

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. IV] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 1ST JAN. 1824. [No. 112.

*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni!—*

HORACE.

Behold! how fly the years away!
Then ever on each New Year's day;

*—partique dedere
Oscula quisque sua—*

OVID.

Kiss all the ladies, while you may.

*Omnia, quæ in rebus humanis fiunt, sicut docti censue-
runt, aut honesta sunt, aut turpia.*

AULUS GELLIUS.

Whatever things mankind do, must, according to the
learned, be either good or bad.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I wish you all many happy returns of this sea-
son of felicitation. I hope you may all enjoy eve-
ry rational satisfaction you can wish for, during
the ensuing and numerous succeeding years. But
by no means, improve in your manners and hab-
its too fast; for if you become too good, although
I should take more delight in panegyriizing than
in satirising, alas! I should not find readers, and
then, not only would my pot cease to boil, and my
roast beef to smoke on the table, but, what is far
worse, the want of a censor, the want of my fe-
rula, would bring about again such a state of
things as I found existed in the community in Can-
ada, when, three years ago, I began my career.
This, it is true, would arouse other censors and
other satirists, for like Poor Robin's song

War begets poverty, poverty, peace; &c.

So Folly begets Satire, Satire begets Fear, Fear Amendment, Amendment Indulgence, Indulgence Folly, and Folly Satire again; yet Lewis Luke Macculloh, Esquire, would, in the meantime, have to look out for another trade, and turn missionary, pedlar, sonneteer, almanack-maker, or spelling book-manufacturer.

On the occasion of the New Year's day, I have one thing to repeat my exhortations about. I find the exotics who come from Europe and the States, persist in decrying the old Canadian custom of *kissing* the ladies (I am not finical enough to call it *saluting*,) on wishing them a happy New Year; and many affected pieces of proud flesh coincide with them, especially amongst the purse-aristocracy of Montreal and Quebec, by which other more affable and kindly natured women, are led to belie their own sentiments and wishes, and also pretend to dislike the custom. The French Canadians, who are, in good truth, almost the only real ladies and gentlemen, to be met with in society here, are above being swayed by the example of Thames Street, and Mark Lane gentility, and, in general, abide by their own good old customs. I would thus admonish the young ladies of foreign extraction, who act the prim and stiff-laced part their affected mothers have instilled into them, to imitate the frank and cordial greeting of the Canadian lasses, who, with bright and glistening eyes, and friendly hands, are ready to receive on their roseate cheeks the homage of sincere well wishers, and return the heartfelt pressure of a friend's palm, without fearing or feeling that such an innocent liberty need awaken any warmer or wanton sensation.

Be it therefore ordained, *in curia Scribleri*, that henceforward no Mrs. or Miss, neither *Wife*, *Wid-*

*ow, Maid, nor What you please,** who desires to be considered as a real lady, shall, either by gesture, word, or deed, refuse, decline, or shew reluctance towards, being kissed by her male visitors, on New-Year's day, within the dominions of the Inspector and Censor-general.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

* The Connoisseurs in the fine arts, will recollect a set of paintings, executed by Opie, and engraved by Bartolozzi, of Woman in the above four characters, of admirable spirit and effect.

Now turn we to our correspondents and reporters; amongst whom, by the bye, it is with great regret, we do not now see our trusty and well beloved allies and servants, JEREMY TICKLER, TOM BROWN, JUNIUS, JONAH, and SAPPHO. What has become of them all?

DEAR SIR.

"Who shall decide, when doctors disagree."

The following is an account of one evening's proceedings of the Montreal Medical Society.

Moved, by the president that the attention of the society be principally directed to the investigation of Dr. Carrier's conduct, for neglect of the duties of his office.

Moved, by Dr. Charlatan-noddy, and warmly seconded by Dr. Oldbuck, that Dr. C. be expelled from the society, *without any investigation.* Being put to the vote, there appeared 2 votes for, and 5 against it; so the motion was lost.

The charges being clearly and ably stated by Dr. Charlatan-noddy, supported by Dr. Oldbuck, appeared in substance to be that Dr. Carrier had absented himself, during two successive meetings; and the doctor, having made his defence, intimating that particular business had caused such ab-

sence, it was resolved that such defence was insufficient, unprecedented, and unmedical; and, as the charges were clearly made out, that it should be put to the vote whether the defendant should be expelled or not. Upon counting noses there appeared

For the motion 3,

Against it 3,

When, one of the members being missing, and search being made, he was found comfortably asleep in one corner of the room, and on being asked for his vote, was on the point of giving it against the defendant, not knowing on which side he was voting, when it was objected to, on the ground that, as he was asleep during the debate, he could not have known what was going on; which objection proving fatal, the defendant was acquitted, and it was ordered that such entry be made in the register. Whereupon Dr. Carrier returned thanks to the president for his impartial conduct, to the members collectively for their minute, and to the sleeping one for his patient investigation; whilst he particularly also presented his acknowledgements to Dr. Charlatan-noddy, for the politeness he had experienced from him, which he was determined to make known.

Accordingly, being deputed for the purpose, I send you the above, and by inserting it in your blue book, you will oblige

ME.

Advocate as I am for old customs, and much as, in England, I should deprecate, the repression of the feelings of the populace, on the anniversary of the 5th November, I can not avoid giving a place to the following communication; as it justly reprehends the introduction of a similar cere-

mony to that which is practiced at home, in a country, and amongst a people who must naturally look upon it, as an insult to their feelings, and the spiritual head of their church. It is with the more propriety it is censured as having been planned and encouraged by one who, being a clergyman, and a pedagogue to boot, ought to have had more sense, and consideration. Burning the pope and Guy Vaux in effigy on gunpowder-treason day, in Lower Canada, is about as proper as the processions of white boys in the Upper province, barbarous Gaelic festivals any where in Canada except amongst the Highlanders in Glengary, or as publicly celebrating the Anniversary of American Independence on the 4th of July, would be. I have made some alterations and curtailments, however, in Scrutator's letter, the language of which was in general too strong and harsh, even for the occasion.

