

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY APRIL 14, 1825. [No. 140.

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures. VIRGIL.

The winds dispersed the lover's selfish prayer.

————— *Per me quod eritque, fuitque,
Estque patet. Per me concordant carmina nervis;
Certa quidem nostra, est nostra tamen una sagitta
Certior, in vacuo quæ vulnera pectore fecit. OVID.*

What was, what is, what will be, here appears;
And pœsy is cut with critic shears;
Disputes, replies, retorts, and all the rest;
And Satire's keenest dart to pierce thro' Folly's breast.

DIALOGUE.

Somebody.—Why Luke, why did n't you put in that about Colonel Drummondville, and major Niglor, into No. 139 ?

L. L. M.—I don't know what you mean. I had no communication about them.

Somebody.—O, I mean their disappointment at McKillaway-lodge; you must have heard of it.

L. L. M.—I heard of it, indeed; but had n't the particulars. If you know them, give me the whole story.

Somebody.—Well this is it. You know Sir Plausible Pompous McKillaway?

L. L. M.—O, yes—the present Lord High Commissioner of the Canadian Fudge Company.

Somebody.—On the arrival of Sir Plausible, who had been

long and anxiously expected, the smooth-faced little major Nigler, (or Niggler, for the exact orthography of his name is in dispute.) dispatched, it is said, a trusty messenger to his friend and fellow-adventurer in the same speculation, Colonel Drummondville——

L. L. M.—By the powers, that's a fine high sounding name you have given him.

Somebody.—O, he blows his own trumpet, you know.—The major wrote to him to come up to Mount Royal immediately, as the Lord High Commissioner did not intend to stop long. When the messenger reached Theori-park, the gallant colonel had just finished his supper of Indian meat porridge, and was preparing to solace himself in the arms of a certain wood-nymph, whom he keeps, for his own convenience in those wild parts, and for the use of his friends, in his absence.——

L. L. M.—As many others do, whom you and I know.

Somebody.—Although, at the moment, on mighty things intent, the colonel resolved instantly to obey the summons of his friend: and came up, with incredible speed, having ruined three horses, and almost dislocated every joint in his body, by dashing over the cahots. The world, that is, the *beau monde*, expected, and, no doubt, the colonel did so too, that every thing relative to a certain "contrat de mariage," was to be settled on the arrival of sir Pompous. The colonel could not anticipate any objections that would be made to his blood flowing in the same stream with the ancient blood of the McKillaways. He came prepared to negotiate on the principles of reciprocity—he was ready to settle on the fair-niece, his pine-groves, and elm-swamps, saw-mills, and grist-mills, and the savings of his half-pay.

L. L. M.—Probably enough to buy the lady a pair of garters.

Somebody.—But all this, for an *equivalent*, mind you, an

equivalent. And moreover, he could shew his red ribbon, and pretend to trace his descent from "Jingling Geordie," who was an honest man, and an honour to his country.

L. L. M.—Which is more than his pretended descendant can boast of being.

Somebody.—Full of doubt, yet big with consequence, he posted to Castle Antoine; and, if my information is correct, was kindly received by the fair Annie; who, blushing and hesitatingly, presented him to uncle Plausible. But alas, how crestfallen stood the colonel. Sir Pompous is fashionably blind, and wears spectacles; moreover he can be conveniently deaf. He saw not, he heard not; and having been lately fairly *rumped* the colonel. What a mortification!

L. L. M.—He deserved it, for aspiring so far beyond his merits

Somebody.—This said egoistical colonel, cold blooded, and calculating, who thinks and talks of nothing but himself, and his convenient, double faced, oily tongued, friend the major, with his undertoned "how d' ye does?" and "good mornings to ye," and jesuitical smiles; have long since laid their heads together, to try to entrap the affections of those two fine girls the Miss McKillaways; who, poor, innocent, inexperienced, young things! may feel flattered by the attentions of two old self interested, field-officers, fancying all the time, it is for themselves they are so attended to; while their would-be lovers are only thinking, if they succeed, how the old gentleman will *cut up*, who, by the bye, has been pretty well hacked of late.

L. L. M.—Well I can't say, Sir Pompous appears to have been to blame at all.

Somebody.—I don't say he is. But, Luke, don't you think the lady of a certain chief justice should give her nieces a little sage advice; for she is able to do it, and knows what's what. It could not be very gratifying to her feelings to see

them coupled for life—the one to a man, (no matter for his boasted descent from “Jingling Geordie,”) with scarcely any brains, and double her age;—the other, a lively, spirited little vixen, to a man already worn out in the service of Venus, and with some encumbrances not altogether suitable for so young a lady to take charge of.

L. L. M.—True, the young ladies are both certainly deserving of much better matches than any that have yet offered. But, let us go to tea, it is all ready in the parlour.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM THE
BOOK OF BULLFROGS.

In the days of the chief scribe there was a man, whom they called Dr. Jalap. Now he was a man of real wit, and of great invention, yea, really an ingenious fellow: yet he and the chief scribe fell out.

So it happened that a great alarm prevailed, once on a time, at the Isle of BULLFROGS, because of the expected arrival of Dr. Jalap. Nevertheless dealers in scandal, were not alarmed, for they considered that the doctor would be a great acquisition to them.

Therefore be it known to all the inhabitants of this happy island, and the neighbouring villages, cantons, and seigneuries, that calumny crosseth oceans, scaleth mountains, and traverseth deserts, with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris: and, like him, rides on a poisoned arrow. Consequently not all the *guns* in the fortress will prove to be the smallest protection to its inhabitants. Although their cannon hath silenced many of the enemy's batteries in Portugal, and in France, and in Spain, it has been found inadequate to silence the destructive hot shot fired from the furnace of slander.

Beware ye, therefore, on the west side of the river, lest ye fall under the lash.

Your virgin-blushes guard from slander's dart,
By modest looks and words, avert its smart.
Whether at home, or in the world's gay round,
Safety in modesty is ever found;
To blackeyed, sparkling, beauty all bend low,
But,—ware the arrow from the base slander's bow.

