

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Societas nostra lapidum FORNICATIONI simillima est, quæ casura nisi invicem obstarent, hoc ipso continetur. — SENECA.

Our society is like unto the stones——

“Oh! pray, Mr. Macculloh, there’s a dear soul, don’t translate it.”

Don’t be alarmed, madam,—it is only—
like the stones that form an arch—which, if they did not support each other, would fall in.

Quod genus hoc hominum?

VIRGIL.

What kind of men are these?

Nam variis velut orta plagis, gens dispare vultu est.

DUFRESNOY

For varied as the soil, so various is mankind

At this season of festivity, of parties, and of that social leisure which the climate in this country gives to the commercial world, many and various are the calls made on me to record the memorable events of a ball, the eager onset of a dinner, the te-deums of exhilarated bacchanals, the gossipings of tea-table scandal, and the eloquent, half-whispered tales of romance or love, that breathe their re-vivifying influence, in the recesses of curtained windows, or spread a charm over the lounge’s sofa, and the seat behind the stove. It is both morally and physically impossible to give any thing like a correct account, a fashionable log-book, as it were, of the parties & entertainments, that succeed, and shoulder, each

other, in this gay place—If therefore I either give short notices of some, or wholly pass by others; do, pray, gentle, courteous, readers, and, ye, the givers and promoters of such parties, more immediately interested in having your high deeds, chronicled, and handed down to generations yet to come—do—one, and all,—I pray you, attribute it to want of space, want of reporters, want of leisure,—or even want of ability—rather, than to want of inclination, to oblige you.

In my last the account of the garrison-ball, gave, I believe, general satisfaction. I was glad to find my new correspondent Reginald Fitz-Halderkin, (who, by the bye, I am pretty well convinced is an old one, with a new face,) so accurate, and interesting in his details. But, to go on, in the same line, I first, with much pleasure, begin with my old friend Mr. Random, who has sent me the following epistle.

Mount Royal, 10th January, 1824.

DEAR SCRIB,

As an interregnum, in all countries, causes the greatest consternation and anxiety, so was even such the case here, during that of the Scrib-ler; but since we find you had no intention of abdicating your throne, and have of your own will, and upon your own authority, *ex mero motu*, as the lawyers say, restored yourself to your ancient crown and dignity; I, as I hope my other brethren of the quill, will do, come back to our allegiance,—and

——“like truant boys, return to ask
Your worship's pardon, and resume our task.”

Which I do, with Mr. MacHatchin's ball, given on the 29th ultimo, and, which some say was for the express purpose of enjoying the agreeable

and edifying conversation of Mr. Sprigg, and of casting a few glances of latent admiration, or desire, or—what you will—at his amiable wife. But, whatever were his wishes or intentions, it was evident that those of his partner, and his partner's partner, were not to favour him with too much of their company, as they retired as early as ten o'clock,* to the no small joy of some of the remaining guests, and to the sad grief and disappointment of Mrs. Mockhell, who had exhausted all her art, as well as materials, in preparing a supper, suitable to the palates of this epicurean pair, but of which, to her mortification, they did not partake, whilst, if they had, their tastes, if in unison with the rest, must have declared it *magnifique*. Mr. and Mrs. Charmer, Mrs. and Miss Kingmaker,† Mrs. Much-ill-here, and the ever-pleasing Miss Stout, (Query, is she not one of the girls, of whom you spoke in your last, whom you said, "Lord, when will these flirts get married?") Mr. and Mrs. Scalds, from Trifluvia, and Mr. Bellcamp Junr. were of the party. Mrs. Mockhell, and a *gentleman*, not a *fosterer* of hair, led off the first dance, but who closed it remains for some one else to tell.

A superb fete has been given by Mrs. Bigman, but, which, as it exceeds my powers of description, I will not attempt to pourtray, but will leave it to another pen to record, an AMATEUR OF

* It ought to be recollected the honeymoon was hardly over; or if it had, honeymoons, with such a woman as Mrs. S. ought to last all the year round, and many years after that.
L. L. M.

† Vide Shakespeare's historical plays, in which the celebrated Earl of *Warwick* figures repeatedly as a maker and unmaker of kings, and hence was emphatically surnamed, "Warwick, the king-maker."

FASHION having promised me to send you an account of it,

The last day of the old year was rendered more remarkable than usual, by several parties. On that evening the Mount Royal assembly took place, as usual, and as usual was disagreeable, unsocial, and divided into coteries. The chief part of the company retired about midnight. On the same night, Lieut Col. Lord Shambolt had a grand let-off; and Mrs. East also opened her rooms, which were well attended, but not quite so well conducted as that lady's parties generally are.

On the 2nd of January, the Country-Party, alias Pic-Nic :—good of the kind.

On the the 5th, a subscription ball at Peeling's hotel, otherwise called the Canadian Vauxhall.* Several of the *dramatis personæ* of this performance considerably overacted their parts; some young ladies, particularly one, who seemed inclined to enact a Thalestris rather than a Terpsichore, did not do much honour to themselves, or the academies in which they were taught manners, by quarrelling *a la Billingsgate* in a ballroom
* * * * * .(†) The managers were Mr. Scald,

* I should like to know whence this appellation has been bestowed upon that *hotel*. It seems every thing but an appropriate and descriptive one; but perhaps, like the Latin *Lucus*, it is so called, *a non lucendo*. L. L. M.