Chambly, 10th Nov. 1823.

MR. MACCULLOH,

It is with feelings of disgust I am about to inform you of a scene as disgraceful, in my opinion, to humanity, as opposed to the mild doctrines of the christian religion—a spectacle calculated to awaken all the malignant feelings of the prejudiced and the ignorant—to instil into the minds of youth all those bigotted ideas, which it ought to be the care of the persons entrusted with their education to keep out, and to reinvigorate the seeds of discord between two religions, whose respective votaries have hitherto in this country, (unlike many others) lived in unanimity and peace—one of those scenes, which contribute, more than is imagined, to the disturbances which have so long agitated the unfortunate kingdom of Ire-

land. I allude to burning the Pope in effigy.— This was set on foot and encouraged in this place, by a man, who, from his duty as a *teacher*, and a *minister* of God's holy religion, should have been the first to oppose such an act, and, by exercising the influence which his holy calling gives him over the minds of the ignorant and "swinish multitude," (the only persons reason would suppose likely to commit such an action,) deter them from doing that which, I will venture to say, neither religion, law, nor humanity, can sanction. But, why do I speak of *his* influence?—He has none!—and none he ought to have.—His numerous petty acts of extortion, and personal injury to all who ever opposed his ambitious and money-making projects, have left him destitute of that respect, which is the right of, and always paid to, every HONEST MAN, whether church, or layman.

But no,—not one of us, (for he is my pastor,) evinced even a desire for such a deed; few, very few, looked on, and none assisted, when he, personally, aided by his scholars, who, no doubt, dared not refuse, went through the tragi-comedy. Upon an effigy, composed of a bundle of straw, dressed up in some of his scholars' old clothes, (for even on this occasion, his parsimony was too great to sacrifice any of his own at his burnt offering, to which he ordered the boys to contribute from their, in general, slender wardrobe,) he bestowed the title of the head of the Catholic church. When the fire was put to the heap, and, encouraging the boys to jump round and over it, he said he would have a jump over too, and, exhorting the boys to bring wood and chips, declared that he who would not help to burn the pope was no good protestant! Nay, he carried his zeal so far, as to threaten one of the youths, who was

a catholic, and made some remarks on the occasion, that he would burn him too ! One of the boys, however, accounted for this in some measure, knowingly exclaiming ; " Oh ! I believe he is winged a little ;—he took some wine in honour of the day ! "

Let this suffice, as to the facts: I will now propose a question to the reverend gentleman, who is well known by the name you have given him of Mr. NICK RAP, and one also to the few patrons that an ignorance of his real character and conduct have yet left him.

First, I would ask him, whether in the religion he professes, and of which he is not only a member, but ought to be a supporter, he can find any excuse for his conduct on the 5th of Nov.—and if not,—whether the doctrines of that religion, do not forbid such conduct as may be the means of rousing the feelings of enmity and hatred, amongst mankind, causing disturbances, and provoking, perhaps, even bloodshed ?

Next, I would ask his patrons, whether the conclusion to be drawn from his conduct in general is not that he is a person as unfit to take charge of youth, in a moral and religious point of view, as his little knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and his general inability to impart even what little he does know, have long since proved him to be, in a scholastic one ?*

* It would seem from the following dialogue that was overheard between the rev'd gentleman, and his lady, that he aims at still wider academic employment.

Mrs. N. R. But did you promise to assist him thro' your influence ?

N. R. I did ; but that 's nothing to the purpose, I'll insinuate that he's a Roman, by which means he'll be thrown out as soon, nay sooner, than if I had blackened his character; for our lord bishop, and the other heads of the school.

If I have deviated from the truth, I call upon the person in question, or any one else to reprove me, and point out my misrepresentations or errors; and I am sure, Mr. Macculloh, you will indulge me by printing whatever may be sent you against this statement, if that should be the case: whilst, if not, the public are bound to believe what I have asserted.

SCRUTATOR.

DEAR SIR,

Since I last wrote you, I have to acknowledge the favour of being placed among your remarkables, as well as some of my connections: but let that pass, I know you make it a point not to favour your friends and subscribers much more than others, when they happen to come before you.— Permit me, once more, to make a general remark on the nature and tendency of your publication; that it may be productive of some good, I will not dispute, but your talents are such as would ensure a much greater degree of good in another chan-

society. will receive any vagabond rather than a papist. Besides, I'm determined to apply for that school, as an appendage to my other occupations.

Mrs. N. R. Fie! Why you can't find time to run after that and every thing else. You should devote your spare time to improving this house, (*Aside*, I believe it will always bear the name of the tavern here,) and then how can you preach and teach every where?

N. R. Preach and teach! Fudge! I'll send old Weak-arm to the Bay of Fundy. He's a brave staunch fanatic.

Mrs. N. R. Are none of the school-society catholics?

N. Y. Yes! there's one,—and he serves to cloak every proceeding. Were it not for manœuvring we could never monopolise salaries, places, and power. Why, see how I receive the school-annuity, and yet teach none but those who pay me from 140 to 180 per annum.

Cætera desunt.

nel; perhaps less profitable say you—but—query, do not at present the innocent suffer with the guilty by your satire? or, what amounts to the same thing, the weakness of human nature, the subjects of which lament their incapacity to do better, are equally condemned with those who have the most vicious propensities.

(Not so, my good friend, I always endeavour to discriminate; yet the weakness of human nature, is as much a legitimate object of satire, as its wickedness, for, with the exception of bodily infirmities, the weaknesses of both man and woman kind, are the effects of wrong habits, impressions, or propensities. As to my method of writing, I have already endeavoured in several places to defend it, and particularly beg your kind consideration of the introductory paragraph of this volume, in No. 104.)

I send you a few, hasty, random, thoughts, which, if they suit your taste, you can add to, alter, or abridge as you may think proper.

(As both the subject and the language suit my taste, I will not, my friend, make any alteration in, addition to, or abridgment of them. There are faults in them, but, in endeavouring to correct them, I am by no means sure I should improve the piece.)

