

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Sed Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque  
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque.* HORACE.

With sportive aim, old Horace tuned his lyre,  
And love and joy, to satire join'd their fire :

— *sit numine vestro*  
*Pandere res alta terra, et caligine mersas.* VIRGIL.

So from the depth of darkness we would draw  
Follies and vices, such as Rome scarce saw :

*Jupiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo,  
Gnosia Cecropia tetigissent littora puppes!* CATULLUS.

But in these times, ye gods, the game all up is,  
And satire's check'd by *litters* of blind *puppies*,  
Who think that where there's fire there must be soot ;  
But :

"I know to shift my ground, remount the car,

"Turn, change, and answer every call of war ;

"To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,

"And bear thick battle on my sounding shield."

POPE *Iliad*

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XX.

Taking a view of our editorial labours, we think we have much to congratulate ourselves upon, but little to condemn, and considerable grounds for hoping that we shall continue to deserve the favour of the public, by keeping the risible muscles of our readers in exercise, their ingenuity on the alert to unravel the hidden meaning of what we wrap up as decently as we can, and their curiosity awake, and gaping as wide, to swallow the news we provide for them

respecting both themselves and their neighbours, as Harlequin did when he jumped down his own throat : a feat, which we recollect delighted us not a little, in our juvenile days, when our mamma took us to see the christmas pantomime at Covent Garden. A matter in which we take much pride, is the general accuracy with which we have been able to predict the approaching nuptials of many a pair, to provide husbands for the ladies, and helpmates for the gentlemen ; and, in some instances, even to procure those to be buckled together, who scarcely thought of each other, till our annunciation of their intended marriage, made them open their eyes, and see there was no earthly thing better for them to do. It is true that, in common with our illustrious predecessors and fellow-labourers in the astrological art, Bickerstaff, Partridge, Poor Robin, and Francis Moore, our soothsaying has not always been verified ; but the sagacious reader will instantly perceive that their predictions, being founded upon the comparatively more steady and certain data of the weather, winds, clouds, and other phenomena, a reasonable portion of them could not but fail to prove correct ; whilst our's have nothing to trust to but those proverbially unsteadyest of all unsteady and changeful things, a woman's mind, and a young man's love. We have been led to these reflections by a communication which has lain sometime upon our desk, by which it would seem as if one of our earliest announcements, and one that regards a lady, who was, and is, a very great favourite of ours, as she must be of all who know her, had at length a chance of being fulfilled. Our correspondent informs us that, in last month, Mrs. East gave an entertainment, in honour of the *prior's* visit from Government-

city, and some say as a complimentary congratulation upon the happy issue of his suit with the lovely Miss Caleche, he having obtained her Pa and Ma's consent to their being *stitched* together by Hymen's *bodkin*, *should the lady be inclined to accept him*.\* On the joyful night in question, about twenty couple assembled, amongst whom were principally to be noticed Mr. Falcon, Mr. and Mrs. Selkin, and the blooming cheek'd Miss Wagtail; and certainly the Prior must consider himself highly honoured, when he knows that Benny Big himself, with all his powers of persuasion, could not prevail on Miss W. to mix in any of the balls this winter, which she so frequently graced the last, and that at this, the first she has been at this season,) she condescended to lead off the first dance with him, to the no small mortification of poor Benny, who sate crosslegg'd almost all the evening. The Prior shone uncommonly in his dress; full an ell of fine kerseymere was puckered and wound round his gracefully long neck, supporting a head which his intended is said to have wittily assimilated to *un jeune taureau Canadien*: the lengthened vista down his long-waisted, but short-tailed, black coat, shewed the most elegant taste, and the profuse, rich, and complicated bows by which his breeches knees were tied, added greatly to the nobleness of his costume. The lady hostess appeared more brilliant than ever, and Mr. E. shook off the rough manners of the stable, and appeared to pretty good advantage as a gentleman. At about two o'clock the party broke up.

The little gentleman in Essefex-street, not many miles from the house with round windows, not having TAKEN THE HINT, it may be well for him to act more cautiously when he admits certain Cyprian ladies into his house at night, lest

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\*Alas! this sets us all afloat again.

his own lady should discover it; as well as that his other lady, over the bridge, was once a servant that lived in her house. If he won't take this hint, there is more a brewing.

