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THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, 30th MARCH, 1822.

SUPPLEMENT TO No. XL.

Media inter prælia.—LUCAN.

Amidst the battle's thickest throng.

Quod per se ipsum vituperabile est, id eo ipso vitium nominatum puto.—CICERO.

That which is in itself reprehensible, I hesitate not to reprobate.

Decidit in casses præda petita meos.—OVID.

Now in my trap I've caught the thief.

I am afraid that a taste for the brutal and degrading sports of the high and low vulgar of the mother-country is beginning to spread itself in this province. Amongst these, boxing-matches and cock-fighting, are perhaps the most disgraceful, and every public writer ought to stigmatise them with deserved reprobation. Sorry have I been to see the columns of the Herald of last Saturday filled with a detail of one of these disgusting exhibitions copied from an English paper. I hope neither that nor any other paper in Montreal will offend again in like manner. My sentiments on this subject, make me give a ready insertion to the following communications.

Hay-market, March 15th.

FRIEND MACCULLOH,

I send you an account of a war-duet which was played off yesterday in the Haymarket. The scene of confusion and the pressure of the crowd

was so great at first that little sport was expected; but the fortunate arrival of three clergymen soon restored order. These were the Reverend Dr. Harkforward of Government-City, and the Reverend Messrs. Moral Police, and Fitz-John. Dr. Harkforward immediately rode up and entered with all his soul into the fun, took upon himself the command, and ordered the mob to *clear the ring*, that the combatants might have *fair play*, and *room to deal their blows*. The other reverend gentlemen rode away soon after the doctor had arranged the ranks; but that redoubted knight of the surplice remained to witness a most bloody contest, encouraging and cheering the combatants.* You must know that the reverend doctor was a great bruiser in his younger days, and report says that some of the good citizens of Government-City have still reason to be afraid of his prowess. A whisper has even gone round that the academic honour which he wears on the sides of his hat was bestowed as a reward for some heroic action in the service of Bacchus, or in the field of the minor Mars. It is understood that this reverend doctor has entered his name as a subscriber to a project of the reverend Mr. Moral Police to erect boxes for the heroes of the fist in all market places through these provinces, that *fair play* may be secured by keeping off the crowd. The boxes are to be made after the fashion of a Scotch pulpit, but a wee bit larger.

HUMANITAS.

* The reverend gentleman is, no doubt, desirous of imitating the Roman pontiff, Pope Innocent X. who one day, looking out of a window of his palace, with some cardinals, they espied two men fighting in the street; the cardinals hereupon entreated the holy father to interpose his authority and command peace; but he refused, saying, "let them fight it out, and that will make them good friends of course."

Chambly, March 21st, 1822.

MR. MACCULLOH,

An inhuman practice and one generally attended with the very worst consequences, equally injurious to families and to individuals, and very subversive of correct moral principles, is, unhappily, insinuating itself among the inhabitants of this province; a practice which loudly calls for the reprobation of every man alive not only to his own but to the interest and happiness of his neighbours and the public.

The barbarous custom to which I allude is cockfighting; than which there has seldom been devised a more cruel and criminal species of diversion, for diversion of any kind becomes criminal when it has a tendency to strengthen bad inclinations, and to weaken the active principles of humanity. There is a generous sensibility implanted in the human breast which it is man's positive duty to cherish and improve, instead of counteracting and repressing its suggestions.

On the morning of the 18th instant, a motley crowd of people, having for the most part scarcely a whole rag to cover their backs, assembled in a waste field in this village, where they unbagged their devoted birds, with the deadly instruments attached to their legs: the battle commences; they dart; they wound; and instantly the air resounds with horrid oaths and imprecations disgraceful to any beings in human shape. Tinkers, shoe-boys, and the very dregs of society, may naturally be expected to frequent such scandalous sports, but when others put themselves upon a par with such a rabble, it is but just to expose them, and to put down, and discountenance, not only the barbarity of the diversion but the infatuated spirit of gaming to which it gives rise. Among the mob stood conspicuous Harry Hone.