Say you that WOMAN's lovely fair? 'tis true!
Fairer than Poet's fancy ever form'd!

To this I will agree; But how, or when?

Ay, there's the rub. —————

Some fleeting good mankind will keep in view,
Embracing shadows, if the substance miss'd:

So have I seen the adulatory strains,

Of puerile thought, on Womankind smooth penn'd,

Tending to sink what thus is raised too high:

Exterior forms, and flattering smiles, have oft
The superficial, wary gazer caught.

Imagination once a Goddess made,

But neither will, nor power, could keep her so,

The charm was broke, and O ! what strange surprize
 Fell on the new fledg'd pair.
 But Heav'ns last gift, and best, how lovely fair,
 When view'd in social life ; through changing scenes,
 In pain, in poverty, in all, the same ;
 With knowledge gifted, and with patience arm'd ;
 With heavenly mind ; meek ; humble ; and sincere.
 Blest is the Man, who finds a Woman thus ;
 Domestic joys with her, would far outstretch
 All that the world calls good or great beside ;
 Mankind at large, these pleasures may enjoy,
 If but the heart, like nature's kindly soil,
 Were plough'd, manured, and sown : what choicest
 gifts
 The harvest would produce, and who could count
 the sum.

C—s.

For the Scribbler.

THE APPARITION.

'Twas in the "witching time of night,"
 When Luna shed a pensive light,
 And scarcely show'd her waning horn
 Above the portals of the morn,
 I sought the lonely dell; and got
 Me to an unfrequented spot,
 Where, I had heard the neighbours say.
 That, ghosts appear near break of day.
 And he who has the heart to go,
 His future destiny may know,
 If he attend while they relate
 The secrets of unfolding fate.
 With hands uplifted to the sky,
 Trembling, I rais'd my dubious eye.
 And there invoked the airy host
 By name of spirit, sprite, or ghost.
 Then to appear and tell me what
 The fates ordain'd to be my lot.
 I said—and lo ! along the air
 Appeared a form divinely fair.
 Her mantle was of radiant light,
 Which veil'd her sacred limbs from sight.

And o'er her polish'd shoulders roll'd
 Resplendent locks of burnish'd gold :
 Her face was like the morning star
 That ushers in the day from far,
 And kindles joy :—in her right hand,
 *Tipt with bright flame, a glittering wand,
 And in her left a hallow'd cup,
 Fill'd with inspiring nectar up.
 Straight she approach'd, and, as she came,
 She to my lips applied the flame ;
 And as she raised her hand she smiled,
 And spoke, " O highly favour'd child——"
 But I, alas !—my head I threw
 Aside, and from her presence flew ;——
 Fear seized my soul—I would away,
 When loud she call'd, and bade me stay.
 Indignant, then the maid replied :
 " Since you my offers have denied,
 " These favours are withheld from thee
 " For one who shall deserving be.
 " 'This flame had purified thy heart,
 " To fit thee for some noble part,
 " And give thee strength of mind to bear
 " The ills of life, and pains of care.
 " This cup is pure Castalian dew,
 " By many sought—enjoy'd by few,
 " Which had ensured Parnassian aid—
 " The care of the celestial maid.
 " Thine should have been the melting strain,
 " To sooth the poor, unhappy swain,
 " To touch the strings that bend the heart,
 " And bid the cords of nature start,
 " Or swell the breast of manly pride
 " When thy persuasive song was tried."
 She spoke,—the flame she lifted up
 And quench'd it in the sacred cup ;—
 She placed the goblet in my hand ;—
 I took and drank by her command.
 " Return" she cried, " remain obscure,
 " Unknown to fame—be humble, poor ;
 " Contend with fortune all thy life,

* " Stood waving, tipt with fire."—MILTON.

" With mind and means in constant strife.
 " It was my will to write your name,
 " Upon the deathless scroll of fame,
 " And future bards for thee had strung
 " The lyre, and thy soft requiem sung.—
 " The flame was quench'd—the fire was drown'd
 " The virtues of the cup unbound—
 " Confused the draught—so thou shalt be
 " Envelop'd in uncertainty.
 " The muse shall hardly condescend
 " The slightest favours thee to lend,
 " And even those, pent and confined,
 " Shall scarcely labour from thy mind."
 She ceast.—The morn, on pinions grey,
 Stole up the east ;—she turn'd away ;—
 Her limbs in magic robes she wound,
 And left me in confusion drown'd.

ERNESTUS.

The unavoidable delay which has taken place in the publication of the Free Press, owing partly to a want of paper, partly to a want of time, and partly to the printing-office not being yet in a complete state, has induced me to transfer to the pages of the Scribbler some communications, relative to the Montreal General Hospital, intended for that paper. I am the more induced to do so, since, when I can resume the Free Press, which I am anxious to do at the earliest possible period, so many strictly political subjects will be pressing on my attention, that the question of the hospital gentry may be considered of less importance. I proceed therefore to give, first: verbatim and literatim, a letter from a plain countryman at Chateaugay ;

TO MASTER LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH,
Burlington, Vermont, in the States.

You are to know that I am a plain common man. and of no learning, worth the speaking of.

