

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. IV] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 5th FEB. 1824. [No. 114.

'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,  
To right with justice, whom with power they wrong'd.  
POPE—*Iliad*.

*Qui nisi sunt veri, ratio quoque falsa sit omnis.*  
LUCRETIVS.

Unless the facts are true, the reasoning is false.

*Quantos payzes, tantos costumbres.*  
SPANISH PROVERB.

As many countries, so many customs:

*Uxor, vade foras, aut moribus utere nostras :—*  
MARSHAL

From bed and board I will divorce thee, wife,  
Unless thou art content to live this life.

My first care is always bestowed upon replies to, or remarks upon, any thing that may have appeared in the Scribbler. This is the more necessary from the consideration, before more than once urged, that, precluded by the iniquitous personal persecution against me, from seeing with my own eyes, and hearing with my own ears, what is going forward in Lower Canada, I am compelled almost entirely to trust to reporters; and I need not insist on the occasional fallibility and erroneous nature, both of the facts and of the remarks that are submitted to me. I pride myself as much upon my impartiality as upon the undaunted tenor of my writings; and, on all occasions, courting the frank and temperate answers and observations, which any persons who feel

themselves aggrieved by my writings, such, whenever I have received them, have been immediately attended to, and have occupied a prominent station under the blue cover.

The following letter, therefore, claims precedence of others.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

(For I have seen you addressed by so many names, that I do not know which is the right one,) I have read in your No. 112, an article on the subject of *burning the pope in effigy*; which ceremony is asserted to have taken place, on the 5th day of last Nov. at Chambly, and the assertion is supported, by a letter on the same subject, signed Scrutator, and dated from that place on the 10th of the same month. The principles upon which you profess to conduct your publication, give me the right of this appeal to your candour, for a place in your next number; and I confess that I make such appeal, without any fear of a refusal. For the substance of that letter, and the language in which it is expressed, proclaim it to be, indeed, a communication from some correspondent at Chambly, and *not* the offspring of your own inventive satire. I am not disposed to dispute, that truth, though unpleasant, may, sometimes, be wholesome, and I have no more right to doubt your assertion, that you always publish the truth, than I have, reason to suppose you would claim the coarse and vulgar production\* in ques-

\* Allowing these epithets to stand, (having expunged some similar expressions,) I beg leave to hint that the application of such, is an impeachment of the judgement of the editor in admitting communications that are "coarse, vulgar," and "stupid." I do not, for my own part, see how they are applicable to the letter in question: for, supposing the facts, stated.

tion, as emanating from your own pen. As, however, you have given publicity to this letter from *Scrutator*, permit me to request you will inform your readers, that every part of it is a gross and wicked fabrication. The burning an effigy of the Pope, or of Guy Vaux, or any effigy at all, is an invention of your correspondent. Had he said that the schoolboys made a bonfire in commemoration of the famous frustrated plot of the 5th Nov. even this would have been false—but certainly, on or about that day, the house, and other buildings, being very full of carpenter's chips, they were ordered to be carried out and burned in a heap, to prevent the risk of a similar accident to that which had consumed the stables and other outbuildings of the hon. Col. DeSala-berry, and the bonfire so made, had no reference whatever to the gunpowder plot.\*

Having contradicted this gross and intentional falsehood, it is unnecessary to argue upon the innocence of a bonfire for school-boys to jump o-

---

to have been true, the language was not improper. Yet, I am willing to allow, that the detection of gross and wilful falsehood, when affecting an individual, is calculated to call forth language that would not have otherwise have dropt from the pen of such a writer as my new correspondent appears to be: and probably, if the facts stated are in reality untrue, I should have myself been inclined to use still harsher words than he has done as applied to the falsehood and malice of the communication; which is a matter quite different from the composition or wording of a production, to which only such epithets as are mentioned above, can apply.

L. L. M.

\* It is singular, however, that such a burning of chips should happen unintentionally on that particular day.

L. L. M.

ver, or dance round\* on the 5th of November, even *with the privity and consent* of their preceptor. But, had the thing existed, and Guy Vaux been burned, as is usual in the mother country, it would have been no difficult task to have defended it against your correspondent at Chambly, whose talents are about as contemptible as his intentions are odious. He has asserted a falsehood, for the purpose of founding upon it, an accusation of a most flagrant nature, against a person who in his public capacity it was his duty to support, and whose private character is happily beyond the possibility of suffering, (in the eyes of those who know him,) from any thing Scrutator can say. Having stated that the minister of the parish, to which he himself belongs, has done a certain act or thing, he proceeds to detail his motives and views for so acting or doing. There are very few occasions on which it is possible to *know* a man's motives—but certainly those which he has chosen to assign to our minister, (for I also am a parishioner,) are the most wicked and mischievous that can well be conceived, and are deserving of every execration that the world can bestow. But, if Scrutator can so well appreciate the motives he ascribes to our minister, it is a little surprising he does not see, that by pub-

---

\* I beg to say that, according to my frequent custom, when I have more than one account of the same matter, the letter of SCRUTATOR, was made up out of *two or three* different communications, from different persons, on the same subject.--- That part of it which relates to the jumping over, and dancing round the fire, and to the exclamation of one of the scholars, as to the wine having been drank in honour of the day, must not be placed to account of Scrutator, but to that of another correspondent; whilst the family-dialogue in the note, belongs again to a third.