*A certain young crockery-merchant (lack-a-daisy! we are all merchants now adays,) will oblige all persons concerned by being less solicitous to misconstrue the meaning of published pieces. He had better too, perhaps, not frequent the little tavern in the Old market quite so often; as people are beginning to ask one another whether he visits it for bitters from the landlord, or for sweets from the fille de chambre.*

A traveller has given us the following account of a ball at South Cumberland, which was held on the anniversary of the birth of the illustrious George Washington.

“At early candlelight, an elegant transparency, representing that distinguished warrior and statesman, was illuminated, in front of the house, Mr. Negre's; and the company, being assembled in a well lighted ballroom, the walls of which were elegantly decorated with roses &c done by the hands of many a beauteous damsel, dancing commenced at an early hour; the music was excellent, and the company, free and social, seemed to have waived all distinctions of pride, place, or pelf; all intermixed with all, and I saw nothing of those looks of disdain, those whispers in sets, that sideling away from each other, none of that rascally formality and petty pride, which are so justly complained of, in similar circles, at Mount Royal. The ladies, dear creatures, looked bewitchingly beautiful, and though their dresses were all elegant, and some superb, they scarcely drew attention, amidst the blaze of charms they were adapted to embellish. Being a stranger, I can not be expected to enumerate them, and must content myself with naming those I knew. Mrs. Trader shone to great advantage, and seemed as if the goddess Hebe had descended with her roseate cheeks, her beautiful eyes, and auburn locks, to join the joyous throng. A young lady from Campbeltown, Miss Belcamp, commanded the attention of most of the young gentlemen, and my friend Frederick Discount was so enraptured with her charms, (in the display of which the lady was not niggardly, and might suit the taste of some people, though not mine, to a hair,) that he now dreams every night of the happy hours he passed

in her company, and by thinking constantly of her, is forced to run up the additions of his cash-book twenty times over before he is right. Altho' I am sensible that "art embellishes and improves nature," yet allow me to caution a certain young lady as to the improper use of rouge, and let me warn her to be more sparing in applying it another time. the supper was all that it ought to be; and about three o'clock the ladies withdrew to enjoy the "sweet blessing of rest;" but not so all the gentlemen; for a few, after attending the ladies to their carriages, returned to the ballroom, and, *Bacchi plenus*, ushered in the morn, with a real stag-dance. On my return to Mount Royal, I determined to communicate this to Mr. Gossip, and remain

his obedient servant, COPERNICUS.

At a late review of militia at the Town of Lodi, the commander of the red and yellow was obliged to have recourse to the serjeant-major to form a square, which together they contrived to bungle. The colonel, who likes to speechify, in addressing his warriors, stumbled upon the unfortunate phrase "gentleman, you are not soldiers," which some of them took rather in dudgeon, thinking themselves at least as good soldiers as auctioneers are; in dismissing his regiment, the colonel told them with great gravity, "Gentlemen, you may return to your homes, and remain there until you are called out next year."

Mr. Bobbishaw, having obtained the high approbation of the princess Kate of the Castle, on whom he made his first public essay, at the Scotch Kirk door, in the art of lacing boots, offers his services to the ladies who may wilfully, or accidentally, unlace their boots, or untie their shoes. He will be in waiting every Sunday, or other days, when the congregation are returning from their devotions. He hopes that no lady will consider this offer a piece of impudence, as he has the reputation of being very bashful. He will always act the man of feeling, and sympathise with the ladies on their ill luck. At the same time he begs to say that he will not be found wanting in the needful means of winning those who are inclined to sing, with Peter Pindar's Lisetta,

"Oh ! modesty thou art so sweet,  
Not wild, not bold, nor teasing,  
But yet each sister-nymph I meet  
Thinks boldness not displeasing.

This is a wicked world, Oh, dear !  
And wickedness is in me ;  
Tho' modesty's so sweet, I fear  
That impudence will win me."

He will require one or two assistants, who must be possessed of the necessary qualifications, viz. brass and the faculty of cutting capers natural to puppies. They must not dread the sight of a lady's garter. He assures those that may apply, that

*"Pour avoir d' un objet qui plait,  
Une parfaite connoissance,  
Amis c'est là le vrai secret ;  
Mais, Honi soit qui mal y pense."*

#### SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From an entertaining Miscellany, called "*Cream-Street Anecdotes.*" Tommy Lock, alias Gingerbread Tom of Cataroqua, who is a second Shylock, was thought, by an Irish gentleman, to have been a taylor. Pat, out of compliment to the profession, invited Tommy to the regimental mess. When the lights in the room had grown dim, Pat to his guest, sung out loudly, "Top," and Tommy Lock, recollecting the technical phraseology of the *board*, snuffed all the candles. "Arrah !" said Pat, "and I was thinking you'd smell of the lamp."

