

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Nescit amor priscis cedere imaginibus. PROPERTIUS.

It is not by old men's dreams or ancient saws,
Young love's controul'd; lawless, he owns no laws.

Cantare pares, et respondere parati. VIRGIL.

With ready song, and readier response.

Dare pondus idonea fumo. PERSIUS.

Even to smoke due weight is given.

Ut si quis cera vultum facit. JUVENAL.

As if her face was made of wax.

Story of CAROLINE SUMNER, continued.

This letter Caroline sent by a porter, not choosing to entrust it to any of her aunt's servants, lest they should discover it to their lady, whom she was very unwilling should be let into any part of the secret, till Lothario himself should reveal it, which she was sometimes ready to flatter herself he would do; so easily are we led to believe what we wish.

As for Lothario, it is certain that the thoughts of making her his wife had never once entered into his head; nor, probably, had he foreseen the difficulties he now found in gaining possession of her person, would he have attempted it; facility in amours, when the impetuous passions of the man are met full half way by the wanton inclinations of the woman, being much more to the taste of libertines of both sexes, who delight

in changeful fruition, than any species of difficulty in the gratification of their burning desires. Yet, the humour of mankind is such, as not to endure being overcome, and to desist, after having proceeded so far, seemed to him a meanness of spirit, that he did not choose to acknowledge; besides that the decided liberty he had taken with the swelling bosom of the youthful Caroline, dwelt on his memory with such all powerful luxuriance, that his desire for the richer and still untasted fruit of all her yielded charms, became inflamed almost to madness, when he thought of that moment when he had attempted to storm the citadel of her chastity.

Her letter both astonished and vexed him. He readily perceived by it, that she had more resolution and strength of mind than he could have possibly expected to find in a person of her young years, and slender experience of the world; and how to answer it in such a manner as might effectually deceive her, and at the same time preserve his own character, with the serious as a man of honour, and with the gay, as a man of intrigue, should the affair ever become public, took him up a long consideration. Suddenly an invention came into his head, perfectly conformable to the baseness of his heart, and the looseness of his principles, and probably the only one that could have been found out to ensnare the prudent, though warm and affectionate, victim he designed to sacrifice to his lustful appetite. But, as an old poet justly observes,

———“What can not wicked will effect,
When bound by no restriction but its own,
And bent to act whatever it inclines?”

Thus, Lothario, having formed his scheme, returned to the plain sincerity of Caroline, this ambiguous and delusive answer.

Dearest, sweetest, Caroline,

It would be impossible to describe the rapture which overwhelmed my heart at the receipt of your dear letter. A thousand and a thousand times I kissed the charming name, before I had power to examine the contents to which it was subscribed—but when I gained that power, good heaven! how much was I surprised, not, my lovely maid, at the proof you seem to require of my affection, but that there was a possibility for you to doubt if any thing in my power could be refused. Every request, every wish of yours, shall always have with me the force of a command; and it would be the greatest joy heaven ever could bestow on me, to anticipate all you can desire. I have much to say to you, on the subject which is nearest to my thoughts, and entreat you will give me an opportunity of revealing to you a secret, which indeed I never intended to have disclosed to any one, but now find an absolute necessity of entrusting to you.

Your aunt Coelia, I know, is engaged this evening at lady Merton's, I will therefore come, as if designing my visit to her, but beseech you to be at home, that I may offer you a more convincing testimony of the devotion of my passion, than that insufficient one you mention. In the meantime, my angel, be careful how your too scrupulous thoughts may wrong a heart, wholly devoted to you, and which will ever be so while sense or feeling, to see and to desire your bewitching beauties, remain in

Your most passionate and faithful admirer,

LOTHARIO.

P. S. The caution you observed in sending to me, gives me the highest idea of your prudence and sense; but you will find, when I have had the pleasure of imparting something to you, that your good genius must have inspired you on the occasion, as there was a particular necessity, for the happiness of us both, that you should have acted in the manner you did.