L. L. M.

lishing what he considers so dangerous to public tranquility, he became a *particeps criminis*. If the minister laid a bonfire, Scrutator set fire to it, and, like a rogue, he has finished by cheating the minister out of the share that he had assigned to him even in a crime. And is Scrutator really such a *fool* himself, that he thinks all the world as ignorant and as easy to impose upon, as he would wish them to be? does he think *any* person, capable of reading his laboured letter, will want penetration enough to see that all the folly and wickedness he ascribes to another, attach solely to himself? *He* is the man who wishes to endanger the public peace, as well as to assassinate private character. *He* tells you, beforehand, that he sees the tendency of certain measures, to put in motion the most delicate and dangerous springs of religious controversy, and civil discord. *He* tells you that, in his opinion, the lamentable state of Ireland may be attributed to such monstrous proceedings as he speaks of—and, since he can not find *such* things in existence, he deliberately fabricates a story to answer his own purposes, and sends it forth to the public, in the hope it may set this country in a blaze. To be sure he has not given his name—I wish he would.—This is not his first, or his second essay; but he is suspected. I therefore stand forward to impeach him *Quousque tandem Catalina! abuteris patientia nostra? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia?*”

Your's &c.

CICERO.

I have suppressed a few passages of the above letter, which are personally aimed at some individual supposed to have been my correspondent; as

upon the same principle that I never inquire, nor wish to know, who my informants are, so can I not allow of any thing to appear, that might tend to point out any particular person as being one of my reporters, nor convey any threats to them; excepting from myself, that when I find their statements prove to be false, malicious, or extravagantly distorted, I must withdraw all confidence from them, and decline inserting such communications as come to me in the same handwriting.

Another representation, from the same quarter, however, very nearly allied to the subject of the last, now calls for attention.

Chambly, 3d February, 1821.

MR. EDITOR,

Your periodical, "the Scribbler," has been represented to me, since I came to this quarter of the world, as a most infamous publication; that *veluti in speculum*, or, as in a looking-glass where men might see themselves as they really are, or as others see them, is a quality it in nowise possesses; but that it is made a vehicle for private scandal and individual malice only. Now, sir, for my part, I have only read about twenty numbers of the work, for I have not been long enough in Canada, to have witnessed the publication of more, however from my experience, I take leave to remark, that I have seen in the Scribbler several satires of as useful a tendency to society as any that are to be found in those inimitable works, the Rambler, the Tatler, and the Spectator, of former days.\* It is not because insignificant private

\* Dissentient; because I cannot pretend to vie with what is *inimitable*.  
L. L. M.

characters are, now and then, soured by the malignant rebukes of their own friends, that the Scribbler, in which they may happen to find a place, must be scouted as a pest to society! The Scribbler shews "as'twere, the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" and the evil that it does is nothing compared to the good which the public derive from it *indirectly*, if not directly.

This much by way of introduction to a tale, which I think it your particular province to take notice of. I am not going to drag before the public the private character, the "home recollections," of any man; it is not my disposition to sacrifice to private malignity, upon the social hearth of any family, to quarrel with the peculiarities of any society. But truth is truth, Mr. Editor, and public men are public men, and the servants of the public; and if the public suffer by their pride, their ignorance, or their neglect, the public have just cause of complaint against their servants. Give ear therefore unto my tale, and if I as a component part of the public, am aggrieved, let my tale have a place in your necessary and useful publication.

I happen to be an orthodox churchman, or in other words, an English Protestant; not a bigot by any means, Mr. Editor, for I like every religion, but I follow my own; I do not want to be blown about with every wind of doctrine; as who does? it appears, however, that I am not to be permitted to follow it after the manner of my forefathers. Circumstances have placed me, since I came to Canada, generally speaking, in situations where unfortunately there were no churches to attend, nor clergymen of my own to listen to, and give me ghostly counsel; in those situations,

however, I consoled myself by reading, on Sundays, at any rate, my bible and my prayer book. Very little more than a fortnight since, I was, as I thought, *fortunately* thrown upon the parish of Chambly, in Lower Canada, where, with a thankful heart, I saw an extremely neat church dedicated to, and as I afterwards learnt, also a minister ordained for, the worship of God, after the manner of the Holy Catholic Faith.\* After so long and constrained an absence from public worship, you may be assured that I looked forward for the approaching Sabbath, with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction, when it would be, as I thought, permitted to me to obey the injunction of the apostle, "not to omit the assembling of ourselves together, and communing with one another." The Lord's day came, to the church I walked, and, found the door closed! A friend told me there was to be no service that day, as the clergyman preached at the Mountain. Now the Mountain, was rather too far for me to walk; I should then have been too late also, and yet it was *not* too far, as I thought, for the clergyman to ride, preach a sermon, and return early enough in the day to perform his clerical duties in his own church, for the edification of his own flock; however, let this pass, it might be otherwise. My business detained me another week in Chambly, Sunday came again; and, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, such was my longing to do *my* duties, as a man, and a christian, that I walked some distance to church, where I was happy indeed to find the congrega-

---

\* It may be necessary to tell my Roman *Catholic* readers, and others who do not belong to the Episcopal persuasion, that the Church of England, also calls itself the *Holy Catholic* Church.

