

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. IV] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 4th DEC. 1823. [No. 110.

*Enter Valentine, in a gay new suit.*

*Val.* Morrow uncle! morrow Frank, sweet Frank! and how, and how d'ye, think now, how shew matters? morrow bandog!

*Unc.* How?

*Fran.* Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends?

*Val.* Th' art handsome, Frank, a pretty gentleman, e' faith, thou lookst well, and yet here may be those that look as handsome.

*Lance.* Sure he can conjure, and has the devil for his taylor.

*Unc.* New and rich! 't was most impossible he should recover.

*Lance.* Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.

*Unc.* 'Tis not he; imagination can not work this miracle.

*Val.* Yes, yes, 'tis he, I do assure you, uncle! the very he, the he your wisdom played withal—I thank you for't—neighed at his nakedness, and made his cold and poverty your pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle; and tho' I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm—poor things, they serve me—can make a show too, if I list—yes, uncle,—and ring a peal in my pockets—ding dong, uncle—These are mad, foolish, ways; but who can help 'em?

*Unc.* I am amazed.

*Lance.* Is there no fairy haunts him? no rat nor no old woman?

*Unc.* Are you Valentine?

*Val.* I think so, I can not tell: I have been called so, and some say, christened. Why do you wonder at me?—did you ever know desert want? Y' are fools; a little stoop there may be to allay him—he would grow too rank else;—a small eclipse to shadow him—but out he must break, glowingly, again, and with as great a lustre, look you uncle, motion and majesty—

*Unc.* I am confounded.

*Fran.* I am of his faith.

*Val.* Walk by his careless kinsman, and turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle—Come, Frank, fortune is now my friend, let me instruct thee.

*Fran.* Good morrow, uncle; I must needs go with him.

*Val.* Flay me and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours I shall be thus again. Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance.

*Exeunt Val. and Fran.*

*Unc.* I do believe him.

*Lance.* So do I, and heartily, upon my conscience. Bury him stark naked, he would rise again, within two hours, embroidered.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Wit without money.*

Yes, and thus do I, the Scribbler, after a three months eclipse, rise again, in a fresh and new suit, and break out "glowingly again, and with," I trust, "as great a lustre, motion, and majesty," as before, to scourge the follies, and reprehend the vices, as well as to endeavour to instruct and amuse the community in Canada.

A few words will be said, in another place, as to the causes of the repeated, and unexpected, delays that have occurred in my re-appearance. Whilst first, after passing a rapid glance over the period that has elapsed since the date of my last number, I will hasten to avail of such of the communications of my correspondents which have been for so long a while in my hands, as have not wholly lost their interest by the delay. Many of these ought to have come in under the head of the DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, but my friend DICKY GOSSIP, having not yet completely put his sub-printing-office in order, has requested me to say, that it will not be till the next number of the Scribbler appears, that he can set up No. XXVIII. of his Intelligencer; for the enrichment of the pages of which, he relies upon receiving an entire budget of new items, in order that they may reflect as much novelty and actually interesting matter as possible.

I think I may very properly denominate the

last three months, a period of interregnum, as relates to my Scriblerian authority ; but it has been far from being a period of anarchy, for the dread of the blue book, the very ghost of my sceptre, has kept the whole of my dominions in much better order than I had expected. Some escapades indeed have taken place, but, in general, I have to applaud the good conduct that has been observed ; and above all things I have to present my compliments to all who have felt an itch for abusing the Scribbler, (i. e. in print,) and beg to congratulate them on the prudence they have shewn in abstaining from any attack. Indeed the few, who began to yelp at the time of the former temporary suspension of the Scribbler, were so severely handled, that it has operated *in terrorem* to prevent a repetition of the like temerity ; and the public are now fully convinced that, like Antæus, I revive with greater strength, each time I appear to be prostrated on the ground. To this let it be added, that I am now stationed within a stone's throw of Canada,\* and have fixed my Royal Standard, as it were, in the very centre of my conquests, looking to Montreal to the north, to the shores of Lake Champlain, and the State of Vermont, to the south, westward to Kingston and the