All ye smugglers on the borders of the mountains, and on the banks of the lake, beware, for the enemy is at hand;

Nor steamboat, sloop, nor shallop can defy
The tongue of slander, or its hue and cry.
Barges, canoes, and scows, all doom'd to fail;
E'en bribery itself can not prevail.

All ye of Hungryville, Erintown, Coalhole, and Acadia; are reminded to be careful of your families.

Behold, the *mill* and his *man*, will be the first to come under the lash, like unto a toad under a harrow.

Not Vulcan's chains, nor all his skill and art,
Can bind the tongue of slander to the heart.
That chain with which Aladdin did th' Euphrates bind,
Would not confine to truth the slanderer inclined.

Not pork, nor biscuit, nor the mellow wine,
Nor aught that's good when commissaries dine,
Nor all the dainties the new house affords,
Can keep out slander from the generous boards.

Next follows a caution to the ladies to be very careful not to detail every symptom of their disorder, should they have occasion to call on Dr. Jalap; as they may as well have them printed and pasted up in the new guard-house, or, to be more within bounds of the walls, hung up on a board in

the orderly-room.—

(*Maximus hiatus*;—but not, *cætera desunt*.)—

This happy couple, (query, which happy couple?) we are told, in the absence of company, which frequently occurs, are fond of diverting themselves, with cards &c. and attempted many games.

The first was *Matrimony*: that game was played with great judgement on both sides, in the early part of it; both contending with great skill for superiority. It is curiously described by a reverend poet;

“Oh matrimony! thou art like
To Jeremiah’s figs;—
The good, were very good—the bad,
Too bad to give the pigs.”

The next game was *Loo*; but the lady got *loo-ed*, and was compelled to “drop that.”

Cribbage was practiced; (that is, Irish cribbage; one hole and one peg;) that they play at well.

Reversis next, that did not agree with them, and was discarded.

Piquet was a favourite game for some time; but the many *piques*, and *repiques* that were given made them loose sometimes, not only their time, but their tempers.

Quadrille they could not attain, for it requires more than two to play at that game. However, married ladies, after the honeymoon is over, generally make up parties, and as they frequently hold the black aces, are seldom beasted.

Backgammon, he was fond of, but she did not like it.

Hazard and *Brag* were both tried, but failed to amuse.

Allfours had a large share of their time, especially in the winternights. It was, however, played, *a la renverse*, or in the mode of “the quadruped with two backs.”

Speculation was attempted, but would not answer; and

Lottery came in turn, but was found as bad as speculation.

Among the rest was *Whist*; but at this game, when played with a deficient number, they have to play *dummy*. This was what they never could accomplish, and it was therefore abandoned.

The game that they chiefly fancied was *Put*. This they played with equal skill; so that it was, king take queen, ace take ace, and duce take the knave. Therefore it was trick and tie between this couple: and, finding they are a good match they mean to change the game.

That which they now propose is *Patience*, although the lady declares she is sure neither of them can play it with any degree of credit. If they should succeed in playing this game well, and practice that of *whist*, they may become agreeable companions both to each other and to their neighbours.

In reading over the chronicles of this island, the churchwardens have discovered an ancient prophecy, by which it is foretold that in the year one thousand seven hundred six score and five, a man will take up his residence here, with a comely face; even so much so, that the people will be fond of him; but out of his mouth shall issue forth slime, which shall be daubed on the walls of the church, even as took place at the church of the town of the Basin: and thenceforward there shall be no peace among the congregation thereof, for the space of three years. And behold thereafter shall that man be styled by the people the prince of bouncers.

Now there are three churches on this island, and the greatest consternation prevaileth amongst the elders, to know upon which of these churches the accomplishment of this prediction is to fall.

And the governor of the island, a worthy man, who seeketh not to make *hay* of other people's grass, when he heard these things, forgot he had the gout; and he bounced up, and

stamped on the floor with violence, which soon put him in mind of Madeira.

The admiral, (not he that was shot in 1755 for not relieving Minorca,) on hearing the alarm that was spread abroad, very coolly told his *clerk** to examine his pistols. Whereupon the clerk asked him, what was the matter? The admiral then, in his usual gentlemanly way, began to describe the cause; and during this time the clerk's hair stood erect; and when he understood the story, he held out his hand, and said; I have a fist, that would knock down any one, and I'll be damned if I use any thing else.

Another gentleman in the great gun department, very coolly said, the people take the liberty of calling me a *coward*, but they shall find me otherwise.

His lovely wife and child, struck with alarm,
Exclaim, O, dear, we hope there 'll be no harm:—
But sure, the words that you express
Have caused us great distress.

But he replied to them in mild and soothing terms; and allaying their fears, they repaired streight to the cottage.

Nevertheless the great fears that all the ladies entertain, will be versified in another chapter.

This word is, in *English*, pronounced *clark*; in spelling, the *e* is retained, in order to preserve the trace of its derivation from the latin *clericus*. I particularly notice this on account of the spurious affected pronunciation of this word, which prevails much on this side of the Atlantic, and by which it is perverted into *clark*.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE AFORESAID OTHER CHAPTER.

About those times there appeared signs and ill omens, and backbiting was the reigning passion, yea every man was arrayed against his neighbour, even to those supposed inseparable companions, the knight James and Peter Hemlock the excavator.

Now, as LAERTIUS, the Latin writer saith; *Amicos ita amare oporteret ut aliquando essent osuri*; verily, I say that it behooveth all so to act with their friends, as if they might one day become enemies; behold! a friend in adversity is a true friend; but so did not Peter prove to be, for as soon as James ceased to have authority, and could no longer assist him in his *muddy* undertakings, then he turned his back upon him, and in their wrath, such things were told as astonished the bystanders.

The veil is thin that hideth iniquity, so the sages long ago foretold these things, and much more that is yet to come to pass. It seemeth meet that when men quarrel in their cups, their anger should abate as the wine dieth within them; yet not so was it with James and Peter, for at the dawn of day, a messenger was dispatched by James, according to the rules of chivalry, with a cartel to decide the quarrel by mortal combat, in the territory of Uncle Sam. And Peter trembled with fear.

