

THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Durum, sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

HORACE.

'Tis hard, but when we needs must bear,
Enduring patience makes the burthen light. CREBCH.

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit.

HORACE.

Right about, left about, that's the way,
No matter what all the world may say.

— *Lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare docet Amaryllida sylvam.*

VIRGIL.

Lo! to the shepherd's pipe, reclining in the shade,
Fair Amaryllis' name resounds thro' every glade.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.

HORACE.

Beneath a motley coat, mix sage advice with jests.

CAROLINE SUMNER, *continued.*

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and so it was with Caroline; her hopes and expectations of receiving an answer to her letter to Lotario, sanguine as they were at first, gradually grew fainter and fainter from the time she could reasonably expect it, and finally died away, when she had disposed of her clothes, in order to satisfy, in part, the demands of the old woman in whose power she now was, and who, when she found that nothing else was to be got, turned her out of doors, with both her children, for nobody would take charge of them, without security that they should not become burthensome to the parish.

Behold her now a wretched, forlorn, wanderer, without a friend to relieve her ; no roof under which to shelter herself and her infants from the inclemency of the weather ; no means of procuring even subsistence for the dreary day which was passing over her head, when she turned from the door of her heartless and unprincipled late hostess. To have recourse to her aunt, promised little chance of relief ; yet that seemed to be the only step she could take, and she ventured to write to her, letting her know she was married, though not to whom ; and beseeching her to afford her some assistance, or at least, not to suffer her two babies to perish for want of proper care and nourishment.

She had got leave to sit in a shop while she wrote, and sent her letter by a boy that run on errands for the neighbourhood ; but Cælia, had the inhumanity, so far from taking any compassion on her case, to order one of her maids to go to the place where the boy had said she was, and tell her, she would have nothing to say to her ;—that if one shilling would save her and her brats from starving, she would sooner throw it in the kennel than bestow it on her ; and that if ever she durst come into the neighbourhood where she lived, she would have her taken up and sent to the house of correction.

The poor girl was obliged to obey her lady in delivering this cruel message, but softened it as much as was in her capacity, or indeed the meaning of it would bear. Although Caroline, who knew perfectly well the severity of her aunt's temper, had endeavoured to arm herself against the worst she could expect ; yet she could not bear this unnatural reply to her request, without swooning away : the people of the shop, had the compassion to give her a glass of water with some

drops, but as soon as she recovered, they desired her to go away, as they knew not what might happen, and she had two children with her. Cælia's maid, whose name was Lucy, could not forbear shedding tears, to see a lady, on whom she had waited, reduced to this miserable condition, and put three shillings into her hand, which she said was all that at that time she was mistress of. Poor Caroline thanked her with a humility befitting her present state, but told her, that whatever opinions might be formed respecting her, she did not doubt but she would, in a short time, be able to repay the shillings she had lent with more than an equal number of guineas.

They parted, and Caroline paced through the streets in search of houses which had bills put up for lodgings to let, hoping to get some shelter till she could write again to Lothario, and hear from him; but the little infants she had in her arms prevented every one from taking her in, and as it grew towards dark, she was obliged to go to an inn, and even there she could not be admitted, without paying beforehand, and till she had consented to be locked all night in her chamber; so fearful were they of her going away before they were stirring, and leaving the children on their hands.

This was a dreadful night to the unhappy sufferer. With floods of tears, and anguish unutterable, did the fair forlorn hang over the dear babes, and mourn their wants more than her own: while they, insensible of their misfortunes, fed from their mother's breasts, smiled in her face, and seemed to chide her griefs.

