

THE SCRIBBLER.

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—*Jam non ad culmina rerum
Injustos crevisse queror; tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruunt.* CLAUDIAN.

Lifted on high upon that giddy height,
Why are the wicked there? Lo! reason tells,
Exalted thus they are, to fall the deeper.

*Venimus ad summum fortunæ; pinguis atque
Psallimus*— HORACE.

Now let us sing and dance, for we have gain'd
The joyous height for which each nerve we've strain'd.

Nil desperandum Teucris, duce et auspice Teucro. HORACE.

On horse or foot, such leaders ne'er can fail.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil. MARTIAL.

“The rest is nought but leather and prunella.”

With the ambition of literary fame, which seized me at an early period of life, and with the vanity and confidence incident to youth, inexperience, and untried powers, I balanced some time between the epic and the tragic muse. No lower walk would satisfy my aspiring mind; and

though, when time had brought with it the conviction that "the more I knew, the less I found I knew," or in the sentiment of Socrates, as expressed by Cicero, "*Id unum scio, quod nihil scio,*" I dwindled down to a translator, compiler, lexicographer, essayist, etc. I began my literary career, with the publication of the first book of an historical epic poem, entitled "BRITANNIA." This, although rather favourably spoken of, in the reviews of the time, [1796,] was so wholly unsuccessful with the public, that I never had the courage to print the second book, which was begun, or to continue it

This failure equally damped my ardour for shining as a tragic poet; and I did little more than note down such subjects as I conceived might be successfully worked up into English tragedies; as having been either previously not attempted, or not treated in the way most productive of dramatic effect.

Amongst these, looking over my commonplace-book, I find :

SARDANAPALUS, surprised and supplanted by Arbaces.—
This has latterly employed the nervous pen of the immortal Byron.

THE CONQUEST OF GRAN CANARIA, as related by Glas, in his history of the Canary islands, ch. 20.

VASCO DE GAMA at Calicut; from the *Lusiad* of Camoens.

INEZ DE CASTRO, treated differently than it has hitherto been, and comprising her tragical death, and the regal honours conferred upon her corpse.

ARABS OF THE DESERT, founded on a story in "Memoirs relative to Egypt;" the substance of which is the assassination of the only son of the chief of a large tribe, in the arms of his wife. She had had a former husband who repudiated her on frivolous pretences; but, filled with love and rage, swore he would kill with his own hand every one who should marry her, and he kept his word.

ANNE OF WIRTEMBERG, the romantic incidents of whose confinement by her husband, the duke of Ulm, and the circumstances attending the violent deaths of both, together with her pararmour Conrade, in the prison, are excellent subjects for scenic representation.

But, above all, the history of ROSAMOND, QUEEN OF THE LOMBARDS, obtained the preference in my mind as adapted for the tragic muse, both in respect of stage-effect, and capability for poetic execution. I drew up a sketch of such a tragedy and wrote a few scenes, but went no farther; and this remains amongst the many inchoate works, and literary projects which I have, at various times, projected and commenced, but abandoned at the threshold. Her story, is of so striking and interesting a nature, that, conceiving it will be acceptable to my readers, I will give them the outlines of it, chiefly taken from "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."*

* Paul of Anquileia, Gregory of Tours, and Sigonius in his History of Italy, record the story of Alboin and Rosamond, but somewhat differently from Gibbon.

Under the standard of Audoin the king of the Lombards,† his son, Alboin, distinguished himself by his valour and encountering the rival prince of the Gepidæ, slew him in personal combat. The Lombard chiefs requested their king to admit the heroic youth to the feast of victory; but Audoin referred to the wise customs of their ancestors, by which a prince, whatever might be his merit, was incapable of sitting at table with his father, until he has received his arms from a foreign and royal hand. Alboin therefore, bowing with reverence to the institutions of his country, selected forty companions, and boldly visited the court of Turibund, king of the Gepides, who, according to the laws of hospitality of those times, embraced and entertained the slayer of his son. At the banquet that ensued, words of exasperation passed between Cunimund, the surviving son of the king, and Alboin, who, with his forty companions, fearlessly started from their seats, laid their hands on their swords, and defied the assembled warriors of the Gepides. The venerable interposition of Turibund, however, appeased the tumult, saved his own honour, and the life of his guest, and after the solemn rites of investiture, he dismissed the stranger prince in the bloody arms of his son, the gift of a weeping parent.

Alboin returned in triumph, and the Lombards who celebrated his matchless intrepidity, were compelled to praise the virtues of an enemy. It was in this extraordinary visit,

† The Lombards, or Longobardi, as all the ancient historians call them, derived their appellation from the long beards they wore.

that Alboin, saw the daughter of Cunimund, who soon after succeeded his father in the throne. Her name was Rosamond, an appellation expressive of female beauty, and which is consecrated, in our English history, by a tale of love and romance.

Alboin had been contracted to the granddaughter of Clovis, but when, upon his father's death, he succeeded to the iron crown of Italy, the restraints of faith and policy, yielded to the double desire of possessing the fair Rosamond, and of insulting her family and nation, the inveterate enemies of the Lombards.† It was about the year 568,§ that, the arts of persuasion being tried without success, Alboin, conquered and destroyed the kingdom and the nation of the Gepides. The bulk of them perished by the sword, and Cunimund fell fighting with desperate valour, at the last exterminating battle. His head was brought to the conqueror, who, to satiate his hatred, or perhaps to comply with the savage customs of the times, caused his skull to be fashioned into a drinking-cup. The fair Rosamond was induced or compelled to acknowledge the rights of her victorious lover; and the daughter of Cunimund appeared to forgive those crimes, which might be imputed to her own irresistible charms.