† Three different accounts have been sent me of the circumstances here alluded to; but as I have likewise received a deprecatory address on behalf of the young ladies, who, convinced that they "overstepped the modesty of nature," and professing their awe of the blue book, have promised to be more guarded in future, I suppress all further comment, beyond inculcating upon all, that the eyes of the censor-general are upon them, at all their parties, in order that they may be aware of the consequences, should they misbehave themselves. L. L. M.

and Mr. Jack Stone: there might have been better, and, there might have been worse. Mr. Scald is accused of squeezing some of the ladies hands, without even the authority of a kind glance, for so doing.* Mr. Stone is reported to have been most of the evening in chace of a frigate, under red colours, (Miss Kerray,) but it is not supposed he will come up with her. All other things were as slick, (I beg uncle Sam's pardon,) as could be; and the company respectable. Amongst them appeared Mr. and Mrs. Saafire, alias Riverburn; Capt. Donaldson; Mrs. Caleche, and the younger Caleches; Miss Cursewell; Mr. McFat, who was quite an acquisition to a social assembly, as he neither dances, sings, laughs, nor plays cards; the Misses Eagers;† Mr. and Mrs. Black, who were for withdrawing in the early part of the evening, as they suspected there were some reporters of that contemptible fellow Macculloh, in the room, and could not think remaining where they might be exalted to a niche in his temple of fame; the Misses Attendance, who were the occasion of much contention between their *amans rivaux* for the honour of their fair hands, and as the rivals for favour deal some what in the self same article, they may be making their *blocks* come in contact with their *heads*; Mr. and Mrs. Harry, and the charming Miss Lily Harry, of whom it may be said that,

—————“graceful ease, and sweetness, void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles have faults to hide;”

the Dutchess of Normandy; Mr. Root; Mr.

* One of my correspondents says, it was supposed, Mr. S. thought he was at a *trente-sous* hop. L. L. M.

† This is really so good a Scriblerian name that I can not reconcile it to myself to transmogrify it. L. L. M.

Fawn; Mr. Busyboy; Mr. Done and Sister; Miss Macjob; Miss Portly: and an host of others. I believe about ninety persons sate down to a neat supper. It was about four o'clock when the party broke up.

On the 6th Baron Grunt gave his what-do-you-call-it; at any rate it was intended to have been a *masquerade-ball*, but as none of the company could be prevailed on to appear in character, and very few were able even to sustain that of a gentleman, the scheme did not succeed. It had, however, one of the fashionable requisites,affording a most noble squeeze: there were full one hundred and eighty souls present, and the bodies in which they were enveloped were so immoderately pressed and jostled about, that it was, *una voce*, declared to be quite delightful. The baron is not a good calculator, for his bill of fare and other accommodations were, by no means, commensurate with the number of the guests.

On the 7th Mrs. Archer's party.

Same day, Mr. John Portly's.

On the 8th the hon. Tory Loverule's, of which we will say, as is said of his speeches, "the least said, the soonest mended."

Same day, Major-general McHairy's. The affable demeanour, and innate politeness, of the lady of the mansion—

("Unused to courts, she shames the courtier's grace;") pleases the more by contrast, and always make her parties far more agreeable than those of others who pretend to higher gentility.

On the 12th Miss Trotter's.

On the 16th Mr. Justice Gobble's.

I now conclude—*au revoir*.

Your faithful forager,
RODERICK RANDOM.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Amongst the fashionable arrivals on the Mount Royal, we noticed at some of the parties, Baron Allsides from Cataroqui, and a celebrated doctor from the same place. Whether their intentions are to add to the list of brides, we know not, but report says that, in that respect, the baron was a day too late, as his intended had, previously to his arrival, shielded herself against his attacks, in armour of brass and iron. At her seems to wander about undecided on any plan, yet he has the character of being an able manœuverer, and is thought to have been making a feint last year with old Moll, but whether the Hogsflesh, or the fascinating widow, in the absence of Spoggy, is his object at present, we can not yet form an opinion: there is, however a third report abroad, namely, that he has, in conjunction with a youth of a royal corps, whose physical powers were not adequate to his physical duties, undertaken the in-door work of a certain great law-officer's house. We mean to have an eye, not only upon him, but on others, and report progress.

Your's &c.

OBSERVATOR.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

In this age of wonders, and in this season of convivial hilarity, I should presume that a faint sketch of a matrimonial union entered into, in "high life below stairs," in the good city of Mount Royal, would meet with a favourable reception in your wide-spread publication; and under that idea, I will briefly narrate what happened on the 31st of December last.

On that eventful evening a matrimonial con-

tract was entered into between Mr. John Mc Thomas, and Miss Glory Telltruth, upon the following conditions, namely, that he the said Mr. John McThomas should be bound to support her, the said Miss Glory Telltruth, in the character of of a green-veiled lady, in consideration whereof she condescended to become bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, and took a solemn oath, that she would not put out of the window, what he brought in at the door. All preliminaries being agreed on, the hymeneal chain was rivetted in the house of Madam Hickory-face Telltruth, Mr. William Reynard officiating as bridegroom's man, on the happy occasion, and Miss Nancy Telltruth as bride's maid, whilst other personages, of equal note, were present. After the ceremony, a sumptuous cup of tea was handed round the room.— The cups used on this high festival, were entirely newfashioned, being about one inch in depth, and two inches in diameter. In the sequel Mr. Mc Thomas politely desired the guests to help themselves to a glass of grog, and depart in peace. Some took the hint, and the ladies hurried the new married bride, with impetuosity, to her chamber, undressed her, launched her between the sheets, and departed amidst innumerable gigglings and twitterings. The enraptured bridegroom then repaired to the consecrated room; and hunger—now began to rage amongst the remaining guests, when, shameful to relate, every press and cupboard in the house was ransacked, and all the pancakes, gingerbread and sweetmeats, which had been carefully hoarded to furnish forth a new year's entertainment, met a premature fate, and were devoured with unexampled voracity. Not a vestige of an eatable was left, and as such gluttony is highly rep-

reprehensible, I hope you will insert this amongst your admonitory notices, in order to prevent a repetition of such voracious and atrocious proceedings.

Your's &c.

PAUL JONES THE PIRATE.

Mount Royal January, 1824.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

As I was sitting down to send you a faithful account of the grand fete, which has been lately given here by Mr. Billy Bigman, and which I had intended to have embellished with all the glittering figures of speech, and high flown expressions, which are so liberally bestowed upon similar subjects by you, gentlemen editors; my niece, a sprightly rustic girl, who had been invited, and never seen any thing of the kind, came running in, and said she had been telling Mr. Scrib all about it, in a letter which she shewed me, and desired me to correct, and make it fit for the printer-man. Upon perusal, I have not hesitated to substitute it for my own, without any further correction than that of a few slips in orthography and punctuation, which young ladies, just come from the country, are apt to fall into. By giving my niece this opportunity of appearing in print, (which though she denies it, yet makes her twitter and blush, and will make her very impatient to see the blue book,) you will perceive that I am an Amateur of nature, and truth, as well as

AN AMATEUR OF FASHION.

