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THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 4th APRIL, 1822. No. XLI.

*E vincete in ogni impresa
Quando vengono alla contesa
La bellezza e la virtù.*

METASTASIO.

Victorious oft are beauty's eyes,
With bright cerulean humid hue;
But, when with beauty, virtue vies,
Blended, resistless they're in you.

*Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna.*

HORACE.

There's none mote worthy of the nuptial torch.

La Chine, March 29th 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As in a former number of your miscellany you intimated a wish for having foragers in the different villages in the vicinity of Montreal, I beg leave to offer you my services in that respect for this speck upon the habitable globe. Independant of its own circles of society, which I can assure you, are really unique in their kind, its proximity to your fashionable city renders it an agreeable place of resort, especially during the summer season, for parties of *Tonish Bigwigs*, fonder of sporting about than of paying their debts; *Honest Cits*, who are seeking a temporary escape from the toils of business; *City-Bucks*, who intend to cut a shine and astonish country-folk, mounted on dashing bits of blood got on tick from a livery stable; imperious *North-Westerns*, with their subordinate slave-drivers, dispatching their brigades, masters and men being all pretty nearly equal in

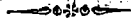
the scale of civilization; these with an intermixture of inferior classes, form the society with which we are honoured. Our grand hotel (for we, aping our betters, can also boast of a mansion-house-hotel) kept by mother Whang, exhibits on such occasions a deal of variety, and affords an ample field for a forager. If therefore you will be kind enough to enroll me in your corps of foragers, you shall quickly hear again from,

Your's truly

CAPTAIN FLASH.

This is to certify that Captain Flash is hereby regularly appointed forager to the Scribbler at La Chine.

L. L. MACCULLOH.



I cheerfully comply with the request of the author of the following lines for an early insertion of them.

TO STELLA.

To thee, my fair, of flowers, of Spring,
 Of grassy meads, of birds that sing
 Thro' choral groves in dulcet lay
 That charms the listening ear of May,
 Of Flora's jocund self who reigns
 The blithesome empress of the plains,
 Of incense-breathing gales among
 The solemn whispering pines, I've sung;
 Now turn I from the vernal scene,
 To find those charms in thee, my queen,
 Those charms that I delight to trace
 Of mild within, or outward grace,
 And shew how many more there be
 Than Spring can boast, all met in thee.
 First, in thy clear cerulean eye,
 I see a bright unclouded sky,
 That passion daves not e'en deform
 With sullen, dark, unlovely storm
 To dim those beacons of the mind
 Which heaven, in wisdom, hath design'd
 To speak a language that is known
 And read by sympathy alone.
 I see the Sun; my feeble gaze
 O'erpower'd is by his ardent blaze

I see thine eye ;—'tis mild and clear ;—
 Intelligence sits beaming there,
 In rays how sweet !—The inmost soul
 Directs it by her own controul
 With pity gentle ; kind to melt,
 To shoot emotion when 'tis felt,
 To glow with Love's peculiar fire,
 Pure and unmix'd with loose desire ;—
 To check with chaste severity
 The gaze of lewdness, wanton, free ;—
 To plead in eloquence of grief ;
 To gush in tears to give relief
 To woes within ;—to kindle bright
 When joy resumes its clouded light
 T'inform those little sprites that go
 On tell-tale errands to and fro,
 What to deposit in the cells
 Where tenant soul—where Reason dwells ;
 Where Fancy fans its vivid fire ;
 Where blushes hide, and sighs retire ;
 Where latent frowns, forbidding, lie
 That dart displeasure when they fly ;
 Whence smiles proceed that light the face
 With every dear, enchanting grace ;
 Where Mirth reposes, and where Fear
 Stands tiptoe, with distended ear ;
 Where Sympathy on downy bed,
 Sensation all, reclines her head ;
 Where Love, the urchin, lurks when he
 Presumes with passion to make free ;
 Where Conscience sits, with lifted scale,
 Admitting self to frequent bail ;
 Where every tie that binds the heart
 Lies ready, watching when to start.
 —Yes!—thus it is—yet how, or why
 'Tis as I've told it, know not I—
 But this I know—it warms my heart
 When those intelligences dart,
 And thro' the soul's bright heralds shine,
 To interchange themselves with mine.
 I see—am seen—I know—am known—
 I feel what soul can feel alone,
 What soul alone to soul can tell,
 'Tis no deceit—I know it well,
 For oft I've felt its magic spell.
 Then, since thine eye its uses lends
 To serve so many noble ends,
 Should I not think it the first feature
 Kind heaven hath given a lovely creature,
 And in it beauties ten to one
 See more than in the brightest sun ?
 And who's the sceptic that denies
 The magic force of brilliant eyes,
 That from beneath their arches fair
 All that is intellect declare ?