Yet she was not so lost and overwhelmed as to be incapable of reflection. She remembered there was a just, a merciful, and an almighty power, who saw her miseries, and who knew she

had not, by any act of shame, brought them on herself. Great was the consolation that the principles of rational religion, and her trust in the ultimate benevolence of providence, afforded her; and, though some weak and almost unavoidable whisperings of despair, bade her, at times, to think of a relief from her miseries in this world, by rushing upon the unknown one, she repelled them almost as soon as they arose, and fortified her mind with the conviction that the sure footsteps of time, and the immutable principles of eternal justice, would raise up relief from her miseries, even out of those miseries themselves, and by means, and at times, unknown and unforeseen. In this frame of mind also, she possessed the power of considering what was best to be done: money she had none, but the remains of that poor pittance she had received from the charity of her aunt's servant Lucy—clothes she had none—friends she had none,—she had been kept so much confined by her aunt that she had acquaintance with but few, and intimacy with none—a lodging she found it was impossible to procure: what remedy then remained? There seemed to be but one; and that was to declare the whole secret of her marriage with Lothario. Were she to do that, she thought it might be possible to find some person who would supply her necessities, at least till he could be written to, and the truth explained; but even of this she could not be assured, and even if she had, her repugnance was invincible to forfeiting the promise she had made to Lothario of keeping his name and engagement with her from the knowledge of all the world, till after the decease of that mother whose peace he pretended was so dear to him. As she could not be positively sure he was either false or unkind, since many accidents, which

such a distance interposed between them, might have prevented her from receiving any letter from him, she resolved to suffer any thing, rather than violate her faith. "I can but die, with my little ones, for want," said she to herself, "and life would be a misfortune to us, without the affection and support of him, from whom alone we can expect it."

After many troublesome and confused thoughts, she found the only remedy from starving was to beg; and since that must be the case, it seemed better to her to get, by such means as she could, into the country where Lothario dwelt, than to stay in London, without a settled habitation. She thought, if she had but strength to walk, the sight of her distress, and her two children, would excite the charity of some persons to bestow such alms upon her as would help her on her way; and that, when she arrived in the neighbourhood of her husband's seat, she should be able to find out whether he was yet returned from the excursion he had told her of; and if he was, to send him word where she was, and the accidents which had brought her thither.

Strange as this resolution may appear, she, at length, after a sleepless night, determined upon putting it in practice, as she considered she had but that other one resource, which, as has already been observed, she was absolutely fixed against.

Early the next morning, therefore, she left the inn, with her dear load; proceeding to a part of the town, where she could obtain coarser garments than those, the remains of her fashionable wardrobe, which she had on at present, she obtained the sum of ninepence, by the exchange, in addition to her little stock; and set out on her weary pilgrimage. What adventures befel her

in it shall hereafter be related, but it will be first necessary to see what was become of Lothario.

(*To be continued.*)

Mount Royal 16th May.

MR. EDITOR,

I have frequently had the pleasure of perusing your Scribbler, and wishing to render it more complete, I feel bound to inform you that you seem to forget some of the dashing ladies of Mount Royal, and their parties. I beg to recommend to your notice a lady, resident not a hundred miles from the Methodist chapel, formerly a miss Venator of Quebec, but now Mrs. Piscator. Since her commencement in housekeeping, she has conducted every thing to the utmost satisfaction of her husband. Of her laudable management allow me to adduce the instance of a splendid dinner given yesterday at her mansion, which was furnished forth for a party of eight, out of four pounds of beefsteaks, and the whole family consisting of no more than thirteen, you may readily conceive there was an ample sufficiency to fill the hollow teeth of the servants in the kitchen, when the remains of the dinner came down stairs. Things do not, perhaps, in every other respect, correspond with the munificence of her table, for, although we must acknowledge her to be the lady of a first-rate merchant (as merchants go here,) and that it is of course requisite to keep it up in style with the rest of the nobility of Mount Royal, she has arrived only yet at the point of having her one horse carriage; but if more *fish* comes to *her* net, she may probably sport a curricule and pair ere long; in the mean time, she has her man and maid servants to wait on her, and every other comfort that a merchant's lady can wish for, sees

the first of company, dresses in the best style, and sports a gold watch, which, it is said, cost forty guineas.

Her dear Mr. Piscator being now returned to her arms, no doubt that he will regulate his household both day and night, and dispose of his own wares himself, so that there will be little occasion for the assistance of a *vendue-master* to knock them down, as it was said at my aunt's tea-table the other evening, was the case during his absence.