† Gregory of Tours, says that Alboin did marry Clothosinde, the daughter of Clothaire, king of France, an alliance which added greatly to the already formidable power of the Lombards. He afterwards married, says that historian, Rosamond, the daughter of Cunimund, king of the Gepides.

§ Or 571; according to Sigonius, and Gregory of Tours.

After this, Alboin conquered a great part of Italy, and fixed his royal seat at Pavia; his reign, though splendid, was transient, for before he could regulate his conquests, he fell a sacrifice to female revenge and domestic treason. At a feast given to his companions in arms at a palace near Verona, the king himself was tempted to exceed the ordinary measure of his intemperance; and, after draining many capacious bowls of wine, he called for the skull of Cunimund, the most precious ornament of his sideboard. The cup of victory was accepted with applause: "Fill it again with wine," exclaimed the inhuman master of the feast, "fill it to the brim; carry this goblet to the queen, and desire, in my name, that she will rejoice with her father." In an agony of grief and rage, Rosamond had strength to utter; "Let the will of my lord be obeyed," and, touching it with her lips, pronounced a silent imprecation that the insult should be washed away in the blood of Alboin.

Implacable in her enmity, or inconstant by temperament, Rosamond had violated the duties of a wife, and had stooped from the throne to the arms of a subject; and Helmichis, the king's armour bearer, was the secret accomplice of her pleasure and revenge.

To Helmichis, she proposed the murder of his sovereign; but his courage was unequal to the dreadful enterprise. He pressed and obtained the consent of Rosamond, that one of the bravest of the Lombard chiefs should be associated in the

conspiracy.' Peredeus, ¶ a gallant and noble soldier, was fixed upon, and the mode of seduction employed by the queen, betrays her shameless insensibility to honour and to love. A female attendant of the queen's had an intrigue with Peredeus, Rosamond supplied her place, and contrived an excuse for darkness and silence, until she could inform her companion that he had enjoyed the queen of the Lombards, and that his own inevitable destruction, or the death of Alboin, must be the consequence of such treasonable adultery. In this alternative he chose rather to be the accomplice than the victim of Rosamond; and the project assumed the plan of a regular conspiracy.

Rosamond soon found a favourable moment, when the king, oppressed with wine, had retired from the table to his afternoon slumbers. The gates of the palace were shut, all defensive weapons removed, the attendants dismissed, and Rosamond, after lulling him to sleep by her tender and deceptive caresses, unbolted the chamberdoor, and urged the reluctant conspirators to the instant assassination of her husband. On the first alarm, the warrior started from his couch; his sword, which he attempted to draw, had been fastened to its scabbard, by the hand of his faithless wife, and a small stool, his only weapon, could not long protect him from the

¶ It is Paul deacon of Aquileia, who was secretary to Didier, the last king of the Lombards, that relates the story of the seduction of Peredeus by Rosamond. Gregory of Tours, says, she caused Alboin to be killed by two of his officers, with one of whom, Helmichis, she had committed adultery in order to induce him to assassinate the king.

blades of his assailants. The daughter of Cunimund smiled at his death, and exulted in the fall of her father's murderer, and nation's destroyer. His body was buried under the staircase of the palace.

I give the close of her eventful history in the exact words of Gibbon;

“ The ambitious Rosamond aspired to reign in the name of her lover, the city and palace of Verona were awed by her power, and a faithful band of her native Gepides was prepared to applaud the revenge, and to second the wishes of their sovereign; but the Lombard chiefs, who fled in the first moments of consternation and disorder, had resumed their courage, and collected their powers; and the nation, instead of submitting to her reign, demanded with unanimous cries, that justice should be executed on the guilty spouse, and on the murderers of their king. She sought a refuge amongst the enemies of her country, and a criminal, who deserved the abhorrence of mankind, was protected by the selfish policy of the exarch || With her daughter, the heiress of the Lombard throne, her two lovers, her trusty Gepides, and the costly spoils of the palace of Verona, Rosamond descended the Adige and the Po, and was transported by a Greek vessel to the safe harbour of Ravenna.

|| Longinus, who exercised at Ravenna, as exarch, the delegated power of the Roman Byzantine emperor Justin — The historian has here, I conceive, been too severe upon the queen of the Lombards; it ought to be recollected that the Gepides were always, until their destruction by Alboin, the ancient allies of the empire; Rosamond therefore sought refuge with the Romans, not because they were the enemies of the Lombards, but because they were the friends of her own native country, and of her own regal family.

“ Longinus beheld with delight the charms and the treasures of the widow of Alboin. Her situation and her past conduct might justify the most licentious proposals, and she readily listened to the passion of a minister, who, even in the decline of the empire, was respected as the equal of kings. The death of a jealous lover was an easy and grateful sacrifice, and as Helmichis issued from the bath, he received the deadly potion from the hand of his mistress : the taste of the liquor, its speedy operation, and his experience of the character of Rosamond, convinced him that he was poisoned ; he pointed his dagger to her breast, compelled her to drain the remainder of the cup, and expired in a few minutes, with the consolation that she could not survive to enjoy the fruits of her wickedness.”