tion, (not a very large one to be sure, but highly respectable,) assembled at the proper hour, and the clergyman ready to commence the service of the day. My book opened; with inward and sincere devotion I responded to the prayers that were read, (though they were not read in the solemn style, which is characteristic of the beautiful simplicity, as I am pleased to think, of my religion,) but, judge of my surprize, when I found the Litany of my church omitted altogether. The thanksgiving prayers passed over too, and the prayer for our governors and legislative magistrates, not even hinted at,—but I believe we had a prayer for His Most Gracious Majesty.— All these omissions too, in the first part of the service of the day! As for the portion of the Communion service; namely, the Commandments, the Creed and the Gospels of the day; these were seemingly discarded from the form of common prayer of the church; and, to crown the whole, after clipping my devotional exercises so short, he tells the congregation, in a sort of I-dont-care-whether-you-like-it-or-no-style, that “we were to take notice there would be no sermon to day,” without assigning any, the slightest, cause, Mr. Editor! Now because I was, or we were rather, obliged to accept this notice, *nolens volens*, it was not the less impertinent, the less uncharitable, the less arbitrary, altho’ he was a clergyman of my church, that gave it. What do I say? my church! surely I am mistaken all along! it can not be the Holy Catholic Church of which I thought myself a member, that is established at Chambly! We had not even a psalm sung; we were not permitted, much less encouraged, to praise the Lord with all our souls, with all our minds, and with all our strength!

Now, Mr. Editor, I don't want to quarrel with any sect or religious society; this may for aught that I know, be the manner in which the members of the church of England worship in Canada: they may read no Litany; they may sing no psalms: all I can say is that in *our* church of England we *do*. Their pastors may not preach a sermon on Sunday, ('tis not necessary, may be) all I can say is, that our pastors preach *more* than one, and sometimes more than *two*. We, too, have an afternoon, or evening, service invariably, like unto the morning service, to accommodate servants and those who can not attend earlier; which I am told we are never to have in Chambly.

Now then, Mr. Editor, as I said before, I do not want to split a point of faith, or dissect a doctrine; I am not competent to argue about any religion; therefore I have no business to quarrel with my neighbours: every man, in my opinion, may, without injury to another, take that road to Heaven which in his conscience he believes to be the best. I only want to know whether I am to give up my religion, as I can not meet for the exercise of it, or put it to keep, until I go to England?—whether a minister, ordained by a bishop of my church, or that which I thought to be mine, who receives a salary large enough by all means for the duties required to be done, (if they were done,) is to please himself, or act *a discretion*, in using the form of prayer and church service? or, whether or no it concerneth those orthodox members, like myself, of the church of England as established by law to have a minister, competent, and neither too idle, too proud, nor too insolent, to administer to their spiritual necessities? I do think however, that we have no need to adopt either of these alternatives. I do not think either, that the

clergyman alluded to, has any authority, of himself, to alter or amend the form of common-prayer; and I do think he is bound to preach a sermon to his flock once a week at least. We must therefore take him down a few pegs, by telling him, he is our servant, and the servant of the public of Chambly, and if he will not do his duty, we must report him at head quarters, and we rather think we have so much influence there that our report will be attended to.

I find likewise that the reverend gentleman is preceptor to several respectable young men: this is another *public situation*. On this subject I shall only say—God preserve them from the contagion of a bad example—I need not, however, have troubled myself to pray for them; for, in this, as in his other public capacity, I find he takes as little care to be useful as he can possibly help: the boys say he never troubles them in the school, he is too deeply engaged in a building speculation! probably this accounts for the paucity of our worship on Sunday, and that he could not spare time to compose a sermon of twenty pages for the Lord's day.

To make an end to so long a story, Mr. Editor, but which is one, notwithstanding, of public import; I shall only say that I have taken the pains, (following the example of Mr. Hume, the reformer and economist,) to calculate how much per hour and minute, the reverend gentleman receives for his *actual* services in the conversion of souls: (his oath of ordination commands that his whole study shall be to this end; how well is it observed?) I believe that, one way or another, he pockets nearly £300 per annum; now, I allow half an hour weekly for the whole duty; (I was not 25 minutes in church last Sunday,) and taking

the salary, for the sake of even figures, at two hundred and sixty pounds per annum, I find it amounts to the trifling sum of ten pounds per hour, or three shillings and four pence per minute! This is enough in all conscience, and I think he can very well afford to reduce his pay at least one half, and spin out our Sunday devotions for the future to the length of one hour, for which he will pocket his twenty dollars.

I am,

Mr. Editor,

Your's & the public's servant.

**AN ORTHODOX CHURCHMAN.**

MY DEAR SCRIB,

At a brilliant party, lately given by that most brilliant lady, the Countess of Old Joseph, the brilliancy of the entertainment was eclipsed by the genteel behaviour of Colonel Odds, and Dr. Drugwell; who, wishing to mimic high life, were determined to gamble, and had retired to a distant room, not so much for fear of exposing their characters by practising such a heinous habit, as of having it known that they played for *quinze sols* a game. But too soon, alas! did both their employment, and their stakes become known. Just at the momentous crisis when, in obedience to the clapping of the manager's hands, the ranks were formed, and each beau stood opposite to his belle, a horrid noise was heard to issue from what appeared to be the remotest part of the house, which, at first, was mentally attributed by some of the guests, to the servants fighting for a bone; but, what was the astonishment of the numerous devotees of high life, who then and there rushed forward, leaving the ball-room almost untenanted, when, coming to the

