

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. IV] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 19th FEB. 1824. [No. 115.

*Rem cum videas, censeas.*

TERENCE.

Make your remarks, on all things seen and known.

*Februabant, id est pergabant.*

CICERO.

In the month of February they offer sacrifices, to purify themselves.

*In arenam cum equalibus descendere.*

SENECA.

And enter the circle, with equal pretensions.

"From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,  
On horse and foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots."

POPE.

*Sed misere tui, rabido nec perditus ore  
Fumantem nasum vivi tentaveris ursi.*

MARTIAL.

But woe to him who his bold rashness shews,  
Taking a live wild bear by 's foaming nose.

It has been the custom amongst a certain set of persons to declaim against the Scribbler, as being solely devoted to personal satire, and comprehending, as the Solomons of the Quebec petty Grand Jury say in their thrice renowned presentment,\* "no one contribution to useful knowledge." Now, as "useful knowledge," comprehends as well the

\* Vide Scribbler, Vol. III. p. 82, where this silly document of sillier poor wretches is preserved, and recorded for the amusement and pity of posterity.

“belles lettres,” as other more serious departments of literature, and the mere inspection of a series of my numbers must give the lie, both to those general declamations, and to that petulantly false denunciation of the Quebec wiseacres; (which I am fond of recurring to, in order to keep the blush of shame and guilt upon the face of the poor creatures;) I think referring to those accusations is a good introduction to the continuance of what I began in my eighteenth number, (vol. I. p. 187,) and again hinted at in No. 93, (vol. III. p. 232,) namely, a series of remarks and criticisms upon the plays of Philip Massinger. Referring my readers therefore to those numbers, I recommence with

#### THE RENEGADO,

A play, which tho', in point of language, is far from being the best of this author's, was, on account of the bustle, and variety of incident with which it abounds, a great favourite on the Stage in its day, and must still be read with interest by all who are lovers of dramatic effect.

In Scene II, of Act 1, Donusa, says;

——— “We must  
Receive him like ourself, and not *depart* with  
One piece of ceremony———

*Depart* is here used for *part*, in the same manner as, in the language of conveyancers, *determination* is used for *termination*, and *depasture* for *pasture*. Though obsolete in common language, lawyers are too fond of whatever adds length and intricacy to their writings, to discard the most unnecessary syllable.

From the introduction of the two Turks in the scene of the bazar, and the speeches given to

them, it seems as if they were intended to serve some purpose in the developement of the plot; and the circumstance of their recognising Mustapha and Donusa in their disguise, leads to a conclusion that they were intended to be subsequently produced as witnesses of Donusa's behaviour to Vitelli; yet they do not afterwards make their appearance, and are therefore merely introduced on the stage as part of the crowd frequenting the mart. This is so contrary to Massinger's usual custom, who seldom introduces any character or incident, however apparently trifling, without a purpose conducing, either directly or remotely, to the projected catastrophe, that I can not avoid taking notice of it. They ought, indeed, if they be meant only to swell the number of frequenters of the bazar, to enter at first, and to be those whom Gazet addresses in his first speech, "what do you lack," "what do you lack, gentlemen;" instead of which, they do not enter but with Grimaldi and his crew, with whom they do not appear to have any connection, tho' they make a remark upon "the insolence of this fellow."

### Act II. Scene 1.

"She slept not the last night, and yet prevented.  
The rising sun, in being up before him."

*Prevented* is here used in its original and literal sense, being derived through the French, from the Latin *prævenio*, to go or come before. To obstruct or hinder, its present colloquial sense, is the effect, not the action; by preventing or arriving before another, the object of that other is obstructed, and the cause has thus, by a not uncommon metonymy, been admitted to signify the consequence.

"Car. I'm libb'd in the breech already."

*Lib* from the Dutch *lub, geld*. This is another instance of the great approximation between the Low Dutch and English; an affinity which is scarcely suspected, but which the perusal of our old writers will fully establish in the opinion of every one who understands that neglected language.

Gifford is, I think, mistaken in his emendation of Vitelli's reply to Donusa, Act II. Scene 4.

"Nor can it fall in my imagination,  
What wrong you e'er have done me; and much less  
How, like a royal merchant, to return  
Your great magnificence."

The old copies and Mason read,  
"What wrong I e'er have done you;"  
which is a reply to Donusa's exhortation,

—"Be thou taught  
By my example, to make satisfaction  
For wrongs unjustly offered."

meaning, as she afterwards explains herself,

"Full restitution of that virgin freedom  
Which thou hast robb'd me of.

It is the common-place imagery of love—"You have injured me by stealing my heart; I have injured you by breaking your ware, I make ample reparation to you in gold and in jewels; therefore learn by my example, and, in return for my heart, give me your person." Vitelli could not but remember the wrong she had done him, but, with great propriety, professes his ignorance of having unjustly wronged her, or if he have, his impotence to make reparation as she does "like a royal merchant."



## Scene VI.

—“There are so many lobbies,  
Out-offices and *disputations* here,  
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian  
Hardly gets off but circumcised.”

On this passage there is a note of Mr. Davies, suggesting for *disputations*, a word which he thinks conveys no meaning, to substitute *dispartations*, a word signifying, he says, separate apartments. It seems to me that *disputations* is the right expression, meaning catechetical exercises, or, as they were called by schoolmen, wranglings, by which the Turks converted, or attempted to convert, Christians to Mahometanism; it is in consequence of these *disputations*, Gazet observes, that a Christian “hardly gets off but circumcised.” Gifford has adopted Davies’s emendation.

At the close of the 3d Scene of Act III. Asambeg goes off with these lines;

“My rage shall then appear; for I will do  
Something;—but what, I am not yet determin’d.”

If Fletcher could be supposed to have descended to ridicule Massinger, Cacosfogo’s address to Leon in *Rule a wife and have a wife*, might be considered as an irony upon this ridiculous passage.

“I’ll speak with you—another time”

In this speech of the blustering Asambeg, Mr. Gifford, however, thinks he traces a resemblance of Shakespeare, and that it “reminds us of a sentiment highly characteristic of the wild and un-governed temper of Lear.” Lear has, indeed, a similar expression put into his mouth, but the great master of dramatic poetry did so probably as tending to indicate the unsettling of his wits,

the main incident on which the interest of that pathetic tragedy hinges.

