

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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Stranger to courts, but courts could have undone ;  
With modest looks and an unspotted heart ;  
Her nets the most prepared could never shun,  
For nature spread them in the spite of art.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

*Quod in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident,  
queque agunt vigilantes, agitantque ea cuique in somno acci-  
dunt.*

CICERO.

Life's busy, active scene, reacted seems,  
Cares, thoughts, and all, in our all-varying dreams.

*Tu tibi tum, curruca, places.*

JUVENAL.

*Quand on le sait, c'est peu de chose,  
Quand on ne le sait pas, ce n'est rien.*

LA FONTAINE.

## — Affecting story of CAROLINE SUMNER.

Mr. Sumner was a gentleman who was left by his father, in possession of a considerable fortune. He married a virtuous young lady by whom he had a large family of children ; but he was unhappily a man addicted to pleasure, and devoted to all the luxuries of life : he indulged in every inordinate and expensive inclination, and in a few years wasted the whole of his patrimony. Falling into the extremest poverty, his wife, who for some time had languished under the apprehensions of what was to come upon them, could not support the ills she had foreseen, and died of a broken heart ; and all their children, excepting Caroline, were seized by various distempers, and either preceded, or followed, their mother to the grave.

Caroline, was thus, at twelve years of age, left to feel the miseries those dear relations were exempted from by death, while he, who was the occasion of them, seemed insensible of his errors, and continued disposing of every thing of value about his house and person, till there was nothing left to sell. His natural progress was shortly after into prison, where he did not long remain before death put an end both to his follies and their punishment. At this period, Caroline would have been reduced to become an object of public charity, had not her aunt Cælia admitted her into her family. This lady was Mr. Sumner's only sister, was a widow, had a large jointure and no child: Yet she did not take her little niece through any motive of compassion or affection, for, like her brother, she was too great a lover of herself, and of the pleasures of the world, to have the least true regard for any thing else; but she took charge of her merely to avoid the shame of having it said that so near a relation should wear the livery of the parish. The treatment, however, which the young creature received, was little better than what she would have met with in any of those asylums for the destitute, from which her aunt made a merit of preserving her.

Her education, while her excellent mother was alive, had been attended to with parental solicitude and affection; but the embarrassed circumstances of her father precluded it from being brilliant. She was, however, endowed by nature with those qualifications which most others acquire slowly and with labour. Now, abandoned as it were to herself, without the aid of precept, she was blest with an innate piety and resignation to the divine will: without much of those instructions which are looked upon as

necessary to good breeding, she had a native affability and sweetness of deportment, which shamed all the formal rules of politeness; and without the least advantage from example, but rather the contrary, she could easily distinguish gaiety from licentiousness, and decorum from formality.

Perfectly aware of the misfortune to which she was reduced by her father's bad conduct, and of the little prospect she had of living in the world according to her birth, she reflected that all that could make her easy under her present or future sufferings, was patience and humility; and she therefore endeavoured, as much as possible, not to think on the pleasures which those who are in possession of great fortunes enjoy, but rather on the little wants & exigencies of those who, either are born to nothing, or, like herself, have been deprived of their first hopes. She considered that to be poor, was not always to be miserable; and that riches are often accompanied by much unhappiness. This enabled her to know that content was sufficient to render any station comfortable, and that without it, every one must be the reverse. Thus, without any aid from books, she was at fifteen a philosopher in her way of thinking, and perhaps more truly so, practically, than the most celebrated of those who, theoretically, have laid down morals and maxims before us, as the best guides of our sentiments and actions.

As to her person, she was of middle stature, perfectly well formed, easy and genteel in her shape and motions. If the features of her face could not be said to be cast in the mould of perfect beauty, there was so much regularity & harmony in them, that, joined to a very delicate complexion, large and expressive blue eyes, fine hair and

teeth, and a smiling sweetness derived from the happy composure of her mind, they made her appear extremely lovely. Many there were who thought her so ; but the misfortunes of her family prevented them from paying their addresses to her in an honourable way, and the modesty of her behaviour deterred them from approaching her in any other ; she lived therefore till the age of eighteen, without being able to say that any one man had talked to her of love. But among those who had long in secret admired her, there was one, whom I will call Lothario, and who, presuming on his great estate, fine person, and former successes with the sex, ventured at last to tell her what none before him had ever done.—

This gentleman had been a frequent visitor at Coelia's, and the charms he found in her young niece made him more so. He had many opportunities of entertaining the object of his passion, without any notice being taken of it by the aunt, who, as may be concluded, was not very assiduous concerning her.

