him *Judas*, by which distinctive appellation he has gone ever since; and what justifies them more particularly, is, that this same *Judas*, has so managed his *cards*, as to come in with the popular party, at each, and every, succeeding revolution, in that unfortunate institution, from its commencement, to the present time. This plainly shows he is not destitute of ingenuity. Of his *austerity*, and *oppression*, in the character of creditor, (which he not unfrequently assumes as agent,) his cunning, in such respects, his *Pharasical* deportment, &c. we shall speak hereafter, as occasion may require, as well as of his extraordinary marriage with a *garden* some years since, near the mountain, where he has since cultivated Scotch *Thistles*, for the purpose of courting popularity with the North Britons; a rocky and barren soil has, however, greatly prevented their growth, and rendered this speculation nearly hopeless.

EXPOSITOR.

[Remainder of the Domestic Intelligences in next number.]

A rather sudden indisposition preventing the Editor of the Scribbler from arranging his other ORIGINAL materials for this number, he trusts the Public will accept that circumstance as an apology for filling up the remaining pages with :

Speech of Miss Polly Baker, before a Court of Judicature, near Boston, in New England, where she was prosecuted the fifth time for having a bastard child: which influenced the Court to dispense with her punishment, and induced one of the Judges to marry her, by whom she had 15 children.

May it please the honourable Bench to indulge me in a few words. I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to see lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches, for I have not the presumption to expect that you may by any means be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours will charitably move the Governor's goodness on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your Court on the same account. Twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to public punishment for want of money to pay those fines: This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed, and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances, therefore there is left a power somewhat to dispense with the execution of them. I take the liberty to say, that I think

this law by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe in regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born, and defy my enemies, (if I have any) to say, I ever wrong'd man, woman, or child. Abstracted from the law, I can not conceive, (may it please your honours) what the nature of my offence is; I have brought five fine children into the world at the risk of my life. I have maintained them well by my own industry, without burdening the township, and would have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges, and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects, in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praiseworthy, rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth; these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless perhaps the minister or justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding fee. But, can this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours.— You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupefied to the last degree not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility and skill in economy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say, I ever refused an offer of that sort. On the contrary I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me, which was when I was a virgin; but too easily confiding in the per-

son's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour by trusting to his, for he got me with child and then forsook me. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county; and I had hopes that he would this day have appeared on the bench, and have endeavoured to moderate the Court in my favour; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it, but I must now complain of it, as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and miscarriages, (if they must be deemed such,) should be advanced to honour and power in the government that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy. I should be told, 'tis like, that were there no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church communion. Is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended heaven, and must suffer eternal fire. Will not that be sufficient? What need is there then of your additional fines and whipping? I own I do not think as you do, for if I thought what you call a sin was really such, I could not presumptuously commit it. But how can it be believed that heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned it by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls?

(To be continued.)

[Notice to Correspondents omitted for the same reason as before stated.]

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GENERAL COURT of OYER and TERMINER, held for the trial and determination of offences against the Scribbler.

Die Jovis, XXVII Maii, 1824.

A case of flagrant nature was the first called, and the following declaration was produced :

MR. SCARLET,

Will please to bear in mind, that the Scribbler, which is addressed to the "Montreal Herald," is not to be delivered to any person who does not belong to that (the Herald) office. I have ascertained that the person who obtained it yesterday is a boy who lives wit Mr. Stair Dalrymple Gairdner, and who was sent by Mr. G. to enquire for it for me. I called at Mr. G.'s and wished him to give me the Scribbler, Mr. G. replied "that he would give it me if I would wait till Mr, Walter Peddie had read it," which I did not choose to do, and have not yet received it, Thursday afternoon, 2 o'clock.

(Signed.)

JOHN BAIRD.

6th May.

An order was made by the court to prohibit the delivery of the Scribbler, to any but the persons strictly entitled to it; and the delinquents Stair Dalrymple Gairdner, commonly called the earl of Stair, and Walter Peddie, otherwise Professor Watty Piddle, are to be branded in the forehead, if they have impudence enough to hold up their heads, as mean and paltry pilferers, and poor rogues not worth the price of a single number.

Another case of some importance was that of A. Delisle, Esquire, temporary high constable.