Still I like very much to know what the world is about; and for that reason I take all the Gazettes that are printed here, and among the rest your little book called the Free Press, and I am always glad when I see any thing in them that is like to do good to the country. Some time ago, smoking my pipe after dinner, I took up Nahum Mower's Courant, and read the long and fine notice advertized by the Doctors of the Montreal Hospital. These gentlemen, says I to myself, are as full of learning as an egg is full of meat, and will make clever Surgeons and Doctors of all our Canadian children. I have a lad of mine let me tell you Master Lewis Luke Macculloh, tho' he is my own, he is as smart a cub as you could well find. Tommy says I, would you like to be a Doctor? yes, says Tom, but for what? Why, boy, to cut off peoples arms, legs, and some times their heads—to be, Tom, a gentleman; to cut capers like other Doctors; well dressed and all the rest. The lad consented to be sent directly to these learned Doctor school-masters.—But while the good wife was getting his clothes put in trim, and his box rigged out that the child might make a decent show, a man of the name of a Friend to Truth printed some curious things in this news paper of yours. This man told these Doctors of the Hospital, that they were not a whit wiser than other Doctors; that they wanted to make a trade and a living of making Doctors, and that they wanted to make Doctors of their own scholars in two years, and would not leave any others to be doctors. Now I say, this is not fair play. And he told them that they wanted to make folks believe that they were cunning enough to make a good Doctor out of a blockhead, (a piece of wood I suppose he means;) and he told

them a good many other things, and he dared them to contradict him if they could. In my idea he cut them deadly deep, and that three or four times running, yet not one of these great Doctors came out to say he had been telling stories about them; except one Master Phineas. And at last this man could say nothing but that the *confreres* as I call them of these Doctors of Quebec, should be sent to Botany Bay for their bad conduct.— Don't you think, sir, but that the others are quite as bad as these

Now sir, I am sorry that this man of truth said all these things. But if he speaks truth, then I say he is bold fellow, and does not care about any ceremony in telling people of their faults. I am no great *quelque chose*, but if any man told fibs of me, I would settle him for it. But if guilty, I would be quiet and look sheepish enough, as I saw the Doctors when I was in Montreal the other day buying things for harvesting. I am sure I would like better to make a good cobbler or carpenter of my son than a blockhead Doctor; and so says my good woman, and the daughters; though they wanted much to make a gentleman of Tom. I will be glad if all this affair turns out to be not so bad as I am afraid it is. Till another time

I, am, sir,

Yours to command,

A FARMER AT CHATEGAY.

29th August, 1823.

P. S. I shall be obliged to you very much by printing this letter in your Book or Gazette. People should not brag if they are not able to defend themselves. I believe these Hospital men are very great braggers, and like all such men are not good for much.

“ You can not imagine how great an advantage it is to a man
 “ to have the countenance of the Governor in his province.”
to Quintus Valerius Orca.

“ When a man has once transgressed the bounds of decency,
 “ it is in vain to recede, and his wisest way is to push on
 “ boldly in the same confident course, to the end of his purpose.”

to Lucius Luceius.

Melmoth's translation of CICERO'S LETTERS

MR. EDITOR,

I will now endeavour to fulfil the promise I made in my last communication, wherein I pledged myself to answer the interrogatory that PHINEAS thought proper to make to some reflections of mine, relative to the Montreal General Hospital. He fondly conceives that he has thrown such a stumbling block in my way, as I can not conveniently pass. This is the second attempt which he has made, with characteristic cunning, to induce the public to believe, that it is the founders of the hospital on whom I would call the attention and censure of the world. It is indeed a bad cause that compells its advocate to avoid the points at issue, and to combat his adversary on ground, on which he but casually, or rather, in a great measure, unintentionally, trod. I must however give this *Knight Errant* credit for the zeal and ingenuity he manifests in the defence of a cause that is vulnerable on almost every side. He does well to endeavour to cast a veil over the sins of the medical officers of the institution, by lugging in, head and heels, their patrons and friends, for a share of the blame that should mainly be attached to the *Esculapians*. This is the shrewd question of Phineas. “ Have you not endeavoured
 “ to bring obloquy and disgrace upon the founders and promoters of the hospital, by censuring

“their judgements in electing their overseers and officers?” Verily this is a deep thrust!

To the “founders,” “promoters,” “overseers,” or “governors,” as I believe these gentlemen are now styled, I have nothing to say, with the exception of the “*true and worthy Counsellor*,” and one or two of his parasites of the Kirk. It is on these persons should chiefly fall all that is blame-worthy in this business. It is the deep rooted, implacable, hate of this man towards this country—it is his undeviating Anti-Canadian principles, that are to be taxed for all that is here reprehensible. With these exceptions I again repeat, that I take the other gentlemen to be men of probity, and well-meaning men; and the alacrity with which they came forward to relieve the distresses of their indigent, penniless, countrymen, does them infinite honour.

To answer this call of the blind Phineas, (at least such was the hapless lot of this mortal, in “olden time,”) we must take a retrospective view of circumstances which occurred a few years ago, when it will be found, that the election of these medical officers, upon which he so exultingly harps, was not the result of blind caprice, of hasty chance, or of the unguarded impulse of the moment; but a premeditated design; a well digested plan; it was the faithful following up of the principles of that party, of which our zealous counsellor is the *primum mobile*; the first article of whose political creed is, to exclude from every situation, both of honour and of profit, every individual, that is either a Canadian, or of Canadian sentiments—in other words, every person who is endowed with any manly, liberal, or patriotic feeling. It must be fresh in the memory of the citizens of Montreal, that three or four years ago

a Dispensary was established for the purpose of assisting the sick and infirm of the poorer part of the community. This was a highly useful institution—unassuming and economical in its measures, and during the short period of its existence, relieved the miseries of many hundreds. But it had the besetting sin of appearing in a Canadian garb; for with all the intrigue and shuffling of the party, but one of their medical proteges could be accommodated with a place; the other medical officers being Canadians. Consequently, according to the received doctrine of the party, this was a Canadian association—consequently not good,—consequently it must be proscribed, cried down, and ruined. This proved a work of no difficulty; for no sooner did the party come to the resolution of exterminating the dispensary, than it fell; and on its ruins, the present magnificent General Hospital was erected, as characteristic for the narrow-minded policy by which it is guided, as the other was conspicuous for the liberality of its views.

This in a few words, is the history of the origin of the far-famed Montreal General Hospital, and the way in which the equally celebrated professors were elected. By which it is easy to perceive, that “judgement” and discretion were alike laid aside on the occasion, and the principles of the great Father of that great *Monster*, THE UNION, came stalking forth, in all their native ugliness.