“Lauk, what a grand entertainment! who'd have thought to have seen such. I'm sure 't would be perfect wonderment for the folks about us in the woods, uncle, even to hear of it. But the

most delightful sight, was the dear pretty little woman, at the head of it, who was like the fairy queens, I have read of—well, uncle, you know I went with * * * and * * *. So when we got out of the sleigh, (lord, what handsome sleigh-robes you have here, tho'—all with tails, and ends, and tassels, sweeping and flaunting!) it was grand to be ushered into the hall—and I thought the king of England might not have a grander place—but that you know, uncle, a wild rustic girl from the Ottawa, like myself can know nothing about—but, 't was grand as grand; and then the ball-room and the stairs, all illuminated; and hung round with green boughs and flowers—not artificial ones, such as Sophy and I used to make, but real downright natural flowers, grown in a hot-house—well, I will try to get Pa to have a hot-house when I get back, that I may have roses and pinks in the winter—and then, uncle, the lights were so grand—I pinched Emily's arm and could not help asking—is this heaven? And what numbers of people,—all the great folks, I assure you, none of your riff-raff—yet, uncle, I thought some of them looked more sheepish and out of place than your own awkward little niece. But 't isn't for me, you know, to find fault—that am so full of faults myself. Well, I'm told, uncle, there were a matter of two hundred and fifty people there—lord, thinks I to myself, where do they all come from?—but they came from all round about, I am told—yet there was quite room enough, and pretty Mrs. Bigman looked so delighted, and so handsome, like an angel—and she had on a beautiful dress—lace, with white satin, and a plume of feathers—good heavens! : I wish I may have such a one when I'm married—well, you may smile, uncle, but I won't disguise my thoughts—

you know we young girls always think about being married. So, she curtsied, and blushed, and spoke to every body. I don't think the queen could have looked or behaved better,—but, a word in your ear, uncle, do you know what I liked her most for?—because she sometimes seemed a little abashed and flurried,—it brought her so near to what I thought would be my own feelings, that I could have hugged her. Bless me! how I run on! —But her dress,—they say it cost a great sight of money, and her feathers alone were worth forty or fifty dollars. Well, if I was a man, and had a beautiful little wife, I would dress her up, and dress her up, and give her rings, and jewels, and bracelets, and necklaces—there should be ne'er an empress so richly dressed.—Now, uncle, let me tell you of the scene below, it was quite enchanting—but I've forgot the floor of the ball-room—would you believe it, when I first went in, I thought it was spread with a beautiful carpet, but, ifacks, 't was all chalked out in colours—yes, you may stare, but who ever heard of such a thing, —all different colours of chalk, only think! in flowers, and curls, and what they call arabesque and moresque—and then, uncle, it almost made me cry to see how soon it was all rubbed about and spoilt by dancing on it—you know how I like dancing—well I had one of the nicest partners in the world—he's an officer—and you know, girls always like the red coats best—and so too, let me tell you, do the grown-up women, widows and wives, and all—but that's neither here nor there. So let's run down stairs, and see what they are about there.

There was a grand set-out indeed—they called it a bar—and there was every thing to be had, fruits of all kinds, just as if it was summer, and

cakes and all things—oh, quite nice, but I could n't eat any thing—I was so much taken up—and there was wine, and negus, and lemonade, and all that—lord! what a fuss aunt Tabitha would have made, if she had had but a tiny part of such things to get ready and set out. Well, when I am a woman, and get a house of my own, I will make all kinds of sweetmeats and things, and—but, that's, you know, not till after I am married. Oh! uncle, you should have seen, (but, by the bye, you did see, for you were there, and I'm only telling you all this, in my foolish way, that you may send it to Mr. Scrib, for us to laugh at when we see it in print,)—there were ever so many lady-like women waiters, who stood inside the bar—all handsome, and young, and in gay dresses, and whenever any lady or gentleman asked for any thing, they made a sign to their attendants behind, who fetched what was asked for, before you could thread a needle;—and all was so charming and pretty—it put me in mind of the enchantments I have read of in the Arabian tales.

Then there was a cold collation for the company besides, all so good—lord, I can't tell you of half the good things; but the gentleman who sate next me,—who was he?—why, an officer, to be sure!—and let me tell you, he knew something about the *beau monde*, and the fashionable parties in London,—not your cit's parties;—for he did so ridicule the tradesfolks;—but the real gentleman's and nobleman's parties at what he called the west end of the town—(I wish I could take one, only one, voyage to London,)—well, he said, he had seen nothing to compare with this entertainment in all America—but then, said he, that is to be accounted for, for Mr. B. is himself used to the real fashion, and not the counterfeit *cent per cent* fash-

tion of the orientals,* and Mrs. B. belongs to that race of genuine nobility, of Canadian growth, and French origin, who are the only models of true politeness, and elegant accomplishment which are to be found here--Mind, uncle, this is his language, not mine; I can't think of such fine words myself.

Dear me! I had almost forgot the fireworks--lord, I was quite frightened, for I never saw any before, (excepting one time when they were blasting some rocks, at the back of our place, when the men made a train of wildfire to please little Betsy,)--but I liked them very well, for all that; and if they had come over again, I shouldn't have been frightened at all. Every body said they were grand--so I suppose it was so, for, you know uncle, what every body says must be true.

Don't you think it's time to leave off?--well, so I will-- you know how pleased I was when I came home--there was nothing to be vexed about, only that I tore one of my satin shoes, and broke one of the sticks of my fan--but you're a kind good uncle, and will buy me others.