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\*My house and Printing-Office lie only a few yards south of the spit of land that is called Rouse's Point, which, being included within the boundary-line of Canada, as determined by the commissioners appointed to trace and ascertain the exact 45th degree of north latitude, I can actually throw a stone into Canada from my premises. Indeed one of the astronomical observations made at that time, ran the line 45 right thro' the centre of the house I occupy ; it was from a mean of twelve observations on the spot that the new line was fixed. The present boundary-line, however, which, till the official publication of the decision of the commissioners, remains to all purposes that between Canada and the State of New-York. lies nearly a mile to the north of us.

rest of Upper Canada, and far to the east stretching away to Quebec. So that, when my lines of communication are all established, my batteries raised, and trenches dug, I can assail each rebellious or refractory district, with celerity, and double force. From Montreal, in particular, I am distant only SIX HOURS JOURNEY : hear that, and tremble, all ye who are conscious of deserving reproof! But I pass now to a short retrospect of those three months.

A prolific subject of my late numbers was the custom of the Charrivarri in Montreal. I am happy to find that, in spite of the illegal and oppressive measures resorted to to prevent it, the meeting of *well disposed animals* in Montreal to suppress it, the truly Sancho-Pancical discussions in the public papers on the subject, and the really laughable charge to the Grand Jury by the hon. judge presiding in the Court of King's Bench\* against it, it has maintained its ground, been repeated, and repeated again, without either, magistrate venturing illegally to interfere, or alien daring audaciously and murderously to resist it. Such is the result, and such it ought to be, when popular questions are taken up, upon popular grounds, by popular writers. The little, insignificant, handful of *well disposed* inhabitants who oppose this laudable custom, may now go and hide their diminished heads. Altho' the

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\* I shall take another opportunity of dissecting that charge, and proving that the hon. judge, in his zeal to please the "high and mighty" of the city of Montreal, has laid himself open to the accusation, either of inexcusable ignorance, or partial perversion, of the law. A more unfounded, illiberal, or prejudiced document never before appeared under the sanction of such high judicial authority. It is a disgrace to the judicial records of the country, from which, no doubt, the author of it, ere this, wishes it blotted.



matter has become now a little stale, yet the real humour, and excellent dramatic effect to be met with in some of the sketches sent me relative to that subject, possess so much intrinsic merit in my eye, that I can not resist continuing them.

A matter a little akin to the above, is the puffs juridical that have been inserted in the Montreal papers, relative to the great number of judgments that have been rendered in the Court of King's Bench, the dispatch, (God bless the mark,) and uprightness, which characterise the administration of civil justice. I boldly give the lie, to these assertions. More shameful delays are experienced in the courts of Montreal than in any other courts in the world. I could adduce several instances of gross mal-administration, inexcusable delay, and the most warped partiality, but I forbear, hoping there will be found some amendment hereafter.

I have been pleased to observe that a meeting has been convened to propose a Fire-society in Montreal, or one for the purpose of adopting the most effectual measures for preventing the calamities of fire: an object of great public necessity, and promising utility. I have not heard the result of the meeting, but it augurs badly to see the names of such persons as Mrs. Slipslop Mac Rope, and Harry Hippogriff, signed the first and the last to the requisition, both of whom have no doubt nothing but jobs in view, and to obtain places and salaries, as they have many, for—doing nothing. If such a creature as Mrs. Mac Rope is to be at the head of such a society, I pronounce it at once a humbug.

Next, perhaps, I ought to notice the raising of volunteers to form a *Rifle-Corps* and a troop of *Cavalry* in Montreal. and a company of *Artillery*

in Quebec. On the political motives and bearing of such measures, in a time of profound *external* peace, I may say something in the pages of the Free Press: here, I will only add that I think, the police-magistrates, the thiestakers, and the city-watch, ought to be invited to join the *Rifle-men*; the tandem-club, the *Cavalry*; and the puffers in the pay of the bigwigs, the *Artillery*.