Act IV. Scene 1. Grimaldi on the entrance of Francisco says;

—“In this reverend habit,  
All that I am turned into eyes, I look on  
A deed of mine so fiend-like,” &c.

I explain the obscurity which prevails in this passage thus; “In this reverend habit, whilst *all that I am*, i. e. *the whole of my being*, is turned into eyes (viewing with soul and body) I behold the remembrance of a deed,” &c.

In the same scene, the following passage does not appear to have been properly understood, either by Mason or by Gifford; the pointing of both being erroneous. The latter points it thus,

“*Fran.* This penitence is not counterfeit; howsoever,  
Good actions are in themselves rewarded.  
My travail's to meet with a double crown:  
If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove  
Himself the master of his wild affections——

*Enter Gazet.*

“O, I shall have intelligence;—”

Mason points it somewhat similarly, and it is thus made a disjointed and interrupted speech. It seems, though harsh and unmusical in the metre, to be complete, and, if pointed thus,

“This penitence is not counterfeit. However  
Good actions are in themselves rewarded,  
My travail's to meet with a double crown,  
If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove  
Himself the master of his wild affections.”

It will appear to be a self-gratulatory expression

of Francisco's satisfaction at the apparent success of two objects, the conversion of Grimaldi, who at the close of the 3d Scene of Act III, he states was "his second care," and Vitelli's success. It may be explained in prose, thus—"Altho' good actions are their own rewards, yet, Grimaldi's penitence not being counterfeit, my labours will, if Vitelli comes off safe, prove to be doubly rewarded, by the conversion of the one, and the success of the other."

When Donusa has her trial before Asambeg, she says;

——"I then, would thus rise up  
And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,——"

The dramatic effect of rising up suddenly from prostration, with a congenial sentiment, seems to have been well understood by Massinger. It occurs also in the *Maid of Honour*, where Camiola addresses Roberto, the king,——

——"I must not kneel, Sir,  
While I reply to this: but thus rise up  
In my defence, ——"

and again in Pisander's defence in the *Bondman*.

——"then I dare rise up  
And tell this gay man to his teeth,——"

But in no instance, either in Massinger, or in any dramatist that I recollect, does it appear more forcibly than in the pathetic scene in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, or *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, where Editha, after petitioning Rollo for the life of her father, and finding her entreaties vain, rises up and upbraids him with his tyranny. The inimitable beauty of the language, and the impassioned effect of the incident, tempt me to treat my

readers with a scene in which the richest poetry, and highest dramatic interest, strive for mastery. *The Bloody Brother*, with all its defects and pruriencies, is well worthy of revision and revisal.

*Rollo.* Go take this dotard here, and take his head  
Off with a sword.

*Hamond.* Your schoolmaster ?

*Rollo.* Even he.

*Baldwin.* For teaching thee no better ; 't is the best  
Of a'l thy damned justices ; away,  
Captain, I'll follow.

*Editha.* (*kneeling.*) Oh ! stay thee, Duke, and in  
the midst

Of all thy blood and fury,  
Hear a poor maid's petition, hear a daughter,  
The only daughter of a wretched father ;  
Oh ! stay your haste, as you shall need this mercy.

*Rollo.* Away with this fond woman.

*Ed.* You must hear me.

If there be any spark of pity in you,  
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you.  
I do confess you are a prince ; your anger  
As great as you, your execution greater.

*Rollo.* Take her from me.

*Ed.* A curse upon his life that hinders me ;  
May father's blessing never fall upon him,  
May heaven ne'er hear his prayers. I beseech you,  
Oh ! sir, these tears beseech you—these chaste hands  
woo you,

That never yet were heaved but to things holy,  
Things like yourself ; you are a god above us ;  
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy ;—  
Mercy ! O mercy ! for his sake mercy,  
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you pity ;—  
Here I must grow.—

*Rollo.* By heaven, I'll strike thee, woman.

*Ed.* Most willingly ; let all thy anger seek me,  
All the most studied torments ; so this good man,  
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee.

*Rollo.* Carry him away, I say.

*Ed.* Now blessing on thee—O, sweet pity.

I see it in thy eyes.—I charge you, soldiers,  
 Even by the prince's power, release my father.  
 The prince is merciful. Why do you hold him?  
 He is old; why do you hurt him? Speak, O, speak,  
 sir;

Speak, as you are a man; a man's life hangs, sir,  
 A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you:  
 'Tis but a word, but mercy quickly spoke, sir.  
 Oh, speak, prince, speak.

*Rollo.* Will no man here obey me?  
 Have I no rule yet? As I love, he dies  
 That does not execute my will, and suddenly.

*Baldw.* All that thou canst do, takes but one short  
 hour from me.

*Rollo.* Hew off her hands.

*Ham.* Lady, hold off.

*Ed.* Nay, hew them,

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you;  
 (*Exeunt Count Baldwin, and guard.*)

They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then?  
 Are all my tears lost? all my righteous prayers  
 Drown'd in thy drunken wrath?

(*Rising,*) I stand up thus then;  
 Thus boldly, bloody tyrant!

And to thy face, in heaven's high name, defy thee;  
 And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,  
 When, under thy black mischiefs, thy flesh trembles,  
 When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,  
 Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched conscience,  
 Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt  
 thee,

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,  
 Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,  
 My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee—

*Rollo.* Save him, I say; run, save him, save her father,  
 Fly, and redeem his head. (*Exit Latorch.*)

*Ed.* May then that pity,  
 That comfort thou expect'st from heaven, that mercy,  
 Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee—Howling find thee,  
 Despair—(O, my sweet father,—storms of terrors,—  
 Blood, till thou burst again—)



*Rollo.* Oh, fair sweet anger!

(*Enter Latorch, and Hamond, with a head.*)

*Lat.* I am too late, sir; 't was dispatch'd before,  
And his head's here.

*Rollo.* And my heart there; go, bury him,  
Give him fair rights of funeral, decent honours."

But to return to the **Renegado**: to my remarks  
on which I have only to add one more.