The story of Alboinus and Rosmunda is related also, with simplicity and perspicuity, in the *Istoria Fiorentina* of MACHIAVELLI. There are three tragedies in the Italian language that are founded upon it ; of which I shall proceed to give some account in my next.

L. L. M.

~~Shamlea, 24th January, 1825.~~

Shamlea, 24th January, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

I have been here three weeks, and having collected some information for your blue-book, I lost no time in sending some of the particulars to my friend Mac, who, you know,

dabbles a little in poetry, and has put some rhymes together, as you will see by the inclosed. I gained my information chiefly from Peg Prattle, and I do say she appears to be as well informed as any one in the genealogy and private history of the principal families in Canada.

To begin with the ladies of the first house. Old Peg told me, when they lived in the North West, they used frequently to go to camp meetings, not having any regular place of worship in that country; and horses being scarce, the old ladies made it a practice to ride on the bull, who was well trained to the saddle; and during the time of camp, the bull was let out on hire at one and three pence per cow. One time, however, it seems one of the dames fell off the bull, and strained her hip, which makes her a little lame. Here is a scrap of Mac's poetry relative to them.

O, dear, how the times are altered,
 Since I, in that country so dull,
 To camp, for amusement, did saunter,
 With my pillion fast girt on the bull.

I now ride in a coach with fine trappings,
 Although my steed cannot well pull;
 O, dear, how the times are altered,
 Since I rode to church on the bull!

I reccollect aunt had much pleasure
 When we cyder and whiskey did mull,
 We now guzzle wine in full measure;
 Times are changed since we rode on the bull.

Now for another sketch——In my rambles, I took up my

quarters at the half-way-house between the two villages, where a musical entertainment was going forward. The room was filled with respectable looking persons, and the ladies would have done credit to a Mount-Royal assembly.— There was a reverend gentleman, who helped the ladies to fruit, etc., with that beau-mondish air of gentility which can not fail to please the fair, and serve as an example to the other sex. One of the company was a man who used crutches, who made himself conspicuous by his low and vulgar manners. I enquired his Scriblerian name, of an intelligent friend near me, and found it was Shylock, and that he was reckoned among the would-be great folks from the land o' cakes. I also particularly noticed a young pale faced lad, who acted the clown at this entertainment. I am told he is studying divinity under the reverend gentleman before mentioned; I asked my friend, who he was, he said that he was a butcher's boy from Government-City, who, in the early part of his life was in the habit of selling sausages, black-puddings, cowheels, &c. There appeared to be an unbecoming freedom betwixt him and miss Shylock; *inter alia*, he snatched miss S.'s bonnet off her head, and hung it on his button; the green veil that was attached to it hung down in front, like the apron of fig-leaves, which Adam and Eve made unto themselves, to cover their nakedness; and equipped in this manner, he assumed the beau by handing round refreshments to the ladies: I observed the parson's lady blush for shame at observing such conduct. If miss S. has a mother, I expect

this will reach her ears; her father seems rather to encourage than to check her.

I must also reprobate the tiresome behaviour of Shylock, and a Pat, whose name I did not learn, in calling constantly, the one for his favourite Scotch airs, and the other for his dear Irish tunes, to the exclusion of the favourite popular melodies, which are always preferred by a mixed company; not that I dislike either the Scotch or the Irish music, but the whole evening ought not to be engrossed by them.

You may now treat yourself with the wedding-song that follows; whilst I remain,

Your's &c.

A PAINTER,

THE WEDDING.

1

If my skill does not fail me, I will describe,
A wedding that late through the village did ride.
I sing of bold William, a swaggering blade,
Who kissed and got married to Charlotte, the maid.

The wedding-day was most fine, sir,
The married ladies did shine, sir,
The number attending was nine, sir,
At this wedding, this wedding so fine.

2

In the first carriage* William was placed by his bride,
In the next was bráw Sawney, with his rib by his side,
The third held a ady, who wish'd to be stitch'd,
And the fourth had a young bucksome widow bewitch'd,
And after these follow'd the throng, sir,

* The original, no doubt by mistake, has "cart."

They whipp'd, spurr'd, and dash'd all along, sir,
 And the road to the church was thought long, sir,
 At this wedding, this wedding so fine.

3

And when father Save-all the knot he had tied,
 Up stepp'd a bold youth t' have a kiss of the bride;
 "Be easy," said Bill, "do n't be such an elf,
 Be off to the canton, get one for yourself,
 For she is now bone of my bone, sir,
 I pray then you'll leave her alone, sir,
 And I'll do the needful she'll own, sir,
 At this wedding, this wedding of mine."

4

Being now tack'd together, they homeward did steer,
 To attack, with all hands, a full hoghead of beer.
 They sat down together, a frolicsome set;
 In the wood of old Bail-up together they met.
 There were millers, and bakers, and tailors,
 There were coopers, turf-cutters, and nailors,
 With butchers, shoemakers and dealers,†
 At this wedding, this wedding so fine.

5

There was shoemaker Last, with his pretty wife,
 Grist the miller, also, with the pride of his life,
 There was dominie Dry-one, along with his bride,
 And the baker he sate by the gay widow's side.
 They kiss'd and cuddled together,
 And talk'd about tanning of leather,
 They seem'd all birds of a feather,
 At this wedding, this wedding so fine.

6

To describe the good dinner, that is past my skill,
 But of eating and drinking they all had their fill.

† The rhyme here, betrays the poet to be an Hibernian.