P. S.--When the little blue book comes, uncle, pray send one to Pa and Ma, but don't tell them I wrote it."

China-Bay, January 1824.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Some years ago, you know, there was a project on foot here, by some of the strait-laced gen-

* My niece applied to me to explain this term; which I did by telling her it denoted the inhabitants of the *eastern* part of London, who notwithstanding their immense riches, are objects of great derision and deserved ridicule, to those who live west of Temple-bar.

try, and ambitious churchmen, to establish an *Inquisition* under the title of a MORAL POLICE. Although this base and wicked attempt of bigotry to ride rough shod over the comforts and through the privacies of society, met with its deserved fate, utter reprobation by the common sense of the community, it made so strong an impression on my mind at the time, that it has, in its most bugbear shape, often since haunted me in my dreams. In one of them, the other night, I was transported into the secret hall of the iniquitous tribunal which I fancied had been erected for the investigation of all domestic practices, to find out how often a man kissed his wife, and whether the little children curtsied and bowed low enough when the reverend pastor came in, together with other the like important circumstances. It was hung with black, and embellished with all the horrors that we have heard of as appertaining to the worst practices of the Spanish inquisition. The inquisitors had met, and sate in solemn, whispering, debate; with hypocrisy, bigotry, and cunning marked on their brows; when suddenly a door expanded, and a light flashing thro' the apartment, the whole scene was changed, the black turned *blue*, and the judge of the court came forward in the shape of a little *book*. Forthwith were brought into his presence, certain delinquents accused of excesses committed on Christmas night last in this place, at the house of Mr. Chaffinch; they were in custody of the tipstaff of the court, called Public Report, and the following examination took place.

Jean Baptiste, being sworn, stated; that on Christmas day last, on the road from Mount Royal, four young bloods, being to the best of his recollection and belief, the prisoners at the bar,

came driving along in a single sleigh, calculated to hold only two; when the sleigh broke down; and they, the said four bloods, after *sacreing* a good deal, hired a *train* from witness to take them to their journey's end, which was Mr. Chaffinch's house at China-bay; where he delivered them safe and sound about four o'clock. *Cross-examined.* Believes they were Scotchmen, as they bargained like a *Bostonois*, but can not positively say. Knows they were quite sober at that time.

The prisoners being asked how they all four came to get into a single sleigh, one of them answered, "Why, hoot mon, 't was to save the siller." Being asked, why they hired the train? they said "they were nae ganging to gang without a gude dinner, and a bra' sup o' wine, which they were sure of getting at Mr. C.'s."

Mr. *Chaffinch* was himself next examined: he proved to be a very reluctant witness, and it was only by questioning, and cross-examining, that the court acquired a knowledge of the following facts, viz:

That he had invited the parties in question to take a Christmass dinner with him, and had provided accordingly—that they sate at table from about four till seven, and that, being a convivial man himself, he was glad to see the glass circulate freely---it came out even, that by his encouragement and example, several bumper-toasts were drank: that Mr. Barrellherring, one of the prisoners, on attempting to seat himself on a sofa when rising from dinner, did great damage to the said sofa, and offended the nostrils and feelings of the witness, by discharging thereon the greater part of his dinner; that on turning round, witness beheld in an adjacent room, Mr. Doubleglass, another of the prisoners, performing a similar ope-

ration upon a bed; that Mr. McCatch-em, another of the party, going to assist Mr. D. from off the bed, did receive from the said D. a christmass-box: Being asked what a christmass-box meant, witness replied, a box on the chops to be sure; which box wholly blackened Mr. McC's eye; that thereupon witness found himself compelled to give Mr. D. a good shaking to make him peaceable; and on his cross-examination he admitted he had sworn a few round oaths; but wished no harm to the gentlemen, and hoped the court would discharge them. Being asked what the dinner consisted of? it came out that, amongst other things, there was a fine fat raccoon;* and that perhaps might have disagreed with the gentlemen's stomachs.

The Court was just going to pronounce the sentence, when I awoke; but we shall perhaps see it in the next Scribbler.

BILLY BUTTER SHOE.

The following narrative and remarks made during a winter-excursion along Lake Champlain, has lain by me since last spring. It is the one mentioned in No. 93, the continuation of which was not received till lately. It now comes in quite *apropos* as regards the season.

MR. L. L. MACCULLOH,

We left La Prairie on the 9th of January, after some trouble in getting our mare to start,

* The raccoon, called by the Canadians *chat sauvage*, is excellent eating, but most immoderately and lusciously fat. The lean tastes somewhat between fine lamb, and young venison, and the fat, like that of veal-kidneys: but it is too rich a dish to make a meal of.

as she had taken fright at the moment we were seated in the cutter.* Having overcome this inauspicious omen, we proceeded to St. Johns, by the way of L'Acadie; where we enjoyed no small treat in witnessing a *contrat de mariage*. Here were assembled at least one hundred persons, who were amusing themselves with eating, drinking, singing, and wishing the newly betrothed couple as much pleasure, for a constancy, as they were themselves then enjoying. At St. Johns we put up at Bellamy's inn, where every thing is to be found in the neatest and most comfortable style. We slept there, and after breakfast, next morning, we proceeded to the Isle aux Noix. This appeared to us the most miserable hole in existence; no such thing as an inn, or any place for travellers to shelter themselves from the weather, nor a mouthful of victuals to be got; whether we were peculiarly unfortunate, or out of humour, or whether the *Isle of Bullfrogs* is always so, I can not say, but we found it the most uncomfortable spot in our whole route. From the Island to Missisquoi Bay, nothing particular attracted our notice. It was at the bay we first beheld the usual Yankee dishes, applesauce, sausages, nutcakes, cheese, pickles, preserves, &c. in profusion, which are served up at every meal, alike breakfast, dinner, or tea, which is in fact their supper. Our host here was one of the most curious looking mortals ever seen; his crooked shape, his carbuncled nose, the painting of which must have cost at least a pipe of brandy, combined with the burlesque politeness and subserviency with which he waits on his customers, give him the appearance of a most grotesque cha-

* *Cutter*, is a term applied in the northern parts of the United States, to a light sleigh, calculated to hold from two to four persons.