chamber whence the din proceeded, they perceived the gamblers in deafening combat of contending tongues, discharging at each other volleys of such expressions as would have done honour to the most renowned *Poissarde des halles*. What's the matter? what's the matter? sprung from the mouths of all, in simultaneous query. After much trouble, and loss of time and wind, as well as with the danger of encountering the blows with which the enraged disputants threatened each other, it was ascertained that a *quinze sols*, supposed to have been fraudulently won by one of the gamblers, had occasioned this indecent behaviour of both. It is with pleasure, however, Mr. Scrib, I have to record that the only revenge taken by the magnanimous colonel upon the doctor, was depriving him of the honour of his company at a warm water party,\* which the doctor thought he could not avoid giving in return for the numerous invitations he receives and accepts. *La chronique scandaleuse* says, that the profuse manner in which hot water was dispensed that evening indicated that Dr. D. had become a convert to the system of the celebrated Dr. Sangrado.

Your's &c.

PYRHON.

P. S. In Mr. Fitz-halderkin's account of the first garrison-ball, he hinted at the wrangles about precedence between the two brides. I think he ought to have added, that it appeared to be much against his will that colonel Odds handed out the beautiful bride Mrs. Foresight, for,

\* Another correspondent calls it a dinner-party; and requests me to give a hint to the colonel that it is very indecorous when playing whist to scold his partner, and quarrel with every one round the table.

L. L. M.

it is said, he much wished to do the honours to the Countess of Gregg-Castle, who he maintained, was of a superior rank to his own partner; because her *Pa* gives excellent dinners, and the best of wines.—What potent patrons wine and good dinners make! They are the very *Mecænas*' of the present day, and it is to them that the line of Horace is now applicable,

*Quos Mecænas abduxerat umbras.*

How many parasites *Mecænas* draws!

Translated from *La Chronique Scandaleuse*  
FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

“What tender maid but must a victim fall  
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?  
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand  
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand.”

POPE.

On the 27th ultimo, the officers of the garrison gave another splendid ball, at which all the fashionables of the Royal Mount were present. In addition to those who attended the last, we observed Captain Le Sly and brother, the Baron Allsides, and Dr. At-her. It is said the captain has an intention of renewing his addresses to the widow Languish, whom, report adds, he will have some difficulty in carrying. Having married her daughter, the widow has raised her own pretensions, and holds out that, in addition to family and fortune, she must have youth and personal charms, in the man she raises to the honour of her hand and bed. How the captain's wig will stand under such circumstances, we know not; we, however congratulate him on the improvement that has taken place in his appearance, and wish him success. At-her, seems again at Moll, but we hear

he is ordered to the West Indies, which we suppose will effectually break off all matrimonial speculations. But to return to the ball.

Upon the whole, the evening appeared to go off agreeably. We can not flatter the ladies, generally, on their appearance. Whether from the effect of the room, we know not, but, with the exception of the lovely widow, her sister, the young and very interesting Miss McKillaway, and Mrs. Longmore, every one appeared sombre, and some seemed to have paid little attention to their dress.

We congratulate the officer commanding the royal staff-corps on the gentlemanlike improvement that has taken place in the manners of some of the officers, and the more modest behaviour of some of the ladies and their more intimate associates. We did not observe one bosom laid bare, one back scratched, nor one side pinched during the evening. The gay ensign Rascott, did not exhibit himself as a monkey, except in leaping incessantly over the benches, and making signals from his nose, by placing his thumb upon it, and extending his fingers towards the object he wished to attract the notice of. We observed his signals answered both by the honourable commodore Bang's lady and by the lady of judge Dier; but there can be no harm in this, as such signals pass between them at the tables of their husbands.

---

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO LYDIA

At the hour of midnight dreary,  
 Now I love, to musing, rove—  
 Once my eye was bright and cheery,  
 Ere I knew the power of love.

Tho' at times I pleasure follow,  
 And am seen amid her train,  
 Even then my breast is void and hollow,  
 And I seek for joy in vain.

Yes, dear Lydia, ere I knew thee,  
 Light of sun was all my glee,  
 Now, by light of stars, beshrew me,  
 But I love to muse on thee.

Then, my love, prove kind; and listen  
 To my soft and amorous lay:—  
 Turn on me those eyes that glisten,  
 And my love, with love repay.

CAIRBER.

Chambly, Jan. 3, 1814.

---

EXCURSION along LAKE CHAMPLAIN, continued.