In the course of **Donusa's** trial, **Asambeg** twice  
adverts to a future state, first advising her to  
"prepare herself for heaven," and again

———"Better suffer  
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to have  
A place in our great prophet's paradise,---"

which, it is observable, is contrary to the tenets  
of the **Mahometans**, whose creed denies immor-  
tality to the souls of women.

L. L. M.

*Dies noctesque me ames : me desideres :*  
*Me somnes : me expectes : de me cogites.* **TERENCE.**

Let love both day and night your prompter be,  
And, dearest, think, dream, hope, wish, nought but me.

(*For the Scribbler.*)

**ROSA, ALIAS ROSALIE, SLEEPING.**

Blow gently ye winds, while **ROSA** sleeps,  
In her own soft bower reclining!  
Nor let the cloud that darkly sweeps,  
Its cold and angry drops resigning,  
Fall on her form;—nor dews of the night.  
Sink damp on her raven black hair—  
Pale not her cheeks, so blooming and bright—  
Nor fall on her light breast so fair.

And thou, bright peerless queen of the sky,  
Bend lightly your cold beams below!

O quench not the fire of her bright eye,  
 Nor darken her bosom's fond glow.  
 Then when thou art sunken low in the sea,  
 And lost are thy beams in the day,—  
 May Rosa, let fall, a tear for thee,  
 That brightness should thus pass away.

While she sleeps, let her visions be sweet,—  
 Yet,—let me those visions then share ;  
 Kindest thoughts of her Love, may she greet,  
 Nor *one* dream of *another* be there.  
 When she wakes may those thoughts still remain,  
 Still cherish'd with care in her breast,  
 And if her fond heart, e'er heaves with pain,  
 May it be when she sighs for *his* rest.

CANADIAN BARD.

Montreal.

---

Having thus provided a few bones to pick for the critics, (and though, when I first began my work, I scarcely think there were more than three in Montreal who could relish an old play, or any literary morceau above the common newspaper standard, I am inclined to believe that now, the improvement of taste and knowledge is such that the occupation of my pages, occasionally, with similar matter will be agreeable to a good many of my readers;) I now turn my attention to the ladies, and give them a little fashionable chit-chat, beginning with a letter from

Quebec, 8 February, 1824.

Sir,

Madame Chloe, whose house might, in case of necessity, serve as a second citadel to this capital, determined, as far back as last autumn, to give a grand party in the winter. Her resolution and plans were communicated to her female friends, who, considering the means that lady pos-

sessed of doing so *avec luxe*, and the advantage of a very spacious mansion, offering all the accommodations required for entertaining a numerous company, all highly approved of it. But, as time, with rapid wing, brought on the season when this grand gala was to take place, Madame Chloe began to whisper to her friends the embarrassment she felt herself in, as to selecting the gentlemen whom she ought to invite. Numerous remarks and inuendoes as to a number of young gentlemen of this place, were then broached, and finally she declared to her friends, that the main reason why she did not like to invite young gentlemen to her house, was the dread she laboured under, lest one of them should fall in love either with a niece, whom she has brought up, and who is kept in as strict captivity as a galley-slave; or with another young lady, who has been, for some time, an inmate of her house, and who, report says, sighs more to be removed from it, than for a husband.

Unfortunately, Madame Chloe, not having always been in the situation, in which she now finds herself, has not had a sufficient knowledge of the world, nor of what is to be met with in *le monde maniere*, to perceive how little likely it is that any young man should fall in love at first sight, (in modern times, that is, when romance is exploded, and prudence chiefly is the cold, calculating, guide to the matrimonial bed,) and that too at a numerous party, where the young people would hardly have an opportunity of even saying a few words to each other.

At length, on the 31st of January, Madame Chloe gave a private party, to which she invited a certain number of young ladies, (some upwards of thirty, and some under twelve years old,) and

two beaux; but, whether there were any fallings in love on the occasion, fame has not yet bruited abroad.

### OBSERVATEUR.

*Mount Royal, 6th February.*

News! Ladies! News! The great plenipo is arrived—the great Turk, General Commissary. Now for your caps, and feathers, stays and laces; he is to be at the next assembly. Oh! what a prize! He is a little old, but that is of no consequence; you can get other beaux, which custom and even *law* sanctions in Mount Royal. Oh, what a glorious life! Dinners, balls, and jewels in profusion. Heigh ho! for the Great Turk at any age.

*Tuesday morning.*

MR. SCRIB,

Amongst the innumerable parties going on here, Mr. Bigman threw open his house to the fashionable world yesterday evening. The entertainment was worthy of the donor; it was truly magnificent, which, together with the unaffected, kind, and attentive manners of the amiable lady of the house, afforded universal pleasure. Every person seemed delighted, and withdrew, about one o'clock, apparently with reluctance. In short it was the most genteel assembly we ever recollect to have seen so far up the St. Lawrence.

It is gratifying to perceive the improvement that is going on in society. We neither hear of any bed-chambers being entered, nor band-boxes broken open, which we attribute to the absence of many of the officers of a royal corps, who seem to mistake vulgarity and noise for fashionable ease. It is with pleasure we observe the officers of the *Three score and ten*, preserving that charac-

ter so emphatically expressed by Lord Viceroy, namely, "that gentlemanly demeanour so long conspicuous in the corps." In the crowd we observed General Commissary: he has something of the old boatswain about him; however, we presume he is a man of taste, from the society he selected: we observed him a good deal with Mrs. Bow-wow, whom we can not help pronouncing one of the princesses of the Royal Mount. We recommend some of our aspiring female characters to take her as an example, and cease to imitate the followers of the army and navy.

Now, Mr. Scrib, to another subject.