We are very far from wishing to cast any “obloquy or disgrace” upon the English part of the society of Montreal, as all those are called, who are not of French extraction, for founding an hospital; there not being a sufficient number of these asylums for the reception of the indigent and

destitute part of the community, when labouring under the accumulated weight of poverty and disease; but it is with the spirit with which it was got, and subsequently followed, up, that we are alone disposed to find fault. All the proceedings, from the very first, assumed the most decided *party-spirit* possible, or I have been strangely mis-informed.

It is a truth, notorious as shameful, that the subscription for erecting this edifice, was not presented to a single Canadian for his contribution; nor is there such a name to be found enrolled in the scroll that was so solemnly and mystically deposited in the corner stone of the building!—names that are thus modestly transmitted to the latest posterity—names that will confer immortal honour on human nature—names such as never were before consigned to the safe-keeping of time, either in this dark and uncultivated part of the globe, or in any other part. What a priceless treasure will be disclosed to the cunning antiquary some fifty centuries hence, when some convulsion of nature shall overturn this proud building and be complaisant enough to compel this glutton of a stone to disgorge its sacred and precious contents! Pardon, Mr. Editor, this vein of pleasantry, in which I should not have indulged, but in consideration of the character I have so repeatedly introduced to your notice—a character to which, the following lines of the poet are so wonderfully applicable, particularly when he mounts the rostrum, that I can not refuse myself the pleasure of transmuting them.

“ His speech, his form, his action and his grace,
“ And all his country beaming in his face.”

So true is it, that this was a select and well chosen band, that not one of my countrymen had

the supreme honour of sitting at the convivial board, when the festival was given in commemoration of this grand and important event. So true it is, I say, that all Canadians were excluded, that one of the architects, or main pillars of Free-masonry, who had been invited from Quebec, and who was a Canadian, there being none of his "rank and rule" among the orthodox to fill his situation, without which the sacred and occult rites, and pageantry of the masonic ceremony, would have been but imperfectly performed.— Well, this gentleman, not conspicuous for perspicacity of sight, was astonished at not meeting any of his countrymen, could not suppress his surprize, and demanded the cause of their absence. He was answered, however, in the usual circumlocutory and ambiguous style of, and by, the honourable president, tho' in a manner by no means to convince our mason of the plausibility of the answer, or of the propriety of the measure.

Thus, I have, with more faithfulness than elegance, given an outline of the earlier proceedings relative to the hospital, in which Phineas and his friends will no doubt, think I have been more particular than there was a necessity for; but the fault lies with the Knight—he set out on an excursion fully determined to find or create adventures—he has fully succeeded, and been sent back, Quixotte-like, the wiser from his folly. Let the aggrieved gentry of the hospital, and their abettors, look to this champion of theirs for redress of the pain I have caused them, and for the twinges they may yet endure.

It will naturally excite surprize in the minds of such as are not familiar with the political history of this province, that so large, respectable, and generally speaking, well informed society, as that

of Montreal, should be led to the performance of almost any act, and follow the dictates and example of this would-be Patrician; whose sway over certain persons, is absolute, as his natural disposition is stubborn and tyrannical. The solution of this enigma may be taken from the first motto prefixed to this paper;—a remark wide in its application as injurious in its nature, and exceedingly applicable to the individual for whom it is meant.—A man who by his undeviating subserviency to the will and designs of the executive—for his obeying every nod, and putting to the test of experiment every measure, however subversive of the principles of the law and justice; could not fail of becoming, at least in appearance, the favourite of the “Governor of his province.”—But when the world is informed, that this man has grown grey in these pernicious practices, that have stamped such a peculiarity on his character; and that in proportion as the strength of his mind and body decays, he makes, or attempts to make, even stronger efforts than ever, for the consummation of his plans—when I say, the world is told all this, it can not but marvel at this astonishing example of the perverseness of human nature: but Cicero will again help them out of the difficulty, by reverting to the second quotation at the head of this production. Hence it is, that this persevering and obsequious agent of every bad measure, is looked upon as a being of no ordinary importance: therefore he is courted and flattered, and worshipped as an oracle of political wisdom and discretion—Alas! Alas!

A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

But, say many of my fair reader, you are growing very dull, Mr. Macculloh; what do we care

about Hospitals, and doctors; give us something about the *beau monde*, the fashions, parties, &c. and, (*aside in a whisper*,) don't forget a little scandal.

Eh bien! Mesdames, en voila.

Mount Royal. 28th Dec. 1823.

DEAR MACCULLOH,

The temporary suspension of the Scribbler has not only caused the little great, and part of the great little, worlds, to cry cock-a-doodle-doo, and think themselves secure; but your correspondents have grown rusty: their weapons, goose-quills, scattered, and the ink in their once often-dipped-into, ink-horns, dried and frozen up. Its reappearance makes life joyous again, delinquents tremble, and our brains become again unravelled. New quills, paper and ink are bought up with avidity, and Nickless, Tuttle, Whiting, Cunningham, & Co. the stationers of this place, absolutely declare they sell more stationery by half, than they did a month ago. A truce, however, to pre-ambing, (query, is that word of Johnsonian, or of Scriblerian authority? I find it in your No. 111*;))

* "Preambling" was there used in the description of the La Prairie fair, by a *licencia poetica*, for "perambulating;" and seemed moreover highly figurative of the "rambling preambles" of the hero of that piece: but I take this opportunity to assert my own personal right to introduce occasionally new words, that are consonant to the construction of English words in general, and to etymology, analogy, and the principles of universal grammar. This is a privilege which authors are entitled to, provided it be used with moderation and discretion; but I claim the right also, on the ground of being a lexicographer myself, known and acknowledged as such in the literary circles, & by the public, of London, and am therefore myself, *authority WITHOUT APPEAL, excepting to posterity*, in such matters. To "preamble," in the sense of "writing preambles," I conceive, would be legitimate coinage in the mint of English words; substantives that denote action, being almost all convertible into verbs.

S. H. W.

let us pounce into the ball-room at Aunt Martin's hotel on the evening of the 26th inst. where we shall be regaled with so many nice and pretty things that every sense (not even forgetting the sixth) will be like our mouths, and set a watering.