Don Pedro, alias Peter Bluehose, the handle of whose face makes it doubtful, as Hudibras says,

*"Whether his snout a perfect nose is,  
And not an elephant's proboscis ;"*

was one day discoursing with Major Cock, on the dissipation of men in these modern times. For my own part, said Peter, I have given up drinking altogether. "Holy matrimony !" said the major, pointing to Peter's nose, "then why not take down the sign ?"

In a town on the other side of a line which begins at St. Regis, a very characteristic observation was lately made by a shrewd woman, the wife of a methodist preacher ; speaking of a person, who from very prosperous circumstances, had fallen greatly into decay, without, however, any other impeachment of character, than poverty, "Ah ! poor man," said she, "he is very poor now, and is not respected at all."

*From the Government City Advertiser.* Some late experiments that have been made here in the art of cornification, have been attended with unpleasant consequences. Owing, not to the inexperience, but to the inattention, of the parties, the process, although accompanied by its usual delectable sensations, has been followed by symptoms, which have produced recriminations between the parties concerned in the operation, as well as suspicion, and restiveness, in the animals upon which it has been performed; and farriers and physicians have been put in requisition in consequence, in several quarters of the town at once.

Mad. de la Chataigne l'Angloise, does not regret the absence of one Aid-de-camp, as she has a *locum tenens* (anglice *lieu-tenant*,) who, she says, is more capable than any man of supplying her wants. Mem. More ladies than one report the wondrous effects of the rod of Aaron, the high priest of the Jews, which beat the rods of all Pharaoh's wise men and sorcerers quite hollow.

A new kind of hocus.pocus system for swearing debts has been discovered in this city, by the ingenuity of the cashier of a certain branch bank; by which after one oath is taken that the defendant is indebted to the bank, another comes after it, saying that he is indebted to the cashier, by which admirable method, persons, goods, merchandize, utensils, and even *jordans* can be laid hold of, without difficulty, or with only the trifling inconvenience of an indictment for perjury, as an after-reckoning. A treatise is said to be preparing for the press, classifying and describing the various kinds of false oaths that are taken in Canadian law-proceedings, with rules to be observed, by which the most inexperienced will be able to take them with impunity; and a recipe for salving tender consciences on such occasions: this will be a highly useful manual for all classes; and will be dedicated to those adepts, promoters, and patrons of the art of perjury, messieurs Mc-Kavish, McKillaway & Co.

When two young ladies, sisters, hang on the arm of their *hero*, it would be an act of condescension they are humbly requested to perform, if they would have the goodness to return the nods of such acquaintances, as they are not shy of nodding to. on other occasions.

*From the Shamblee Repertory, of the 15th March.* We are sorry to have to record the misadventures that befell Dominic Dry-one, in his journey from this place to Mount Royal.—Proceeding about the 10th instant, in search of a lady to supply the place of the discarded Shelah, he stopped at Long-island, and, sitting up late at cards, with a gentleman supposed to belong to the bar, and having won sixteen dollars from

him, had, however, unfortunately made so free in his devotions at the shrine of the jolly god, that, not satisfied with breaking the bedstead, he was under the necessity of leaving his days dinner and supper on the bedclothes. On the following day, arriving in Mount Royal, he succeeded after some trouble in engaging Miss Bartey, and, for joy of having accomplished his object, he allowed, not the juice of the grape, but pure Jamaica, so to bewilder the power of vision of his *solus oculus*, as to let it transform the landlady into black Bess (*Domina Dry one*;) and was, rather it seems against her will, helping her into his bed, when his optics were suddenly convinced of their error, by the husband, who conducted him to the door, by the most prominent feature of his face, and there made his obeisance, with his foot, to a certain part of his body, which it is not necessary to mention.