TABITHA TWIC.

Although I do not in general like to interfere with the ephemeral squabbles and momentary ebullitions between newspaper editors and their correspondents, or much to notice either the conduct or contents of those inferior appendages to literature; excepting where there is any thing extremely reprehensible in them, a recent instance of which is noticed in another page; yet, the public journals having of course some influence on the public mind, it may not be amiss at the commencement of the career of a new editor, for him to receive some occasional admonition; on which account, I admit the following; the rather, as I think I recognise in the handwriting a not unfrequent contributor to this work.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Please allow the following letter a place in the Scribbler.

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.

Sir,—Every conductor of a public print is supposed either to avow his principles or to be without any; and, if entirely destitute, like the faded leaf in autumn, we find him subject to be driven about by every changing gale. It is morally certain that an editor with no fixed principles, who endeavours to regulate his conduct, so as to

accord with the wishes of every one, will, in fact, please no one. The reason for my premising this, we shall see just now, and the maxim laid down, though a trite one, will be found strictly true. You have lately succeeded to the editorial department of the Herald. In doing this it appears that you have not only assumed the functions, but have adopted the system of your predecessor, viz. *la prevarication est devenue un usage, et l'usage une loi*. I hope, however, that Canada has not become so Scotchified as to admit the propriety, or even the policy, of this principle; at least neither vindication nor palliation of it will be found in the breasts of the honest Canadians. But to the matter under consideration.

Not long ago I transmitted to you a communication, respecting the *Beach* in front of this city; * which every one knows is in a most detes-

*I enclose to you, Mr. Macculloch, both this and the other communication afterwards alluded to, and leave it to you to print them, at your option, in the shape of appended notes or otherwise. The first is as follows:

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.

Sir,—Doubtless you are well acquainted with the present condition of the *Beach*, in front of this city. To describe it poetically it seems like

"A dreary swamp, with marshes deep and many,
Where beasts dwell not, but fill'd with frightful toads,
And croaking frogs."

But this is too poor a picture, and will afford you but an imperfect idea of the disagreeable plight which it is in. Cats, dogs, rats, and almost every species of filth, lie, in "confusion worse confounded," from end to end. As I was passing along that horrible slough this morning, musing upon things, "high, wonderful and strange," not being overmuch cautious of my feet, one of them chanced to slip, and, in a moment, your humble servant lay stretched in the mud, like a wounded Cossack in the field of battle. Methinks, however, that you will say, falling into the mud was not getting wounded; but, my dear sir, begging your pardon, I was wounded in the tenderest part, for my pride received a most confounded blow, there being no less than four young ladies, a few rods be-

table plight, for insertion. You declined inserting it, stating that you had no objection, either to the *letter* or *spirit* thereof, and believed what it contained to be *correct*, adding that "if the public have the right of complaint, we think a *serious* statement would be more suitable." As much indeed as to say the public have no right to complain of a public nuisance, and that your grave muscles must not be disturbed for the benefit of the community. Pray, sir, did you ever read the preface to Pope's satires? If you have not, I would advise you to turn to it, and you will find that, in speaking of the general conduct of mankind, he observes, "to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence;" "Moreover," says he, "laughing satire bids fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor." But we have not yet arrived at the climax of your inconsistency. Supposing you to be of a saturnine, and mopish caste, and that, if I adapted my next to your own taste, it would meet with a welcome, I sent you, a few days after, another

hind me. Zounds! thought I to myself, they will take me for a hog wallowing in the mire. But thought I again, if I ever get washed, I shall not be likely to return immediately: so I crept out, and having got home, wrote you this epistle. As soon as I shall have scrubbed myself up a little and put on a new suit of clothes, I shall, probably, pay a visit to our harbour-master. In the mean time, do you please to insert this in your paper, and greatly oblige your humble servant, and friend, &c.

JACK MUDDYFACE.