The ridicule I threw on the pedantical and absurd mode of enumerating the diseases treated in the Montreal general hospital, in the reports of that institution, has had, I perceive, the desired effect. The last report is, in that respect, as it ought to be, intelligible to common readers. As the learned doctor has thus proved himself open to conviction, I shall take all the rods I had prepared for him out of pickle *quamdiu ille se bene gesserit*.\* The lectures of the *Montreal Medical Institution*, formerly announced, are now, it will be seen, by an advertisement on the cover, in course of being given: the botanical lectures which are promised by Dr. Holmes for the summer, will probably be the most interesting, and most worthy of patronage; and I take this occasion of repeating the recommendation I have before made, of a **BOTANIC GARDEN**. The establishment of such an institution, ought to be thought of, and planned, in the winter, in order that the earliest days of spring may be availed of to put it in operation. Lectures on *natural philosophy* are now also giving by Mr. Skakel. All this shews an improving

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\*The communications I have by me, of a FRIEND TO TRUTH, and a FARMER AT CHATEAUGUAI, relative to the Montreal general hospital, &c. will receive due attention in the Free Press, the next number of which paper I have not yet been able to prepare, on account of my incessant occupation in the arrangement of my new establishment.

taste for the dawnings of science. I hope to receive occasional reports of what may be worthy of observation in these matters.

A hackney-coach has been started in Montreal. Mr. William Sharp deserves much credit for his introduction of a vehicle of that description, and will be recorded in the future annals of the city, as the first to whom its inhabitants were indebted for such an accommodation. I hope he will receive sufficient encouragement not only to continue it, but to reduce his prices, and encrease the number of carriages employed, and stands to ply at.

Theatrical performances are yet a desideratum in Montreal. Some suggestions and attempts have been made at amateur-theatricals; but without success. The Catholic clergy, otherwise a set of the most liberal-minded men upon earth, are the principal cause of impeding the establishment of a theatre. Every theatre must chiefly depend upon the Pit for its support; and as all the *imported* part of an audience here, tho' probably at home they never got beyond the galleries of a playhouse, are too great people to sit in a pit, that, the best and most essential part of a theatre, must be filled by Canadians, or scarcely at all; now, their priests generally object to their going, and hence, until their clergy feel differently in that respect, there is little chance of a permanent theatre succeeding. After all, the trial has never been *properly* made: there has been much talk of building a theatre by subscription; but to use a borrowed phrase that is pretty well understood in Montreal; it has been all talk and no cyder. In Quebec amateur-theatricals go on pretty well; but there, the concourse of English officers,

and its being the seat of government, gives a greater spur to such undertakings.

If plays, however, have been scarce, concerts, and musical entertainments have been plenty. Tweedle-dum, and sing-song, have many patrons and admirers in Montreal. Let it be so, let the sapless noddle

“Be ravish’d with the fiddlestring’s sweet sound ;”  
and affectation simper at songs where

“Nonsense is meted out by noisy notes.”

It can do little harm, and may do the negative good of preventing people from being worse employed.

A sounder taste is displayed by the frequenters of the exhibition of foreign paintings, now open in Montreal. Those productions of real genius deserve and obtain admiration. There are undoubtedly many genuine originals in the collection; but I have understood from a connoisseur, that a few copies, and indeed one or two daubs, have crept in amongst them. Mr. Collings’s exhibition of microscopic objects is also one that is highly deserving of patronage: I fear, however, he has not found sufficient encouragement. Curiosity in Montreal is not much directed to scientific researches; and where it has not interest for its object, is generally directed towards frivolous ones.

During the interval of my reign, the Races have taken place, both at Montreal and La Prairie. I mention them merely, as highly approving of that manly and genuine English amusement.—Like all others, it is certainly much subject to abuse. But I mean to take an opportunity of crossing and jostling those jockies, who, in the legislature of the Green Mountain State, have obtained

a law against horse-racing: these wise men probably never heard of the maxim *ab abusu ad usum non valet consequentia*.