*From an old Maltese paper.* Late the other evening an irreverend divine, returning from a messroom, which he was in the habit of attending occasionally, entertained some gentlemen, who followed him, by acting to admiration the part of a drunken man; stumbling from one side of the street to the other, and repeating, "Oh! Tony Tony, you are an old fool!" "Oh! you old fool, you are drunk," "see here, old Tony, the very stones in the street, are rising up in judgement against you!" It is a pity but some of our 'scribblers,' would admonish those who wear the sacred gown, to be more circumspect in their conduct, and not to get drunk, either in jest or earnest.

Mr. Gossip; Please reprimand the editor of a certain paper, for keeping Mr. St. Rother from church on Sundays, in order to do the work he ought to do himself. It is true, indeed, that not much can be drawn out of the *empty tub*, until something is put into it; but it is wrong to alter the fourth commandment into, "six days shalt thou labour, and the seventh thou shalt write paragraphs for Wednesday's paper."

S. P. Q. R.

P. S. Can you tell me why the young man from the Lake of the Two Mountains, ran so fast across the citadel t'other Sunday, and horses, trains, and men after him, at full speed?

*Ladies who step in and out of their carriages, whether sleighs, carriages, or caleches, with peculiar*



*agility, ought to garter above knee: it shews to much more advantage what they are desirous of displaying.*

The barber's lady at Campbelltown was so sensible of the reproof conveyed in Felix's dream, that she actually, upon some young ladies paying her a visit, gave them the whole neck of a turkey for dinner.

The genial season of the year has not yet begun to unfold itself in Canada, in the usual symptoms of approaching nuptials. At the advance of spring, as Thomson sweetly, but probably too pruriently for our highwrought sanctified sinners, says,

“Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,  
Now from the virgin's cheek, a fresher bloom  
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;  
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;  
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
In brighter flow: her wishing bosom heaves  
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize  
Her veins; and all her yielding soul is love.”

But, in our backward clime, the season has not yet expanded into that genial temperatue, which sets all nature a budding, cooing, coupling, and sprouting; and our report is therefore very scanty of EXPECTED NUPTIALS; all we have been able to collect is as follows:

Miss Annie Changeling to Mr. Bobby Macandrees.

One of the princesses of the Castle, to Mr. Archer: an union which promises the rare conjunction of happiness and wealth, of merit and loveliness, of mutual affection, and mutual interest.

Another of the princesses, it is said, means to bestow her hand upon an admirer, who, having been much of a weath-ercock in his attention to the ladies, is now reported to be quite stationary to that point of the compass.

Mr. Burn, will do well in future to be cautious how he conducts his Cyprian amours. Miss Stout, might otherwise discover them; and, although it would indeed be folly in *him* to aspire to be other than one of the humblest of her herd of admirers, who catch one of her winning smiles and feed on it for months; yet to stand well in the opinion of the fair, the

the witty, the lively, heroine of this winter's parties, is what he, with many others, is ambitious of.

Two or three married couple in Mount Royal, seem a little too much like cooing turtles. Something more may be said of them unless——

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*POET'S CORNER.*

To Lucinda N\*\*\*\*\* P\*\*\*\*

When fancy in its wide survey  
Includes the beautiful and gay,  
Our choice assumes, in happy mood,  
It's wonted sway o'er great and good:  
Ranges awhile o'er comely nature—  
First views each outline, next each feature;  
Till, fix'd at last on that we love,  
And not 'till then, 't will cease to rove.  
In fancy's flight, I play'd awhile,  
The weary moments to beguile;  
Bidding intrusive Reason flee,  
I often sigh'd "dear mistress P."  
And gave my heart to love and thee.  
Oh! beauty, thou'rt a devilish sort  
Of magic power we can't define,  
Form'd by some fairy hand to sport  
With sturdy clown, or dandy fine.  
The poets fancy thou dost reign,  
In Chloe, Doris, or Belinda,  
Yet all that poets tell or feign  
Is nought, compared with thee, Lucinda.  
By chance thou'rt mistress of some few  
Young sportive misses in their teens,  
By happy chance thou'rt mistress too  
Of dimpled smiles, and winning means.  
I can not say, that I can marry,  
For certain reasons, you know why,—  
But all that while unblest to tarry  
Is sure a shame—so—may I try?

DIBS.

*Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP, at the sign  
of the Tea-table.*

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In taking the field against the gentle knight  
Sir Tresillian of York, who brings his *numbers*  
in serried ranks against me, I will adopt the tac-  
tics of Napoleon, and break the body of his bat-

tle by a heavy charge with solid squares upon his centre. I shall leave his prose exordium, his notes, and the introduction of his discerning editor, which I consider as his light troops, sharpshooters, and auxiliaries, to be beaten in detail, and dispersed in all directions, after the main army, consisting in his *heavy* poetry, is routed. In thus proceeding to the attack, I must premise, that, since the combatants will be closely intermingled in the dreadful fray, in order to distinguish my troops from those of the enemy, they will appear in *Italics*, whilst his ranks will retain their Roman garb: in other words, in the following transcript of his piece, the lines in Roman characters, are his, and the intermingled, illustrative, explanatory, and paraphrastic lines in *Italics*, are mine. And so I fire away;

“AN EPISTLE TO A<sup>(1)</sup> SCRIBBLER.”

“Sad is the scene when chill November shrouds  
The earth in darkness, and the sky in clouds,  
*Whilst spite and dulness hatch their owlish broods;*  
When o’er the lengthening night and gloomy day,  
*Without of wit or fire a single ray,*  
The “Polar spirit,”<sup>(2)</sup> reassumes his sway;

(1) My correspondent G. C. in last number did not advert to the circumstance that it was the editor’s peculiar sagacity that changed the *definite* to the *indefinite* article, and not the writer’s; an alteration for which I apprehend the writer does not give his sagacity much credit.

(2) The “Polar spirit” I suppose must be quoted from some poem, which I either have not seen, or do not recollect; or perhaps Tresillian has stolen the idea from one L. L. M. who, whilst the disputes between the earl of Selkirk and the North-West company agitated the Canadian world, was employed by the latter as their literary champion, and who wrote and inserted in the *Courant* of that day, a piece of poetry which did not want for admirers at the time, in which he personified that company by the figure of a *Great Bear*, in the following lines;

“And first in hyperborean regions bred,  
Stalked *Ursa Major*, round whose grizzly head  
Bright *Masperus* his glittering radiance shed.”

The hyperborean regions are of course those whence the “polar spirit” came, and as Tresillian evidently belongs to the clan of North West agents, or their friends, the conjecture is the more plausible, since stealing and robbery, whether that of ideas, or of private letters, papers, and other property, are accomplishments which they shine in.

Sad, tho' th' exhausted genius of the storm  
 In the dense clouds should veil his slumbering form,  
*Shivering with ne'er a stove to keep him warm ;*  
 Sad, tho' his voice be hush'd o'er sea and isle,  
 When, from the work of wrath he breathes awhile,  
*He, like the angry viper, bites the file ;*  
*And sad, O sad,— 't is thus the asses bray,—*  
 When, as the tints of Autumn fade away,  
 The viewless hand of ruin and decay,  
 Flings o'er the misty lake and sombre hill,  
 Sepulchral silence, desolate and chill,  
*Enough us, with blue devils, all to fill.*

Yet cease ye fond regrets ! that vainly rise  
 For lovelier evenings past, and brighter skies :  
*And here Tom Tan would swear, Goddamn my eyes !*  
 Hark ! from the stillness of nocturnal gloom  
 Unearthly tones of soothing music come ;  
*For see, Tresillian, breaking from his tomb ;*  
 'T is 'Hope th' enchantress !' rising doubly bright  
 From shades that vanish at the glorious light  
*Blazing from verses of the doughty knight ;*  
 She sings that absent spring will soon return  
 To grace with flowers her renovated urn ;  
*Like butter, nonsense into rhymes to churn ;*  
*And tell—what no one ever heard before,—*  
 Brief is the space ere winter's reign be o'er,  
 When earth shall smile in verdure as before.(3)  
 But, ah ! there is a winter, dark and drear,  
 That changeth not, with nature's changing year ;—  
*( But this, you scarce will understand, I fear,*  
*Tho' beautifully metaphors here roll.— )*  
 Hope cannot gild the gloom of its controul—(4)  
 The cheerless, chill, December of the soul !  
 A mockery of life,—a living grave,  
 Deep, dark, and sluggish (5) as th' Asphaltic wave !  
*And so concludes this melancholy stave.*

(3) We are doubly obliged to Tresillian here, first for informing us that Canadian winters are very *brief*, and secondly that when spring returns we shall see the green fields again ; a sight which his patrons wanted to deprive me of during the remainder of my life.

(4) "Hope gilding the gloom of a wintery controul," is certainly a most wildly beautiful metaphor, if one could but understand it.