Montreal, 27th April, 1823.

You will oblige a wellwisher by giving the above a nook; as it may cause a laugh, if no more, and would be as likely to procure a remedy for the grievance complained of, as if the matter was treated more seriously.

piece, entitled "Life without a friend."* But judge of my chagrin and surprise, when you declined inserting it, "as being *too serious* both in

* *For the Herald*

Mr. Editor,—Having been, heretofore, in the habit of making occasional trips to Parnassus, and being in rather a "mute musing mood" this morning, I chanced to blunder astride of old Pegasus; and; to be brief, paid a visit to the Castalian spring. So that you may rest assured the following morceau, is fresh from the fountain.

LIFE WITHOUT A FRIEND.

Life, O where are thy charms without one kind friend
 To compassion a heart stung with woe;
 To soften each pang, and sweet sympathy blend
 With the tears that for anguish may flow?
 When sickness annoys, and the head droops with pain,
 And the heart weeps the woe-begone-while,
 To banish its gloom, its sad burstings restrain—
 And, with kindness, the moments beguile?

Oh! thou hast but one, and, when that is denied,
 Every other proves scarce worth a name—
 A charm that by friendship is sadly supplied,
 And 't is one that's for ever the same:—
 'T is a *conscience serene*, an innocent mind,
 A soul to soft tenderness given,—
 That bears her misfortunes, and calmly resign'd,
 Can look up with confidence to HEAVEN.

L. A. L.

In justice to the editor of the Herald I have given these communications, verbatim, as they have been sent me. Had they been sent to me originally for insertion, I should probably have done so, but have corrected and polished them, as I generally do all pieces that pass through my mill, according to my own fancy and judgement. Now this process, though very well for a Scribbler by profession, can not be expected from editors of newspapers; who must have *sufficient time, sufficient inclination, and sufficient abilities*, for the purpose; the first all editors will say they have not, the second every correspondent will say they have not, and the third the public will say they have not; so that it would be very unreasonable to expect that from them which they themselves, their correspondents, and the public, are unanimous in considering as impracticable.

L. L. M.

subject and manner." Probably had it been a song, scissored from an American paper; the account of a Yankee horserace; or a long extract from the Waverly novels, or Blackwood's magazine, it would have been admitted. What shall we say of such vacillation, and contradiction? Parodying a question of Junius: Is this the wisdom of an editor, or is it the ominous vibration of a pendulum? As a pretext for my addressing myself to you, I will quote your own words, from the same number; "The principles of newspapers have ever been held a fair subject for discussion." It may be, however, that you think of your own remarks, as Anacharsis said to Solon, respecting the administration of his laws, *Ce sont les sages qui discutent, et les fous qui decident.* But I have done with you for the present.

"Rail on my friend! What more my verse can crown
Than *Lewis'* smile, and your obliging frown."

A QUIDNUNC.

Montreal, 12th May, 1823.

It is with some indignation that I have seen that, notwithstanding my strong reprehension, and repeated proscription, of all and every article in the public papers relating to that blot upon the English character, the brutal custom of encouraging boxing-matches, a Canadian paper has again ventured to disgrace its columns, by copying from those of an English one, an account of one of those disgusting exhibitions with all its vulgar cant. In the Quebec Mercury of the 20th May, the article in question is headed by the wretchedly misapplied slang term "the Fancy." For shame! Let me not see any such deviations from my precepts in future.

L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.
TO STELLA.