This letter had all the desired effect it was intended to have, in exciting the most impatient curiosity in Caroline, and engaging her to resolve upon allowing him another private interview—she longed, with no less earnestness than himself, for the appointed time of her aunt's going abroad, and of his approach, that she might have the mystery unravelled, and hear what testimony it was that her lover intended to offer of the

sincerity of his passion. Yet, when she retired to her dressing-room, to adorn with still more nicety than she was wont, that person which she was conscious had inspired the most impetuous desires, as well as, she thought, the purest affection, in her lover, she felt too that same indescribable fluttering, the first sensation of incipient young desire, which the unbridled attempt Lothario had made upon the before untouched beauty of her youthful breast, had called into existence. She felt the betraying woman in her frame, and dreading, yet desiring, another encounter, she armed herself with all her resolution, yet omitted nothing that her simple wardrobe could afford to set off her person, and dressed her face in smiles, to wait this interview, which she considered the crisis of her fate. With this disposition she received Lothario with an obliging softness, which, knowing her too well to suspect her of affectation, he looked on as a propitious omen to his wishes; but having before perceived that she neither wanted penetration, nor was supine when there were grounds for alarm he has prepared and studied the part he was to act, so that no unguarded gesture or expression might betray his latent purposes.

His first salutation was with a more grave air than she had ever before seen in him; and when they were seated, and even their hands locked in each other, although he began to thank her for the favour of her letter, yet he seemed not in a hurry to explain the meaning of his reply, and pretended a kind of inward agitation. Fearful, yet anxious, bashful, yet resolved to know her fate, perceiving he was silent, she let fall some words, as if she was a little impatient for the disclosure he had promised; when he thus commenced his artful career.

(To be continued.)

Notwithstanding the most potent and redoubted shafts aimed at the head of us poor SCRIBBLERS, we, i.e. I by itself I the Scribbler by profession, and all the poets, poetasters, bantlings of the muses, and tyros in the art, whom I have encouraged to pester the Canadian public with their rhymes, and grate the ears of critics and *Tresillians*,* are incorrigible; and are not to be checked in our career, nay not even by the prince of satirists whom the learned and discerning editor of the York Weekly Register has likened even unto BYRON. A most exquisite piece of poetry having appeared in that paper in the shape of an "epistle to a Scribbler," I will in my next number, in order to preserve so beautiful a production from the oblivion which would otherwise be its fate, publish it in my next number, with some paraphrastic additions, in illustration; but in the mean time, one of my elèves, indignant at this attack both upon his master and himself, has promptly stepped forth to skirmish in behalf of us, poor sons of dulness, which I hope will keep the enemy in check, while I am

*It is only by great good luck that the name of this knight-errant has been discovered; it is not subjoined to his poetry, but the York editor has nevertheless most condescendingly given it us. It is not, however, courteous readers, the gentle Tresillian of Scott in Kenilworth, the fair knight of love, and honour, and courtesy. No, the York Tresillian, like his Montreal confederate in arms, *the Man of Ross*, has assumed an appellation as uncongenial to his topic as it was possible to adopt. Yet it is not quite so uncongenial, when we consider it in an analytical and etymological light. Tresillian, if we look to the surpassing excellent poem he has produced, appears to be a compound of the English adjective, *Silly*, substantivized into *Sillian*, or *Silly-one*, with a Latin numerical prefix, which, though written *Tre*, ought to be *Ter*, or thrice, *quasi divotus* "a treble fool; or perhaps the *Tre* is only the French *Tres*, "very," without the duplication of the *s*, and then the name would mean, *Tresillian*, a very silly one.

preparing to rush to battle with my overwhelming solid square of heavy cavalry. *Ex. gr.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

Doubtless you have seen an attempt at writing poetry, made by some doggrel grinder, in the York Weekly Register of 20th March. Not to trace his dull-paced imagination through the intricate windings of metaphor and miserable simile,* the fellow seems to shrink even from the task assigned by himself to his own pen. Filling his epistle with dashes, and stars, and vague insinuations; not even daring to announce himself the champion of that virtue whose cause he pretends to advocate, by addressing himself to the author of the Scribbler; but couching his address in the vague words "an epistle to a Scribbler." To excuse his shrinking from encountering his adversary upon his own ground, Lower Canada, he alleges that it is to gratify his national pride as an Englishman, that he has selected a distant York paper, to place confidence in. But in this I do not recognise the national pride of a true born Englishman, which would spurn at so distant, so sidelong, an attack, but I rather see in it the low prevaricating Scotchman.† I have been