The establishment of fairs too throughout Lower Canada, marks this as an era of improvement. But I can not avoid reprehending that dogmatical and puritanical spirit that has attempted to divest them of the necessary appendage of public sports and amusements. These form, in some measure, the very essence of all fairs. It is to the periodical return of fairs that the populace, in all parts of Europe, look for the unbending of their cares, the enjoyment of amusement and hilarity, as well as the supply of their wants from the commodities that are offered for sale. But the arrogant and domineering spirit of the dunghill aristocracy in Montreal, is in all cases, always endeavouring to prevent the lower orders from enjoying any gratification. They, in their pride and wealth, envy the poor man even his fried sausages on a greasy trencher, his foot-race, and his wrestling-match; and every little escapade which the enjoyment of the moment leads to, is magnified into a crime against the state, a riot, or a breach of the peace; or at least a breach of decorum, or an offence against morality. Away with such decorum, and such morality as would curtail the short, and generally miserable, span of life given to the poor man, of three fourths of its recreations and pleasures.

With pleasure too I see that the noble and gentlemanly art of fencing is becoming more fashionable. At least I conclude so from seeing that not only Mr. Lawlor continues his academy for the sword-exercise, but that another fencing-school has been opened. I hope our young men will be eager to acquire this accomplishment; and that they never will again encourage any vagabond



pugilist to disgrace the town by advertising his boxing arena. On this latter subject I have again to reprehend the editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, for his disregard of my ordinance against the insertion in any Canadian paper of the nauseous details of boxing-matches in England. His paper of the 4th Nov. is soiled with an article headed "the Fancy." I hope he will feel thoroughly ashamed of it.

The ridiculous and useless Yankee custom of advertising the names of bank-directors for the week, of governors, and visiting members, of the several institutions, still prevails, I perceive, in the Canada papers. I could not help laughing to see how wide, and how low, foolish customs, which flatter the paltry pride of jacks in office, can be carried, when I saw in the *Nova Scotia Royal Gazette* ;

"Poor-house, Nov. 1, 1823.

Acting Commissioner for this month—

James Foreman, for the rev. Dr. Gray !!!"

What a lesson for George Auldjo, George Davies, S. Gerrard, and J. Forsyth, Esquires, *cum sociis!*\*

In one or two of my late numbers I remarked on the progressive state of literature in the Canadas, exemplified in the increase of new publications. Scarcely any thing, however, has been added to the list, during the last three months.— Yet my arrears, as a reviewer are formidable ; but, perhaps, messieurs the learned editors of the Canada newspapers may relieve me a little in that department ; for, *risum teneatis amici!* even the editors of sundry papers have, during my interregnum, taken upon themselves to be critics, and to pronounce in an authoritative manner, upon the merits and demerits of publications ! As.

\*Vide Montreal papers of 29th Nov.

however, their decisions are uniformly favourable, (I speak chiefly of what has been said of the Canadian magazine,) they may be considered in the light of puffs. But one of them went so far as to say that it was to be hoped that, now a magazine was published at Montreal, it would soon be followed by a *Review*. What, and didst thou not know, friend editor, that a Reviewer was already in existence, and had entered upon his duties as far back as July 1821?

“Not to know me, argues thyself unknown:”

With regard to the publication in question, I consider it as a great advantage to the country that it has been set on foot, and is persevered in. I hope it will be encouraged; but I will do the editor of it a more real service than the newspapers have done, and in my review of it, will point out the defects, which, especially in point of language, grammar, and composition, are very glaring in the original pieces, in order that a greater purity of style, and fewer improprieties, may appear in the succeeding numbers.