From Highgate we proceeded through St. Albans, a straggling, but pretty, village, lying upon a bay of the same name, Georgia, Chequerberry-green, and round by Essex, to Burlington. This place, Mr. Macculloh, you are so well acquainted with, that I shall not attempt to describe it, trusting that at some future period, when your leisure will permit, we shall have from your pen some account of the various countries you have visited, with your observations on the men and manners you met with in them.\* At

---

\* I have frequently had it in contemplation to give a connected account of my various travels; for which I should find abundant materials in the copious minutes I have by me, notwithstanding the *pirates* and *plunderers* of the *North West Company* did rob me of a great number; but I need not say that incessant occupation has hitherto, and probable long will, prevent it. I regret therefore that my correspondent did not give his own observations on Burlington, so long the place of my residence; and the more, since various descriptions of the same place by different men, when combined, give a truer picture than one alone.

time we were there the Supreme Court was sitting and had attracted a considerable concourse of people from various parts of Vermont. Our *table d'hôte* at the principal inn, Mr. Howard's, presented a mixed picture of varied characters, lawyers, clients, traders, farmers &c. but it appeared to me that a general characteristic reigned amongst their features, which illustrated the remark, I have somewhere read or heard, that, though Vermont can not probably produce, one giant in knowledge, there is no State in the Union where a certain kind of knowledge, that of self-interest, is so generally diffused, or so closely studied. Some remarks I made here, upon the general manners and behaviour of the Americans, at their meals, and their mode of cookery, and serving them up, I shall defer till the close of my narrative, as I found, as I went along, they were not applicable to any particular place, but generally prevalent in the part of the country which we passed through.

The lake being yet open, we embarked for Essex, a township on the opposite side, in the State of New York. The day was remarkably still and fine, and not a breath of wind appeared to disturb the broad and peaceful bosom of the lake. All was still, and we were left to muse silently on the beautiful prospect that appeared around. The calm kept us till dark, before we landed at Essex, of which place we could therefore form little idea, but were told, rather boastingly (but that, you know, is much the mode in which information is given in the States,) that it was a Steam-boat port, and that a great deal of business was done there. Hence we proceeded about eighteen miles, to Willsbury Falls, a romantic little place on the other side of a chain of moun-

tains. We passed the night at the house of Mr. H., a complete Yankee, possessed of all that impertinent curiosity, and vulgarity, for which a great portion of them are famed. Hence, there was little or nothing that attracted our curiosity till we came to Plattsburgh, (via Peru, a settlement of *Broad-brims*;) where we gazed for a moment, at the scene of our naval defeat, of the memory of which the Americans are justly proud. But it was too much for a Briton's feelings; yet, it is a consolation to reflect, that, if we were vanquished, we were vanquished by brave and noble-minded men, who, whilst they did their duty to their country in fighting her battles, did not forget the esteem and courtesy due to their valiant enemies; and who buried, with all the honours due to his character, our lamented and gallant Downie, whose tomb, (in the burying ground, situated a little way from the town,) we visited with feelings of melancholy veneration.

From Plattsburgh, through Chazy, and Champlain, we took our way strait forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and I made no observations, being anxious to arrive at the comforts of home.

Upon the whole, we were gratified with our excursion; with the country, the scenery, and, in a great measure, with the people we had seen. But our manners are so diametrically opposed to theirs, in many instances, that we are apt to view them, perhaps, in a more unfavourable light than they deserve. Their unbounded inquisitiveness is certainly most harrassing to a stranger; and their curiosity is the more annoying from its never being directed to enquiries as to matters of general or public interest, but almost exclusively to the individual concerns,

business, family, circumstances, and intentions, of the stranger: whilst they are, by no means, communicative in their turn, and generally give evasive answers, or answer a question by another question. Another feature of their conversation that is very unpleasant to us, is the utter perversion they give to the meaning of many genuine English words, which, under the Yankee application of them, appear to us like complete strangers. *Guess, rugged, ugly, likely, sleek, calculate, clever, smart, wicked, mad, whip,* and many others, are used to express such totally different ideas from their real sense, that it is next to impossible for an Englishman to understand them without an interpreter; yet the pronunciation of the language, (barring in some, habit of speaking thro' the nose,) is probably the best and most correct, that is to be met with anywhere, out of the circle of the literati of the mother country.

As to their meals, and manners at them, they are very disagreeable to us. I have heard it observed by many travellers that in no country was the saying better exemplified than in America, that "God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks." They have the best possible meat and provisions of all kinds, but they are served up with slovenly profusion, and so disguised in the dressing, that we do not know what we are eating. One morning, at breakfast, which is always a substantial meal, with hot meats of various descriptions, having a mutton-chop on my plate, and seeing the others take with their mutton, what I thought was simply mashed potatoes, I did so too; but, O, ye gods and little fishes! how was I astonished when I found it to be a compound of salt fish and potatoes; and this they eat along

with their meat!! but they do not appear to have any discriminating taste, but heap every thing that comes round, at once upon their plates, fish, flesh, vegetables, sweetmeats, tarts, no matter what, which, with the filthy custom of never, or very seldom, changing their plates, gave me the idea of pigs feeding out of a wash-tub. I have actually seen a lady take roast-pork gravy to fresh salmon. They have no real gravy to their meat, but what they call gravy is generally only melted butter in a butter-boat, which is poured with profusion over every thing. Nay, they call, what we call sauce, such as sweet, or creamed sauce, to use with puddings and pies, gravy too! But that is only a perversion of words. Tho' they are miserably deficient in preparing the essentials of a dinner, in the non-substantials they excell, and their different kinds of pastry, preserves, cakes, &c. are excellent in their kind: but these we never care for, except as a dessert, and of a dessert, or even of a removal of dishes, or second course, I suppose, they never heard; as all is always heaped on the table at once; and undistinguishingly consumed.

*(To be continued)*

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

### THE OAK-TREE.

Oak, beneath thy shade,  
 Oft have I reclined my head,  
 When the sun, with burning ray,  
 Chased me from the meadows gay.