acter. The bay is large, and Philipsburgh, the name of the little town on its margin, is finely situated, and must have a handsome appearance in summer. There is a church here and about fifty houses, some of which are neatly built. There is a post-office, and several merchants,* who do a great deal of business. There are two sloops, or schooners, belonging to this place, which carry freight to St. Johns, at a very exorbitant rate, but there being no other mode of conveyance, shippers are obliged to submit. From the bay to Freightsburgh, or, as it is more commonly called, Slab City, the roads were excellent, and the scenery delightful. The country is hilly and rocky, therefore not so good for wheat, but Indian corn is raised in abundance of an excellent quality. Along the road we now and then came to groves of dwarf pine, the verdure of which contrasted finely with the bleak, snow-covered mountains that surrounded us. After having passed by several farms and through a beautiful tract of country, we saw, about a mile below us the famous city of the Cogniackers.† The descent is, in some parts, steep, but not dangerous. Slab-city stands between four large hills, with roads over each leading to different places. A few miles off at Dunham, there is a beautiful small sheet of water, or pond, collected at the foot of several high hills which appear majestically crowned by the summit of the Pinnacle Mountain behind them. At Dunham there is actually a banking establishment for

* My correspondent falls into the common error of calling shopkeepers, and retail-dealers, *merchants*. Vide, Scribbler, Vol. I. p. 328.

L. L. M.

† *Cogniac*, is the cant name given to counterfeit bank bills, and *Cogniackers* to the counterfeiters.

the issuing of counterfeit notes ; and moreover I was told there is an insurance-office against *horse-stealing*. The country around appears to be well cultivated, and its natural advantages are great ; yet it is chiefly settled, or rather inhabited, by the refuse of society, mostly fellows who have fled from the States, and practice every species of fraud. Another characteristic of a great many people about here, is, however, their *hospitality* and *charity*, for whenever a stranger comes amongst them, they *take him in*. When we left Slab-city, we retraced our steps as far as one Crossett's, & turned off to Highgate, in Vermont. As it was dark before we reached that place, we lost some fine views. The whole road seemed well furnished on both sides with comfortable farm-houses. As we approached Highgate, our road hung over a steep precipice, full fifty yards high. After two rather dangerous upsets we, however, reached the bottom in safety, and waited till next morning, when we beheld the sublimity of the scene. The falls here are truly picturesque, and put me in mind of Thomson's "winter," tho' not quite entitled to so grand a description as he gives in the following lines,

" Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the roused-up river pours along,
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful ; down it comes,
 From the rude mountains, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far,
 Then o'er the sanded valley, floating, spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent, till again constrain'd,
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream,
 There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders, through."

(To be continued.)

It is now time, however, to give my friend Dicky Gossip, a chance, as he informs me he has a great budget of matters, and communications yet unavailed of.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXX.

After apologising to our readers for indifferent paper, delays of publication &c. for all which we could assign sufficient reasons, but which we will comprise in the following;

It has been impossible to do otherwise;
we proceed to

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Hans-in-kelder Extraordinary Gazette, of 2d Jan. 1824.*—The population of this part of the country is going on rapidly, and strenuous efforts are making for increasing it, which it is hoped will be attended with success, and that in nine months from this date we may congratulate the public on such augmentation of His Majesty's subjects, as the marriages we have now the pleasure to announce, may warrant.

MARRIED, at this place, yesterday, New Year's day, Mr. FITZ RICHARD to the amiable Widow MINA, not the relict of any Spanish general, but of as honest and painstaking a man as any in the parish.

Also : **MARRIED**; the same day, the sporting widow LAY-IN-HER-CHAMBER, to Mr. B——but which Mr. B. is the question? Now the best edition we have got of the story says, that Mr. BEN BET, being enamoured of the widow, who was nothing loth to enter afresh into the holy state of matrimony, had not only obtained the lady's consent to take him for better for worse, but also *lay in*

* Every Low-Dutcher understand the meaning of the name that has been given to our town, (say the Editors of the above paper.) Translated into English, it means *Jack in a box*. It was first written *Hans-in brook*, but *brook*, signifying *breeches*, was thought too indecent by some of the long faces in this country.

her chamber, (and some say in her bed,) New Year's eve; and early on New Year's day, they started to have the knot tied. But oh! sad reverse of fickle-minded Fortune! Stopping, alas! to bait on the road, a Mr. BLACK, a brown-smith, from the domain of the late Receiver-General, who was probably an old lover of the widow's, destroyed all Ben's fair hopes, and after ten minutes private conversation with Mrs. L. blew up in her heart, with the bellows of love, a flame, that could only be quench'd by repeated strokes on the anvil of enjoyment. They therefore struck while the iron was hot, and got welded together, in less time than it would take to heat a rod of iron red. But poor BEN was not the only person who was disappointed on the occasion. He, it seems, had been making free with a surtout coat, which he had slashed and cut in various fantastic directions, but which cuttings and slashings not being approved of by the owner of the said coat, he had caused a warrant to be taken out against BEN. Now the warrant, being in the hands of one of the vigilant officers of our lord the King, who are in the habit of tapping people on their shoulders, Mr. Shoulder-tapper thought BEN's intended marriage a good opportunity for nabbing him. He accordingly attended at the time and place appointed, and was just going to lay his unhallowed fingers upon the bridegroom, when he perceived his mistake, shrunk back astonished, and allowed the ceremony to proceed: after which on new year's night, the happy pair consummated; and Mrs. B. it is said, confidently expects, from the circumstances attending her union, to be brought to bed in due season, of twins.—SO BE IT—AMEN.

N. B. BEN's friends tell him he has had two lucky escapes, one from the widow, and one from the bailiff.

From the Philippeville Remembrancer. A reward of seven paternosters and ten ave-marias will be given by Judge de Coquaine, for a discovery of the author of an anonymous letter threatening him, before his time, with the pains and penalties of brimstone and fire for his evil ways; the said judge having had his conscience frequently seared, can not bear to have any old sores ripped up, and will prosecute the offender, when discovered, not "as the law directs," but a

la mode de Canada, according to his own good will and pleasure.