A rump of roast beef, and a quarter of mutton,
 And puddings and pies the table were put on,
 Of turkies a dozen or more, sir,
 Of pullets and cocks full a score, sir,
 And of lambs and rams, there were four, sir,
 At this wedding, this wedding so fine.

7

The knives and forks rattled, as they play'd away,
 And while they were eating, few words they did say.
 The liquor in goblets was handed about
 By th' master of ceremonies, Billy Brown-stout.
 There was beer, one hogshead, or cask, sir,
 Of wine two dozen of flasks, sir,
 And of spirits a full quarter cask, sir,
 At this wedding, this wedding so fine.

8

When the cloth was removed, the wine round did fill,
 To the health of the bride, and swaggering Bill,
 Then maids, wives, and widow, in turns, slim or plump,
 And next all the male kind, together they lump'd.
 After that the dancing begun, sir,
 And really at that they'd rare fun, sir,
 But the prize by the widow was won, sir,
 At this wedding, this wedding so fine,

9

The night far advanced, they then did prepare,
 The stocking to throw, which was their next care.
 The widow being chosen the stocking to fling,
 On purpose by accident, made the miller's head ring.
 And then there was tittering and coughing,
 With joking, and drinking, and quaffing;
 And they parted quite merry, and laughing
 At this wedding, this wedding so fine.



Mount Royal, 28th January, 1826

DEAR SCRIB,

I went last evening to the theatre, attracted, not by the play particularly, but by the pompous annunciation in the papers that the Mount Royal cavalry would make their first appearance that night, in full uniform, for the benefit of the manager. The house, as you may expect, was crowded long before the curtain rose, excepting one box which was retained for the gallant troop. Expectation was on tiptoe, when, a little before seven, a general buzz throughout the house gave "note of preparation" for their approach. The spectators in the side boxes and the pit were soon gratified with the gorgeous view; but, in my ignorance and uncertainty whether this noble spectacle would be exhibited on the stage, (where I half expected to see them mounted and fully equipped for action,) or what part of the theatre their leader had fixed upon for their parade-ground, I had unfortunately taken my station in the centre box of the upper tier, where I could not even get a glimpse of them; as it proved that their gallant commander had secured the front box in the dress circle for their headquarters for the evening. I had consequently to shift my station in order to be gratified with a sight so rare in a public theatre, and therefore descended into the pit; and I will now give you a short account of the exhibition.

My observation was first directed towards their general demeanour. You can not imagine, my dear sir, how bashful some of the troop looked having never before occupied so

distinguished a place. There was little Joey Warrick, who is about five feet in height, sitting in the rear of his brother sergeant, Wand, who, by the bye, is six feet some inches; this so disconcerted Joey, that he retreated to the upper boxes, in order to be able to see the performances on the stage. Mr. Look-in was squinting about in grand style, and made himself more conspicuous than all the rest of the troop:—N. B. he could not attend the bar that evening, not to degrade himself in the eyes of the circle he was admitted to—besides, how funny it would have seemed to see a cavalry officer's uniform serving out sixpenny-worth of grog! thinks I to myself, what a piece of puff paste is this! so much for gingerbread and sweetmeats. The two Mr. Bigs and Mr. Dough found their heads rather uncomfortable, owing to their wigs making them too warm; they therefore, along with Billy Shark, followed their little sergeant Joey to the upper boxes. Johnny and Willy McRope shewed themselves to great advantage, by occasionally shifting their places.—Bobby Saddler was quite easy, and seemed, like his officers, quite at home, I wondered I did not recognize Davy Handieside, whom some call Awkwardsides, nor Dandy Bull-head, but, as they are both conscious that the world knows they possess a large stock of brass, perhaps they did not think it necessary to display it on that occasion. As for Count Grig, "the least said, the soonest mended." But it is impossible to particularize all the actors in this brilliant pantomimic entertainment.

Now, Mr. Scrib, you must further know, that it is the in-

tention of this gallant troop to make their second appearance in the ring of the Circus, fully equipped and mounted; and I should not wonder if, next summer, they pay the country round a visit, and in that case, if they can get leave of egress, ingress, and regress, they will, no doubt, perform their equestrian exercises, and shew off their full-dress cavalry costume, among the Flats: Let me, therefore, recommend you to get a subscription set on foot to erect a convenient place for their performance.

I will let you know more after their appearance at the Circus; in the mean time I can not but inwardly rejoice and outwardly chuckle, to think what our neighbours will say, upon hearing that our warlike Mount Royal cavalry have been exhibited to such great advantage, as a theatrical puppet-show.

Your's etc.

AN OBSERVER.

MR. MACCULLOH,

To get into notice is as much the aim of "pious young men," who have a call for imposing upon a multitude of fanatics, as it is of the lawyer at the bar, the auctioneer in his rostrum, or the Scribbler at his writing desk.

There is a character amongst us than whom, though few are less deserving of notice, fewer are more desirous of being exalted in the eyes of the saints and saintesses. These reflections have arisen from observing in a late Courant an account of a meeting of ladies for the purpose of forming a bible association. From the way in which it was written, I

concluded it could be the production of no other than the projector of the association ; and, on making enquiry, I found my surmise was correct.

The reverend Mr. Nativity was imported into Canada by a few Yankee seceders from the Presbyterian church, under the firm of Sledge-hammer, Lyar-man, Little Lowbig, & Co.*

* As, by giving publicity to this communication, (chiefly with the view of exposing the presumption, ignorance, hypocrisy and self-interestedness of characters who desire to be considered in opposite lights.) I have ventured into the thorny path of church controversy, I beg to enter a caveat against proceeding farther therein, beyond any replies, refutations, or vindications, that may be sent to me relative to what I now publish.