Now James was a gallant knight, and had performed great and mighty deeds of valour. He hath hurled the tremendous thunder of Wellington against the walls of Badajoz, he hath mowed down thousands of the enemies of his country on the glorious fields of Vittoria, Busaco, and Salamanca, and hath even encircled the heroine of Saragossa in his arms, which inspired so martial a fire within him, that he was ever after the foremost to enter all breaches on all occasions.

But Peter did not inherit much of the courage for which

his countrymen are famed : and he addressed the bystanders, saying ; "wha wud a thocht that the daft de'el o' a body wud a sent a challenge ta me, wha ne'er shit oot o' a gun in a' my born days ; the instruments o' my profession are a *grape* and a *shule*, and the de'el tak me but I wud drive ather o' them thro' the doited body's wame as I wud thro' a yird worm's : nane o' your guns an pistols for me ; the I'm an officher's companion I dinna like deedy weapons."

And there dwelt in the land the Son of Job, a ruling elder, who was one high in authority, to whom the trembling Peter vented his lamentations ; and he, like a good and faithful magistrate, took pity, and caused an order to be issued to bring them both into his presence.

Peter surrendered himself into the hands of the officers of Justice with the meekness of a lamb ; and, being under their Protection, he, with the assistance of a scribe, caused an acceptance of the challenge to be written and delivered unto James ; and his relief was so apparent that he seemed to breathe in a new atmosphere.

The Knight was taken as he was preparing for the work of death, after a severe skirmish with the bailiffs and their followers, yea and eke the officers of customs completely armed.

And they were both ushered into his worship's presence ; who, having spoken his speech to them, made each of them pay four large pieces of money, and bound them to quietness for six months.

DEAR MR. SCRIB,

You will doubtlessly recollect that the past year was an eventful one for this part of the country ; and the probability is that, (as you and the blue book are still in existence,) the present one will be more so. Hence I have, as a preliminary, to request that the following historical matters may receive insertion.

There is living at present, in the vicinity of Hungryville, a veteran, famed in history for having served in the American army during their struggle for independence, in which service he attained the rank of major. We will not enter into the ancient domestic concerns of this gentleman, save that he was a married man, and was blessed with sons, and peradventure, with daughters too; nevertheless, soon after the close of the revolution, he was overwhelmed with a violent amour for another man's rib; with whom he ran away, or she with him, (historians not being agreed as to that fact,) to Pass-by-quod; (a place so called from being the route that fugitives from one country to another pass, in order to avoid gaol, the slang term for which you know is *quod*.)—there he was again blessed with a son, whom we will call Dig, and of whom more hereafter. In a short time, however, he cut stick, as the saying is, came to Bas Canada, and took up his residence in Butterfield; and now holds the rank of captain in "the tame army." Taking thus into consideration, not only his past and present military station, but likewise that to which he, no doubt, thinks himself entitled, and that it is necessary to give him both a name, and a title, we will call him general Blue-jacket.

General Blue-jacket is a most useful man; and in the various public capacities in which he acts, always gives proofs of great magnanimity. A few instances will suffice.

Some one, two, or three years ago, the knowing people of Butterfield got up a petition to have him appointed "commissioner for the trial and decision of small causes;" and, on being asked who he would appoint for clerk, the general answered, with some emphasis, "why Dig, by all means, and my son Long-sal-de-ral for acting bailiff;" saying, or thinking, to himself, "and by that means I shall retain all the fees in the family; for though it is strictly enjoined, upon oath, that the commissioner shall receive no remuneration, directly, or

indirectly, for his services, we can get it in this way, for my son Dig wields the pen with facility, and Long-fal-de-ral is no "slouch," as we all know." Then, breaking out in a soliloquy: "only dink, when all de people shall come tirectly to dis here court, den my neighbour's wife, dat I runn'd a-way with from de Green Mountain shtate, shall deal out de rum, de gin, and de prandy, and take de shink, de clink, in de barn while Dig takes it for recording my chudgements, and Long-fal-de-ral for seizing, atferdizing and selling."—"I guess," said an observer, "the general is somewhat like the Jew pedler when he says:

And shnppose I was a judge, or a justass of de peash,
 Ven de proshecutors bring de tief before de bench,
 Do dey shwear upon de pible dat dey all black in de feash,
 If de prisoner use good argument, a fig for evidensh:
 But if de rogue be pennylesh, my vork me vould go thro'
 For my coshentz vould not let me rob de gallows of its due

A quotation, by the bye, Mr. Scrib, that, if you do not know where it was taken from, I can not tell you, though I suspect it is like many of the Waverly mottos, the production of the author's own brain, but to return to Blue-jacket.

Being one of the board for granting licences to proper persons to keep public houses of entertainment in Larry-derry, as there were so many applicants from the village of Good-Morals, he protested against granting the petitions, urging, as^a reason, that the demoralization would be boundless, and most injurious to the good morals of the inhabitants of Good-Morals. Though these reasons were certainly weighty in themselves, it would appear that the general was not so much concerned about the morals of the people, as for fear he should not be paid for his *one day's* attendance on the occasi

on:* for, when every other prospect had become overcast, he had recourse to the ingenious alternative of exacting fifteen pence for his every signature. It, however, unfortunately happened, that his co-adjutors, (Squire McJob, and Col. Dash-at-all,) were not of his way of thinking; and as two out of three, are a majority, and they were against him, he found out that his signature was of no consequence. Thus was our gallant general out-generalled, and it did not prove so money-making a job as he had anticipated; and he was constrained to go home, after paying for his dinner, and "stimulus," out of his private purse, together with the loss of his time, and a few slurs thrown on his character.

One more circumstance, and we will take our leave of Blue-jacket for the present.