The public are much indebted to the officer commanding the *Three score and ten*, for having had marked off and beaten down, a driving circle on the ice. It has become the rendezvous for the gay, and the renovating drive of the infirm and the convalescent. At about two o'clock, P. M. when the weather permits, the fashionables begin to make their appearance, and continue till four. The amorous maidens, frisky widows, and flirting wives, are all in the ring, using eyes, ears, veins, and even hands, in the harmless snow ball combat, to attract their beaux. This is all very well; but we sometimes observe a levity of behaviour and manner, that, without approaching the genteel ease of high life, seems more characteristic of Greenwich fair than of Kensington gardens: and that too in quarters which should be exemplary. We recommend the lady who drives in the claret-coloured carriole, with black horses, when she has any of her beaux with her, to teach them how to sit in a carriage. Some days ago, when in the circle, the attitude her vulgarly athletic beau assumed, was with his heels where his head more naturally should be, that is, near her face. How-



ever pleasing the contemplation of such a sight may be to that lady, to those of more delicate feeling it was very offensive. His having taken such a position we can only attribute to *innate* vulgarity, for we do not think he could have acquired it in the cockpit, whence, we understand, he has lately emerged.

Some very amusing scenes take place on this said circle. We saw the old *Harrier* the other day, in pursuit of his game, come to fault, as mute and scentless as an old bullock, with his head going niddy-nod, niddy-nod, like one of the oriental josses,\* that are to be seen in the tea-shops at home, when all of a sudden, the *enfant Jesus*, his guardian-angel, threw off his sacred character, assumed that of the poacher, and appeared in the circle, mounted on his old brood-mare, giving tongue, at intervals, to *puss*, in his own peculiar way.

We recommend the gentleman from Cataroqui, who drove the black horse and slight carriole, so famously, and to the great danger of the low berlins, to have a lighter rein and less whip, when on the circle. We saw him fix his attention on a convey of young birds bred on the manor of a gentleman of notoriety in the law. If that gentleman

---

\* Lexicographers and etymologists have been puzzled as to the derivation of this word; it is simply a corruption of the Dutch word *joost* or *joostje*, a name given by them to the devil, in the same way as we call him old Nick. When the Dutch navigators first came to China and Japan, and saw the numerous images and idols which the inhabitants of those countries worship, and set up in all parts of their houses, and junks, many of them with the most hideous forms imaginable, they called them *joostje's*, or little devils; whence all the images that are brought from China have been called *josses*. *Vide Stavorinus' travels, translated by S. H. Wilcocke.*

has given him leave to sport over his manor, we advise him to withdraw it; as he is extremely fond of the sport, is a deadly shot, and supplies a numerous acquaintance with game.

The knight of the Pork-barrel, who turns out the gawdy tandem, and who has so little management of his horses, is requested to practice an hour or two, before he joins the fashionable circle: the ladies are afraid of him.

The harriers throw off on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, leaving the St. Antony suburbs about twelve o'clock, to beat the covers in that neighbourhood. Those who wish to see the merits of the pack may attend.

When our information is complete, we intend giving the history, including both education and amours, together with a list of their present adorations, of the five fashionable high-flyers of the Royal Mount, who, in future, will be dignified by the title of the five *Eagle-pieces*.

OBSERVATOR.

---

MR. MACCULLOH,

I consider it my duty to notify to you, as Inspector-General, &c. &c. that the reported match between Colonel Harriet and Miss McKillaway, will not take place, as the young lady has declared that she has no idea of marrying a man who is old enough to be her father, and who possesses little or nothing to recommend him, excepting being the trumpet of his own praise. This I have from the best authority, and, although I do not think much of the McKillaway breed, it is but justice to observe that, had the young lady been left to herself, there would not have been any foundation for the report; for, as soon as she had reason to believe the Colonel's attentions were

particularly directed to her, she declared her intention of giving him to understand that she was by no means flattered on the occasion, but, before she had an opportunity of doing so, his friend the Lurcher, (a very appropriate name, by the way,) got wind of her design, and looking forward to many a good dinner, if he could bring about the match, he immediately gave the hint to aunt Dier, who, in payment for past services, promised to do all she could to make her neice like herself, and has so far succeeded as to induce her to play the coquette, at the expense of the poor colonel, who is, in consequence, most unmercifully ridiculed whenever his back is turned: in proof of which, I have to report that, at the last garrison-ball, the colonel was led, by his amorous feelings, to present a bouquet, which he had, with some trouble, collected for the occasion, to his Dulcinea; but, owing to a certain embarrassment which lovers often labour under when in presence of their mistresses, he did it in rather an awkward manner. I was present at this party, as well as a friend of mine, who is acquainted at McKillaway lodge; the latter, on calling there the next day, to enquire after the health of the inmates, found, upon entering the room, a large party of military visitors, who, together with the ladies, were indulging in loud laughter; he ventured to ask what caused so much merriment, and was informed that the young ladies had been entertaining their visitors with an account of the poor colonel's embarrassment, and awkward manner, in presenting the nosegay the preceding evening.—Your's,

E. T. CÆTERA

---

ADVENTURES OF A SCRIBBLER.  
After leaving Rouse's Point, in the pocket of a

smuggler, I passed through a few hands, who seemed to take little notice of me, till I was landed at the Isle of Bullfrogs, where a few giggling young girls got hold of me, and were hastily rummaging over the leaves, in search of scandal, matrimonial notices, etc. when a young fellow coming in, I was instantly dropped on the floor behind one of their chairs. The young man afterwards picked me up, and the first article that met his sight, being the account of the burning of the Pope in effigy by the reverend Nick Rap, a thought struck him to address me under cover, through the post, to that reverend gentleman.\* After lying three days in the post-office at Shamplea, I was ushered into the reverend's presence, who opening the envelope with pompous solemnity, said, with a smile, when my blue cover appeared in sight, "some new sermon, I suppose, with the author's compliments." No sooner, however, did the word Scribbler appear, than he convulsively squeezed me almost to mummy; the blood forsook his face, and he retired with me to his closet. After reading me through, he started up, and, saying to himself, "that rascal Roast, may

\* I take this opportunity of reprobating the officiousness that has been often, I believe, practised, by some would-be wits, but whom I would call presuming fools, to send copies of the Scribbler, to persons supposed to be intended to be exposed in it. I disclaim ever having done so myself, or ever encouraging a practice that I am willing to stigmatise with every odious name that folly and malignity are deserving of. I trust no one will ever suspect me hereafter, as I know has been heretofore the case, of endeavouring to gall, in such an indefensible way, the feelings of those whom I may have attacked; all of whom I beg to assure, that I respect both them and myself too much, to countenance such mean and petty sallies of malice. Should I ever discover any particular person that does so, he may be sure of merited exposure.