Referring to some old communications sent to me some time ago on this subject, and which I did not then think it expedient to publish, I find in one, dated March 1823, and signed PHILOPATRIA, much matter that I conceive may, with propriety, be introduced here ; especially his description of the characters of the schismatics, as he terms them.

“ The leaders,” says he, “ are first ; old Sam Starch solemn-phiz, the blacksmith, first mover and conductor of the schism, now ruling elder, and president over their managers ; he, like Diotrephas of old, “ loves to have the pre-eminence : ” it hurt the good man’s feelings, that, while he continued in the other congregation, he could not do all things just as he liked, which he now does. Next, is his friend, old Daddy Grimface, the tapster, famous for his grunting, sage criticisms, remarks upon characters, churches, &c. : he is second in command. Then comes Jacko Braggadochio, the volcanic agent, burning hot with zeal for the new cause ; mark his self-importance and high-mettled courage ; he, with the air of a Hector, said to the printer of an article in a newspaper that told some wholesome truths, that if the writer was a married man, he would prosecute him for a libel, and if single, he would challenge him. Then there is his brother, a cash-clinker ; although a puny sized animal, he is not so little in his own eyes, and considers himself of great importance

“ These are the principal leaders in that religious fraternity. They have associated a number of their countrymen, ma-

These gentry, finding that they could not be appointed elders in the kirk, on account of their well known characters, thought, and rightly, that they might surely be deacons in their own church, if they could get one. The next difficulty was in getting a meetinghouse; however they succeeded in procuring the methodist-chapel, but the little beardless brat of a preacher they had got, dealt out hell and damnation in such overdoses, that even the methodists could endure it no longer, and turned him and his congregation adrift. They then determined to build a church—money was required—a subscription was set on foot by the old rants—many subscribed for large sums, (queery, have they paid yet?) During the time their subscription was going on, their worthy shepherd boy took a journey *hum* to Ohigh-oh, and other parts of the States, where he succeeded in getting money from a few of the ignorant community, but disgusted the more rational by his presumption, in falsely declaring in the house of God, out of the pulpit, to quote his own words, that “he was

ny of whom do not discern their deeplaid schemes. Among those whom they have wheedled into their net, are; little Martin, the turnep-cleaner; Granny Nathan, the typesetter; the sons of the two ruling elders, messrs. Drugomans & Co.; Hemanus, the ploughman, who can be, and is, led more by the nose, than by his understanding, yet, like most of his countrymen here, thinks himself no small drink; Horace, the stage-driver; and I must not pass over the country-peddler, whose everlasting clack would tire the patience of Job: he has a vast number of words at command, pretends to explain and expatiate upon the sacred volume; and, if long prayers, with a copious flow of language, make a christian, he will appear like a star of the first magnitude in that constellation. They have also attached to themselves, Jabez Lubber, the chapelier, and his brother Jacko, who has so many daily ups and downs; with a number of stragglers, who never attended any place of worship before, till, as they boast, they gathered these wandering sheep into their fold.”

L. L. M.

the first that sounded the glad tidings of the gospel in Canada; and that it was their duty to assist him in delivering the land from sin and damnation, where no religion was known."†

However, sir, for my part, though this is not an unfair specimen of his general mode of declamation, I do not think the little fellow is so much to blame, for he is yet young, and surrounded by more than half a hundred old wives (male and female,) who encourage and praise his fanaticism and bigotry. His ambition is great, and, finding that he is not thought worthy of notice by his brother ministers, he wants to fill the columns of newspapers, about his institutions, and his dear self. He is right indeed to sound his own trumpet, as none else would.

I will now, Mr. Editor, call your attention to a part of the account given of the meeting, which ought to have been printed in italics; it is this. "*The chairman, having left the chair, it was moved that the thanks of the meeting be given to Horatio Bigdoors, esquire. for his able and obliging conduct in the chair. This motion having been put to the vote by the recording secretary of the auxiliary bible-society, (hear!) was unanimously carried: (hear!) and the gleam of joy which pervaded the fair countenances of the numerous assemblage, whilst signifying their assent to this motion, gave a pleasing indication that the acknowledgement was felt with gratefulness.*"

Did you ever see such a ridiculo-bombastico-sublimo-puff,

† When this piece of ignorant effrontery, this lying fulmination of hypocrisy, first found its way into print, I was solicited to stigmatise it, in its proper colours; but I then considered the utterer as too contemptible for my notice.—As he is, however, now eagerly plodding his slippery way up the hill of notoriety, I will kindly lend him a shove; and sing;—

“O, the poor little old woman, shove her along.”

L. L. M.

without any *gleam* of sense or intelligibility? Why did not the learned author say *blooming* as well as *fair*, for there were some, i. e. a few, ladies present, who were not more than thirty five years of age?

As to Mr. H. B. he is a gentleman, and I am sure he could not help being disgusted with the long preamble about voting him thanks and the cant language made use of. †

But, sir do n't you see that Mr. Nativity, will have, moreover, the handling of money from all this. Oh! that handling of money! that is the magnet of attraction that makes so many men religious, who would not have thought of it otherwise. Wo'n't you bid for a pew in the new church? ¶

It is probable that I may give you, from time to time a regular account of their proceedings; § I must now however conclude, and remain,

Your's &c.