I have extended the “glance,” almost into a “bird’s eye view,” and finding time and space will not allow of my going over the more distant parts and outskirts of my literary dominion, I shall leave them for a more convenient opportunity; and proceed to take up the fyle of letters from my correspondents, and select such as I think have not wholly lost their interest by delay.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

Thinking the best plan will be to begin with my correspondents’ letters, in the order of their dates of reception, without much regard to connection, I commence with the following, which, although the circumstances which called it forth,

(the culpable conduct of the magistrates on the occasion of the charrivarri,) have faded from before the public mind, it is so generally admonitory, and so peculiarly applicable to the wretched partiality which is exercised by our police, that it merits preservation. The public voice can not be too often raised against them, and may in the end, produce their removal, with deserved disgrace, from their station. It belongs to the head :

THE CHARRIVARRI, a FARRAGO, *continued.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

In my last I promised to enlarge on the subject on which I wrote you. I hope therefore that this will be found to be as admissible as the former, to a place in your miscellany. Regarding the conduct of our magistrates, in not discharging the duties of their office, I consider them as having violated their oaths, and in fact as being greater breakers of the public peace, than any who may have been engaged in acts of violence, by their connivance at the faults of such as they wish, or are desired, to screen from the consequences of their evil deeds. When we know that they took no steps whatever to secure the persons of those who had been pronounced murderers by a coroner's jury; when they allowed them full time to escape, and when one of them came back, they admitted him to bail, a thing which the chief judge of the Court of King's Bench properly afterwards observed, when the case came before him, was not even in *his* power to do; when afterwards we perceived them eager in pursuing and taking up the innocent and aggrieved parties who had been fired at; ought we not to pronounce them unworthy of the trust reposed in them. Is it from men

of such a caste that the public can expect justice, or in whom they can repose confidence? When those who ought to be the pillars of the public welfare give way to the perverted influence of passion and partiality, what reliance can be put upon the foundation to support the superstructure? Both must be subservient to each other: or they can not form one whole. Of what use is the law, without efficient officers? and of what use are officers, without the law both to guide them, and to enforce the performance of their duty? Without this mutual co-operation, the law is merely a sign for contempt to spurn at, and the magistrates, a set of scarecrows. Because these men have been long in office, and almost claim a prescriptive right to it; or because they are upheld by an aristocratic faction, is that to exempt them from having their conduct scrutinised? Will their plausible pretensions and wheedling insinuations blindfold the multitude? Will the gravity of their dulness, the insipidity of their importance, the austerity of their demeanour, and the presumption of their arrogance, reverse the established rules of propriety? No! I hope we are not to be tampered with, and led, in such a manner, by men, unworthy of the rank they are elevated to; but that we may be permitted to examine with a stern, but unprejudiced, eye, the conduct of our magistrates, and render *them* also, according to their deeds.

JONAS CENSOR.

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Jonas Censor having thus served for an *entre-mets* or interlude, again we introduce our former actors on the stage, and draw the scene.

*Time, deep twilight. Scene, a room in the beautiful country-palace of Aerial, lighted by a lamp, dimly burning in a small pond of putrid cod-oil. On the*

right, a dandy's drab-hat suspended beneath a neatly finished pair of my lassie goat's highland patent stays, (which may be had not far from No. 76 St. Paul Street;) directly opposite, a fustian-coat to match: In the centre an anti-yankee pine-table, covered with papers and pamphlets.

Enter, cautiously, from a dark gloomy nook, resembling a cellar passage, Tom Thumb, in the garb of a gardener.

T. T. (goes to the table, and takes up the "Hours of Childhood.") Alas, thou blue-baby of a hurried birth—thou metamorphosed offspring of a squaw-chased mother—would that I could add, thou forgotten orphan! But no, I live, and must foster thee—would thou wert deep in oblivion's murky grave, or in the unprolific lap of that crude chaos whence thou wert generated. Would thou wert the only copy extant, then shouldst thou aid yon lazy lamp to throw a better light around my little prison-house: yet, should thy burning leaves no brighter light reflect upon the gloom that's pressing round, than they have upon the brothels of our suburbs, through which they are scattered, 't would indeed be nought but "darkness visible." Go, get thee to the others. (Throws the "Hours" down the dark passage, and takes up the Scribbler.) O! fawning world, to welcome this curb upon the pickled tongue of calumny; this herald-bab- bler of evil pranks. Thou, who hast survived the many attempts to suppress thee—thou, who laughest to scorn the machinations hatched to destroy thy circulation, or limit thy utility—thou, who art seized with avidity the moment thou appearest—oh, how I hate thee for thy independent spirit—

(A rude knocking at the door—Tom, alarmed,



throws the book on the table, and exit, down the cellar-stairs.)