L. L. M.



be a party in this cause," he returned to the seminary, and, throwing me indignantly down, said, "Mr. Roast, do you want a little amusement, you may have it under that damned blue cover," and, taking his hat and cane, walked, as it afterwards appeared, to the post-office. Being left with Mr. Roast, I was subsequently handed through the school, and at last was given to Mrs. N. R. by young Macandre. "Surely the fellow must deal with the devil," said the lady, "what shall we do to silence him?" "Take one of his books," replied Macandre. "So I would," rejoined the lady, "if I was Mr. Rap, but he w'on't listen to it." Mr. R. then coming in, she enquired where he had been. He said he had been giving the postmaster's deputy a blowing-up, as he strongly suspected him and the Grave-digger to be the rascals, who sent the vile book to him, although they pretended that it came from the Isle of Bullfrogs, by the post, and was charged 1s. 6d. in the way-bill.

Afterwards, while I was lying quietly on the table, the reverend gentleman sate down and wrote a letter nearly half a quire of foolscap long, to Lord Northland, the Bashaw at the head of the General Post-Office department in Canada, exhibiting a string of charges against the poor Grave-digger for a number of high crimes and misdemeanours raked up during the last three years he has had the post-office—But the burthen of the song was allowing a Scribbler, (under cover, sealed and addressed,) to go through the post-office, contrary to the positive instructions of him, the said Lord Northland, and that the said Grave-digger had the impudence to sue him, the said Nick Rap, before the Commissioner's Court, on his refusing to pay the said 1s. 6d. which he was,



however, obliged to do. Thus the poor Grave-digger is in jeopardy of losing his situation, as he has received from head-quarters, a copy of the counts exhibited against him, with an injunction to give an immediate reply.

All I will add for the present, is, that it is a great pity the innocent Grave-digger should suffer for the inconsiderate conduct of the wag that sent me. As for myself, tho' I am now lying snug enough in a table-drawer, I fear every moment being sent to the temple of Cloacina, which, alas! is the premature grave of too many

### A BLUE BOOK.

In next number a report will be given of the trial of the editor of the Quebec Mercury, in the Scriblarian Court of Oyer and Terminer, specially appointed and held for the purpose, upon an accusation of having repeatedly infringed, and incorrigibly transgressed, the ordinances issued, from time to time, by the Censor-General, against the insertion in any newspaper, within the precincts of his dominion, of the details of any boxing matches in England or elsewhere; and particularly for having devoted one entire page of the Mercury of the 3d February, to the disgusting particulars of a fight, couched in the usual vulgar slang jargon of the blackguards who profess that disgraceful vocation.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

Curiosity led me, the other day, to the Springs in Addleburgh. On our way there, we halted for refreshment at a large, capacious, Inn, kept by Mr. All-Nick, which, for cleanliness and regularity, surpassed any thing I have seen. A few minutes after our arrival, we were introduced to our

jolly landlady, whose face would have rivalled the full moon in the zenith of her glory. She received us with many compliments, sitting, (as I suppose must be the custom,) for I did not see her move during the few hours we had to stop there. I could not help admiring the dress of our hostess—the cap in particular out shone any thing I had seen in Bond-street; it put me greatly in mind, for size and colour, of a bee-hive that had withstood the winds and weather for half a century, had it not been for the tremendous flounce of the same colour, which I imagine was meant to save the trouble of carrying a parasol, as it seemed quite large enough to screen the face from the heat of the summer sun. In about four hours, taking time to refresh our horses, and giving time to the cook, we sate down to an elegant dinner, consisting of fryed ham and fish intermixed, nut cakes, cheese and apple sauce, which, from the delicacy of its flavour, far surpassed the dregs of molasses. We also had a cup of excellent tea, made from sloe leaves, so that now, we have no occasion to make long voyages to the East Indies for young hyson. One large tumbler held our water, another for cider, and one for a mixture of any other beverage the company chose—the careless barmaid having broke all the rest.

This little party was highly entertaining to one who has travelled through the most part of Europe.

I am, Sir,

Your's,

A SUBSCRIBER.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXII.

Letters from Shamblea give various accounts of the late BATTLE OF THE BEARS, that took place there the latter end of last month. We are indebted to a correspondent for the following, which he vouches to be a "true and particular" account of the attack, repulse, and retreat of the ursine forces.

A few days ago two or three huge bears made their appearance in this canton, to the great consternation of the inhabitants, who were seen in groupes on the tops of houses, upon galleries, and at garret-windows. Amongst other frights, attendant upon this excursion of the inhabitants of the forest into the centre of our peaceful dwellings, a large black dog being observed leisurely walking up the road near old Shylock's, the alarm was sounded unfortunately just at the moment that the old gentleman had his afternoon's beverage at his lips, and while he was requesting his dear Nelly to give him a song. But no sooner was the approach of the fearful animal announced, than the old boy, forgetting his crutches, scrambled on all fours to the upper apartments, calling out to his Irish servant to take the gun and shoot the monster. Pat, whether from fear, or from not attending to the precept, *festina lente*, make haste slowly, laid hold of one of his master's crutches in place of the musket, and, sallying out into the yard, mounted to the top of the temple of Cloacina for safety, where, notwithstanding the cold, he was seen half an hour after the enemy was routed, with his crutch in the position of taking aim.

In another part of the village, the gallant colonel Thunder, was seen, with his whole household, men and maids, armed and equipped for military duty, with pokers and tongs, the colonel himself, with a large pitchfork, leading the forlorn hope. General Fleabite summoned his domestics together, and made the most judicious arrangements for keeping the enemy at a respectable distance. It is said that the general secretly wished that his kind helpmate would let her tongue loose for a few minutes, as he was sure neither bear nor devil would approach the house while she was scolding. In fact, the general has been heard to declare that he would sooner, at any time, listen to the sound of a battery of cannon played by an enemy, than to the discordant thunders of her tongue. Honesty Hooper was seen perched upon the timbers of the new steam-boat, vociferating to the carpenters to be ready with their axes, should the bears approach. The reverend Nick Rap and his young charge, had got on the flat

roof of his house, shivering with cold, and afraid to go down; for fear General Bruin might have taken possession.