Whether it was that he had the advantage of being the first who had discovered a sensibility of her charms, or that there was really something more engaging in him than she had seen in any other man, is uncertain ; but it is not so, that her young heart was caught by his attention, and she could not help feeling the pleasure which none but those who love are capable of, whenever she either saw or heard him. Great was the progress he had made in her affection, before she suspected he had any other design upon her than such as her prudence, as well as her inclination, would permit her to encourage ; until, one evening, when alone together, after some innocent caresses, he took a liberty with her lovely bosom, which instantly alarmed her modesty, and push-

ing him from her, she reproached him ~~with~~ his treatment, so unworthy of an honourable passion. Her words, her looks, and gestures soon made him desist, but he knew so well how to excuse the boldness of which he had been guilty upon the plea of excess of passion, that all the woman in her soul relented, she forgave, and was reconciled to him.

But he was no sooner gone, than, reflecting on what had passed, as well as recollecting the many tender and passionate declarations he had made to her, she found there was not one that gave her any assurance that he intended to pass his life with her; no mention had ever been made of marriage; and, though he professed to entertain the extremest love for her that ever man felt, she trembled to think that a lawless flame might be the only motive for his declarations, and her ruin, his only aim. The secret inclination she detected in her own heart for him, heightened her terror. She knew she loved, and, dreading that in some unguarded moment that love might prove her destruction, she resolved to have an explanation, that she might, if prudence required it, tear herself from his conversation, dear as it was to her, and never listen to him more. She was, however, in much debate with herself in what manner to break the matter to him. Her native modesty would not suffer her to be the first that proposed marriage, which should always be the part of the man; & she knew not how to frame her mouth to utter what she would have blushed to have heard from that of her lover, much as she in secret wished it. To write seemed little less bold; but this was the method she at last made choice of. How often this innocent young creature began, and left off, examined what she had said, tore the

paper thinking it confessed too much, and wrote and rewroté, may be conceived. Long it was before she could find words that would not shock her timidity, and at the same time express her meaning : at length, after various efforts, the resolution which she persisted in, enabled her to write a letter in these terms ;

Sir, the little experience I have in writing, especially in addressing your sex, renders this a presumption, which can alone be excused by the cause that enforces it. You know, sir, the misfortunes of my family, and that I have nothing but my virtue and reputation that I can call my own. Permit me therefore, for the future, to deny myself the honour of your visits ; the disparity between us will not allow me to think you make them for any other end than your amusement ; and how low soever I am reduced I have too much pride to be the object of it.— Were it possible, which I am far from the vanity of imagining, that you really see any thing in me worthy of a serious attachment, you must be sensible that I am under the care of a relation, who ought to made acquainted with it, and whom you can not suppose will make any objection to what she finds is for the true interest of one who is so near in blood to her. By consulting her on this affair, you will give the best proof of your sincerity, and adopt the only means of satisfying the scruples of your obed't. servant,

CAROLINE SUMNER.

*(To be continued.)*

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Nicodemus has set many of my correspondents a dreaming ; some of love, some of hatred, some of quarrels, some of criticism ; so that I am confused in the phantasmagoria of the various dis-

torted, and incongruous images their slumbers have conjured up. One, however, presents so connected a series, and is so true a picture, I am told, of real events, that I think it worth preserving.

#### FELIX'S DREAM.

As I lay stretched on my couch of repose, under the cheering beams of a vernal sun, a sweet sleep closed my eyes; and I was soon wafted into the realms of fancy. Methought the fairy of dreams thrice waved her enchanting wand, and I became one of her train. Elevated into the regions of air, penetrating into the depths of the earth, I seemed to have long enjoyed the felicities of fairyism, when at length I deigned again to visit the habitations of man. I arose from my couch, for still that seemed part of my vision, and I directed my descent to the farfamed village of Campbelltown. There my slim form gained an access, denied to most mere mortals, into the *barber's*. Dinner was newly over, and the scanty remains had been sent to the servant's hall.— Then I heard a loud noise, like unto the roaring of the pitiless waves when they lash the rugged rocks; and turning my attention that way, I found it proceeded from the *barber's lady*, who was scolding the maid for eating bread when there were bones to pick. Suddenly the noise was stopped by the stopping of a carriage before the door; upon the arrival of the good company it brought, she arose from her seat where she sate to overlook the eating of her household, and her haste resembled the haste of a fox when he wishes to elude the eye of the huntsman; but before she sought to welcome the strangers, she turned to a brown boy who sate at the table of bones, and said unto him, in a voice that was like unto the whisper of winds, "haste, hie thee