Little captain Charley Aim, who once lived in Butterfield, and had prepared a house for his removal to Hungryville, (where he now resides,) wishing to move the whole of his furniture in one day, he, as is frequently the custom among friends and neighbours, invited a number of them to take each a load for him, or, in the Yankee phrase, making a bee of it. The distance was only four miles; and amongst the rest was the subject of this memoir, who took a load along as others did. A few days after, he called at the store where the captain's partner was, and says to him, "I have got an account against Charley Aim of six shillings, if you will let me have a pound of tea, I will settle it with him the first opportunity. When it came to a settlement, it appeared that the account was for his turning out so nobly and disinterestedly to assist his neighbour in moving.

Mr. Dig, the clerk of the court is this moment riding by, which puts me in mind of him. He is a most free, noble,

* Rather an unreasonable conclusion; for, had that been the general's object, the more petitions were granted, the greater number of *tren te sous*, would he have pocketed.—
L. L. M.
Is this not so? *thinks I to myself.*

and generoushearted boy; as a proof of which it is related by one of major Foil's clerks, that he conveyed a load of merchandize from Meadowville to Good Morals, weighing full ten pounds for the major, and charged no more than sevenpence halfpenny for his trouble and fatigue. One would have supposed that too little to have defrayed his expenses; but he is prudent and economical, as will appear from his wishing to go to school at Shingleton for one month, where the price of tuition is fifteen pence, but which he thought too much, and wrote a very beautiful, pathetic, and impressive letter to the manager of the school, offering one shilling for the tuition, and four shillings for board, lodging, washing and mending. I do not know if they were York shillings, but as he is in the habit of dealing much in little things, they were not Halifax shillings.

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

† This would have been an *academy*, or a *seminary*, in many other countries, but, fortunately, in this, we have not yet acquired so much refinement, and can *sometimes* call things by their right names.

L. L. M.

MR. MACCULLOH,

In a mixed company, not long ago, the conversation turned upon good breeding, and the manners of different ages and states of society. It appeared to be the uniform opinion of the greatest part of the ladies and gentlemen present, that the females of the present times, that is, those who have received a good education, and every one must allow that in this country that is the case with the greatest number, were far above their grandmothers in the improvement of their man-

ners. The modesty, delicacy, and general taste for literature, of the young ladies of this age, were contrasted with those of the ladies of times gone by; and, in illustration, anecdotes were related of sundry deviations from decorum, rudenesses, and vulgarities of behaviour, amongst the females of an antecedent generation or two. Along with others a story was told, which to all the ladies present appeared incredible, of a lady actually spitting in the faces of two gentlemen, at an evening chit-chat party. "O, shocking!" said one; "impossible!" said another; "it can't be true," "O, dear! what must she have thought of herself?" "how dreadfully rude!" "O, the vulgar creature!" and similar expressions of astonishment and reprobation, echoed round the room. "She ought to have been sent to Coventry;" said one gentleman. "No," cried a cynic, who sate in a corner, "send her to *Worcister*, where she will find her mate; for, ladies and gentlemen, whether you will believe it or not, just the same thing happened, not a hundred years ago, nor a hundred miles from this place, and you will easily guess who I mean, if you think of the place where I said such *ladies* should be sent to."

Now Mr. Mac, if this be a true bill, you will agree both with me and a friend of mine, who has expressed his sentiments on the subject, that such an act "must have outraged every principle of good breeding; and that want of opportunity to obtain the common politeness of the present day, must have been the occasion of such an inroad on decency, good manners, and good sense."

CORYDON.

From the town of E—— X—— April, 1825.



Flatborough, April, 1825.

MY DEAR MR. SCRIBBLER,

I know of no better way to give vent to my swollen heart, and troubled mind, than by addressing you; in hopes that you will give me that satisfaction which my beloved

spouse denies, and which I so ardently desire. Do you know, sir, that my husband gives me all, all, I want, excepting one thing—he wo' n't give me the Freemason's secret, although I keep constantly urging him to reveal it to me.—Now only just see;—the evening when he came home from being made a mason, as he calls it, I found the front of his shirt torn, his cravat all undone, and his poor fleshy—O, what a hall I say?—all burnt; not very badly though:—and then, do you know, I am very certain they put him in a coffin and kivered him up, and all but killed him, I should say—for I know, for certain, some such thing must have happened, or why did he not act as usual?—Now, in the name of good sense, if there's any secret in masonry, why do n't they let us women know it. But it's all stuff, for I know my lovey would take me to the lodge if it war' n't something more than curious. But if you know the secret, if there is any, wo' n't you let me know? and, if you do, I'll try to get the prayers for you of all the women in this village, and more too:—and besides you will oblige

your's
JEMIMA PUPLEY.

□□□□

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

FRAGMENT;

Being the exordium of an heroic poem entitled
FLETA ;

or a descriptive and historical sketch of the
FLEET PRISON in LONDON.

That noble pile I sing, whose lofty walls
Arise, majestic, near where butchers' stalls,
Fishmongers, poulterers, and green-grocers join,
To form Fleet-market's fragrant lengthen'd line ;

Whilom Fleet-ditch yclept, in Dunciad sung,
 By tuneful Pope, who o'er its eddies flung
 The odour sweet of poesy, that drown'd
 The stench that in its muddy waves was found.
 A pile, with spiked battlements adorn'd,
 By poor rogues fear'd, and by rich rogues much scorn'd—
 But, hold—such themes sublime a muse require
 Congenial verse and lofty thoughts t' inspire.
 Bold is the subject, bolder still the bard,
 Who sings of prison-scenes and gaolers hard.