*The Doctor, (without.)* Halloo, the house! I say, mister! you scape-goat there, within! 't is on-ly me—the doctor and his sluts. Open the door, or I will jump in at the window. (*He gives the door a violent kick, and it flies open.*)

*Doctor solus.* An hour have I been exerting my physical energy—wasting my precious, tho' not odoriferous, breath by mouthfuls, to reach this screening sanctuary of poor Tom. This must be it, the *habitant* would not have told me wrong. (*Advances to the table.*) Ha! what have we here?—the Scribbler, sure as blazes! why this spirit haunts me, both in a fleshly guise, and under its cerulean cover here. But, mum! I wo'nt provoke it. I'm only used as part of the necessary machinery; and don't wish to be a principal actor in his drama. But, Tom! Tom! Tom! where art thou?

(*Tom is seen demurely rising from the cellar-passage. The dimness of the lamp casts a sepulchral hue upon his linen-features, and to the wild eye of the affrighted doctor he seems a female ghost.*)

*Doctor.* Hell! see where she rises from the mouldering shades of the tomb. Oh! hold thee, injured ghost! I will do penance, and will wet thy grave with my tears—chant a nightly requiem o'er thy urn, and——

*T. T. (rushing into the doctor's arms, with a horse-laugh.)* Though ten thousand times more wretched than a wandering ghost, I am not one.

*Doctor.* Speak, speak again, thou blessed voice, (*Aside; Vox et præterea nihil.*) Is't thou? confirm it, ere I kick the bucket—thy hand again—'t is flesh! oh yes! vile flesh—Why the devil did ye fright me thus?

*T. T.* Knowing, as I do, the torturing pain of

ear, thinkst thou I would wish to fright thee. No. But, doctor, I expect some company anon, as I have promised here to meet our Scrubbing-brush, some ladies, and a few other friends of our league—therefore I must be brief with my Slab-city friend, and, with thy permission, will proceed—

*Doctor.* Tho' much I wish to tell thee something, I will postpone my anxious wish, and listen to thy story.

*T. T.* Thanks for thy patient goodness. The soul of brographic sketch, thou knowest is exaggeration; thus, with a bedaubing brush did I—

*Doctor.* But thou didst promise, and pledge thy word, which, as the conductor of a public journal, should be sacred, to sketch the biographic outline of the accomplished Moral McGum, which thou saidst for crime, and repetition, would far exceed that of Harvey—but thou didst forfeit thy promise, and never touched upon the theme again.

*T. T.* Dost thou not know, why of two evils I chose the least?

*Doctor.* I have heard it whispered thou wert much in want of cash, to liquidate some female debts, contracted with those nymphs who often slyly stole through Aerial's gate, ere midnight's dreary hour, the key of which thou wert allowed to keep—and that thou couldst not refuse the bribe which appeared in something like the shape of an hundred dollar note. But this I think was false, for there were many better ways to silence thee.

*T. T.* Oh yes! and he found the most effectual, which was this. He traced my steps thro' all their paths, and painted them in style to meet the laughing eye of scorn; then offered an exchange of biographies—or, being an easy sort of man enough, I might proceed with his, and mine

should meet the public eye at the same time, in the columns of another of our city-journals. I compared the two pieces—and—and—accepted his proffer of exchange.

*Doctor.* Ha! ha! thus was the biter bit. But go on.—

*T. T.* No, not now; for other business claims the present moment—'t is past th' appointed time for our friend, the Scrubbing-brush.

*Enter, a Messenger. Mess.* Doctor, my mistress, Madam Johnny L. requires thy immediate presence, and wishes thou wouldst bring thy—thy—thy—what d'ye call it—the instrument ye swore by t'other day.