to the stores of the village, and get samples of tea from all the grocers, even as many as will serve to make a good dish of tea for my friends, for tea, even smuggled tea, at a dollar a pound is too high for even a public notary to purchase."— Then shortly the boy returned, and gave unto the lady of the house, the produce of his peregrination through the village to all the stores where tea was sold. And afterwards methought I looked, and lo! under the table of the feasts of servants, reposed a dog, as gaunt and as hunger-driven as he who fasteneth upon the mutton-bone of the poet in Hogarth's inimitable picture; and I opened my mouth, and asked why the bones were not given to the dogs, for I remembered me of the saying I heard in the Emerald Isle, that of all the fowls of the air, a shin of beef was the finest fish, for there was marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristle for the servants, and bone for the dogs; but she turned sharp upon her heel, and replied that the dung of horses was good enough for the dog; and I admired this new plan of feeding dogs. Then did she begin to essay her husband's breeches, but he caught her in the fact, and swore aloud that she should not wear his breeches until his head was laid in the earth; and the contention about the breeches grew so loud, that it awakened me, and the fairy-vision fled away.

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Although the rapid approach of spring will soon remove both the snow from the streets, and the grievance complained of by the writer of the following letter, yet the partial and oppressive informations that are laid, and fines levied under the absurd and inefficient, though multitudinous and voluminous, regulations of the

police in Montreal, do not cease with the snow, but continue all the year round, to the great emolument of informers, hired witnesses, police officers and magistrates, and other vermin that infest the place, and to the sore detriment and vexation of many inhabitants.

*Montreal, 12th March.*

DEAR SIR,

A few days ago, as I was taking a walk, I was nearly run over by a *dos blanc*, whom by being obstructed in his way through the streets by several other sleighs, I had an opportunity of reprehending. My reprimand, however, made so little an impression on him, that, he had no sooner got out of my way, than he drove on in the same dangerous and negligent manner; the consequence of which was, that he actually threw down one lady, who fortunately suffered no other injury than having her coat torn, and her muff soiled; and was within a hair's breadth of running over two of the loveliest women I ever saw: I felt peculiarly for the hazard they ran, not only on account of their beauty, but as they are, as I am informed, of British lineage, and as I have the honour to be of the same origin, I think it right to lash those who, by neglecting their duty, endanger the lives of the noblest part of the creation. I hope the magistrates will pardon me when I say that it would be better if they would attend to and prosecute similar misconduct which is not practised alone by *dos blancs*, but also by many ignorant and would-be gentlemen, who seem to consider pedestrians as forming only a swinish multitude that may be run over with impunity.

I am informed that whenever the gentlemen who profit by the informations laid, and fines

levied, under the police regulations are in want of cash, they take a walk round the town; and if any one happens to have a little more snow before his door than his neighbours, a summons is immediately issued, and no defence ever listened to. Now this I take it, is a matter of much less moment, than the daily instances we see in the streets of furious and improper driving,\* which I hope you will stigmatise as they deserve.

FABRICIUS.

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MR. SCRIBBLER,

The learned Esculapians of the Montreal general hospital, it is said, are determined to add to the lectures with which they have actually threatened the natives, all the sister sciences. Natural history will form a prominent part of their disquisitions. The first course will be confined, I am told, to the cornuated part of the creation; and *secundum artem*, they will begin with the forehead and its peculiarities. In the course of these lectures it will be demonstrated that Satan is not the only biped that is armed with corneous protuberances; and proceeding in their deep researches, it will be made manifest, that if there are, or ever were, any of those curious animals called *unicorns*, the number must be very small, and that from the best reason in the world; namely, that when the horny process commences it is vigorously continued on account of the exquisite delight attendant upon it. It is marvellous to consider that the animals called bachelors,

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\* Fabricius should recollect that it is the duty of the public to stop, detect, and inform against those who do so; and that it will be time enough to accuse the magistrates of neglect in that respect, when they refuse or delay to prosecute such offences when informed of them. Let us give the devil his due.