with a hopeful disciple of his own caste. His opponent, Tim Stout, a man remarkable for his lantern-jaws and overwhelming brows, was often heard when he could not be seen. There was also a galaxy of other mighty personages, and Messrs. Coal, Pill, Jug, and Meadow, sanctioned and graced this kindred meeting with their presence. A son of Crispin likewise attended, determined to stake his *all*, which he actually did, but fortunately for his shoulders and ribs, he won his wager, or his exasperated wife would have rewarded him on his return with a good *leathering*, for she declared that he took away her *last* shilling. It has moreover been intimated to me by a person of credibility, that one or two puffing rural squires permitted, perhaps inadvertently, the male part of their families to visit this school of vice and immorality. I conclude in the hope that you, Mr. Macculloh, will give this an early insertion in your useful paper, and concur with me in stamping a mark of infamy on such a cruel and ruinous practice. I am, etc.

BARON HARPAX.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As several edifying suggestions have lately been offered through the medium of your hebdomedal olio, for correcting the hospitable hostilities that occasionally occur amidst the convivialities that enliven the gaieties of this town, I feel some interest and much pleasure in announcing to you, that Montreal is likely soon to become, under your chastening influence, one of the most agreeable places in the world.

In proof of this remark, I submit to your high consideration the overpowering attentions lately paid here to a distinguished foreigner, who, with

his blooming bride, has suddenly become a most attractive magnet of all our courtesies; though scandal has invidiously whispered that this lovely pair are in imminent danger of falling victims to the fawning sycophancy lavished upon them by many parasites who are yet smarting under the recollection of past exclusion from the brilliant fandangoes of an illustrious relative of the nouvelle mariée. It is also insinuated that whilst these young birds are heedlessly dropping the cheese to many a gaping old fox below, they are at the same time incurring the danger of being eaten up themselves.—*Ditatem avertite casum!*

Now, good sir, in order to obviate so awful a catastrophe, I humbly propose to your perpend- ing consideration the following preventive expedient; viz: that the guard which at present paces behind the mouldering wall of Hungry Hall, in the vicinity of Mr. Sheriff Brute's hotel, be henceforth transferred to the more important station of guarding the young pigeons of Castle Gorge on the Hill, whilst the owls and vultures continue to hover around them. From your admirer,

SCARRON SECUNDUS.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Your Dorsetshire tale (which, by the bye, I should rather imagine to be a Canterbury tale,) reminds me of a little doggel scrap said to have been the production of the renowned Peter Porcupine, relative to a worthy wight who resided, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, in the same county and town. It appears that miracles are peculiar to that place, therefore the *documenting* rat may not be inappropriately coupled with a two years', two months' and three days' pregnancy. Yours to command,

SOLOMON SCENT'EM.

N. B. I am a late settler in these parts. Hear you are a man of great influence. Always was a lover of the chace, and as I'm told this is becoming a very sporting country, wish you could establish me as whipper-in to the county-hunt, (if you have such an association.) It may be some recommendation to state that I am eleventh cousin to the famous *Tomz Moody*.

THE RAT AND THE COMMISSARY.

A TALE.

Snug in his easy chair, *full pay and peace*,
 A Commissary sat, no matter in what place—
 Enjoy'd his racy wine and blazing fire—
 (Alas! that poorer scribes drudge on in misery's mire!
 Due recompense merit doth seldom find,
 Ergo—your poets term dame Fortune blind;)
 Well Sirs! He had suck'd in his Port in quiet;
 A gentle nap stolc o'er his senses sweetly;
 But soon 'twas broken: all mad Bedlam's riot
 'Twas nothing to the din, stunning completely
 The sudden roused and half-bewilder'd sleeper.
 A milder temper, Sirs, might well be ruffled;
 The door burst open; in the servants scuffled,
 Each trying to be first. The brawny keeper
 Of a huge trap, impatient, forced his way,
 And thus began, " 'Twas I Sir, caught the thief."
 "No, Sir," cries Peg, "Pat lies—this very day
 "I baited it with *half my dinner* my own self.
 "This many a day sure, all the pork and beef,
 "With sundry tidbits off the pantry shelf,
 "Which we, poor servants, were accused of stealing,
 "Getting hard blows from you, from madam railing,
 "Have been a prey to this here long-tailed codger;
 "But here he's safe at last, in trap a lodger."
 "—Ho! silence! damn my eyes, fetch me a poker."
 "I'll kill, I'll carbonade this plundering joker."
 On this the servants went their way,
 And left their master with his prey.
 Undaunted Ratty to the wires up sprung,
 And, as the story goes, thus foud his tongue.
 "Sir, if your goodly sitch I've dared to munch,
 "To give my grumbling intestines a lunch,
 In this inclement time,
 Metbinks 'tis a small crime,
 "You well might pardon; many friendly turns
 "We rats have served—remember, in *retuns*
 "How sumptuously our race hath fared—(on paper)
 "Flour, pork, good sacking too, and forage,
 "In short on all things fit for storage
 —"Stop"—"No, I'll end my speech, Sir, pray do'n't
 vapour,
 "Time immemorial every dying rogue.