In the mean while Dominie Dry-one, and the Grave-digger, true old veterans, were gallantly marching up and down the streets, sword in hand, in search of the enemy; but night coming on, they were obliged to give up the chace. The consternation of many of the inhabitants was so great, that they durst not go out of doors the next morning to fetch in wood; but the aforesaid veterans again sallied forth, and as the example of brave leaders always makes good soldiers, they were joined by Mr. Nagre, the Shoemaker, the Baker, the Brewer, the Innkeeper, the Cooper, *La Nation de Racicot*, the Dominie, the Miller, the General, the Painter, colonel Thunder, and a posse of others, regularly armed; when, news being brought to them that the enemy was lurking on the premises of Mr. Hew-well, proper precautions were immediately taken to surprise the enemy, and, approaching with great circumspection within gun shot, it was fortunately discovered, by a pair of horns with which the animal appeared, that it was a small black Canadian cow.

TIM BOBBIN.

P.S. Mr. Nick Rap told his boys that, if they killed the bear, his skin would make an excellent buffaloe-robe.

MR. GOSSIP,

Please inform Mr. Macculloh, that little Whisky Watty Piddle complains that the blackguard Scribbler takes hardly any notice of him; and perhaps he will gratify him by telling the people as how he says that he means to get a young lady with some chink, and boasts that he will shortly enjoy the world better, when he obtains the hand of a *spoiled child*: moreover that he mortally hates work, which we are not slow in believing as we have frequent occasion to observe that he is gadding about most hours of the day, tattling like an old woman, picking up scandal in one place, and retailing it in another. Be good enough to give it him in good style, on the part of

FLAGELLATOR.

#### ADMONITORY NOTICES.

*A certain pastor is requested by his dear brethren not to make so many wry faces, nor so many theatrical gestures in the pulpit.*

Ladies and gentlemen, whether they are *Dolts* or *Drivers*, are cautioned, when they take a ride in a sleigh, tete-a-tete, from the Mansion-house to La Prairie, and get upset in a ca-



hot, not to roll too much over one another, or lie longer in the snow than necessary, lest they should be surprised again by  
**DODGE-EM.**

*A certain blacksmith's son in the Government-City Suburbs, deserves a reprimand for, when he goes home with ladies from a dancing-school, in St. T Antony's Suburbs, and is invited to walk in, excusing himself because it is too late, and then going to certain houses, not, at present, necessary to be pointed out, although not far from the paternal roof.*

Gentlemen, who choose to take their sport with the suburban beauties of Mount Royal, should not bilk the poor girls, either with counterfeit bills, or by saying they would call again, lest they may again run the risk of getting a kick from the injured fair, or of having their watches stolen, as has heretofore been the case.

Mem. A case for the opinion of Counsel in the Court of the Inspector-General, has been submitted, respecting the *legal right* ladies of pleasure have, to a pecuniary remuneration. The arguments on this case will appear hereafter.

## POET'S CORNER.

### TO-MORROW.

*From the French of Parny.*

TO LYDIA.

With caresses you amuse me,  
And with promises, refuse me,  
Promises so light and gay,  
That the Zephyr in its play  
On light wing doth bear away,  
Daily do you cry, *to-morrow!*  
Heedless of my pain and sorrow.

To-morrow comes, and e'en before  
The sun is up, I'm at your door;  
But Love's far off, by prudery driven,  
All my fond hopes in twain are riven,  
Whilst, with a smile of sweet deceit,  
*To-morrow!* you again repeat.

Many thanks to Heaven are due,  
Who so long has given you,  
The art of pleasing more and more  
As each successive day flies o'er.  
But Time, for ever on the wing,  
At length will to your features bring  
Those marks of his, *mal a propos*



To ladies of all kinds you know;  
 Therefore be kind, whilst yet you may,  
 Let your *to-morrow* be *to-day*;  
 Lest some *to-morrow* may come on  
 When charms and dimples may be gone,  
 When you will have less power of blessing,  
 And when I'll be, perhaps, less pressing.

Chambly, 1st Feb. 1824.

CAIRBER.

### SELECTIONS FROM COUNTRY PAPERS.

*From the Cataroqui Beacon.*—A certain married gentleman of Cream-street, who of late is become very assiduous in his attentions to a young lady, residing not an hundred miles from the market place, might employ his evening hours much more advantageously in his counting-room, than kneeling at the shrine of Venus. Beware, Adonis, lest the public become acquainted with thy doings, as much as they are known to  
 TOM TICKLER.

*From the Bullfrog Island Calender.*—It is positively affirmed that Mr. Joseph shan't import any commodity into the Isle of Bullfrogs save *Carolina Rice*, and some furniture from the paint and cabinet shops, the manufacture of Shamblee. Some affirm that the *Carolina Rice* is actually growing.

*From the Coldspring Manorial Register.*—Amongst the late arrivals here we notice, Honesty Hooper, Esquire, on a visit to Mr. McCome-again; the beautiful and accomplished Miss Kettles from Mount Royal, to see her grand-mamma; and Sir John Pull-well, from Government-City, agent for this place, in order to ease us of our Yankee dollars, for which purpose he has brought up a tandem carry-all. We fancy, however, he will not be overburthened on his return: for, although he says he is determined to visit all the *censitaires*, and threatens all defaulters, since, "where nothing is to be got the king loses his right," his activity will not do much towards retrieving the affairs of the *honourable miller*, who we are sorry to hear is very weak in his strong-box.

A YEOMAN OF THE COUNTY OF BEDFORD.

*From the Twirlingtown Spy.*—The young gentlemen in Water-street, as well as the carpenters in the square, are requested to be more cautious how they make use of Dr. King-apple's barn, for carrying on their love-affairs with the doctor's negro wench; Dr. K. being determined not to have his premises

made a common place of resort for such doings.—N. B. A lock has been fixed to the door since the discovery.

A CARD. Mrs. Bagstone presents her compliments to the editor, and is much obliged for the hint given to her husband, as he has endeavoured to be more punctual in doing duty, and almost equals the expectations she has a right to look for from a name of such prolific import.