(5) Here a grave, besides being deep and dark, is said to be *sluggish*.—The image of th' Asphaltic wave, again betrays the thievish disposition of Tresillian, who has plundered this from my poet in ordinary, S. H. W. in whose parody on the *Man of Ross* (Vol. II. p. 38) the *falsa imago* of that character which appeared last year in the person of Mr. Chisholm, is likened to

A sinful black DEAD SEA without a shore.

Belov'd of vice, and infamy, and shame,  
 "———," "———," whatsoe'er thy name!—  
 (*For modesty these dashes merit claim (6)—*)  
 Thine is the winter of the soul, the gloom,  
 But not the quiet of the desert tomb; (7)  
*For thou art talk'd of, more than Greece or Rome.*  
 Thine are the cheerless hours, "that loathe the light,"  
 And thine the horrors of the sleepless night;—  
*Save when beside thee lies a beauty bright.*  
 While conscience pours upon thy heart and brain  
 Remorse unbounded, ceaseless, and in vain,  
*Not to have shot the men, who would thy life have ta'en.*  
 Think of thy earlier days, when, warm and gay,  
 Virtue and hope were guardians of thy way,  
*Before thou' amongst these scoundrels got astray;*  
 When o'er the future, fancy's witchery threw  
 The glittering veil of radiance, ever new,  
*Before they broke their plighted words to you;*  
*And when their crimes and perjury wake thy rage,*  
 Then turn thee, maddening, to the crimson page, (8)↓  
 The blasting trophy of thy worthless age;  
*(The age we live in, says th' explaining sage.—)*  
 Behold the banners of thy crimes unfurl'd,—  
*Tho' false as blackest lies from hell e'er whirl'd;*  
 Behold, and shudder, with a shuddering world,

(6) Poor man! how he blushes! now I don't blush to say that he probably meant these dashes to stand for, Macculloh, and Wilcocke; nor, if I were composing a phillipic against the worthies, who have been hired to blacken, calumniate, and criticise me, should I hesitate or blush, in writing,

"Tresillian, Chisholm, whatsoe'er thy name!

for, though I can scarcely give Mr. C. the credit of inditing such poetry as Tresillian's, both this piece and the infamous lying pamphlet written by Mr. C. have evidently come from the same contaminated forgery-shop.

[7] Though I shall hereafter scatter the notes of the learned Tresillian, like chaff before the wind, I can not avoid expressing my surprise that so chaste, so virtuous, so scrupulous, so sanctified, a writer as he pretends to be, should quote from, or illustrate his noble verses, with a reference from, any of the works of that licentious, that wicked, that Macculloh-like poet, Lord Byron; as he has done in a note in this place.

[8] "Alluding," says the modest Tresillian, "to a late unutterable compilation by the —— of ——." And why not say "the Man of Ross?" because the Man of Ross, or at least he who disgraced that appellation by being hired by the agents of the North West Company, to compile that pamphlet, is utterly ashamed of it. Although every page of it contains at least one gross lie, & the whole is a tissue of fabrication, forgery, & falsehood, the time will come when it will be unanswerably answered, and overwhelm with "unutterable" infamy, the mean and wretched creatures who were instrumental in its clandestine circulation.

*That villains such as these are not from nature hurl'd*  
 \* \* \* \* \* [9]

When Satan dubb'd thee his apostle here,  
*(But the diploma is not very clear)*  
 He named thee 'Luke,' [10] and mutter'd with a sneer,  
*A kind of grumbling, like a stifled roar,*  
 "My foe's [11] evangelist hath gall'd me sore,  
 "Therefore to shew I hate his cause the more,  
 'Go thou! and prove, thyself, by deeds of shame  
 "And folly, hanging on thy lofty gibbet,  
 "An impious satire on his saintly name  
 "It is, thee in false colours to exhibit.

*(To be continued in next number.)*

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.  
 TO PARIS.

The native *whiteness* I possess,  
 Shall ne'er polluted be  
 By one whose dubious nothingness,  
 Suspicious is, like thee.

The *rosy red* that decks my cheek  
 Shall bloom in thy despite,  
 For never will I vainly seek,  
 To gain a doubter's plight.

He that wins me must not be faint,  
 Content to doubt in quiet,  
 But, if he thinks that I do paint,  
 Why don't the looby try it?