No heavenly muse descends to grace the lay,
 No bright Urania from the source of day ;
 And yet, (like Milton's glorious strains,) I ween,
 To sing the pile, and paint its varying scene,
 Some potent sprite must fill the labouring breast :
 (Arduous the theme, and bold the task confess'd.)
 Ascend then thou, BAALBERITH,* fiend of hell,

* By reference to the authorities, quoted in the notes to No. 9 of the Scribbler, vol. I, pp. 65 & 66. the curious reader will perceive that *Baalberith* is, by the writers on demonology, considered as one of Satan's prime ministers, and the special father of all anger, contention, and discord upon earth. In addition to the information contained in those notes, and in one, p. 204 of vol. III. I am induced to give St. Justin's account of the generation of demons, in his *Opera apolog. lib.* I, p. 44, edit. Colon. 1536 :

“God, who made the universe, and subjected the whole earth and all the elements to man, likewise ordained this divine law, that the providence (or destinies,) of man, and of all that is under the heavens, should be the attribute (or privilege) of certain angels thereunto specially appointed. These angels, however, either by pre-ordination, or from their own free will, became transgressors, and, *cum mulierum concubilis amoribus victi*, overcome by the desire of (literally,) going to bed to mortal women, procreated sons by them, who are called demons, and who afterwards reduced the remainder of the human race into slavery to them. This they did, either by means of magical writings, or by

Who know'st to plague and vex mankind so well;
 Who in the lawyer's perjured soul snug dwell'st;
 Who special pleaders airy periods swell'st;
 Who makest grim bumbailiffs' fingers ends,
 Defile the shoulders of both foes and friends:
 Thou soul of discord, from the wrangling bar,
 Down to famed Billingsgate's loud tonguy war;
 Source of misused power and prosecutions;
 Grand patentee of writs and executions:
 Be thou my muse——

MAURICE MASK.

the operation of fear, or by punishment, or by the institutions of sacrifice, incense, and libations; and after the souls of men began to be carried away by passion and concupiscence, they made them their servants; and ever thereafter disseminated murder, war, adultery, litchery, malice, and every species of vice amongst mortals."

ST JUSTIN was amongst those fathers of the church, who considered the book of *Enoch*, (referred to in another place) as one of the sacred writings; and in that book the whole history of the angels or sons of God, as they are called in the 6th chapter of *Genesis*, "going in to the daughters of men;" and the names and attributes, not only of the angels, but also of the demons, or giants, they propagated, are recapitulated, and their acts set forth at large.

L.L.M.



Proud of every opportunity of shewing how much I am inclined to observe the utmost impartiality, I hasten to publish the following expostulation.

L.L.M.

Sir

I have observed in your last number a piece which I am led to believe relates to a gentleman who, whatever his faults may be, you must allow, has at least had the good

will of a majority of his countrymen and neighbours, or he could not have attained the rank in society, and be entrusted with the public offices he fills, under a constitution, like that now prevailing in the state of New-York, which leaves such appointments solely in the hands of the people*.

I will not, like you, (in which you must allow me to condemn your practice,) disguise what I have to say under nicknames,† but state at once that I allude to a brigadier-general of militia of this state, dwelling near the place of your late residence, whom you have ridiculed, or attempted to ridicule, under the appellation of general Thunder.

I am no particular friend of the general's, but to judge from his mild, plausible, and gentlemanly manners, when I have occasionally met him, I should scarcely think him deserving of being stigmatised with any mean, dishonourable, or vindictive conduct.‖ I must confess I have heard some

* Though this is entirely an *argumentum ad hominem*, I am willing to allow it a great deal of force, and should more so, did I not know both the great height to which party politics carry the people in the United States, and that it is not personal merit or fitness for the station, that secures an election, but devotion to party. The question is not, will that man make a good general, or a good judge? but, does he belong to our party? L.L.M.

† I have at different times, entered into vindications of the system of nicknaming, as it is called, which I have found necessary to adopt; but I have not yet entered so fully on the subject as I hope to do when leisure will permit, and all I will here say, is that in fact almost all names, and certainly all surnames, were originally nicknames. Q. E. D. L.L.M.

‖ This conclusion is an erroneous one, as, in all hypotheses, a mild and plausible exterior never fails to cover the tortuous bent of the inward man. L.L.M.

stories about his overanxiety for cents and dollars, but that is too common a failing amongst the people hereabouts that he should be made an especial object of satire for it.— But that is not my quarrel with you.

If I had as many pedantic quotations, (excuse my freedom,) from Latin authors as you appear to have at your fingersends I should, no doubt, be able to press Horace, or Virgil, or Cicero, into the service; but that not being the case, you must be satisfied with my reference to the homely admonition, "not to rip up old sores." Not that it is a very sore place either that you have hit. No doubt you now anticipate that I object to your bringing up the old story of the general's having, in his younger days, been indicted and actually found guilty of stealing poultry. Why, sir, are we, in our mature years, to be twitted with all the frolics and indiscretions of our youth? I think it would fare but ill with yourself, if that were the case. But I think, as I am told your book is pretty widely circulated, (I am frank and free, and therefore will add, more widely than I think it deserves,) that it is due to the gentleman in question, that you should in your next explain, that the robbing of a henroost, which he never denies, was a mere juvenile trick, a piece of practical wit played off upon an old Frenchman, whose vindictive disposition led him to make as much fuss about it, as if it had been a crime of the blackest dye. Did you never do so, when you were a school-boy, or rob an orchard, or steal the master's cakes and sweeties? I have no hesitation in saying that I think it a dirty and ill-natured thing to urge that as a grave accusation, which was nothing more than what I have stated.*

If you will notice this in your next it will prove your impartiality, and give to those at a distance, a better view of

* The records of the court, however, give a different edition of the story.

the case. In the immediate vicinity of the general it is of no consequence, for he laughs at it, and freely circulates the story himself.†

Before I conclude, I can not avoid censuring you for adopting, in this, and in various other instances, very irreverently, an imitation of the language of scripture, to convey the shafts of levity, satire, and perhaps malice and falsehood. The sacred books ought not to be jested with.‡

Hoping your reformation, I remain,

CRITICUS.

I need not date my letter, as you must be aware from what quarter of the globe it comes.