*I have taken the liberty of expunging much of the acrimony with which G. C. vilifies the author, and depreciates the merits (such as they are,) of the verses in question. I beg him to recollect that it is better policy to exalt your antagonist than to debase him; to magnify the power you have to contend with, than to undervalue it. In case of a defeat you retire with more honour: in case of victory you gain the greater glory.
L. L. M.

†There are some other traits in the composition alluded to that betray a northern origin in its author: and, if I may judge from the name, for I am wholly unacquainted personally with the editor of the Register, he too is a Scotchman; and in that case, it would be one Scotchman calling another.

led to these remarks, by an attack which this *rara avis* has made upon one of your correspondents, under the signature of G. C. ; a signature adopted by myself in one single instance only in the Scribbler. With your permission I will quote the all-comprehensive lines of this genius

“And there G. C. appears, the mournful calf,
Who writes sad elegies—to make men laugh!
(Lo! when he sings, each mourner’s eyes o’errun
With tears—not tears of sorrow, but of fun!”)

Admirable diction ! exquisite consistency ! Here we find a *mournful calf* writing *sad elegies*, and *mourners* shedding *funny tears* over them.

Leaving now, however, what more immediately relates to myself, I will quote, and apply, a distich from Dr. Young.

“Ye doctors sage, who thro’ Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practice what you preach.”

And most sincerely do I beg to know of this famous poetaster whether he conceives his epistle to be “a credit to its author?” To use his own words, does not the “base and unmanly attack which he has made,” upon “the correspondents of a Scribbler,” display more of the “vengeance of his remorseless malice,” than concern for the “characters of the first respectability,” he alludes to ?

I will conclude with a short
ADDRESS TO THE POET-LAUREATE of the UPPER
CANADA GAZETTE.*

Hail ! bantling bard ! blest genius of the age !
Check thy warm passion, and allay thy rage.
Thou base-born child of Momus’ mimic train,
How, like a hero, hast thou scour’d the plain.
With what strong language didst thou thus indite,
Such motley verse as Harlequin might write.
Then what fine metaphors thou dost pourtray,
Amazed, I tremble at the grand display,

*The second title of the Weekly Register.

When, thro' the "darkness which November shrouds,"
 Thy dull conception clamber'd to the clouds,
 Proclaiming "sadness" with a direful groan,
 As if old Pluto grumbled on his throne,
 Till down thou tumblest, with a mighty shock,
 As senseless as thy counterpart a block,
 There from thy "muse's wrath," to rest awhile,
 And reap the produce of thy long turmoil.
 Bard, fare thee well, go—to oblivion—go;
 Shield thy lank visage from impending woe,
 Or "funny tears" thy swollen cheeks shall lave,
 And thou be buried in "a living grave."

The last metaphorical expression, adopted from the newly coined language* of my antagonist, I must own myself perhaps liable to apply in a wrong sense, not exactly understanding its import, as introduced by him. Nevertheless, using a *licentia poetica*, I have considered it as meaning, "in effigy;" or exposed in a situation not easy to escape from, when once we get entangled in it; as, for instance, in the SCRIBBLER.

Thus much I have thought it right to say on the subject of this epistle, and as you have opened your paper to all who feel themselves aggrieved, I trust you will insert this, and believe me

Your's &c. G. C.

Longuepointe, 27th March, 1823.