We have received an intimation from Miss Fanny, that she does not at all care if we warn-her of her faults, provided we act impartially, and take equal notice of others, who deserve it fully as much, or more, than she does. We bow, both with thanks, and with conviction, to the lady, and shall endeavour, if our spy-glass does not fail us, to look through it at others as well as at her. We had scarcely finished this sentence, when, a scene presented itself at the end of our telescope, which, if we had words decent enough to explain it in, we would endeavour to do—But, trembling as we approach the Castalian spring, and the mysteries of the *bona dea*, (which some explain to mean the *mother of all sinners*,) we know not how to wrap up in words decorous and proper what we saw. But thus we attempt it: 'Twas after a copious libation at a tea-party—remember O! ye fair, Dean Swift's thirteen cups of tea!—that two young ladies retired to the garden, to—pluck a rose—finding the door of the greenhouse shut, they proceeded to—gather their roses—in the open air; but, owing to some obliquity not to be accounted for by the rules of hydrostatics, Miss Adamant Dier was heard to exclaim to her companion, "Oh, my dear Miss Lowbar, it's all over my stocking," meaning, no doubt, some reptile or *pismire*; but a young man who happened to be in the greenhouse, and overheard them, mistook the matter entirely, and ran away exclaiming, "the freshet! the freshet! I wonder why it don't run strait."

A partnership has lately been entered into between a cumbersome captain, a knight of the *halberd*, and Miss Dear Sally, (*tria juncta in uno*,) to transport goods up and down the Lake. Miss Dear Sally will be a dormant partner, this winter, during which time she will reside in the country, but will attend to business on the opening of the navigation. It is said, that during last season a secret partnership existed, and that the captain of the King William privateer, was desirous of being admitted into the firm, and when he found the parties in possession unwilling to relinquish their rights of pre-emption and pre-occupancy, attempted to gain his point by promises of various delicacies, in and out of season; but which the lady de-

clined, and declared her preference to *Cucumbers* and *Halibut* beyond the rations to be found on board the *King William*.\*

The gentlemen joiners in the brick building next to the bookstore on the square, are requested to go farther off to do their necessary jobs, especially on Sunday evenings, when it is very annoying for the methodist girls as they come from meeting to see what they should not see, and smell—O, fie!

Mem. We have to request our agents not to lend the *Twirlingtown Spy*, as the borrowers are in reality guilty of picking our pockets, and the lenders are accessories both before and after the fact. N. B. We mean to procure a list of borrowers, and hang them up *in terrorem* to deter other offenders.

Our printer's devil, however, has just whispered to us, that it will be in vain to try to wash an *Ethiop* white, and that *Sel-fites* will always be *Sel-fites*: but we have a few rods in pickle for them for all that.

*From the China-Bay Flying Post.*—Old Daniel the Soaker, alias the Indian Chief, has had one of his daughters for some time living here with the family of an ancient Scottish chieftain. Now, beau Peter appeared to take delight in the company of the young lady, in whose company indeed it is said most people would take delight, but unfortunately he was too modest or too timid to declare his love while he lived under the same roof; yet he committed his passion to writing in a letter about a twelvemonth ago, and which he kept in his breeches pocket all the while, and when his flame was away at a friend's house a little time since, he took the opportunity of bringing his own letter, and delivering it in person. His suit, however, was rejected, and the lady's mamma, who, we believe, comes from the Rocky Mountains, insisted she should not return to her old quarters. Lord Goddamnhim, it is said, who has more of old Dan's money in his hands than he likes to acknowledge, and who is fond of dictating, and making himself busy in what does not concern him, made a fuss about it; but the five-point blanket carried the day.

At a party on twelfth-night last at Mrs. Bobby Grunt's, when the good old custom of drawing king and queen, or, as the

\* Miss Sally probably never heard of the near relationship that exists between a *Cucumber* and the Royal family, as exemplified by a celebrated etymologist, who undertook to prove that *Cucumber* was derived from *Jeremiah King*; and thus triumphantly maintained his hypothesis. *Jeremiah King*, shortened is *Jerry King*, shorter still *Jer. King*, by the alteration of a single letter, it becomes *Ger-King*; when in one word it is *Gerking*, or, what is the same thing, *Gherking*; and pray what is a *gherkin* but a young *cucumber*?—Vide Johnson's Dictionary.

French have it, *tirer le gateau*, was observed, the dignity of his Majesty fell upon Dr. Ravel-tail, and his royal consort was Miss Molly Bobbyson. The doctor, (who is not the devil upon two sticks,) has often boasted that no lady in China-bay, married or single, could withstand his attacks, and Miss Bobbyson reckoned upon having a man of great gallantry and spirit as the partner of her regal dignity; but expressed her disappointment by telling her friends; "what manner man you call he, Doctor Ravel-tail—he have no 'punk at all." But perhaps the doctor did not like the cross looks that were thrown at him by a rival. It is said the doctor's suit of black cost him, or rather his taylor, (for doubts are entertained whether it will ever be paid for,) £1 17 6. Query: Why did he not make his own clothes?

#### HYMENEAL AND PAPHIAN SUMMARY.

Not long ago were joined in holy wedlock, a gentleman, who has by some been mistaken for a Yankee Stage-driver, and who is familiarly styled "Charlie," to an elegant little brunette from Hochelaga. Charlie says he doubts not that he will quickly succeed in "knocking up his dear little brunette," and is much afraid she will employ somebody else if he does not succeed.

The rumour is again revived of the union of the Prior of St. Francois Xavier with our old favourite, Miss Harriet Caleche. His reverence, it is said, is shortly expected from Government-City, to solicit the consent of the young lady's Pa and Ma. The envious tattle of her dear friends will have it that Harriet, finding that her vainly alluring glances bestowed upon Dr. Redman, were not likely to win the gentleman, has *en dernier ressort*, consented to let the prior take a list of her charms, in order that her pelisse may be more handsomely worked, and her backstitching done better than her neighbours. We are credibly informed, say the tattlers, that this match does not much meet with Mrs. Caleche's views, as she will be obliged to dismiss from her service the Scotch musician, who has so long danced attendance upon her, in hopes of getting the now intended bride of the prior. It is expected that the musician and the old lady will not be so regular as formerly in attending church, since the object is not to be obtained. Some say the old man is not always asleep, though his eyes are shut.