Cooling breezes fann'd me there,—  
 Zephyrs wanton'd in the air,  
 Fragrant odours steam'd around,  
 Tender flowerets deck'd the ground.

Crickets chirp'd their gayest notes,  
 Warblers tuned their mellow throats,  
 Butterflies, on gawdy wing,  
 Flutter'd round, in fairy-ring.

There a chrystal current roll'd,  
 Over sands of yellow gold,  
 Where the silver fishes play,  
 Sparkling in the sunny ray.

Sportive insects flock'd along,  
 Numberless, in mazy throng,  
 Bounding light from side to side.  
 Skittish, o'er the curling tide.

Sedgy banks, with violets crown'd,  
 Breathing incense all around,  
 Pendent willows, drooping grave,  
 Pictured on the polish'd wave.—

Murmuring bees from flower to flower,  
 Treasuring up the honied store,—  
 Vagrant swallows, twittering, fly,  
 Unconcern'd, about the sky.

These were what I used to see,  
 'Neath thy branches, friendly tree:—  
 Was I selfish? did no eye  
 But my own, the scene enjoy?

Selfishness is not my part,—  
 'Twas ne'er an inmate of my heart;—  
 Joyless were the shade to me,  
 Should *self* alone my motive be.

Chloe had the warmest heart,  
 Ready to partake its part:—  
 Chloe shared my pleasures there:—  
 With me mock'd at frowning care.

With the tenants of the grove,  
 Her sweet voice could warble love,  
 Mix, mellifluous, with their song,—

Charm the ear that pass'd along.

Days have gone, and years have past;—  
Thou hast wither'd in the blast;—  
Winter's storms have batter'd thee;  
Fortune's frowns have wrinkled me.

Days have gone, and years have past,  
Far away my lot is cast;—  
Far from Chloe, —far from thee;  
But memory pictures both to me.

Associate images of youth!  
Chloe,auteous, full of truth,—  
And thou, thou friendly green oak-tree!  
Neither e'er'll depart from me.

*Shores of Lake Erie.*

ERNESTUS.

---

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXI.

We are deputed by the censor-general to state that the date of his *libellus famosus*\* has been altered one week forward, for reasons of state: and he hopes that, from an accession to his establishment, and a new arrangement of his offices and departments of government, that it will soon be issued on the day on which it purports to be dated, and thereafter regularly published, so that all his liege subjects may both be gratified, and kept within due bounds, in proper season. On his part, and our own, we have also the satisfaction of stating that, we have recovered from the disorder mentioned in our No. 29, and trust there will be in future no necessity for an apology for bad paper: whilst we beg to hint to our subscribers that it is by the administration of pre-

---

\* *Famosus libellus*; a libel, or scurrilous pamphlet.  
SÜETONICS.

ventatives that we can alone be kept from a relapse, which preventatives are only to be found in sufficient doses of punctuality and of promptness of payment on the part of our subscribers in general, and in particular, in immediate attention on the part of those who do not desire to figure in the Black-list, to the settlement of their arrears.

LITERARY NOTICE. *Since our last publication it has been ascertained that the letter attributed to Hogs-pess Petard Esquire, is the joint production of the reverend Tirgaleu de Maltrone, Martin Beau-nez Esquire, M. P. the marquis d'Argencourt, and some other illustrious personages of the same kidney. Nevertheless report says that the said letter is as dirty a work as if it had been written by the said Petard himself.*

We learn from Government-City, that Miss Maria Wagtail, of Mount-Royal, who has honoured that place with a visit since last autumn, on a matrimonial speculation, is likely to succeed in her adventure. She has her *larboard eye*, says our informant, (*which is always bent on a joke,*) on a red coat. Others say she has made a great hole in the heart of the owner of a certain pugilistic *full-ing-machine*, who is daily expected at Government-City to slip the hymeneal noose about his neck. Poor Benny Big, report adds, is inconsolable for the loss of Miss W. and is determined to roast these *goose-headed fellows*, the first opportunity he has of *taking their measures*.

By a New York paper we perceive, that a certain notorious character, *fuller* of vanity and impudence, than of merit or sense, is, forsooth! having his portrait engraved. O, the degraded state of the arts! that must be employed to perpetuate or multiply, the worthless effigies of a vagrant prize-fighter, whose best praise is that he is rather a civilized blackguard. But it is not the fellow who is most to blame; 'tis his vocation, and "it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation, Hal!" the vulgar pa-

tronisers of such disgraceful pursuits, are the chief sinners; without their encouragement, their praises and their pay, mankind would not be insulted and disgusted, by the slang of the fancy, or the brutality of the ring.

Marianopolis, le 27 Janvier, 1824.