In every feature of thy face
 Beauty and symmetry I trace;
 Proportion, air, attemper'd meety,
 With colour, colour blended sweetly,
 Which stand attentive handmaids by
 To lend their aid to mistress eye.
 Nor yellow tassels that adorn
 The virgin ears of Indian corn,
 Nor vernal foliage, may compare,
 My Stella, with thine auburn hair,
 That hangs its tresses round thy face,
 Waving with undulating grace,
 And downward rolls itself to deck
 Thy shoulders fine and ivory neck,
 And e'en in playful curls descends,
 And touches with its crispy ends
 The twin protuberances that rest
 Their bases on the swelling chest.
 The rose that dewy nectar sips,
 Is it more sweet than thy sweet lips?
 Or is it with vermilion bright
 Ting'd so as more to charm the sight
 Than the fair flowers of either cheek,
 That bloom, and blush—nay almost speak?
 Or is the lilly's white, express
 Better than on thy snowy breast?
 Or would the leaf its texture dare
 At all with thy soft skin compare?
 Or could the vocal sounding grove
 With Stella vie in notes of love,
 Or give to the delighted ear
 Those strains 'tis rapture e'en to hear?
 Or is the perfume-bearing gale,
 That revels in the flowery vale,
 More fragrant than thy balmy breath?
 Or are less beautiful thy teeth
 Than pearly drops of dewy morn,
 That glitter on the leafy thorn?
 Or would soft pity's gentle tear
 Less than a drop from heaven appear,
 Or should the arms of yonder pine
 Come in comparison with thine,
 That move, obedient to the will,
 Or by like agency are still?
 Or is there any thing that stands
 A rival match for thy fair hands,
 Which in soft, flexile points divide,
 Where nicest nerves of touch reside,
 That, or for beauty, or for use,
 Their equals e'er we can produce?
 O no! these, every thing combined,
 And more than these, in thee I find.
 Within the mansion of thy breast
 The virtues love to build their nest.
 There Friendship sits and waits to know

On whom her treasures to bestow:
 There sits Compassion with her brief,
 And kindly notes the sons of grief.
 In short, the heavenly train of sweet
 Affections in that mansion meet,
 That render woman dearer than
 All things besides to lordly man;
 That give her more than strength to bind
 The stubborn, uncongenial mind,
 And fix dominion in his soul
 By soft, persuasive, mild controul,
 As by some influence from above
 Midst whom, the queen of passions, Love,
 Directs their energies, and tries
 What force in all collected lies.
 Those nourishers that life impart,
 Drawn from the fountain of the heart.
 In dulcet rills, I there behold,
 Fashioned in beauty's finest mould,
 In which, methinks, I can't but trace
 Peculiar elegance and grace,
 To which th'all-wise, eternal mind
 The principle of life hath join'd.
 Now when I turn my thoughts and see
 What and how much I find in thee:
 That thou art not a fancied elf,
 But flesh and blood e'en like myself,
 Made by the same Creator, good,
 Of the same substance, and endued
 With passions, hopes and fears the same;
 With like affections, stature, frame;
 With reasonable soul that's sure
 To live while old time shall endure;
 With powers to reproduce and give
 Like brings on like terms to live;
 That thou canst move, and think, and tell
 What joys thy raptur'd bosom swell;
 What pains disturb thy throbbing breast
 When by disease or grief oppress;
 That by the lightning of thine eye
 The soul itself I can descry;
 That I can hear, see, feel and know
 These things are absolutely so;
 I'm lost in wonder, and adore
 Th'all-good, all-wise, almighty power
 That made us beings as we are,
 And guards us by his kindest care.
 I see my softened counter-part;
 I own her dear unto my heart
 As dear as life my bosom glows
 With what my understanding knows,
 And lovely Stella seems to me
 All that created thing can be.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. IV.

It is reported that a certain medical gentleman felt so indignant at the disclosure made by the mad daughter of King Priam, that he intended to challenge the nabob to single combat, either at pill, bolus, or pestle, but was persuaded to forego his death-doing purpose, from the apprehension of what the consequences might be to all the little future nabobs: he need not, however, have been so much alarmed, as it is said that there are several other candidates ambitious of the honour, the deprivation of which the officious lady is supposed to have been deploring whilst confined to her chamber.