○○○○○○○○○○

† I certainly must give the general great credit for his conduct on the occasion. I am informed that he actually circulates the book amongst his friends, and considers it as a good joke. This is indeed the true way of parrying every attack of the kind, and disarms satire of its sting. L.L.M

‡ I subscribe to the opinion of CRITICUS that the sacred books ought not to be jested with : and I conceive that to parody, interpolate, or paraphrase, them in a ludicrous way, is more than irreverent. There are, however, many doubts as to the sacredness of a number of those books that are called canonical. Those books that are merely historical, have no claim to any sanctity, beyond their authenticity and antiquity as records ; and there are others, such as the Song of Solomon, and the Revelations, which it is disgraceful to see in a collection of writings, that certainly ought not to contain bawdy poems or madmen's reveries. As, however, not only those books which form our bible, but all those which are styled apocryphal, or unauthenticated, (of which I give a statement below,) are written in the same phraseology, there can not, I conceive, be any harm in merely imitating the language of those ages, whether in a vein of seriousness, or in one of sarcasm or levity ; for, independent of its being as well a mimic-

FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

(CONTINUED.)

It is with great pleasure I see that the march, (to adopt the jargon of revolutionary France, too many of the phrases arising from which, have been engrafted in our language,) of liberal feelings and opinions is advancing in Canada; by the passage of that law, relative to imprisonment for debt which as far as it goes, restores the ancient, true, and humane French civil code, that utterly prohibits that abominable abuse, excepting in cases of debtors actually absconding and proving to be fraudulent. By the new law, no debtor can be imprisoned, provided he gives bail. not to leave the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; this is, in fact, however, nothing else than granting the privilege to

ry of the language of ancient, apocryphal, and spurious writings, as of that of the inspired writers, *mere imitation of phrase* is not either *parody* or *paraphrase*. I shall, perhaps, take another opportunity of reverting to the subject; and now conclude by adding a list of those writings, exclusive of our apocrypha, which, all written in the same style, have, at different times, and in different countries, been considered as sacred by different denominations of christians,

There is, in the first place, the book of *Enoch*, which occupies a place in the Abyssinianian old testament, between the books of Kings and Job. The Abyssinian church has also a book called the *Glory of the Kings*, principally taken up with queen Sheba's visit to Solomon. There is the fourth book of *Esdras*, often printed at the end of Latin bibles. We read of the books of *Abel*, *Seth*, *Shem*, *Abraham*, and *Og the giant*. The testaments of *Adam*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, *Job*, *Moses*, *Solomon*, and the *twelve Patriarchs*. The liturgies of *Mathew*, *Mark*, *John*, *James*, *Peter*, and the *Virgin Mary*. The acts of *Andrew*, *John*, *Mark*, *Mathias*, *Paul*, *Peter*, *Philip*, *Thomas*, *Pilate*, *Caiphas*, and *Thecla*. The epistles of *Luke to Galen*, *Peter to James*, *John to a man who had the dropsy*, *Paul to the Laodiceans*, and of the *Virgin Mary to Ignatius*. The gospels of *James*, *Andrew*, *Thomas*, *Philip*, *Bartholomew*, *Mathias*, *Thaddeus*, *Peter*, *Paul*, *Nicodemus*, *Judas Iscariot*,

debtors of what is called *the rules* in England, or, more properly, *the limits* in America, and giving to those limits an immense extent. Still, the same oppressive mode of imprisoning by *capias*, upon the unsupported oath of an interested and irritated creditor, appears to be continued; and by such oath a man may be held to excessive bail, which it may be utterly out of his power to obtain. The requiring of excessive bail in all criminal cases, which depends too upon the discretion of the magistrate, is contrary, as well to *magna charta*, as to the *habeas corpus act*, and to every statute that bears on the subject. Ought it therefore to be allowed in *civil* cases, and dependant solely on the caprice or avarice of an interested individual? True, it is said, that it is upon the *oath* of that individual, or, as it is most preposterously and iniquitously allowed in Canada, upon the oath of any of his clerks or shopboys; but we know what *juridical oaths* are; we know that they are mere farces, and considered even less binding upon the conscience, than the so often ridiculed *customhouse-oaths*. The oath-takers in such cases are

and *Eve*. The revelations of *Adam*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, *Elias*, *Job*, *Moses*, *Solomon*, *Thomas*, *Peter*, *Stephen*, and *Paul*. The magical writings of *Noah*, *Ham*, *Abraham*, *Joseph* and *Solomon*. Pope *Gelasius* added to the holy books the itinerary of *Peter*, and the gospel of *Barnabas*, though they were afterwards expunged. There are also the falsified gospels of *Lucian* and *Hesychius*, the book of the *Infancy of Jesus*, of the *Nativity*, and of *St. Mary*; the book of the *Shepherd*; the books of the *Daughters of Adam*; the *Apostolic Sortes* or *lots*; the acts of *Thecla* and *Paul*; the *Journey of Mary*; the *Repentance of Adam*; the book of the *Giants*; the book of *Apostolic canons*; the epistle of *Jesus to King Abgarus*; &c. Many of these indeed are not now extant, and only referred to in other ancient writings; and others are buried in the obscurest recesses of polemical divinity; but all had, more or less, a share of sanctity and authenticity bestowed upon them, either by orthodox or heretical sects of the christian church.

L.L.M.

like the pandar in **PLAUTUS**, who, when he is asked whether he has not before sworn, answers;

*Juratus sum, et nunc jurabo si quid voluptati est mihi.
Jus jurandum rei servendæ, non perdenæ conditum est.*

I have been sworn; what then? I will be sworn again
To any thing that is for my advantage,
The law of oaths, I take it, was not made
To injure suitors, but to serve their purpose.

Contrary to the universally adopted system in English practice, in which the judges, crown-officers, and the whole bar, with the exception solely of those counsel who are retained by individual plaintiffs, invariably interpret every statute, every usage, and every technical formality, wherever there is any doubt, in favour of imprisoned debtors: I understand the attorney-general at Montreal opposed the execution of this law as far as it related to prisoners already in custody, arguing that, in such cases, it would operate as an *ex post facto* law. It would be very easy to refute that position; but, if I am rightly informed, his opposition was ineffectual, and Mr. Hunter, (whose case brought on this discussion in the *Scribbler*,) has, along with many others, been released from confinement, upon giving the bail required.

I am not, however, so fully informed on the subject of this new law, as I could wish; not having even a copy of it, I must therefore defer what I have further to say on the subject till another opportunity.