L. L. M.

are never affected by it, though they often infect others with the seminal matter that produces these excrescences. It will be a question to be argued whether cornuated animals form a distinct species, or whether it is an accidental conformation, arising from the connection between external and internal causes; in illustration of which, specimens will be produced of various kinds of those droll animals, from such whose *os frontis* shews merely an incipient or budding horn, to those which are studded all over with horns of all sorts and sizes; with distinctions between those who are totally unconscious of the appendage they wear, and those who wear them proudly as Virgil says,

*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu  
Eridanus* —

With bold bull's face and large horns double-gilt: as well as such as screw them off, and wear them in their pockets. In general however, these corneous substances, though scarcely visible, or tangible, are, from their exceeding peculiarity, easily discovered by the inquisitive world. In some cases they are found to be as numerous as the quills upon a porcupine; and are generally observed to be produced most prolificly, by the gallantry of officers of the army; though it is equally certain that gentlemen of the bar, doctors, merchants, clerks, and even footboys and apprentices, contribute largely to their growth.

Juvenal distinguishes this extensive race of beings by the general term of *Curruca*; but the Rev. Doct. Young with more propriety terms them *Probrî patiens*; they have been known to natural philosophers, from time immemorial; they are described in Artemidorus, and also in the Greek Anthology. Shakespeare it would appear had a tolerable correct notion of these things,

and both he and Ben Johnson have very properly considered the *Cornucopiæ* of the ancients, to mean that species of them to which that passage in Homer is applicable, which Pope translates

“With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,  
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns ;”

for we find in the second part of Henry IV.

“Well he may sleep in security, for he hath the *horn* of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it ; and yet he can not see, though he has his own lanthorn to light him.”

And in Ben Johnson’s *Every man in his humour* ;

————— “What ! never sigh,  
Be of good cheer man, for thou art a cuckold.  
’T is done, ’t is done ; nay, when such flowing store,  
Plenty itself, falls in my wife’s lap,  
The *cornucopia* will be mine I know.”

I refrain, however, from pursuing this subject, for it is uncourteous to anticipate the learned lectures that will be delivered on this prolific topic ; and I shall, therefore, for the present, conclude, and sign myself,

Your devoted servant

CONJURER.

————— *Altius omnem*

*Expeditam prima repentens ab origine famam.* VIRGIL.

“I reverence the afflictions of a good man ; his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distress of a man we can neither love or esteem ; or feel for the calamity of which he himself is insensible.” JUNIUS.

No doubt but every man who possesses any virtuous or generous sentiment, will agree to the propriety of the English motto which I have chosen for my subject : of the justice of the appli-

cation of the Latin couplet, I shall adduce ample proof, in this paper, which relates to a subject of a nature the most distressing, and one I certainly should not have alluded to but from its notoriety. And I advert to it the more willingly as I take it to be right to call one to a sense of reflection who is fast approaching the goal where all his earthly pride and ambition must be terminated. Methinks it is, long since, time, that as a father, and as a man, whose head had been silvered over by the hand of time, he should look to the future, and cast a retrospective eye to years long ago elapsed; years, the employment of which, if I am correctly informed, must afford to a mind not entirely paralyzed to every thing that is good, abundant matter for serious meditation. Whether such an individual be alive to reflection as yet, or not, I trust Erastes will at last realize the truth of Dr. Young's remark that

“Fools men may live, but fools they can not die;”

As charity begins at home, I would wish, ere the time is past never to return, to bend the attention of this reverend gentleman to the conduct of his only son, than whom I know few young men, whose morals are more extremely vitiated. This youth, though by no means a lad of parts, would yet have made a good, and even useful, member of society. Born, as he is, to a small but competent fortune, he could, by propriety of behaviour, have been a credit to himself, and of service to others. But, alas! at the age of manhood, he is capable only of holding the most obscene discourse, uttering the most vulgar oaths, and drinking grog to match any trooper in the king's service. It has been long suspected that this bacchanal had inherited these qualities from his father; and late occurrences have shewn but too

truly that the habits of the youth are hereditary, and therefore affording but slender hopes of his reformation, Hence no attempts appear to have been made to wean this lad from liquor and debauchery. Mildness, benignity of temper, nor any of the social virtues, were never expected from our young hero, because of his birth; nor could they have been initiated into him either by precept or example, because of the haughty and tyrannical disposition of his Mentor; for the father of this youth, is his father in every thing.