**MON CHER REDACTEUR,**

*Il faut vous faire part d'une curieuse histoire d'un des petits docteurs, chez notre precepteur-prolecteur savant, le celebre Fils d'Etienne. Certain jeune homme, qui seroit meilleur boucher que medecin, voulant boire une verre de soda-water, prit, pour en faire, de la poudre d'arsenic. Par bonheur, on l'a decouvert assez tot pour lui administrer du contre-poison. O les beaux docteurs! les beaux eleves! qui ne savent pas encore distinguer l'arsenic du soda, et pourtant apprennent leur metier chez ces savans messieurs de MARIANOPOLIS!*

**AUDITOR PRÆLECTIONUM.**

*Mount Royal, Jan. 1824.*

**Mr. Gossip,**

It will be worth your while to caution Mr. Jack Stone, not, in future, on coming out of the Scotch kirk, to be so forward in the open street, as, in the face of the dispersing congregation, to come behind the backs of certain young ladies, and catch hold of their neat little waists, trying to span them with his hands. Be so kind as to tell him, that, tho' he may think it gallantry, it is downright impudence, to make the "dear bit young things," blush before the multitude of spectators, and that too on the Lord's day. Tell him too, that, on parting with one of the young ladies at the corners of streets, it is not proper for him to squeeze her hand, nor, when he escorts them to their father's houses to pinch their arms, all which liberties are as much disliked by the young ladies, as they offended the eyes of

**PEEPING HARRY.**

**TO MR. JACK STONE.**

**TAKE NOTICE;** Other complaints of the same nature as the above, having been exhibited in our court of general censorship against you, you are hereby required to plead in your defence, within

one calendar month from this date, in our said court; in default whereof, you will stand convicted of unauthorised impudence; the punishment of which will be, that all ladies under fifty years of age, whether single or married, are thenceforward to eschew your company, to decline taking your arm, and, in dancing, to touch your hand only with their little fingers.

Witness, ourselves; this 5th of Feb. 1824.

L. L. MACCULLOH,

*Censor-General, &c.*

31 1w pd.

*The sober and genteel part of the gentlemen who frequent Mr. Scora's hotel, request those who come thither when intoxicated, either to fall asleep forthwith on the sofas, or to keep within the bounds of monosyllabic discourse, upon pain of—they may guess what.*

POET'S CORNER.

SONG.

Celia, you'll kill me by the Lord!  
You know I've suffer'd like a martyr;  
Nor have I yet had one kind word,  
Nor seen an inch above your garter.

Can you forget, ungrateful maid,  
How long my constant flame has lasted?  
What nonsense I have sung and said,  
What ink and paper I have wasted?

Ah, cruel, nymph, you know full well,  
With what a pure becoming zeal,  
I've praised your snowy bosom's swell,  
And swore—much more than I could feel.

How I've wish'd round your waist to twine,  
Each inlet of delight to prove,  
Our hearts, our lips, our souls, to join!  
And can you still, still doubt my love?

What! unconvinc'd, the devil's in it!  
 Well then, this proof, shall calm your fears,  
 And if one warm expressive minute,  
 Speak not more love, than days of tears ;—

Unless each palpitating nerve,  
 Each kindling vein confess me true,  
 Treat me at length as I deserve,  
 And banish me from joy and you.

### ANSWER.

Be quiet sir, begone I say,  
 Lord bless us, how you romp and tear!  
 There!  
 I swear!

I do not like such boisterous play,  
 So take that saucy hand away.  
 Why now you're ruder than before

Nay! I'll be hang'd if I comply,  
 Eye!  
 I'll cry!  
 O' I can't bear it, I shall die!

I vow I'll never see you more.  
 But—are you sure you've shut the door.

N. B. We curtail the present number of the Domestic Intelligencer.  
 as Mr. Macculloh has just sent to us to say that he wants a few pages  
 for a particular purpose, which he will explain himself.

*Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP.*

*At the sign of the Tea-Table.*

“ And he spoke of trees, from the cedar tree, that is in  
 Lebanon, even unto the Hyssop that springeth out of the  
 wall.”

1. Kings, c. iv. v. 33.

I feel much obliged to my correspondent who,  
 in a letter just received, has called my attention  
 again to the subject of a BOTANIC GARDEN touch-

ed upon in my prefatory remarks on resuming my labours in No. 110; and who solicits me to publish, for the benefit of the community, the regulations of the BOTANIC GARDEN at Liverpool, mentioned in Vol. I. p. 375 of the Scribbler.

This I cheerfully do, for, although they can not be all applicable to a similar establishment in Montreal, should the idea be publicly adopted, they will afford many useful hints, and, in fact, form a basis, upon which a superstructure may be built to advantage.

I will not here descant on the great utility of such an establishment to science, to the arts, to agriculture, and to the community in general, nor on the delightful addition it would form to the amusements and gratification of the well-educated part of the inhabitants: but will confine myself to the recommendation that, if set about, it should be set about now, previous to the opening of spring, in order that there may be time enough to pitch upon a proper spot, and make the purchases, and erect the buildings, requisite, so as to commence operations with the first return of the season for horticulture.

It may be right to premise that the subscription to a proprietary share in the Liverpool Botanic Garden, was ten guineas.

L. L. M.

#### LAWS AND REGULATIONS.

##### OF THE BOTANIC GARDEN AT LIVERPOOL.

The Institution shall be called the Liverpool Botanic Garden, and shall be considered as the property of the undersigned, who hereby engage to pay two guineas annually towards its support.

The proprietors being this day assembled for the purpose of forming a plan for the future conduct of the establishment, agree upon the follow-

ing regulations for carrying into effect the objects of the proposed institution.