On that night, the garrison-ball was given; and attracted a large concourse of beauty, grace, elegance, and particularly fashion; to the predominance of which last article in the Circean cup we owe many unbecoming and ridiculous customs: so much so, that,

E'en married, dames, forgetting what is due
To sacred ties, give half-clad charms to view ;"

And

"Truss their fine forms to such fantastic shapes,
To be admired, and *twirled* about by apes."

In addition to the Loverules, Foresights, Jarretts, Old Josephs, Bigmans, Drugwells, Hogsflesh's, &c. who always take the lead in similar parties, Sir Frederick, and his *young* sisters figured away, the latter rivalling in display of withered charms the "married dames" of whom the poet sings. In the heedless throng likewise appeared, the gay Mrs. Never-do, Mr. and Mrs. Dustworthy, Capt. and Mrs. Goldbeater, Mrs. Henpeck Meek, (her dear husband staying at home, by her desire,) Mr. Huggs of the *ci-devant* Rat-catching company, Mr. and Mrs. Layfin, Commodore Bang and lady, the reverends, Rantall, Mortgage, and Moral Police, with their ladies, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Bienbeau, Mr. Pollyson, Junr. Judge Dier and lady, Capt. Rascott, of the staff-corps, General Go-down and Miss Go-down; the Miss McKillaways, Master Coldspring, (who managed to drink two glasses of wine without its being perceptible,) Masters Foresight, &c. &c. &c.

The ball was opened by a bride, young Mrs.

Foresight, and Colonel Odds, with the favourite dance of "matrimony;" but not before some petty wrangles about precedency with the countess Gregg, of Gregg-Castle; who, also, as a bride, claimed the honours of leading off, & who much disliked to form one of the second couple.* The count, from the attention he paid to the countess, seemed, as a lady in the room remarked, rather a wooer than the steady, sober, husband, of a full fortnight's standing. The slender form of the countess, was not invested in modest bridal white, but dazzled the view in glittering amber satin, trimmed with white swansdown, and her dark hair, suitably decorated. Capt. Crichton, (not "the admirable Crichton") was the drill-serjeant of the night, which was an arduous task, and required the lungs of a Stentor, and a dozen more pair of lungs equally vociferous. Mrs. Mar.Lovely appeared to great advantage in Spanish attire. Messrs. Foresight and Layfin deserve great credit for appearing with the appropriate gentlemanly appendage of opera-hats. It is reported that Dr. Jarrett and Capt. Bruin intend to cultivate the natural genius they have, one for dancing, and the other for calling the figures, and to give lessons in those branches of genteel education; nor can it be supposed that they will

* It is a custom in Mount Royal, not a bad one I think, for those ladies who have become brides, since the preceding assembly of the same party, to be complimented with the lead of the first dance. My correspondent is not explicit enough, and I do not know whether, by "second couple" he means merely what he says, or a "second set." When there are two brides, the company should be divided into two sets, or should there be more, then lots should be drawn for precedency; as I take it that, in mixed assemblies, neither rank, nor seniority of nuptials, ought to give it.

fail in meeting with merited success, when it is considered that they mean to teach their pupils, upon the same principles, and according to the specimens they gave this evening, and which so greatly amused, if they did not delight, all present. Capt. Bruin, however, will do well, the next time he appears in a public company, to have his boots cleaned; if he finds blacking too expensive, the ladies will have them cleaned by subscription. Miss Loverule, mistaking pride and arrogance, for dignity and *bon ton*, strutted like a peacock amidst a flock of turkies;

“ And toss'd the head that costly gems adorn,
As garnish'd horses nod their plumes in scorn.”

The affable, unaffected, and graceful demeanour of Miss Go-down, added to her simple, tasteful, and becoming dress, shewed beauty

—“ When unadorned, adorned the most.”

Mrs. Bigman looked uncommonly well, and wore an elegant lace-dress, which, *entre nous*, I have been told, cost more than ten pounds. The widow too looked charmingly, and seemed, for a time, to have lost all remembrance of her dear Spoggy. But one young lady, Miss Sprat, I was going to say outraged all modesty and decency in her dress, but I won't expose her, as much as she did herself. The military uniforms amongst the gentlemen appeared, in their diversity, to singular good advantage, and the white breeches and silk stockings, (to give the devil his due,) set off the shapes of the colonel and of Capt. Morelong to perfection. The naval *clerk*, however, might have saved himself the trouble of sewing the gold lace on the sides of his *trowsers*.

The music was good, the supper better, and the appetites best. When the edge of the latter

was worn off by Aunt Martin's ham, cheesecakes, and port-wine, Mr. Negre sung,

“ A bachelor leads an easy life ;”

and afterwards the glistening eyes of the fair, “ God preserve them,” added double effect to Mr. Radical's

“ To ladies' eyes around, boys !”

The party broke up about three o'clock, after, in the usual terms, a very pleasant evening ; and, upon the whole, the officers of the garrison deserve great praise for the liberality and taste they have displayed, and I trust this spirited and independant part of our fashionable circle, may meet with that cordiality from the civilians, and that friendly co-operation from our great folks, which may encourage them to continue their occasional balls.

Your's faithfully

REGINALD FITZ-HALDERKIN.

P. S.—N. B.—More anon !

There once lived on the road between Canterbury and Dover, a Mrs. Hope, who kept an inn, with the sign of the Angel, and whose daughter was named Prudence. A wit, who had put up at her house, on his way to France and Italy, found, on his return, the house shut up, and the sign taken down, and learnt upon enquiry that Mrs. Hope was dead, and her daughter had turned out a bad girl, on which he wrote this

IMPROMPTU.

When Hope and Prudence kept this house,
An Angel kept the door ;
But Hope is dead, the Angel's fled,
And Prudence is turn'd whore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXIX.