"Hath made a speech confessional and so forth,
 " (Your printers keep the custom still in vogue,)
 " Ere then I die the world shall know *your worth*."—
 The household now was heard returning,
 So that with apprehension burning,
 The Commissary's conscience having got a rap,
 He promptly seized upon the trap;
 " Hush, Whiskerandos! worthy friend, pray cease;
 " No tales!—the door is open—*Go in peace.*"

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Your publication has developed to our view, a numerous new nobility and gentry, whose titles and talents were doomed to remain in oblivion, had you not begun to notice them. I believe it is a custom, in the mother-country, to publish in the periodical works, the biography of all the celebrated and noted characters there, distinguished by their high birth, learning, great deeds, philanthropy, etc. which qualities, however, I fear are not very abundant amongst the aforesaid new nobility and gentry. No matter, could'nt some of your correspondents well acquainted with their characters, give the public a concise sketch of their lives and actions, private and public, as they have been and as they are; and also trace their pedigrees faithfully? I say faithfully, because a great man (not renowned for wisdom) who is well known to you, and is a partner of a ci-devant famous company, while tracing his pedigree, began with his grandfather, and got up to his ninety ninth ancestor, taking no notice of his father. Would you know the reason that the old dad was left out? Why, because he was a cobbler. I am sure you can not object to devote a space in your paper to such interesting and beneficial matter. If you refuse, all these great ladies and gentlemen's fame, will not be handed down to posterity, to the great detriment of our great grand-children.

PETO.

9th March, 1822.

P. S. Suppose you begin, as excellent subjects, with the Honourable Tory Loverule, or the Count, his son-in-law.

I am obliged to Peto for his suggestion, and solicit biographical contributions of the nature required.

TRISTRAM QUILLDRIVER mistakes my object when he considers it as one of my principal aims, to "prevent the different circles of society from encroaching upon the rights and privileges of each other." On the contrary I wish to abolish as much as possible that restrictive and forbidding system with which every class that assumes to itself to be a small step higher in society, unceasingly endeavours to repulse the approaches of such as they consider as inferiors. In the mercantile part of the community, (which forms a majority,) such distinctions are, in Montreal, more ridiculous than elsewhere. There is properly speaking, not a single *merchant* in the place, according to the real acceptance of the word. There are none but wholesale dealers, chapmen, and retailers, and our very tip-top houses, could not, if they were in London and had the misfortune to appear in the Gazette, aspire to a higher designation than that of "dealers and chapmen." A *merchant* never sells rum by the puncheon, or wine by the pipe, or indeed any single package; *merchants* sell by entire parcels of one mark, *dealers* by single packages, *chapmen* by single pieces, and *retailers* by the pound, or yard. If therefore those who are called our first merchants, are in fact only dealers, and often retailers, their clerks ought not surely to be so indignant as Mr. Quilldriver appears to be, "at being classed with shopboys and storekeepers."

L. L. M.

TRIP'S communications will be very acceptable; DICK DOGGREL, CAPTAIN FLASH, SENEX, and a SUBSCRIBER'S account of matrimonial arrangements in high life, will appear next week. Many other matters are unavoidably postponed.