From the Campbelltown Gazette. To oblige a correspondent we give the following account of a wedding, in the language of the relator, Dr. Dearmud. "Dere was very *grandes* preparations made by Mons. La Rosse, and every tings in a style of *superieure* excellence, (*comme ils disoient.*) De morning of de wedding Reek tole me, dat de ceremony coss £500 !!! Den I say, *mon cher ami*, af you tole dat to de public, dey will say you ave loss all de few cents you ave *auparavant.* *Eh bien!* he say, I do dat for make a believe Madlle. Forain *que j'ai quelque chose*, and for show de consequence of *ma famille*, You may suppose it when, *sans mentir*, (*chose rare dans la famille*) dere were *pour* £50, of turkey!—*Apropos*, I did sell dem dat were left *par Gagnon le boucher.* De *diner* was very fine, for he have got one cook from de *Mont Royal*, for make him; I never see so fat 'oinan, big, big, so large as *Menouni*: *aussi* one fine *musique* to make de pretty ladie dance like de *fairee.* But I was sorry no body get cole, an *avec chagrin* I see nobody faint, for give me one opportunity of shewing my *habilités.* Nor did I like see all gaiety an *plaisir sur un bord*, and *une mere malade a mourir sur l'autre*, dat take away all de happiness from one feeling heart. I tink he deserve to be sen to de *censeur public.* He roast me one times, and do me good; *peutetre* he will do good to Reek; and when he get noder good moder he not let her *funerailles* be so shabby.

BERNARDO GOBBETTE.

From the Twirlingtown Spy. About two months ago Miss Harriet Pully got a *thump* which raised a *bump*, or in other words, she changed her name to *Bump*, altho' some say as how the thump was given her seven months before that. Be that as it may, two months after her marriage, came forth two young ones; (and one for each month is quick work, say the knowing ones.) When first taken ill no one suspected the cause, and it was merely looked on as symptomatic of approaching maternity, which much elated the husband, thinking he had now fairly proved himself a man; but when the poor things began to squeak, he was rather mortified to find that the little *Bumps* were not raised by his own thumps. The following short dialogue is said to have occurred after all was over.

Husband. Who the devil is the father of these brats?

Wife, (answering in this country's fashion.) Say ?

Husband. I say, who is the father of them ?

Wife. (ditto) How ?

which was all that could be got out of her.

From the Herbert's-town Examiner.—It has been proposed that at the assemblies at this place, regulations should be made—
1st. That no gentleman shall sit behind the ladies while they are dancing and laugh at them, *unless they deserve to be laughed at.* 2nd. No gentleman shall empty more than one bottle of lavender water upon his own frill, or a lady's handkerchief, *unless either or both require sweet scents to drive away bad ones.* 3rd. No gentleman shall boast of his amours to any lady in the room, *unless she has promised him the last favour.* 4th. It shall be no excuse for a gentleman not taking out a lady he had engaged to dance with, to say he was tipsey, *unless the lady was tipsey too.*

From the Government City Advertiser. The husbands in this place are all anxious to hear of the marriage of a certain necromancer, in order that they may reciprocate the favours he bestows upon them. When that desirable event takes place, they will all unanimously exclaim, *St. Bartholomee ! quel debarras !*

From the Shamblee Repertory.

The amours of HOPE and BEAUTY.

Young HOPE he lived in a country store,
And courted the lovely Miss B——
Perhaps what I tell you is all a bore,
But so it was told unto me.

He loved her long, and he loved her well,
And vow'd for her his life he'd resign :
Says she, " how it happens I can not tell,
But, faith ! my love is as great as thine."

But soon the friends of the maid, it seems,
They kept her lock'd up from his dear sight ;
Howe'er in his store, of paper he'd reams,
On which his love-letters he used to write.

And she, kind soul, would answer him too,
By way of keeping his spirits gay,

And sent him fine verses, I'm told not a few,
Which out of old books she'd copy, they say.

And when to the church on Sunday she'd go,
For who unto that would say nay?
She'd pass o'er the bridge the hill below,
And meet her loved youth by the way.

But now of this comfort even bereft,
Pining and weeping, the maid's in sad plight,
And HOPE, all worldly comfort has left,
Sighing by day, and wand'ring by night.

JEAN BAPTISTE.

POET'S CORNER.

SONNET.

To my old Surtout.

I.

Poor old surtout! how art thou faded now!
Rest of thy silken nap, and glossy shade,
Since thou to shield me from the storm wast made.
But why lament! sure coats are made for show,
Tho' worn till thread-bare, turn'd, and worn once more,
And when of ev'ry hair bereft—e'en then—
Deprived of rest—until the latest hour,
For cut, and stitch'd, in pads thou'rt worn again.
Yet in thy day, I fain would mark each change,
And wisdom learn from thy revolving fate,
Tracing thee, step by step, as soon or late,
Thou dost from taylor's shop to clothe's bag range,
Till e'en the shadow of thyself is spent,
And thou by time and moths to rags art rent.

II.

When from thy master *Stitchem's* well lined shelf,
To grace my shoulders, and ward off the cold,
I got thee, thou wast press'd in ev'ry fold,
Sleek, trim, and neat, and much, faith, like myself
In youth's bright hour, without a stain or track,
Or hateful wrinkle to thy shape deform,
In collet, lappel, facing, sleeves, or back—
But ah! how changed is thy once modish form!
Now faded—just so youth and beauty fades.—

And *napless grown*;—fast turning to decay—
 Just as the hour of manhood wastes away;
Worn out;---like man declining to the shades:---
 By time and *moths destroy'd*;---as age deforms,
 And man, at last, becomes the food of worms.

III.

Alas! what changes in each varied scene
 Of disappointment, sadness, grief and toil,
 Pain, sickness, sorrow, anguish, and turmoil,
 Man has to pass,---few pleasures intervene.---
 His date, like thine, is short and transient too;
 Like thee, when new, applauded and admired;
 When *storms* assail, his aid, like thine, required:
 When *old and shabby*, then, indeed, how few,
 With kind affection, tender and sincere,
 Seek to preserve thee, and, with anxious care,
 Will brush thee up and *wash* where spots appear;
 But flung aside---despised---unfit for wear.
 And such the fate of man---hoary with age,
 Neglected by his friends---he passes off *life's* stage:

IGNACE CRÉPEAU.