*Doctor.* What ails thy mistress, fellow?

*Mess.* A neighbour told her that her husband was implicated in the murder, and that his neck would answer for the deed. My mistress fainted at the news; and when a dash of water in her face brought back her powers of speech, (*Aside, more's the pity,*) she ordered me to fetch the doctor with the longest legs.

*Doctor.* Well, haste and tell thy mistress, I'll be with her in the nipping of a flea's proboscis.

(*Exit Messenger.*)

*T. T.* Did not the fellow say that Johnny L. is implicated? What will become of us?

*Doctor.* Yes, but I guess we'll manage to slip through the halter. Well, I must be off: I must leave thee Tom; excuse haste. (*Exit the doctor on one side, and enter Scrubbing-brush on the other.*)

*S. Brush.* My dear Tom, I am happy to find thee rid of that long legged Esculapian; for 't is time to meet the ladies at Griffithville, as agreed upon this morning.

*T. T.* The meeting is defunct. Madam's messenger has this moment called the doctor to

her private room. So, with thy permission, we'll join the drunken club who meet this night to plan bills of indictment against all who have ever been seen at a Charrivarri, either as maskers or spectators.

*S. Brush.* Good, but how can they be brought in.

*T. T.* Tut, we'll indict them on suspicion of being accessory to the tearing down of captain Potash's house, and bring it under the riot-act.

*S. Brush.* Aye, aye, any slight pretext will do. But Tom, I hanker still for a meeting with the ladies. I must try my luck again; for you know, I could not raise the steam, there on the borders of yonder lake (*points to the South;*) my engine failed me. I could not get alongside of that elegant little schooner, the Moorish Fairy which I was in chase of; and captain Bring-her-off I fear will man her.

*T. T.* Don't fret at that my Scrubbing-brush. I have myself on the borders of the selfsame lake been more than once discarded. Nay 't is no lie, man! But let us go.

*Exeunt.*

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### EPILOGUE.

Gentles, the end of all this fuss,  
Is thus :

Old Tory, and his *well disposed*,  
Madam Mac Rope, Sir Frederick, and others,  
Who suck'd not much wit from their mothers,  
To wit all those who had proposed  
To curb Canadians in their sports,  
Find that the people is a horse,  
That at such riders rears and snorts,  
Disdaining to submit to force :  
And all most wisely now are sorry,  
They e'er their butter'd brains did worry  
About indictments, riot-acts, and black-acts ;  
And look as foolish as so many skip-jacks,  
Without their wooden tails, and coblers black wax. }

So here we close our motley long farrago &  
 But this we'll say, before we do away go:  
 Against the Charrivarri, prevail they'll never;  
 Off with your hats then, boys! Shout Charrivarri for ever!

MR. MACCULLOH,

A frind of mine, gave me a letter to one of his  
 in the country to forward, but as he forgot to di-  
 rect and seal it, he can't say I opened it—On  
 looking at its contents, I thought no harm of send-  
 ing it to you, and if you are not the right person,  
 you know you can easily write one, and send it to  
 my frind's frind, which will do just as well, as  
 none of us all can read or write; by which token  
 I have got my neighbour to sign his name to this,  
 that you may know who it comes from;

For my friend Larry, the taylor.

PADDY O'FLANAGAN.

June 17, 1823.

Och! brother, (tho' not skill'd in writing at all,)  
 Last night, as I scrambled along up St. Paul,  
 As grave as a parson, at least as demure,  
 Fair Cynthia had crept out of sight—quite obscure;  
 The clouds whistled thither and yonder afar,  
 And scarce was there seen the sweet face of a star;  
 Indeed it was dark, (tho' as Egypt not quite,)  
 But truly my honey 't was as dark as—as night.  
 I'd been down at Pat Murphy's, and hope it's so sin,  
 For in faith, we had punished a noggin of gin,  
 And homeward was bending my course, as I said,  
 While of thoughts of Kathleen half full was my head;  
 What the rest was fill'd up with I need not now state,  
 So give your attention to what I relate.