*The expression "living grave," is not a newly coined one, and is a highly beautiful poetical metaphor when properly applied. Its application, however, in the verses in question is totally irrelevant, for how the bustling, busy, applauded, and self applauding, respected yet dreaded, honoured yet deprecated, life of an active satirist, can be called "a living grave," it beyond my comprehension. But to return to the phrase itself. In the few authors who have used it, and similar expressions, they have been applied to a state of imprisonment; and, it would have been inimitably descriptive of the truth, had it been used as denoting the long, and execrably unjust, imprisonment I suffered. Then, indeed, I seemed to be in "a living grave." In further illustration, I extract from the "Remarks upon Massinger's plays," which are amongst my manuscript, and yet unpublished, works, and of

To the sad annoyance of Tresillian, and such like "characters of the first respectability," however, we, poor dull "Scribblers," rhymers and which I gave a specimen in No. 18, the following note to sc. I. of act. II. of the *Fatal Dowry*, where *Pontalier* says

———"t was the son's request
That his dear father might interment have,
See the young son inter'd a lively grave."

Gifford, putting a full stop after, *request*, reads, *entered*. *Mason* suggests *enters alive the grave*. The old reading seems to me to be right, *interred* being opposed to *interment*, and is defended also by *Mr. Gilchrist*. *Charolais*' the son, in order to redeem his father's body which had been arrested by his creditors, availing of the laws of the place, assumes his debts, and goes into prison, that "his dear father might interment have." It was not the son's request that the funeral should take place from the prison, as it would seem by *Mr. Gifford's* pointing, but that his father's body might be relieved from the clutches of his merciless creditors, and receive the rights of sepulture. Though tortuously and unhappily expressed, *Pontalier* follows the same train of thought which occurs before in this scene,

—— he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man in prison—

to which he now adds; "It was the son's request that his dear father might interment have, and, for that purpose, see the young son is interred in a living grave." The preposition *in* being included in the participle *interred*, is, by an elision, not uncommon in *Massinger's* verse, omitted for the sake of the metre. The sentiment is not only highly poetical, and consistent with what precedes, but also analogous to the common sensations of every prisoner; a man in prison is dead to the world; his relations, his friends, forsake him; he lingers and actually *dies alive* in an extensive place of sepulture. In the inscription in *Edinburgh Tolbooth* recorded in No. 50, a prison is called "a grave for men alive." *Bertoldo* in the "Maid of Honour," another of *Massinger's* plays, enlarges upon the idea.

———How like
A prison is to a grave! when dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither—
So, enter'd in a prison, &c.

And the same idea, with which *Mr. Gifford* illustrates this passage in a line from *Samson Agonistae*,

Myself a sepulchre, a moving grave,
occurs in Act. IV. Sc. I. in the mouth of the same speaker, *Pontalier*, where he remarks on *Noval's* cowardice

Such living lords walk their dead honour's graves;

proser, find readers, and applauders, and patrons, and patronesses, even among the fair, the virtuous, the honourable, and the liberal; and since, as Delille says,

“Dans l’art d’interessier, consiste l’art d’ecrire,”
we must scribble on, and let posterity decide.

L. L. M. & Co.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER:

“Kate bring me my tobacco-box.”

“Time flies, but friendship stays,” I know it—

These dozen years I’ve loved the bottle:
To ease all doubts, my face will shew it,
An emblem of my parched throttle.

Let others sigh for absent friends—

For love’s lost labour—debts unpaid—
I weep whene’er my bottle ends,
And murmur when its course is stay’d.

Thus sung, in Bacchanalian strain,

A toper of a middling age,
While, in retort, a smoker fain
Would thus reply, with aspect sage.

I place my trust in friendship tried—

Friendship’s my chiefest source of pleasure
When troubles do the one betide,
The other lends his thoughts and treasure.

When melancholy holds its sway,

I call for short-cut, and a pipe,
Puff every gloomy thought away,
And sorrow from the memory wipe.

Oh, sweet beguiler of dull hours,

i.e. such lords, whilst alive, are the walking graves of their dead honours. The Fatal Dowry is a tragedy of great pathos and beauty, and furnished Rowe with the plot, and some of the incidents of the Fair Penitent. When space will permit I shall probably devote a few pages to the occasional continuation of similar observations upon old plays.

That ease and comfort bids to go forth !
 When dolefully the hypo lours
 Oh, bring my pipe, short cut and so forth.

A fig then for your girls or glasses,
 I'll, stoic like, deem all mere joking ;
 Heedless of every change that passes,
 And all my cares shall end in smoking.