Not long ago a covered carriage was seen driving very fast, with a certain married lady, and a certain married gentleman in it, towards a certain house, in a certain street, whither they went, it is supposed, for certain purposes that shall be nameless.

N. B. The glorious *uncertainty* of the law may be said to be eclipsed by the more intricate *uncertainty* of unravelling the many *certainties* contained in the above piece of scandal, which we offer as an enigma for solution, and if an explanation is not sent us in a month's time, we will answer it ourselves. *Edit. Dom. Int.*

We profess not to understand the following admonition, but, at the request of a lady, which we, of course, can not refuse, we insert it under this head, to which, we presume, it belongs.

*"Ladies who grant favours to gentlemen in dark chambers, trust they will never kiss and tell; for, if they do, the ladies will be obliged to tell some tales in return."*

---

*Mount Royal, 5th February.*

MRS. EAST'S BRILLIANT BALL on the 3d inst.

Blood and owns, what a splutter! Ah, Mr. Gossip, had you been there you would have had plenty of matter for tea-table-talk. Our young blades here, notwithstanding all your admonitions wo'n't do without wine. After dancing, and prancing, tripping and lipping, rhodomontading and promenading, sporting and courting, flinging and singing, for several hours, like those at the marriage-feast of old "they wanted wine." The noble matron of the assembly requested them to retire to an attic-chamber, to regale themselves with plenty of black strap. After the usual etiquette on such occasions, they arrived at the fountain-head. But Sbodikins! one thing happened that caused some very wry faces: One of the Princes of Greece, who had greatly exerted himself during the evening, gave the first toast, which was "May this night's revels be recorded



in the pages of the blue book;" but, on drinking off his glass, it proved to be, what, I must not tell : but certainly, if it was wine, it was double distilled. Whether this was meant as an affront to his highness, to the company, or to the blue book, I can not tell : all I relate is a

MATTER OF FACT.

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

---

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I am again under the necessity of reminding my correspondents to send keys and explanations with their communications : what to them may seem perfectly clear, to me, at a distance; and personally unacquainted with the circumstances, is often very obscure. Look-out, TOM and others, are in this predicament. I must also beg the favour of some of them to pay a little more attention to the legibility of their writing : OBSERVATOR, in particular, of whose excellent, and useful, contributions, I am loth to lose a word, altho' many are so indistinctly written that it requires all the *guessing* I have learnt in Yankee-town to make them out. To that gentleman I must also recommend a little more caution : his last communication came inclosed in a note couched in these words,

Mr. S. H. Wilcocke,

Please to caution Mr. OBSERVATOR, against letting fall his parcel in St. Jean Baptiste Street, as, had it not fallen into the hands of a friend, it might never have been heard of. Hoping to see the within in your next, I remain, your Obedt. servt.

A FRIEND.

I shall be happy to hear again from the writer of TIM BOBBIN, whom I think I recognize as an old acquaintance : I should recommend him, however, to take another signature, T. B. and TOM TICKLER being those made use of by other correspondents : the anecdotes he alludes to will be very welcome. So will the further

FAVOURS OF E. T. CÆTERA. COGNITUS is respectfully informed, that INCOGNITUS is not fit for the Scribbler.--- DYONISIUS, will please to excuse me for not saying more on the subject alluded to. DAMN THE CONSTABLES, is under consideration. S. CREDITOR, ditto. BLOW-UP, COSROES, and LYDIA will appear.

---

### LITERARY NOTICES.

In the press, at York, U. C. and will soon be ready for delivery, No. I. of

#### REPORTS AND CASES,

argued and determined in the Court of King's Bench at York, U. C. for the Trinity Term, 1823.

Edited by T. Taylor, Esq. Reporter.

This work will be published *Quarterly*, elegantly printed on a new type, 8vo. size, with covers of coloured paper, and lettered.—Price to Subscribers Five Shillings, payable on delivery.

Application to be made to the U. C. Gazette Office, York; Jas. Crooks, Esq. Niagara; J. Macaulay, Esq. Kingston, and Charles Cumming, Esq. Montreal, or to the Reporter, at Hamilton, in the Gore District.

---

### THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REGISTER.

York, U. C.

As the Projector and Editor of this National Work is confident of its ultimate success, if but a moderate share of encouragement is given to its outset,—he requests those Agents of this Paper who have received the names of any Subscribers to the Work to transmit them, together with their address, without delay, to the *U. C. Gazette Office*.

The names and residences of the earliest patrons of this undertaking, will be published, alphabetically arranged, in the first volume of the work, as a perpetual record of their liberality, public spirit, and sound patriotism.

It is again repeated, that no money will be demanded, until the work, which will not exceed the price of the meanest newspaper, is delivered.

A new type is ordered from Great Britain expressly for this work.

*U. C. Gazette Office, Nov. 20 1823.*

MONTREAL.  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The First Volume of this Monthly Publication, comprising Numbers one to six, is now for Sale at the Book Store of Joseph Nickless, Notre-Dame Street.—Price 15s.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

A Masonic discourse, delivered at the Installation of the Hon. Wm. McGillivray, R. W. P. Gr. M. of the united districts of Montreal and William Henry, Lower Canada, by the Rev. Brooke Bridges Stevens, V. W. P. G. C. of these districts.

The clear profits arising from the sale of this work to be given to the "MONTREAL ORPHAN ASYLUM." Sold by Joseph Nickless, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Montreal, January 28th, 1824.

The Subscribers to a Collection of interesting original Poems, by a lady, to be printed by Subscription, are respectfully informed that the publication of this work has been unavoidably postponed, in consequence of the subscription already obtained not being sufficient to defray the expence. It is hoped that the publication will be commenced in the course of a fortnight.

Montreal, Jan. 29th, 1824.

P. S. TO CORRESPONDENTS. OBSERVATOR'S last favour, with its inclosure, is received. It came too late to make any alteration in what was already printed off in the present number: he will see, however, that I had previously partly followed his present wishes as to the suppression of a portion of his communication.

L. L. M.

---

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

---