CARD. A certain great lawyer, able advocate, and very learned counsellor, is hereby advised, admonished, directed and requested, to desist, refrain from, and omit, endeavouring, striving, and seeking, to frighten, terrify, and astonish, his brother lawyers, the judges, and jurymen, with tropes of no meaning, figures of speech without import, and unaccountable logic; he is likewise desired to explain to them, how the decision of a quorum of judges could establish a rule of practice in court, so as to have it adopted as an "eternal" one, taking into consideration that the true and logical definition of "eternal" may be explained as that which *ever was and ever shall be*; that which had *no beginning*, and will have *no end*. By so doing he will oblige,
 AN ENEMY TO STRANGLING.

LEGAL ADVICE.—A young student being asked, on the day

of his examination, by a gentleman of the bar; *Qu'est ce que le premier principe d'un avocat?* very modestly replied, *Honneur et probite.* O, no! says his instructor; *C'est, Toujours prendre; Jamais rendre.*

OBSERVER states that as he passed thro' St. Paul Street on Christmas morning last, opposite a certain Printing Office, he perceived a number of the flowers of Edinburgh, as large as a great sun flower, spread on a copy of the Canadian Spectator, wet from the press; and, being a stranger, and not knowing whether the proprietor was not a Scotchman and had mistaken it for St. Andrews day, requests the circumstance may be noticed to deter others from similar indecencies.

MR. GOSSIP,

By inserting the following, you will oblige, yours &c.
MIC-MAC.

I tell ye a tale of the times. Behold there were two banks in a great town, and some said like the old women round the tub;

Three old women, and three old women,
They said it was too thick,
And three old women and three old women,
They stir'd it about with a stick,
And three old women and three old women,
They said it was too thin,
And three old women and three old women,
They puked in the tub again.

So when one set found they could not get profit enough for their money, they were for upsetting the tub; and another set were for putting fresh hoops to it. But to leave parables:

Now it happened that a grand example had been given by the bank of Cataroqui, who were hurled

“With headlong ruin and confusion down,”
by the misconduct of their *mis*-directors. So did Mr. Quill and Mr. Piscator aim at eternal renown, and saddled their mules; and away they have gone to Cataroqui to learn the art of dissolving, and ruining, banks, stockholders, and public creditors. But the stockholders thought themselves entitled to know more about it, and appointed certain men to watch the conduct of the *mis*-directors, and behold the most conspicuous of the said directors were truly the least, it is said, encumbered with heavy breeches-pockets; yea--besides the aforesaid Quill, and Piscator, there were Andrew Cat, and Georgy Davy, and Adam the Neitherite, and Billy Piddle, and behold they were found to have taken out of the bank, upwards of £35,000 in discounts &c. Moreover there was the giant Og from the *den* of—you may guess what—and he

had nearly £5000 for his share, and so they divided the loaves and fishes. But, who is he that aimeth at the presidentship of the said bank, should it not be levelled to the ground? Why Turd-on Quill Esquire. And the chronicles of the times gone by say that sundry of these great men, were formerly carters, and shopboys, and auctioneer's lackeys, and *bankrupts*, but now instead of *bankrupts* they are *bankrips*.

So here endeth the first homily.

LITERARY NOTICE. *Lately published, and for sale at the office of L'ane, in St. Paul Street; a letter to Mr. Sea, by Hogspess Petard. We have not seen the work, but it must be a dirty one, if we may judge from the name of the author.*

It is worthy of record in our pages that the Armytinker keeps three sets of harnesses, one grand one for himself, an old rusty one for his sisters, and a neat *brass* mounted one for his *bris brule* neice.

Mrs. Far-away, (is that the corcomb's wife?) it appears has come into a little money, and has taken her sister Mrs. Half-pay Rainy-day into great favour, taking her out in her carriage, with her livery servants, &c. and aping the great world, (if such there be in Mount Royal,) and seeking to be admitted into their circles; but no success, it is said, has yet attended these ladies. Query, would it not be as well for them not to turn their backs upon their aged parents because they formerly kept tavern, and when they meet them, not to turn away their heads? These ladies, especially Mrs. R. would do well, when they come to church, to sport a lesser number of plumes and colours than twenty.

A certain young lady, in a certain Saint's Street is cautioned against turning up her nose at those who visit the house, and who consider themselves her father's equals, and of course her's. She is requested to remember certain circumstances connected with her parentage, and it is then to be hoped she will

be a little humbled, for none of those she insults consider themselves as her inferiors; but it is to be confessed they are not descended from such as,

True patriots they, for--be it understood,
They left their country, for--their country's good.

DYONISIUS.

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, AMATORY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

In high life the principal topic is now the expected marriage of one of the co-heiresses of Lord Mc. Killaway. One account says: Col. Harriet, it is reported; is soon to be united to the hon. Miss Nancy McKillaway: he has got Pa's consent, provided he can make himself agreeable to the young lady, which will not be for want of praising himself, and telling in what manner he saved this country from the Americans; they are to spend the summer on his estate at Drummerstown. The lady's first suitor was a little dapper Major Ring-low; but Miss Nancy would not have him, so he set his crony, Harriet, on the scent; and the valiant major, not at all daunted, is again looking about for youth and beauty. If one might believe the major, the whole world would be a fool to him; he would make a very pretty *enfant Jesus*, when the churches are dressed up. Another account, has it, under the head of SPORTING INTELLIGENCE, that amongst *le grand monde*, the talk is that Col. Harriet is soon to lead the young, amiable, and accomplished, Miss McKillaway, to the altar. We expected, it is added, that this interesting young *puss*, from her breed and tuition, would have shewn more game than to be run down in one single ring by an old toneless harrier, unknown in any pack, but for his docility, and long since sent from the kennel to the farm: he never was, at any period of his life, remarkable for keen running; in the present chace, he was observed repeatedly at fault, and was aided by an old *lurcher*, well known in the neighbourhood by the name of *Low ring*, from his haunts, and from the game he hunted, which indeed was generally vermin.