Stella ! see, the smiling spring
Spreads abroad her plummy wing,
Spotted o'er with blushing flowers,
Radiant with the sunny hours,
From the chambers of the sky,
Where hoar winter comes not nigh,
From her glowing chambers, where
Summer fills the circling year ;—
Forth she comes :—with tardy wing,
Winter yields his place to spring
That comes, reviving suns to roll,
In spiral circuits, round the utmost pole.
Stella ! lo ! the blooming thorn
Scents the breath of ruddy morn,
While gay spring her carpet spreads,
Soft as velvet, o'er the meads,
Deeply tinged with purest green,
Sweet, luxuriant, mossy, clean,
Spotted round with flowerets gay,
Gifts of bland floriferous May—
May, that sheds reviving showers,
Lights up heaven with lightest hours,
And decks the earth with foilage new
Of texture fine, and every varied hue.
Stella, lo ! the leafy shade,
Broad in yonder grove is spread :—
Wide the maple bough expands,
Dark with leaves the elm-tree stands,
And the oak, with honours crown'd,
Throws its shade along the ground,
Cool and grateful, as the rill
Bursting fresh from yonder hill,
Winding thro' the solemn glade,
'Twixt the banks itself hath made,
Deck'd with tufts of grass and brake,
Haunts, where sly lies the harmless garter-snake.
There is seen the slender vine
Close its tendril arms to twine
Round the boughs, while, overhead,
Thick its matted roof is spread.
Thither, Stella ! while the day
Glow's with noon, we'll hie away,
And hide us in the cooling shade,
By the climbing wild vines made,

And the bitter-sweet* that chief
 Spreads its broad and glassy leaf ;—
 There let me tell thee how my soul
 Yields to thy charms, and love's divine controul :—
 How my throbbing heart, on fire,
 Swells with strong, yet chaste, desire ;
 How the stealing rapture flows
 Thro' my veins with burning throes ;
 How the dear, delicious, pes:
 Ranges thro' my captive breast ;
 How his every art he tries.
 While his rapid arms he plies,
 How my conscious orbs of light
 Drink from thine the liquid light,
 That, like lightning, strikes my heart
 And tingling, forceful, shoots thro' every part.

ERIEUS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXII.

In our last number but one, we took occasion to attribute to the backwardness of the spring, and the late season in which the "spirit of the genial year," ferments in the veins and bosoms of the fair and young in this climate, to attribute to that cause the few announcements we were then able to make of EXPECTED NUPTIALS. Our following number, however, contained an increasing list, and we are now happy to add, for the satisfaction of His Majesty's ministers, that the progress of population in this country, bids fair to be as rapid as in any other, a considerable number of incipient contracts for providing an additional number of liege subjects of George IV, having been reported to us. From these we take the following, to begin with:

There has been a great contest between Miss Maggy Bell Estre Donaldson, and Miss M. A. St. Dizzy, for the hand of Alick Losenone, esquire, M. D. &c. late of the highflyers: Miss Donaldson carried the day, and the nuptials are soon to be

*The general country name of the *Solanum dulcamarum* of the American botanists.

celebrated; and Miss M. A. St. Dizzy has made up her mind to take, for better or worse, lieut. Watervine, also of the high flyers; it is understood that it is to be stipulated in the marriage articles, that the lady's nails are to be kept pared short.

Mr. Theodore Mole. to Miss Emily St. Dizzy: great hopes are entertained that their progeny will set the St. Lawrence in a blaze.

Francois Robespierre, Esq. J. P. to the Widow Swaddle. The dowager has promised to nurse and love her *cher vieux*, more than ever she did her *dindons*.

Johnny Bel Estre Donaldson, esquire, after receiving *la pelle* from numerous *belles*, is determined to espouse Miss Jacques Cheval, should she succeed in obtaining a favourable issue of the suit now pending with her uncle Carlo.

Commodore Saymore it is said, will shortly prevail upon Miss Witty Merry of Clarendtown to turn in to Hymen's birth with him. It is hoped they will be cautious how they raise the steam.

Mr. Cameron Snip, who is occasionally a holder-forth, it is now said, is to take to himself a daughter of the house of bondage.

The widow Languish, with the assistance of her Saturday evening routs, has at length, conquered the heart of the redoubted captain Le-Sly. It is said that the lady owes her success principally to a report that got abroad among the young ladies to whom the captain had previously appeared devoted, that not only is the young captain a widower, but wears a wig, and commands one of the old third rate sixties, that will soon be laid up in ordinary.