### GENERAL REGULATIONS.

1. The Garden and Buildings erected upon it, shall be invested in six trustees, to be chosen from among the proprietors, who shall hold the same for the purposes of the institution. Upon the death of any of the trustees, a successor shall be chosen from among the proprietors at their next general meeting.
2. Each proprietor shall be at liberty to transfer or bequeath his share to any person whatever, provided the person to whom the share is transferred or bequeathed, assent to and sign the laws of the institution.
3. Any person who may become the proprietor of more than one share, shall be permitted to make an annual nomination of any lady or gentleman, who, whilst the nomination continues in force, shall be entitled to all the advantages of a proprietor, except that they will not be permitted to vote at the meetings of the society, nor will they be eligible to the committee.
4. No proprietor shall be allowed to vote by proxy on any occasion, nor be entitled to more than one vote, whatever number of shares he may hold.
5. The annual subscription shall be paid in advance; the first subscription shall become due on the first of May, 1801; which will be considered as the subscription for the ensuing year.
6. At least seven days before the first of May a printed notice shall be sent to each proprietor, signifying that his subscription will become due on that day; if he neglects to pay it within three months after receiving such notice, he cannot

have access to the Garden until it be paid ; and if his arrears remain unpaid for two years, he will be considered as having forfeited his property in the institution.

7. No person can become a proprietor in the the Garden unless he sign his assent to these regulations, and also submit to such other regulations as may be determined upon by a majority of the proprietors at any of their meetings, or by the committee authorized to make such regulations.

Regulations respecting General Meetings, and the choise of the Committee.

3. An annual meeting of the proprietors shall be held on the first Monday in May.

9. All general meetings shall be summoned by printed notices sent to each proprietor, at least seven days before the time of meeting.

10. At the annual meeting all new laws shall be made for the government of the institution and provisional regulations which may have been formed by the committee during the preceding year, shall be confirmed or annulled ; and no law shall be repealed at any other meeting.

11. At the annual meeting the officers for the ensuing year shall be elected.

12. A President shall be annually elected by ballot from among the proprietors at large.

13. A committee of twelve members shall be elected by ballot from among the proprietors at large, who shall continue in office for four years ; at the end of this period three shall go out of office by lot : and three new committee-men shall be chosen by ballot from among the proprietors at large ; at the end of the year, three of the remaining nine shall go out by lot, and three new committee men shall be chosen as before ; at the

end of the sixth year three of the remaining six shall go out by lot, and three new committee men chosen as before ; at the end of the seventh year the remaining three shall go out, and three new committee men shall be chosen every succeeding year.

14. The committee shall meet on the second Monday in May, and shall elect from among themselves a Vice President, four Visitors, a Treasurer and a Secretary.

15. The committee shall determine upon their future times of meeting, which shall be at least once every month.

16. Any member of the committee who shall absent himself from four successive meetings, without assigning a satisfactory excuse, shall be considered as having vacated his office. These vacancies, as also those occasioned by death and resignation, shall be filled up by the committee at the next meeting.

#### Duties of the Committee.

17. Any four of the committee shall be competent to act.

18. The President, or in his absence the Vice President, together with the Treasurer, and one of the Visitors, may, at any time, call a special meeting of the committee. The President, or Vice President, with the Treasurer, and the Visitors, may, when they deem it expedient, call a general meeting of the proprietors; a general meeting of the proprietors may also be called by a written request from twenty of the proprietors transmitted to the committee, in this case a notice must be sent to each proprietor, stating the object of the proposed meeting.

19. The committee shall appropriate the funds of the institution in whatever manner shall appear to them the most eligible.

20. The committee shall determine what number of gardeners or servants of any kind shall be kept for the use of the institution, these shall be removeable at the discretion of the committee, who shall also have the power of regulating their wages.

21. The committee shall have the power of framing provisional regulations, which shall have the force of laws till the next annual meeting.

Office of the Treasurer.

22. All the income belonging to the institution from whatever source it be derived, shall be paid into the hands of the Treasurer, all the bills shall be paid by him, and his accounts shall be audited by the President or Vice President, and one of the visitors, and laid before the annual meeting of the subscribers.

Duties of the Visitors.

23. The visitors shall have the peculiar direction of the Garden and conservatories, and no alteration shall take place in the Garden and plants without their concurrence or direction.

24. It is expected that each of the visitors shall visit the Garden at least once during every week; a visitor's book shall be kept, in which they may note down the day of their attendance, and any circumstances respecting the management of the Garden, which may appear to them to require attention.

25. The visitors shall have the power of disposing of the cuttings, seeds, or duplicates, of the plants, to the proprietors only, upon such conditions as they may judge proper, and when the same can be done without injury to the institution.

Regulations respecting Admission.

26. No gentleman residing in Liverpool, or

within eight miles of it, and not being a proprietor, can, at any time, have access to the Garden.

27. Ladies may at any time be introduced into the Garden in the company of a proprietor.

28. Strangers may be introduced into the Garden by a proprietor, or may have access to it by a written order from a proprietor, but they will be expected to enter their names and places of abode in a book kept for that purpose.

29. The families of proprietors, with the exception of children under the age of ten, and sons above the age of twenty one, may have access to the garden.

It was resolved, that the number of shares be limited to three hundred, and that no person shall be permitted to subscribe for more than two shares.

---

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OBSERVATOR'S favours are very welcome; they must, however, be only availed of in a discretionary way. TOM has sent no key: UN OBSERVATEUR, UN BON AMI, LOOK-OUT, and others, just received, and under consideration. A YEOMAN OF THE COUNTY OF BEDFORD will be attended to. ADELINÉ'S verses are too incorrect.

---

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.

---