L.L.M.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Turning over the other day some of my old scraps, I hit upon the following effusion, written in early youth, and when I had fallen foolishly in love, as the saying is, with a married

woman, almost twice my own age. It may serve to fill a page
as well as other nonsense. W.

Hush thou rude north wind! hush thou rattling hail!
Indignant at the blustering night I rail;
Whilst here, exposed to unfeeling wintery storms,
Strong love my beating bosom doubly warms;
On cautious tiptoe lo! I wait to steal
A dubious glance of her, for whom I feel
Love's pleasing smart, and watch, with longing eyes,
(Braving the driving tempest of the skies,*)
Yon window, where e'en now I see her light:
O! how I long to see her form so bright,
Or hear the witching music of her voice,
Above divinest melody my choice.——

Ah! hush thee now, thou beating tempest drear——

Hark! now her accents sweet float past mine ear.——

Ah! hush thee now, and gentle silence keep,

While the fond mother sings her babe to sleep.

“Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,

Holy angels guard thy bed;

* POLYDOR puts me in mind of Clerimon's railery of
Dinant in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*.

Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight,

To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,

Sometimes admitted, and vouchsafed to kiss

Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slipper.

But, sooth to say, these follies are so general that we may
apply to them the common adage

Id communc malum; semel insanivimus omnes.

This line, by the bye, though it has been in very general
use as a quotation, has been ascribed to various authors, in
which it is not to be found, at least exactly in these words.
Curious research has, however, traced it to Eclogue I of
Joh. Bapt. Mantuanus. L.L.M.

Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

O, artless, sweet, and well known strain! how bless'd,
The man who has Eliza's form possess'd,
And to herauteous bosom given the power,
To feed, and soothe, her babe, in such an hour.
POLYDORE.

N.B.—It was under the name of Polydore, I wooed the lady, and truly as Shakespear says;

"She was a woman, therefore to be wooed;
She was a woman, therefore to be won."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE. N^o 55.

Although the unpleasant office of a scavenger is generally considered as degrading, it is certainly one that is absolutely necessary in all well regulated communities. In Montreal, particularly, where offensive matters of all kinds, are cast forth in the public streets and highways, without ceremony or compunction, and heaped in noisome profusion, in almost every direction, the patriotic labours of those citizens who, being indeed additionally spurred to exertion by the hope of profit, remove or diminish them, deserve 'honourable mention.' If the obnoxious effluvia were allowed undisturbed possession of our city atmosphere; not only what offensive stenches would constantly invade our nostrils, but what innumerable disorders, plagues, pestilences, and yellow fevers, would stalk around, and depopulate the country! Laud therefore, and honour be bestowed upon the man who first invented dungcarts, and patronage and praise be given to the diligent Alworthy. Not, courteous readers, the Alworthy of Fielding, but a worthy of another kind, who, backed by an honourable gentleman, once at the head of a celebrated company in this place, condescends to perform the aforesaid despised, but useful, office of general scavenger. Some people have wondered that great characters should take up with such a business: and very uncharitably

say, it ought to be left for others to do, who have more need of whatever advantage can be derived from it; but they forget the saying of the Roman emperor, who, having imposed a tax upon ordure, and being reproached with having had recourse to so vile an expedient for raising money, took some of the gold the tax had produced, and putting it to his nose, said, "it has, however, no bad smell."

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NOTICE TO LADIES.

All females, (whether wife, widow, virgin, or any thing else,) who, on leaving England, wish to embark on board the good ship *Matrimony*, are particularly requested to call on captain Kay, who will engage to provide them with temporary husbands, permanent mates, good keepers, or liberal gallants, as their cases may require; and will have no objection, during the voyage, to give them a specimen of what they may expect, and keep them in practice, being himself, not only expert at the exercise required, but, having suffered the pangs of ill requited love, can warmly sympathize with those who "sigh in vain."

[Signed,] GREY-TAIL.

Newcastle upon Tyne, Spring, 1825.

Mount-Royal, April 8, 1825.

A curious occurrence took place lately in this city. A milkman while going his rounds to pay his morning devoirs to his customers, was surprised, on returning to his cart, after having served some of his sky-blue to a maid at the door of a great house, to find therein, snugly wrapped up in a cloak, a fine healthy infant. He declares that, though he has had other love-children laid at his door, the mother must be an impudent hussy to deposite, in a cart, in broad daylight, what he recollects well was got, in the dark on the bed.

The following recipe is the approved method observed in the manufacture of sky-blue, by Mr. Guy Lewis, an eminent dealer in that article, who retails it by his deputies, to the families of this city.

To three quarts of pure cow's milk, add one quart of clean pump, or river water. In case of necessity, if clean water can not be had, dirty water may be made use of, but in that case the composition must have time to settle, before it is served out. It is indispensable that the process should take place entirely in secret, as should it be known to more persons than the dealer and his deputies, the virtue of the mixture will be lost, and those who take it will be apt to complain of imposition.

We beg, however, to suggest to the above honourable gentleman, the propriety of keeping the milk and the water separate, and serving them out separately to the townspeople, who may then have the option of mixing the beverage themselves, according to their respective tastes.

≡≡≡ RIDING SCHOOL! ≡≡≡

THE art of riding the great horse, into houses and bar-rooms, taught, gratis, by a member of the Friendly Society.

N. B.—It is expected that the scholars will come provided with shovels to clear away the manure.

Apply for cards of address, at Mrs. Elspie Gill's tavern.

≡≡≡
NOTICE is hereby given that at the next court of Oyer & Terminer of the Censor general, a gentleman will be tried for the non-performance of his promise to write a note to a lady.
BUNGLER, Clk. of the court.

≡≡≡
A person whose name would be as well without an H, wishes to inform the public, that if nature should again require his services, in his line, he is always come-at-able.

Messieurs Bullies, Dandies, and Co. are cautioned, when they meet ladies, gentlemen, or flunkies, in the streets, not to push them entirely off the pavement, especially when there is plenty of room. They will do well not to turn up their noses so much, and to look less towards the sky, and more towards their nether parts, which will remind them, particularly Mr. Hum-ha, (one of the partnership,) of "old lang syne," when he was skelping about in his old patched kilt.