The impatient Dr. At-her has laid furious siege to Moll Flaggon's mill, with the intention, if he can effect a breach, of carrying off Moll to vegetate at Cataroqui. It is expected the doctor will not find it difficult to accomplish his purpose, as—*per example*—the walls must be by this time rather decayed, having stood nearly half a century, and some vigorous assaults.

A *Union* teacher has prevailed on a blazing widow to place herself under his tuition, where no doubt she will improve in her knowledge of the multiplication-table, as he is reputed a good *workman* of all arithmetical problems.

Maurice the leather man, is now to receive the hand of a *chapman's* daughter, as his new shop is fitted up, and the lady's side saddle prepared, the incomplete state of which were the only obstacles he had to surmount.

A rumour is circulated that lawyer Terrossi, tired of the life of a libertine, is to be bound, by indenture tripartite, to

Miss Donaldson; but report having assigned that lady's hand to another, time must decide which is to be the happy man.

Sir John Luke Inn is constant in his addresses to a lovely *sweet william* some miles from Mount Royal. It is to be hoped that the next trip he takes that way, he will not remain there so long as to tire out the fair-one's patience.

From Cream-Street we learn that:

It is confidently expected that Mr. Tozey Billson will, in the course of the present summer, follow the example of his worthy brother Billa, by leading to the altar the amiable Miss Flite of Point Meritorious.

The rev. Mr. Kirk is at length to go through the marriage ceremony with the accomplished Miss Bounce. It is reported that Mrs. Justice Coward is to be presented with a *new set of plate* by young Don Carlos, (brother to the young lady) for her faithful and unwearied exertions in bringing about the match. It is also said that Miss B. (after a more intimate acquaintance) is to propose to Mrs. Cautious, to adopt the young Miss Coward as her heiress, as a further consideration of gratitude.

Capt. McLenalian of the 1st Frontenac to the beautiful Miss Warblenot of Clayhill.

All the above entries have been made at Hymen's regular customhouse; but there are a number of smugglers who are reported as dealing in Cupid's contraband wares, which we have no room to detail at present; but who will shortly make their appearance *in terrorem*, in our Intelligencer.

The ladies of Mount Royal are all extremely sorry for the departure of several of the officers of the 60th regt. as they are afraid there will be no person left capable of staring them out of countenance.

Much interesting matter for the Domestic Intelligencer, is unavoidably postponed for its continuation next week.

BLACK LIST, No. I.

CONTINUED.

Mr. ROBERT YOUNG, of Montreal, tallow-chandler, owes £ 1 4 6 for the first volume, repeatedly solicited indulgence ; might have paid in goods, but broke all his promises.

Mr. WM. WATSON, went to England, had his numbers left at Mr. Smith's, brewer, in St. Lawrence Suburbs ; owes for half a year, left no orders, and nothing to be learnt of him.

Mr. WILLIAM NORTHEDGE, confectioner, owes 6s. 8d. for advertisements, and 1s. 6d. balance of Scribblers ; desired me to draw up and insert his advertisement, and then denied it ; but, being under petticoat government, it is said Mrs. N. won't let him pay.

A. D. BOSTWICK, Esquire, advocate, Three Rivers ; besides the 9s. mentioned in the Scribbler, No. 89, owes 4s. of the 12s. 6d. he pretended he had paid to Mr. Lane, which 4s. he deducted at the time, because all the numbers had not reached him. What has already been said of him shews him to be just fit to figure in the same list with

CHARLES IRVINE, a runaway bumbailiff, or Sheriff's officer, who owes for three quarters, and is now, I believe, in New York.

(To be continued.)

Errata in last No. last page.

In Notice to Correspondents, for *vumen lese majestati*, read, *crimen lese majestatis* ; last line of note, for *croite*, read *croire*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. PEREGRINE PICKLE's favour has been received ; the contents will appear ; his former communication was delayed, as another account of the matter was expected, which did not come till it was so late, that its interest had subsided. TIBULLUS, THISTOR, and other poetical friends are under consideration. TOBIT rejected.