JONATHAN BAPTISTE.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

† Between you and I, and the post, Mr. Jonathan Baptiste, I don't think much of people who will lend themselves to such ostentatious purposes of fanaticism.

L. L. M.

¶ Perceiving that the disgusting and sacrilegious practice of selling and leasing of pews, by the hammer of an auctioneer, within the walls of a church, is still resorted to in Montreal; and that by an advertisement in the papers such a scandalous scene was to take place in the Scotch Presbyterian church, on the 11th instant; I can not pass it by without again lifting up my voice against the infamous actors in it.— But they prove the words of Jeremiah, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."

See further, Scribbler, Vol. III. p 27, & Vol. VI. p. 248.

L. L. M.

§ Among the proceedings noticed by Philopatria, was the

Qui vous plaira si Sorel vous deplait ?—VOLTAIRE.—Pucelle.

Clarencetown, Feb. 3, 1826.

DEAR MAC,

You do n't often favour us with your notice,* although there is, I assure you, a good deal in this place that is cognizable in your court.

Dr. Von has been supposed to have occasionally contributed to your work; but I scarcely wonder to find he has neglected you for some time past, for the poor devil has something of greater importance to attend to than to furnish matter for your pretty book, and that is to get his inside lined at the expense of his friends. He is a man of real good

circumstance, that one Sunday, after service, the associated members were ordered to stand up, while they bound themselves solemnly to adopt the creed, and pay strict obedience to the rules of the association; solemnly engaging at the same time, to pay submission to the presbyterian synod in the United States, and to be in full communion with that body.

L. L. M.

* And good reason why. I have not now a single subscriber there: owing, I believe, however, to the negligence and unfitness of agents. Mr. DAVID SEE undertook to be my agent, but I could never get an account, nor even a letter from him. Afterwards a Mr. ISAAC JONES offered his services, but I did not get more than that one letter from him. There were a few persons to whom I used to send the Scribbler there, but as I could not find out whether they took it or paid for it, I have for some time discontinued sending any. Whoever will appoint a person in Montreal to pay for them, shall have it sent regularly to any address they may point out. If I can get only two good subscribers in Clarencetown, I will promise that there shall be an article relative to that place in every other number.

L. L. M.

abilities, but does not apply himself as he should. He takes no time for study, and, if a patient sends for him, which sometimes happens when Dr. Waggoner is not to be had, he is seldom at home; but goes about, propagating scandal, and paying the oil of flattery, in return for a mouthful to eat or a glass of grog. It is in vain for people to give hints that they do n't want him to trouble them; it is not convenient for him to take a hint. But, if he will take this, and exert his talents as he ought to do, he will be a useful member of society, and a greater friend to himself than he is now.

Dr. Waggoner has paid his addresses to miss Caroline Rednose, (not so named from any peculiarity in that feature in her own person, but it being a family name,) for six years and a half. He bought the ring and other things for the wedding last summer, when he was in Mount Royal; but, alas! the vanity of human expectations! The lady is going to be married to another in the month of March.

I was surprised the other day, when walking through the market place, to see a paper stuck up, announcing that if Mrs Rednose did not leave of swearing and talebearing, she would be drummed out of the regiment, accompanied by Mrs. Mer.

The Merry Andrews have not profited by your former admonition. Do desire them to buy window-curtains for the young ladies' bedrooms, for they expose themselves every night before the toilet, papering up their pretty curls, and

admiring their growing bosoms in the glass.

It would be well for the cloven footed parson to mind his P's and Q's, or he may stand a chance of losing his situation, as soon as a certain person returns from England. Drinking, cheating, and gossiping are bad enough in a layman.— Besides he should be reminded of performing his duty when he goes into the pulpit, which he sometimes forgets.

The Footatts will have the next bit, if they do n't reform.

BAPTISTE.

For the Scribler,

HEAVEN ON EARTH,

One night a bad girl, wicked wanton young Sal,
Met me, a poor preacher, i' th' street; [shall,"
"Come," said she, "be my pal, by my heavens you
"No," said I, "but in heaven we 'll meet.

Twice did I, supplied, with wisdom and pride,
My footsteps turn from the fair sinner,
But soon back I hied, laid down by her side,
And alas! alas! found myself—in her.

Then when once it was done, and twice was begun,
And all scruples were far away driven,
Said Sal, "True have come, your words; it's no fun;
Are we both not now meeting in heaven?"

SAINT SOMEBODY.

Montreal, Feb. 7, 1826.

DEAR MACCULLOH,

Please to inform your correspondents whether communications intended for the Scribbler are liable to be opened after they are put into the letter-box in this city. The reason I make the enquiry is, that two young gentlemen, who are dependant on a *rag* for their living, lately, in a most friendly manner, informed another young gentleman in the same employ, that they had intercepted, (by permission of the person entrusted with taking communications out of the box to be sent to you,) a letter exposing an intimacy supposed to exist between him and a young lady who resides in the family, and had the politeness to read it in the presence of both. I am inclined to believe that what they represented was not the fact, and that they had themselves forged the letter which they pretended was a communication to you, in hopes thereby to induce the young lady to drop an intimacy which caused much jealousy in their minds, on account of their not being admitted, upon the same friendly and social footing, into the good graces of the lady in question, as the object of their envy.

I thought it right, however, to submit this to you, and remain,

Your's etc.

MARPLOT McSEE-INTO-ALL.