C.

TO MY MISTRESS: <

I love thee, Mary, blest in finding
 Affection's smile requited well ;
 And sure I am there's naught so binding,
 As when with love our bosoms swell.

What tho' no ceremonial rites
 Our fortunes, Mary, e'er have join'd,
 Still, angel, still, my heart delights
 To feel itself with thine entwined.

What tho' the world do scorn and jeer,
 And hard relations shun thy face,
 With thee I'll shed a kindred tear,
 And thee thro' all thy sorrows trace.

I've tried thee when in prosperous day,
 And I have found thee ever true.
 I've tried thee when the setting ray
 Of wealth, estranged all friends but you.

And now that poverty's cold hand
 Hath, reckless, ta'en my all away,
 Hath driven me from my native land,
 'Tis thou attendst my weary way.

But tho' no dreams, or fancies airy,
 With faithless hopes, buoy up my soul,
 I'll not repine so long as Mary
 Remains my miseries to console.

INFELIX.

FABLE taken from *Journal des Spectacles* of 1801.
 Juno, in order to vex and disgrace Venus, with
 whom she had had a quarrel, sent Iris to Earth,
 in search of three virgins. At the same time it
 happened that Pluto, in contention with the fu-

ries, sent his messenger also, to fetch three females from earth, to put in their places. Iris returned unable to execute her commission; and when Juno asked the reason, replied that after an almost endless search, she had at length found the three virgins wished for, but that, unfortunately, Mercury, the messenger of Pluto, had suddenly come, and carried them off. "And what in hell," said Juno, who was a great scold, "could Pluto want with three virgins." "To make furries of," was the answer.

*Mount-Royal, 18th Feb.**

MR. LEWIS LUKE MAC, &c.

You not long ago denounced an individual of this city, as one of the *cowardly slaves of arbitrary power*, and pardon me, when I say I believe rather unjustly, inasmuch as, had that individual disobeyed the injunctions of his master, the deputy-post-master-general, a very lucrative business might have been taken from him; and you, Mr. Scrib, have too much generosity to oblige a man to quarrel with his bread and butter.† Yet I will briefly tell you wherein the gentleman deserves the lash; which is, for pretend-

* This letter was missent to a different part of Vermont, whence arises its oddness of date.

† Indeed but I have not, in such a case. What, is a man's bread and butter to be put in competition with that independence of spirit, and individuality of judgement, which should not allow a free man to be dictated to, even by a master, in what he has not covenanted to serve him in? Besides the post-master-general is not *his* master, he is only one of his customers; and it is that base, mean, grovelling spirit, that will cringe to do a dirty action, in order to oblige a great man, or one from whom advantage is expected, that ought to be put down and hooted. There is bread and butter enough for all, without greasing it with the oil of servility; or if need be, better eat dry bread with free men, than sops in the par. with slaves.

L. L. M.

ing that his reasons for not allowing the Scrib-
bler to be conveyed by his stages were that it
was an infamous work, bestowing on it all the
epithets that the fertile genius of its adversaries
have invented, and that too, Mr. Scrib, without
sufficient capacity to understand the meaning of
the terms he used. But to another point; our
gemman touch-up-the-leaders pretends to be a
puritan of the first order; he contemplates tak-
ing for his second wife a tall, thin, and rather new-
ly imported, virgin, who he thinks will suit him
to a hair: for, our groom having been known
to say that he could never think of marrying a
woman that danced, the lady in consequence de-
clined attending the assembly, although she pre-
viously intended it. Of her intentions in that
respect, our sage ostler even had a hint, but he
remarked he knew she was too good and too pi-
ous to wish for such worldly pleasures. It is
now understood therefore, that there is no im-
pediment to the celebration of the nuptials, only
that the fair-one is to obtain a certificate from
the priest of the parish, whence she came, stating
the reasons why she has till now enjoyed the
blessings of celibacy, and that she has never
romped at Yankee-huskins.

I am truly your's

A WELLWISHER.

Montreal, 20th March.