But, master Paris, 't was not such  
 A dandy won queen Helen;

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[9] I fear Tresillian is one of the *Imitatores! servum pecus*, of Horace; for although he has not perhaps quite produced such couplets, as his friend, the editor, says, "would not disgrace the pen of a Byron," yet he has certainly most felicitously imitated his blanks and stars, which are as like "as two peas."

[10] Now I think *Lewis*, my first name, would have afforded a better scope for Tresillian's wit; and although his natural "delicacy and feeling" might prevent him from alluding to any "*female character*," he might have taken St. Lewis by the nose, as St. Dunstan did the devil, and have dragged him quite as consistently into his verses, as he has Satan and the Evangelist.

[11] With what reverence, and poetic propriety, God is here, by a periphrasis, designated as "Satan's foe;" instead of Satan being represented, as he generally is, as the foe of God! two very different things.

One that shrinks from a lady's touch,  
With well stuff'd hips excelling ;

A moplike head and pucker'd breast,  
To draw each ninny's gaze  
Cheating our eyes, 'bove all the rest,  
By wearing *double stays*.

A LADY.

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FROM THE ALBION.

*Atrocious and interesting case.*

On or about the 21st of November last, a person who stated his name to be Kelly, engaged, for 48 dollars, a passage for himself, and two *lunatics*, on board the British schooner Mary Ann, Atchison or Atkinson, master, bound from New-York to St. Johns, N. B. observing that he had received 400 dollars to take charge of his unfortunate companions, and deliver them to their friends in Ireland, whom he represented to be in very affluent circumstances ; he added that he intended to proceed from St. Johns to Ireland, in a timber vessel. It is supposed that he brought them from Canada, having arrived in the steamboat from Albany the same day that he applied to the master of the Mary Ann. On the 25th Nov. when off Edgar-town, Martha's Vineyard, the captain compelled the poor maniacs to get into his boat with Kelly, and landed them on a desolate island called Chebaquiddie, where Kelly left them, and where they would probably have perished, had they not been fortunately discovered in this most deplorable condition by some humane inhabitants of Edgar-town. There being no asylum for lunatics at this town, one of them is now confined there in the common gaol, and the other in private custody. Kelly called one of them James, and the other Jacob. The British consul at Boston is making arrangements to have them more properly provided for, and will be glad to receive any information relative to the miserable beings who have been thus cruelly abandoned, or that may lead to the detection and punishment of the parties concerned in this atrocious transaction.

It will be esteemed a favour if the editors of newspapers in the British provinces, will insert this statement in their papers.

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Not being able to devote an entire half number to anecdotes and epigrams, as I am reminded by one of the firm of Rigdum Funnidos and Co.

(see No. 21,) I promised to do, he will perceive that I now and then, when I have a spare page, or when the printer's devil calls on me for something to fill up, when I am not prepared, put in a little curious anecdote, or whimsical production, selected from my portfolio; and that being the case now, I have taken the following, and shall continue to squeeze in others, as they come to hand.

THE LAWYER'S CREED, by DR. COSIN, 1620.

*Quodnam est symbolum vestrum?*

Credo in DOMINUM Judicem pro arbitrio statuentem;

In ATTORNATUM meum, omnium litium creatorem;

Et in duodecim viros in cassibus nostris nihil intelligentes.

Credo Westmonasteriensem Aulam esse Ecclesiam Catholicam;

Statuta omnia, prohibitiones, decreta, et reportus esse traditiones apostolicas;

Sed omnes lites futuras esse æternas,

Et nullum esse debitorum remissionem.

Si plus velis;

Credo omnes academias et artes humaniores esse abolendas in secula seculorum. Amen.

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N. B. *On the first of May next the SCRIBBLER OFFICE at Montreal will be removed to No. 4. St. Jean Baptiste Street.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. TELLTRUTH, AN EYE WITNESS, & A LIGHT SIX POUNDER are just received, and will be made use of: perhaps also the information given by MUFFIN, and CORPORAL TRIM. MOMUS will not do. The rubbish sent by A GRUNTER, EGO, and PUNCH, is all consigned to the temple of Cloacina. The WIT at Three Rivers, who sent a supply of blank paper, is entitled to the thanks of His Majesty's post master-general: he seems one of the same kidney as he who returned a number of the Free Press to the editor with the *sensible* remark written upon it "I was not born blind, nor am I blind:" Three Rivers seems to be the very Bœotia of Canada.