There is certainly no reason to suppose that any such interception or connivance could possibly take place; and Mr. McSee into all is therefore, no doubt right in his surmises.

QUOD ATTESTOR,
L. L. MACCULLOH.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER NO. LXXIII.

MR. GOSSIP,

The law-student of whom you lately took notice as aspiring to the hand of a young lady, had the impudence, the other day, to state in a public office, that it was a falsehood, and that he had not any liking for that young lady, or any other in this city, adding, they were a set of homely creatures, and that he would not give a damn for any of them.—Tell the ladies to pull his ears for him.*

Your's truly,
H—

Mr. *Jaquet* should be more cautious in beckoning ladies into the store he attends, as reputations are as frail as *china*. The sprightliness and innocent gaiety of the married lady in question, are not what is found fault with, but the presumption and vanity of the beckoner.

GRAND ESCORT, AND DEPARTURE OF MISS CONUNDRUM.—This lady whose theatrical merits and personal attractions, have unsettled, addled, and puzzled, half the little wits of the wittings and would-be gallants of this city, was most numerously attended when she took her departure for—Chatham Garden.

A deputation, it is said, waited on her to present a humble petition, soliciting her to remain in this place, and binding the subscribers, jointly and severally, to *keep* her, in Co., in a style adequate to her merits and their purses, in consideration of free admission, by turns, into her—green room.—Failing this; as the lady did not much admire partnerships, and might moreover be afraid that some of the concerned would fail in contributing their shares, both of money, and exertions; it was therefore generally resolved to give her a grand turn out, on her exit.

* Sentence confirmed.

Young Hogsflesh, and Mr. Radical, accordingly agreed to club to purchase her a tasty chinchilla-cap, for the cold journey she was about to undertake; but alas! the mopusses were wanting. So away posts Hogsflesh to the great Bigman's, and borrows three pounds from him. (Now, in a parenthesis, the great Bigman himself, who has a little angel of his own, wanted to unriddle the Conundrum, and was sadly disappointed when he offered his sleigh to convey her home one night from the theatre, and she preferred captain Mc Billy: who, report says, being quite a lady's man, had got quite into her—good graces.) Well, the cap was got at Mr. Mayor's the furrier, and Mr. Radical undertook to send it by his servant, to the fair hands for which it was destined.

Besides these, Mr. Lehigh was anxious to shew his gallantry; and Mr. Sabrecut Bluesmile, whose beautiful little wife is as nice as a partridge-pie, (but *toujours des perdrix!*) wanting to go out to his farm, took his tandem along. The privilege, however of conveying the heroine to Hochelaga, where she was to join the stage, was granted to the all-obsequious Mr. Look-out, who, proud as an eastern monarch, thought of Alexander's feast,*

“Take the good the gods provide thee,
Lovely Thais sits beside thee.”

and the pair were driven, in Jockey Flat's sleigh, to the place of rendezvous.

There a farewell dinner was provided for the departing belle, either by one, or more, or all, of the associated enamoratos; but alas, “many things happen between the cup and the lip.”—Up drove the stage—can't wait—crack goes the whip—in jumps the lady—and—off she goes—while the disconsolate swains—took their wine, and returned with drooping heads and tails, like dogs who had been foiled in their attempts upon the virtue of some canine Flora.

* We conceive our reporter has here given Mr. L. credit for a more extensive knowledge of feasts, than even a *pâtisseries* could boast of. Whatever feasts his art may have contributed to embellish, we doubt whether he ever heard of Alexander's feast, or even of the “feast of reason and the flow of soul.”—*Edit. Dom. Int.*

By my showl, now, Mr. Gossip, or what's your name, you ought for to tell a certain jontleman of this place, a bit of my mind. He is from the ould sod and as he could not afford to pay for a wake at home, he came over about four years ago, to live and die among his countrymen. He brought all his money wid him, for he had ne'er a penny in his pocket; and as he used to physic and bleed in the ould country, so he got his foot into an ould Frinch usurer's good will, who never takes physic, and bleeds none but the poor. However, the doctor got an old barrack in the suburbs, where he lives as snug as a *roe* in a herring, with paraties and whiskey, for he lets it out to his poor countryfolk from Connaught. And sure, and is he not their doctor, and their judge, and kicks them into the bargain, when they do n't do as he tells them? Since he has got a blue mantle, that's all red within, he is prouder than ever, and looks down on his old acquaintances who often gave him a good meal to his skin. For the honour of St. Patrick, however, he is very ginerous, and never hears of a sick body but offers his service *gratis* so that he soon runs up a long bill, which if they deny to pay, sure and the doctor goes to law with them. And that's the way he sarved me, after having kilt me twice, with his blisters and purges. That's what he did to

PAT MALOONEY.

Mr. Gossip,—If Kitty had had a mind, she might have told you in addition that, when the young lady is dressed, and has forgotten to perform a certain rite, necessary for ladies previous to their going out, she gets the maid to hold the article *inter crura aut femora*, in order not to discompose her dress, as she is too tight-laced to admit of her stooping or bending her knees. But as Kitty said nothing about it, I wo'n't.

KITTY'S SWEETHEART.

Neddy Bangman, who studies law with the father, it is said, is about trying to raise a colour in the cheek of miss Sew-all, by leading her to the altar. Her Ma contrives every means to get the young people together, and declares she will never permit her daughter to marry any one but a gentleman.