Instead of that example and admonition which we might expect from a minister of the gospel in particular, the parent now indulges his hopeful heir with the brandy bottle to quench his thirst *ad libitum*. Some ascribe this to an economical motive, as, for one bottle of brandy which the son now drinks in a day, he used to purloin from the old man's pocket or desk, many times its value, which he squandered away amongst the most dissolute characters of both sexes. This is indeed some kind of palliation for such behaviour; but, to prevent the son from being intoxicated all day long abroad, must the father's house be turned into a tippling shop? Because there may be doubts of the success of any attempts to correct these baleful habits, must they be permitted to shoot up to the most vigorous maturity? Must his conduct be an eternal reproach to the cloth of his sire? Or does the sire foster those habits because he relishes the glass himself?

But Erastes I fear is insensible to these reproaches. Should it not be so, the removal of a public scandal, will become at the same time a source of gratified reflection to the father, a reprieve for the son from the evils of early dissoluteness; and a reward to

CENSORINUS.

## TO A LADY.

If like Diana, fair and light,  
 You shine in lustre not your own,  
 I'll leave you, and annul the plight  
 Which I thought worthy you alone.  
 But if that white, which charms the view,  
 And that sweet rosy red be thine,  
 I'll kiss your hand, the plight renew,  
 And call thee, love, for ever mine.  
 A heart I have that loves, you know,  
 But truth must out, and it is this;  
 Nature I love, not artful show,—  
 For I do hate a painted phiz.

PARIS.

Quebec, March 1823.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. RODERICK RANDOM will receive attention the first opportunity; so also A JACKASS. NED COLLINS' anecdotes, with several others, in next Domestic Intelligencer. N. INFELIX & DIBS will appear, JENNY TURNPOT'S scrawl is nearly unintelligible. I can not encourage SCRUTATOR from Chambly to continue courting the muses.— POWDER and BALL, notwithstanding it is dangerous to provoke the irascibility of such flashing blades, must excuse me for declining to insert their communication: the male-delinquent may perhaps be deserving of censure, but it could not be bestowed without involving the female, for whom Powder and Ball express so much respect, in a most unpleasant manner: besides there seems some lurking jealousy in the case, since envy is avowed at the gentleman "basking in the sun."

shine of the lady's eyes ;" and I hold her to be one who ought not to be made a theme

"For swash bucklers and braves to mouth,  
Or give her fair fame to a springald's keeping."

TELLTRUTH ; A LAW-PEDLAR ; S. P. Q. R. ; ÆGON ; C. P. ; PHILOPATRIA ; G. C.'s address to the poet-laureate of the Upper Canada Gazette ; SOLOMON SNEER ; and VERITAS ; all just received, and will all partially, if not wholly, be availed of. A FRIEND TO DECENCY, who alludes to the same subject as Powder and Ball, must be contented with the same answer.

L. L. M.

## BLACK LIST, No. I.

(Continued.)

DANIEL SUTHERLAND, Esquire, Deputy-post-master-general of British North America, &c. &c. &c. at Quebec, received, as a perquisite of his office, a copy of the Scribbler gratis, but having dishonestly forfeited his engagement, by stopping it from going thro' the post-office, he has been applied to, for those Scribblers sent to him after the quarter for which the composition in lieu of postage agreed on, was paid, amounting to 12s. which he has meanly refused to pay ; besides having detained or embezzled in his office, a quantity of Scribblers which can not be estimated at less in value than £30—Halifax.

ROBERT CHRISTIE, Esquire, of Quebec, Advocate, Law-clerk to the House of Assembly, Registrar of the Gaspé-commissioners, &c. &c. owes £1 14. 6. for Scribblers ; does not deny the debt, but refuses to pay, because he says, (repeating the malicious lie promulgated by the petty Grand Jury,) the editor has fled from justice ; and he defies him to make him pay.—Poor mean knave ! What shifts want of money makes men have recourse to !

D. M. BRUNEAU, Esquire, of Quebec, another limb of the law : owes for one quarter of the first volume ; gone away and has left no address.