Sporting Intelligence. Last Thursday the lady of Admiral Nut, and her hubby, left her house in Essefex street on a gull-shooting party, accompanied by her sister miss Christina Wasp as first shot, with three methodist ministers as baggers of the game. The lady provided herself with a gull, before starting; it was really *dowdy** to see how the poor bird looked as if it had some idea for what it was brought out. When the party arrived at the spot, it was let loose, when miss Wasp brought it down at the first shot, and the parsons bagged the game in grand sportsman style. The party returned in the evening to the hospitable mansion of the lady Admiral, and partook of one of her most elegant repasts, one half of the expence of which was defrayed out of the Admiral's pay, agreeably to the marriage-articles between them.

An *Observer* confirms the fact that on the market-day after Count Old-Joseph's fiat had gone forth interdicting the frequenters of the News-room from reading a certain popular paper, he

* *Scotification*; sorrowful, dismal.

did, in propria persona, purchase an entire sheep, for seven dollars, being one of the fine prize sheep exhibited on the 7th ult. together with a noble calfs head, with the intention of inviting his brother-directors of the Montreal Library to partake of an entertainment in which he meant to exhibit how excellently a sheep's carcass and a calf's head can be made to assimilate.

Law-report. The important trial of Count Old-Joseph, Mr. Jarret, Mr. McSlaughterem, and Mrs. McRope, for a conspiracy against the Scribbler, upon the indictment recently published, has taken place. Mrs. McRope, having clearly proved an alibi, was acquitted; the others were found guilty, but recommended to mercy by the jury, the two first on account of imbecility of intellect, and Mr. McSlaughterem because it was proved that in this, as in many preceding instances, he was no other than a cat's paw, and a scapegoat, for others behind the curtain.

NOTICE. *The gentleman whose brains are said to be rather desiccated, and who has frequently been seen sneaking about the military messhouse, after having been told not to shew his face there, is advised not to repeat this trespass upon urbanity.*

MR. EDITOR,

I have often been surprised to observe that you do not favour your very numerous readers with an occasional notification of marriages reported as likely to take place among the fashionables of this gayest of cities; such notices are frequently seen in the London papers, and why not follow so good an example? Perhaps this omission may arise from a want of correct information, permit me therefore to send you the following, which you may rely upon as authentic.

A. SUBSCRIBER.

The following matrimonial arrangements in high life are shortly to take place.

The gallant Lieut. Col. Michilimackinac is to receive the fair hand of the amiable and accomplished Miss Newark. The happy pair, it is said, will spend the honeymoon at Drummond-island.

Lieut. Sycophant of the *airailleurs*, to the disconsolate widow Ogle dem; this match is represented to be extremely obnoxious to the Loverule family, but the lady having been attacked last autumn with a violent fit of flirtation, which has continued without intermission during the whole winter, in defiance of every remedy, the family-physician has recommended as a last resource the application of a husband.

Ensign Flagstaff* to the agreeable miss Newark Junr.

Lieutenant Dandy to miss Loverule: and

The Reverend Mr. Moral Police to the beautiful miss Hogsflesh, Junior.

Multum in Parvo. Fort Stark operations last week, as usual, pleasant, sociable, and, but for the roads, comfortable. Mrs. East's ball, nothing to be said against, excepting that Mr. Mr. Mr. and Mr. † again offended against the rules of decency and propriety by appearing in a state of intoxication. Amateur Theatre performances, much below par, excepting Leonora, who was ably personated by a young gentleman of the Derby family. General Drillman's ball on the 28th, well attended, and continues to deserve the patronage of the public.

Printed and Published by Dicky Gossip at the Sign of the Teatable.

JONATHAN is unintelligible; TOM BOWLING is received. Want of room again compels the postponement of several articles.

Just Published. *Narrative of the conversion of S. C. Blyth, to the Roman Catholic faith; for sale at A. Bowman's, St. François Xavier Street, price 2s. 6d.*

A Letter to a friend in Nova Scotia on banking institutions in Canada. By Maurice Mask, Esq. For Sale at James Brown's, price 2s. 6d.

* A gentleman related to the family of the Flagstaff's being ambitious of a place in the Scribbler, has attained his object by asking a lady, to whom he was unknown, in the street, "shall I walk with you?"

† Blanks are left for the delinquents' names to be filled in, which any body may do, as they are well known.