A new species of courtship is now taking place between Mr. White, of the house of Bigdoors & Co. and miss Bangman. He visits her in the capacity of a dun, for a little debt which her deceased father, (God rest his soul, poor man,) forgot to pay before he departed this life, and takes thus fifty opportunities for gaining her affections. He says he is tired of mercantile affairs, and had rather be an officer: enquires of his fellow-clerks whether a scarlet coat would not become him; and when he goes into a house, the first thing he does is to adjust his shirt-collar before the glass.

They write from Backbite that a short time ago a snug expedition took place to Smuggleport, the managing partners were Mr. Bob Timber, Dr. Beauvis, and Empty Tub, esq.; who, in despite of old Scrape, provided themselves with needles, pins, fancy buttons, and silk cravats, and being moreover *Bacchi pleni*, returned in triumph, the first in the firm, boasting of his cleverness in getting clear, with the silk round his body, and the grog in his belly.

There is a *Shepherd* in that place, who, a few months ago got a nice little ewe: or, to drop the metaphor got married, and taking his lady to a ball left her all alone, and went to play at loo. The lady, as might be expected, was asked to dance by several gentlemen, but refused, poor thing, on account of her religious scruples. "As much harm, thinks I, to go to a ball, as to dance," said a lady on the occasion.

THEATRICAL MEMORANDA

Mr. Macculloh desires us to say, that if he hears any thing more of the ungentlemanly conduct shewn by several frequenters of the theatre, in not taking off their hats, when the national air, of "God save the king," is playing, (which has justly been exposed and stigmatised in a late Montreal paper,) he will treat it with the severity it deserves; and in the mean time, requests us to publish the following instance, as a specimen of what such ill bred clowns may expect, whether English, Canadians, or Americans, who are so blind to propriety and insensible to good feelings.

On Monday, the 30th Jan. lawyer Greece, being in the pit, would not take off his hat when God save the king was

played, and Mr. Buchanan, formerly of the 49th regiment, & now keeper of the wood-yard, knocked it off with his stick: an example which, after a civil request to the offender to comply with the custom has been vainly made, it is hoped will be followed by every gentleman of spirit. Our informant adds that Mr. Charles, the attorney, always leaves the pit whenever the tuce is going to be played, to avoid the trouble of uncovering; there is no harm in this, only to Mr. C. himself, as exposing himself to ridicule.

It has moreover been reported to us that on the same evening, a person, who is supposed to be a gentleman, appeared in the front box of the dress circle, wearing his fur-cap, the whole time. To wear a hat or a cap, in the theatre at any time, during the performances, is an indication of gross ill breeding, and utter ignorance of propriety—but especially where there are well-dressed young ladies, though they may be his neices, in company.—Had this *been all*, it would be little, but there is more behind.

It has been suggested too that it is rather indecorous for young ladies to drink full goblets in the boxes, in high glee; but we are not prepared to join in the censure as it would be a question whether it would not be more indecorous for the young ladies to quit the boxes and go to the refreshment-room. Decorum is one thing, but convenience in another, and the difficulty is to combine decorous convenience, with convenient decorum. This is a question we must determine some other time.

A certain editor's lady and daughter, consider the upper boxes as degrading, "La! me," said the young lady, "I wonder how any person of fashion can come to the second tier; I wonder Pa would bring us here." But Pa had found it expedient to return his free admission ticket;—and in consequence;

Paddy Dryskull now writes remarks on theatricals for the papers and gets a free admission ticket for his pains. But we think the manager would do well to give him a hint, to do these things quietly, and not to disturb the boxes near where he sits, with his hibernico-critico-remarks, thumping and applauding when nobody else thinks of it.

Query? Is it not rather strange that the MANAGER of a

theatre, should absent himself, to appear at the Circus, in another city?—Answer. Money makes the mare to go!

ENGAGEMENT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—The *old Nick*, Capt. *Pierce*, privateer, engaged an American schooner lately, and fired away at her *hull* in gallant style. She has been very near striking her colours, and it is expected that the next broadside, if well directed, as the seamen say, between wind and water, will enable the brave captain to carry her by boarding, and tow her off to the port of Matrimony.

PRINTED and PUBLISHED By DICKY GOSSIP,
AT THE SIGN OF THE TEA-TABLE.

With every desire that is compatible with my own sense of duty to myself, and posterity, to comply with the wishes of the public, I feel myself compelled to decline the numerous applications, hints, and expectations, that have been made, or expressed, to me, since the failure of the AGENTS OF THE CI-DEVANT NORTH WEST COMPANY, to say something about them. In reply to the sentiments that have been communicated to me of wonder and surprise, that I should take no notice of the utter destruction that has befallen my inveterate and unjust persecutors, I must be permitted to declare that it is not in my nature to insult a fallen and prostrate foe.

With the psalmist I may say;

“I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and, lo! he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found,”

And all I will add, is, that, single, defenceless, penniless, old, and calumniated, as I am, and numerous, powerful, wealthy, and honoured, as they were, I HAVE SEEN THEM OUT.

S. H. WILCOCKE.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—As before said, mere non-payment of debts is not what can be taken notice of by the Scribbler,—he has, himself, heaven knows, too many delinquencies of the same kind to answer for. On reflection, PEEPIG KATE is excluded :—so also JONATHAN. A second list of BORROWERS, with genuine names, is in preparation.

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Notre Dame Street,

ODDS AND ENDS,

A collection of pieces of poetry, original and translated;

By **ROBERT SWENEY, ESQUIRE.**

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