The customary disease, which, at this season of the year, breaks out amongst printers of papers has, unfortunately assailed us also. It is called by scientific men the *papyrovorous consumption*, and if neglected may degenerate into a total *egestas papyri*, a malady which is inevitably fatal, unless efficient doses of *pecunia*, and *creditorum opia, quantum suff.* are immediately administered. The first symptoms are generally torn, broken, and *holey* sheets used instead of whole ones, in a part of the impression, followed by others of stained, browner, coarser, and smaller paper, displaying the poverty of the storeroom, and the sad void in the purse: Next come apologies, half sheets, &c. and if final annihilation does not ensue, there is, not unfrequently, a *suspensio publicationis*, which is almost as fatal as any other *suspensio*, whether by the cord, or by the hair of the head, like Absalom. As our unlearned readers may not quite understand the above, although we have carefully avoided all *Greek* combinations, and confined ourselves solely to Latin, in our compound and technical expressions; (no wonder! says an impertinent fellow, looking over our shoulder, for it may be said of you, as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, "he had small Latin and less Greek;") we beg to refer them to the learned Dr. Ignoramus Pedanticus for an explanation; who, although he has been shamed out of publishing his quarterly reports of diseases in *bad Latin and worse Greek*, can not get rid of his itch for appearing erudite. Disdaining the use of the humble, vulgar, and vernacular tongues, prevailing in this country, this luminary of the western hemisphere, issues tick-

ets of admission to his lectures in Latin, *manufactured for the occasion*, in manner and form following; that is to say:

AUDITOR
PRÆLECTIONUM
 DE
ANATOMIA PHYSIOLOGIA
ET CHIRURGIA
 IN
 INSTITUTIONE MEDICA MARIANOPOLI,
PRÆCEPTORÆ
Joanne Stephenson, M. D. S. C. L. &c.

We are happy to preserve, for the perusal and admiration of remote posterity, this specimen of the *eruditio excellentissima* of the present age in the renowned city of MARIANOPOLIS—Oh, blessed virgin! didst thou ever think of being promoted to figure in the lecturer's tickets of a medical institution in thy city of MARIANOPOLIS? and ye, geographers of the present, ye historians of future ages, put into your gazetteers and chronicles, that MARIANOPOLIS is the Stephensonian name of the Indian HOCHELAGA, the French MONTREAL, and the Scriblerian MOUNT-ROYAL. Fortunate city! blessed with such a copious list of names, with such a sublime institution, and such an exquisitely learned doctor! For ourselves, we dare not presume to criticise this *exemplum artis scribendi*, and beg to invite the annotations and illustrations of more learned men; yet we would just hint that our printer's devil, suggested that *præceptoræ* should have been written with an æ diphthong; and little master Gossip, when he came back from school yesterday, said he thought the ablative

absolute should have been extended to the surname as well as the baptismal appellation of the *prælector* : who should, according to the example of *Burgersdicius* for *Burgersdyk*, *Grotius* for *Groot*, *Vossius* for *Voss*, *Bensonius* for *Benson*, *cum multis aliis*, have latinicised his whole name, and then it would have stood, Joanne Stephenson-i-o, *vel* anagrammatically, O ! JOHNNY STEPHENSONY !

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Government-City Advertiser.—The rooms in the attic story in Mountain-street, are undergoing a regular wainscoating and ventilation, preparatory to the reception of a happy pair from La Prairie, Mons. LeRogue, Junr. having, after innumerable plebeian solicitations, succeeded in obtaining the hand of a farmer's daughter, of that place. *Le papa* has recommended on the occasion, *ses anciens habits qui n'ont point servi depuis ses noces*. His mamma has undertaken to provide the necessary supplies of brandy.

A melo-drama has been composed in this city, intended to be offered to the amateurs for performance, for the benefit of—whom it may concern. It is entitled, *The adventures of the Knight of the Pestle*. He first appears in the character of a shopman, from which situation he is dismissed at a *long* notice for *good* behaviour : not being able to get dubbed a regular knight, he goes about relieving distressed persons—of their purses,—and curing incurable disorders, without a license. In the second act he obtains his rank as knight of the pestle, and sallies forth seeking adventures. Posts up placards, challenging all masters of vessels to employ him, or die and be damned ; charges 30 dollars for two days attendance, sues for it, gets non-suited and

gets a rap on the knuckles from the court. Claims 80 dollars for attending the wife of another captain, not considering her as one of the crew, and capiasses the husband 30 minutes after delivering his bill. In the third act, he is discovered in a palace of Neptune, cheating at cards, and most heroically bears the buffetings and kickings consequent thereon, being consoled with the reflection that he has got all the money he won in his breeches pocket. He then sustains a combat of several hours duration, and which does not terminate till two in the morning, with his cook—cries of murder alarm the neighbourhood—they bind each other over to keep the peace, and afterwards buss and friends, and go into housekeeping again, which concludes the piece.

From the Gay-castle Gleaner. —Desirous that our village should become famous, and noted by those who travel for pleasure, it is necessary that the world should be informed of the elegant accommodations afforded here to persons of distinction, and others, by Dr. Bareleg Lowbar, who unites the qualifications of physician, apothecary and tavern-keeper, being versed in doctoring, not only the folkse, but also his liquors. He is confident of being able to give general satisfaction, and his wife, who takes no more time than three hours to provide a meal, is as smart a woman as any in the parish. He further begs to inform his friends and the public that he keeps all kinds of liquors, which he will warrant to be genuine, as he manufactures them himself.

From the Bull-frog Island Calendar. — Amateur theatricals have been got up here with spirit and effect, by the officers of our garrison. The last performance was the 31st Dec. when the *Beaux Stratagem* and the *Irish Widow*, were acted: The next is to be on the 19th instant, when the *Minor*, and *Three weeks after marriage* will be performed.

Mem. We sadly want a reporter from the Isle of Bull-frogs.

From the South Cumberland Intelligencer. — Mr. Dicky Gossip may perhaps be of some service to a young character of this place, who would fain be a gentleman, both at public as-

semblies and in private companies, by warning him not to tread on gentlemen's toes in ballrooms, as well as against a certain fluency of speech, which, when admitted into decent company, gives his loquacity the power of a water-mill, and prevents all others from being heard. Characters as *hale* as himself have sometimes hurt their shins by stumbling over a tea-
CA(D)DY.