Johnny Foresight, is, after all, to have Miss Jarrett, they are only waiting till the nursery is fitted up.

Lieut. Moreluck, R. E. to Miss Margery Hogsflesh, and her laughter-loving sister Nanny says, that on that self

same night she will have the naval clerk. This gentleman would perhaps afford still greater gratification to the ladies, if he were to add a few tricks of legerdemain to his buffoonery.

Mr. Brown Kerseymere, to Miss Puitsdoux: this courtship was performed at church, having been generally carried on at *la messe de huit heures*.

The two Miss Cackles, who come all the way from the Citadel to a dancing-school in the St Antony's suburbs, might as well not paint quite so thick. Lord Goddamn-him, who presented them their fine dresses, imported specially for the purpose, swears that fine feathers make fine birds, but adds, "damn him, he can't tell what breed they are of, as all his endeavours for these two years back have been fruitless to get them to hatch a young one between them, damn them."

SUBURBIAN RECORD.

Visitors.

Harry Torrents,
Lafleur de Coco,
Count Old Joseph,
&c. &c. &c. &c.

Visited.

Madlle. Victory.
Miss Madelaine Wax.
Miss Le Meunier.

Uxoriousness.—Mr. Willy Brad, not satisfied with kissing his wife at home, finding one day, on his return from town, the road so smooth, the old broken down horse so quiet, and his deary as loving as himself, jogged on in a matrimonial duet through cahots and all, which were not indeed any hindrance, but rather an advantage, until surprised by being overtaken by a young gentleman, which he no sooner perceived than he applied his lash to the old horse, and shot away before the wind, with all sails set, in great confusion.

Jemmy Donaldson has got a rebuff from the old lady a short distance from town, whose daughter he was wooing; who, when, to gain her good graces, he presented her with a fine salmon, very politely thanked him for the fish, and said she would thank him more if he would never cross her threshold again, whereupon, says the reporter, he returned home looking as sheepish as a dying calf.

Ladies when they dress for balls, should take care to pin their petticoats high enough so as not to hang a foot below their gowns; and those who wear wigs should tie them so that the strings may not be seen.

MR. GOSSIP,

Now that we have got so grand as to talk about rank and precedence, in Mount Royal, I wish you could find time to publish a Peerage, or a Court Calendar for this city, so that there may be no more mistakes in taking precedence: and I think such a book would sell well. Or what think you of a Herald's office to invent armorial bearings and compose pedigrees for our new nobility? If our worthy grand-papas could look up from their graves, heavens! how they would laugh to hear us talk of rank. Please advertise for a bank-runner, Hop-the-gutter being likely to lose his place; old Hippo-griff says he does not want a gentleman, and Hop spends all the day in visiting commodore Bang's wife, and the lovely Mrs. Morelong, instead of going round with the bank notices.

Your's
BO-PEEP.

The Protestant Poor, humbly request, gentlemen who go round to collect the alms of well disposed Christians after service at the Episcopal Church, not to be in such a prodigious hurry, so as not to give time to the ladies to pull their gloves off to get at their purses; and particularly also to go the whole round of the church, and not leave one side unvisited, which the said poor respectfully consider as depriving them of a very considerable part of the funds on which they depend for relief and comfort during this inclement season.

It is proposed by a few Canadian gentlemen, to play at an Amateur Theatre, and it has been

decided to begin with the two following pieces

LE MARRIAGE FORCE'

CRISPIN MEDECIN

Dramatis Personæ in

Sgnarelle

Geronimo

Pancrasse

Dorimene

Alcidas

Alcantor

Marphurius

Lycaste

Ditto in

Crispin

by *Moliere,*

by *Hauteroche,*

LE MARRIAGE FORCE'

Mr. Grease,

Mr. Deceive,

Mr. Droll,

Mr. O'Dear,

Mr. Gosling,

Mr. Rooster,

Mr. Deceive,

Mr. Gosling,

Crispin Medecin

Mr. Droll.

The other characters are not yet cast, but will be in a few days.

Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP.

At the sign of the Tea-Table.

A plaintiff having lost his lawsuit indulged himself in bitterly exclaiming against the lawyers, court, and judges; and amongst other scurrilities particularly aimed at two of the judges, declared incessantly that one was a fool, and the other a cuckold, without, however, explaining which was which. This coming to the ears of both the judges, one of them fell into a great rage, and swore he would prosecute the fellow; the other, more mild, advised him to be patient, and despise the abuse, but, not succeeding in pacifying him, he became in his turn irritated, and told his brother-judge he was a great fool. "Ah!" said the other then, "if that be the case, I don't much care about it now, for if I am the fool, it must be you that are the cuckold."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PYRHON is most warmly thanked for the expression of his sympathy and regard: his communication will be availed of in next number: part, he will see, has found a place in this. A SUBSCRIBER, CAIRBER, DODGE-EM, TOM, and a note dated at *Marianopolis*, are received and under consideration. The request of a JURYMAN, can not, with propriety, be complied with at present: with regard to the administration of justice in Montreal, both civil and criminal, there is much that is "rotten in the State of Denmark:" it is good policy, however, not to "halloo till you are out of the wood," and the parties connected with this work are still so hampered in their more than three years pending lawsuits, at Montreal, that till those are decided, it will probably be prudent to refrain from aiming any deeper cuts, than the comparatively slight ones, which have before appeared in the Scribbler, at the courts,

———"the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit from th' unworthy takes:"

for which indeed most ample materials are at hand, whenever time shall serve.

Pursuant to the plan formerly acted on, I have again to hold up to public contempt, that breaker of his faith pledged to the public;

HORACE DICKENSON,

Stage-proprietor of Montreal: who, advertised that *carriage of parcels by his Stage to Quebec must be paid for when booked*, and who, when offered a parcel containing *Scribblers* to be forwarded to that city, *carriage paid*, said, he did not forward any such parcels. Poor, pitiful, and mean!!! Contemptible as this fellow's conduct is, it yet deserves the broad notice I take of it, that the public may *know* the man, and avoid encouraging or patronising him.

S. H. WILCOCKE.

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