POET'S CORNER.

APOSTROPHE TO A BED.

Couch of delight! bed of repose and joy!
 Where, gay, or languid, wanton, wild, or coy,
 By turns, my Nancy's been all man could covet,
 To make kings doat, and gods themselves to love it!
 O, altar! temple! every sacred name
 That speaks the raptures of love's potent flame!
 Thou scene of luxury! thou throne of love!
 Witness of pleasures heavenly joys above!
 Thou battle field where beauty manhood meets!
 What art thou not when Nancy's 'tween thy sheets?
 But when not there, thou art, it is most certain,
 Nought but—a feather-bed, sheets, quilt, and curtain.
 S. H. W.

From the Smuggle-port Recorder.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.—All persons who desire to receive their newspapers, *Scribblers*, &c. regularly, and without being opened, read, and soiled, are recommended to direct the respective editors, not to send them to this office; as it is a rule here to pay no regard to whom they are addressed, but to open, distribute, destroy, and embezzle them, and, when applied to by the proper owners, to deny having ever received them.

SMOCKFACE SMALLBEER JUNIOR, P. M.
 N. B. Country-stores can be supplied with several reams of wrapping-paper, consisting of newspapers addressed to the *Scribbler*, the *Harbinger*, and the *Frontier Observer*, which the post-master does not choose to transmit to the

owners, though very unreasonably required so to do, and has therefore, most honestly and properly, confiscated them for the benefit of himself and his cronies.

NEW ACADEMY.—The increasing population, wealth, and progressive improvement in civilization, of the clodpoles, ploughboys, smugglers, lumbermen, sempstresses, hired girls, and others, in the district of Smuggleport, has encouraged the establishment of an academy for teaching the piano-forte, the French language, and other suitable accomplishments, to all the ragged boys and girls, who want to run before they can walk. Terms very low, and payment will be taken in johnny-cake, punkin-pie, and apple-sauce. Apply at the little red store, where the rain beats in and the wind blows through.

Printed and Published By **DICKY GOSSIP,**
at the Sign of the **TEA-TABLE.**

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Notice is hereby given that the Scribbler-office in Montreal will be removed on the 2d day of May, from No. 4 St. JeanBaptiste street: and, as it is yet uncertain where the office will thereafter be situated, all letters, communications, orders, &c. are requested to be sent to the address of the editor, L. L. Macculloh, at the post-office, Montreal, until further notice.

✍ The Editors of the Montreal papers, who exchange with the Scribbler, are requested to send their papers by the U. S. mail to Plattsburgh, N. Y.

✍ Subscribers in Montreal removing on the first of May, are requested to give notice thereof with their new addresses, in order that No. 141 may be properly delivered.

—505—

WANTED, a steady lad, to act as clerk at the Scribbler Office, and to distribute the numbers; he will be required to attend at the office about three hours twice a week: to call every day at the post-office, and to make up and forward parcels by the steamboats and stages;—Apply by letter, to L. L. M. post-office, Montreal, stating, age, qualifications and terms.

ERRATUM, page 305, note, 5th line from bottom
for *cancubitus*, read *concubitus*.

To CORRESPONDENTS. — Contributors are again reminded to pay the postage of their letters, if they are mailed. This is particularly addressed to the anonymous correspondent who sent a small communication, (which he will see has been partially availed of,) by post, and who concludes by saying, "I have long wished to become a subscriber, but never could find out where to call; please mention in your next number the particulars" He is referred, in reply, to the last page of every recent number, where he might have seen all particulars. He has only to send his name, address, and a two dollar bill, *post paid*, to the editor, and the work shall be as regularly forwarded to him as to others. *INDAGATOR*, and *BARON TWOSIDES*, are under consideration. *HOMO*, rejected.

THE *Scribbler* is published every fortnight in Montreal.

PRICE 1s, 6d, per number, or on the following terms,

To Subscribers in Montreal, 10s, Halifax per quarter, *payable in advance*; the proprietor reserving to himself the right of stopping the numbers of such as do not comply with these terms, who nevertheless will be held responsible for the quarter, and their numbers will be delivered to them on making payment.

Those who pay in goods, must pay 1s, per quarter more.

To all subscribers in the Canadas who do not reside in Montreal, the same terms as above, with the addition of one shilling per quarter.

No new subscriber taken for less than six months, and all subscribers will be bound to give three months previous notice in writing of their intention to discontinue.

To subscribers in the United States the price will be one dollar and a half, per quarter, payable *in advance*; and to those who pay otherwise than in cash one dollar and seventy-five cents per quarter; the carriage or postage from the place where the work is printed, to be paid by subscribers.

Should any arrears accrue, there will be an additional

Charge of 1s. Halifax for every quarter in arrear;

Subscribers who change their places of residence, either permanently or temporarily, are required to give notice thereof, with their new address, and directions how to forward the Scribbler to them; otherwise it will continue to be sent to the old address, and whether they receive it or not, they will be required to pay for it,

Communications, Orders and Advertisements, will be thankfully received, and are requested to be directed post paid, to the editor, LEWIS LUKE MACGULLOH, Post Office, Montreal, or left at the Scribbler Office, No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste St. Montreal; they may likewise be addressed, post-paid, to Mr. S. H. Wilcocke, the proprietor, at Post-office, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Subscribers at Quebec, Three Rivers, Sorel, etc and in Upper Canada, will please to remit the amount of their subscriptions, with any arrears they may owe, per post, (postpaid) to S. H. Wilcocke, post-office, Montreal.

N. B. The caution is again repeated that there is no person, either at Quebec, or Three Rivers, authorized to receive money for the Scribbler.

Lenders and borrowers are again reminded that they are guilty of literary petty larceny, and will be dealt with accordingly, when detected.

Editors of papers are requested to direct, for the present, & until further notice, for the Scribbler, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Printed, SOMEWHERE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, by, and for, S. H. WILCOCKE;

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