From the Twirlingtown Spy and Selfite Compendium.—Mrs. Bagstone, has offered her husband a hundred dollars to go and leave her, but he is so unreasonable as to refuse to consent to leave her for less than \$300—which all the old ladies (male and female) of the place declare is an unconsiconable demand, considering as how it is reported that he is incapable of doing duty.

“Caution against going tight laced.” After endeavouring in vain to *warn-her* against the consequences, the friends of miss Fanny were alarmed to find that she fainted away the other evening at the assembly-room, from being screwed up too much *a la dandizette*; but as no fatal effects followed, it is feared the young lady may continue incorrigible.

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, AND AMATORY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. *Moses*; who, it is said, has been caught *napping* with his dairymaid, intends shortly to take her for better for worse,

He says, she'll excellently serve his turn ;
For then together, they can warm the bed,
Together make the cheese, and butter churn ;
And with large cow-horns decorate his head.

Mr. Johnny Baked-ham, is now reported to be a successful candidate for the honour of Miss Harriet Caleche's hand.

Miss Churchyard of Clarence-town, it is said, has given the go-by to Lieutenant Saymore ; but rumour does not say whether Dr. Waggoner, or Dr. Von Anthony, is to be the happy man, both of these learned gentlemen being very assiduous in their devotions to the lady.

Lord ! when will these flirts get married ?

Mr. Gorge of Clarence-town, is the intended of Miss Selkin of Mount Royal ;

Mr. Fitz-Caroline, of Miss Lalah Snakel ;

Mr. Donaldson, of Miss Jenny Ditto ; &

Mr. Carlo, of the young and pretty Miss St. Lawrence.—

Mem. Mr. Gossip begs to caution this young lady not to wall

a-nights up and down thro' the butchers' stalls in the new market, after marriage.

Curious billet of intelligence, copied verbatim et literatim, in order to shew the drudgery we have sometimes to undergo, in decyphering, correcting and rewriting the scrawls we receive.

"Sir—I have to informe you that a young gentelman has been running after a young lady, belonging to the schoole beyond the Recole church, he has now being running after ther sence lest fall but he has not been abel to say a word to them for he is two shamefull. he wood well wish that the young leadies wood speek to him first to answer them in a foolish manner for he does not know how to speak freanch nor English, for when he is to the side of a young leady he is like a turky cock to the side of a turky henn for all that he saiz is yes and know. And dat is all for the present. I hope that wee shall se this pies of wok in our next one. I remain yours
EDITO."

A certain lawyer, considered the presumptive heir of *Warren's* Seignory, who suffers much, at intervals, from the malign influence of his ruling star, *Lucifer*, has lately been subjected to a great mortification by the unexpected frustration of a scheme, which, by the inspiration of his tutelar deity, he had most happily conceived.

This stately gentleman drives a tandem *carry-all*, of which he makes use to transport unwary damsels to divers convenient stations in the neighbourhood of this city, for a purpose easily imagined. By incessant importunities he, one evening, extorted from a certain female, who stands *loco uxoris* to some one, a promise to take a seat in his vehicle to Fort Stark, there to spend the evening. The lady asked but for one minute to adjust her dress for the occasion—the charioteer, content with the prospect of so soon enjoying the long sought delight, waits with patience, whip in hand. At length the nymph takes her station by the side of the enamoured youth, who urges his foaming steeds swiftly towards the fort. Overcome by the impatience of love, he had scarcely reached the *Papineau*-road, when, seized with the desire of snatching a foretaste of the joys to come, he rapturously embraced her, and was about to repeat the operation, when he discovered, by the aid of the spectacles that usually adorn his nose, that the cruel belle with whom he had made the bargain, had substituted in her place, and invested with her customary garb, an old and toothless scullion-wench. The poor lawyer enraged that he should have lavished his fond caresses upon her, compelled the hag, by way of revenge, to trudge her weary road back on foot. This sad metamorphosis, by which he would not have been tormented had he been accompanied by his *pastoral* friend and *prototype*, who is gifted with keener

visions was not the sole mortification he endured : for, it is reported, that going, shortly afterwards, to pay his adorations at the shrine of the temple of *Victory*, in Rochester-street, he was violently assaulted by the priestess, who, having heard of his attempt to commit infidelity, in revenge, shattered the organs of his second sight.

WANTED, in a country village, where a good run of business may be had, a Yankee licensed doctor. As the inhabitants are tolerably ignorant, little attention will be required, after the first call, whether dangerously ill or not. Should he understand putting down Charrivarries, and getting up religious societies, and also be willing to act as a tool for one of the prudential committee, it may be of advantage to him. The doctor with the longest legs will be preferred. N. B. The art of educating dogs may also be lucratively exercised, as there are many puppies in the place

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

JUST PUBLISHED

A Statement of the case of Bartholomew Tierney, late guager at Port St. Johns, Lower Canada, respectfully addressed to the public. Montreal, James Lane, printer. pp. 48. 8vo.

To CORRESPONDENTS. The substance of OBSERVER's communication will appear in next number. That concluding, "*the writer you know, therefore beg that you will excuse him affixing his name to this,*" will also be availed of: the editor returns his thanks to that gentleman for his attention in giving him the further private information transmitted; he need be under no apprehension of any miscarriage, if letters are dropped into the Scribbler letter-box, in which office none are ever opened, excepting by that confidential and inestimable friend known to all Montreal, when *she* happens to be there, and from whom nothing whatever is kept concealed. A FRIEND TO THE BLUE BOOK, and PEEPING HARRY, when refined and altered, will work in. PYRON may rely that the subject he alludes to shall be handled with discretion, and more decency than it is in another communication, (Mr. BOBBERY's,) which can only be partially made use of. HAWK & Co. tho' they have sent a good epigram, as it would hurt the feelings of an amiable young lady, will excuse its suppression. AMINTOR's second attempt at poetry is as bad as the first.

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.