MY DEAR SCRIB,

The other day I found by accident a paper with
the following lines; it had the appearance of
having been used to bake a tart upon; which
seems as if the lady had taken the hint. At least
that is the conjecture of

A LACKASS.

To Miss **** *

*excelling equally in enslaving hearts, tormenting swains, and making
Apple pies.*

O ! beauteous maid, whose lovely mien,
And fair and youthful charms,
Have long allured thy humble swain
To tempt thee to his arms.

Ah ! tho' thy brilliant eyes have speech,
And tell me bold to speak,
When I'm within their magic reach,
In vain for words I seek.

For deep within that glistening eye,
There lurks a wicked sprite,
Who in a passion soon might fly,
Were I to speak outright.

In verse then let me tell my love,
And if bold hopes may rise,
Ah ! send in token you approve,
One of your apple pies.

At the time Bonaparte wore the iron crown as King of Italy, an opera called *Il marito migliore* was performed at Milan, a passage in which alluding to the spoliation of the works of art committed by the French, gave great offence, and the theatre was shut up in consequence. It was this

*Bellissimo mia bella,
Carissima mia cara,
Si voi foste una statua
Sareste cosa rara,
Ma non sareste quà.*

My fairest fair,
My dearest dear,
Wert thou a statue,
Thou wouldst be rare,
But thou wouldst not be here.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XX intended for this week's amusement, with a number of curious and interesting articles recently collected, is, with regret, delayed till the next.

Another quarterly collection being now making, it again becomes necessary to urge my subscribers to make punctual and early payments. To many of them, I am indebted for the ready and cheerful manner in which they pay in advance; and to two gentlemen, (one a resident of Montreal) I have to offer my thanks for having added to their subscriptions an allowance for postage, with the remark that "it would be a shame that I should lose by Mr. Sutherland's misconduct." By that, and other concurrent circumstances, the cost and charges of the work have so much increased, that, unless some other arrangement can be made, the price will have to be augmented at the commencement of the fourth volume in July next. If, however, I can collect a reasonable portion of the arrears due, and my subscribers, (especially at Quebec, where they are the most backward of all) pay up, and advance the present quarter immediately, it will probably be in my power to effect such a change in the establishment, as will, by reducing the expense, prevent the necessity of adding to the price. Such gentlemen as are desirous of rendering an essential service to "the Scribbler" in that respect, may learn the plan and prospects of the change alluded to, by calling at the Scribbler offices in Montreal or Quebec, and if they are inclined to promote my views, by advancing beyond the present quarter, for the whole of the fourth volume, (which will secure them, at all events, from any increase in price,) or in such other way as may be pointed out to them, will receive my most grateful acknowledgements, and deserve well of their country. I am sorry to say I have still numerous candidates for admission into the BLACK LIST: it is with

great repugnance I ever have recourse to that summary mode of proceeding in Banco Scribleri, in which I am plaintiff, witness, judge, jury, and executioner; in most cases I only expose those, who endeavour to pay in insult and abuse, or are incorrigible promise-breakers: but I must go on, if payments are not in general more punctually made. Subscribers who reside in countryplaces, or who prefer not to pay to an avowed collector, are respectfully requested to send the amount of their accounts to me per post, directed post-office, Montreal.

Quebec, March 1823.

The actresses request the acting manager and treasurer of the late Garrison-amateur-company to fulfil his engagements to them, which have been due since the first of last April. His last advertisement requesting payment for admission-tickets having been in August, the lapse of seven months time is quite sufficient to liquidate a debt of a few pounds, that would be highly welcome to the sollicitrixes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. UN PASSANT is very welcome, the continuation of his tour round the lake is expected. COSROES is most warmly thanked for his sympathy and friendship; he will I hope, allow me to make use of his last letter: as soon as time permits I will address him, in the way he indicates, in answer both to that and the preceding. LA NIEBLA will please to observe that I do not wish to intermeddle in the petty squabbles, and superficial criticisms of newspapers.—Impartiality will compel my admitting ADVERSARIUS in reply to JONAH, but his piece will require much correction to make it fit to meet the eye of the public. SCRWTATOR from Chambly, will not do.

A LADY's reply to Paris in next number.