I had learnt of our dandies to toss up my noddle,  
 Which sure I was doing, as on I did waddle,  
 Till I came to a hole; into which fell poor cit;  
 Who found himself tumbled—ten feet—in a pit.  
 "Sblood, old granny Twitchem, aye, faith, and her son,  
 This sure is no joke, charade, rebus, nor pun,"  
 Said I, bawling as loud as the Don\* in his cage,

\*Don Quixotte.



(For your crony, with reason, was then in a rage.  
 But tho' I did hallo,  
 And scream, bawl, and bellow,  
 Not one could I bring to behold my sad lot ;  
 Tho' many did pass me—'t was on a full trot ;  
 The din from my pit, frightened them I suppose,  
 Thinking that 't was old Pluto, come to tread on their toes.  
 And doubtless their consciences rang the alarm,  
 And like the *old rat* whisper'd "sure 't is no harm  
 "To keep a good distance"—so snugly I lay,  
 Pack'd close in the mud, 'till the dawn of the day.  
 When a flock of bipeds, and strange looking asses,  
 With eight or ten score of plump market-lasses,  
 Came running to see  
 What the deuce it might be  
 That could raise such a merciless rout ;  
 So together they help'd your friend out ;  
 When, for their politeness, I call'd them all bitches,\*  
 And fled, like a *white-head*, to wash my old breeches,  
 Your's, dear honey, &c.

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## ADMONITORY NOTICES.

### *Hic et ubique.*

"I wish you would caution Dr. Tobacconist against speaking so loud in the holy kirk, and when so doing, stretching his neck out as if he were peeping at an ulcerated throat in his companion. If there were an organ in the kirk, his organ of speech would drown it."

"I am sorry to observe that a gentleman whom I believe to be generally respected, and who is no less than the *doyen* of the Montreal bar, should permit the male part of his family to range the streets, early and late, leaving the choice of their company entirely to themselves. I speak particularly of his heir-apparent. He, during the day, is rather particular in the selection of his associates, but, when twilight comes, and the eyes of man are no longer upon him, he makes companions of the

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\*After lying four or five hours in the mud in one of those dark and frigid caverns of St. Paul, so many of which yawn like the gulphs of Tartarus, the want of urbanity here displayed may be excusable ; but no doubt the city will pay for the washing of his breeches, if they don't give him a new pair.

meanest and worst of society, joining with them, and indeed trying to surpass them, in swearing and all kinds of low language."

TESTIS OCULATUS.

"MR. MACCULLOH—will please advise the writer of the enclosed, when he sends communications to have the goodness to pay the postage, and he will much oblige  
his humble Servant,

DETECTOR.

"A friend of Mr. John Depend-on't of Government City, advises him, the next time he visits the lovely Caroline, to choose a night when the moon does not shine so bright, otherwise he may perhaps be exposed a second time to the view of the neighbours, in getting thro' her bedroom window."

Quebec, Sept. 3, 1823

*Official, from Clarencetown.*

A certain Jack in office in this place, who is in the habit of prying into the conduct and character of sundry worthy persons, and, after gathering a collection of spurious and false assertions, retailing them in indiscriminate companies with his own comments; is requested to act differently in future, especially where he goes to *funerals*, or any other *merry makings*; and to be cautious how he reports that one person drank brandy, who only took wine and water: neither to be so lavish of his insinuations of the intemperance of others, when his own defects, in that respect, as well as in many others, are of greater magnitude, are so well known, and can be clearly pointed out. This hint, it is hoped, will be taken, and the person this article alludes to, may, by an amendment in his conduct, become a good member of society."

DETECTOR.

*Government City, Sept. 1823.*

MR. SCRIBBLER,

"Please, in an early number to recommend Dr. Hark-forward, to attend to his preaching, and not go to Val Cartier for a week at a time, fishing, poaching, &c. and bringing on illness, so as to prevent his return on Sundays,

to the great alarm of some, and annoyance of others of his congregation. You will do well too to recommend his preaching twice a day on Sundays, recalling to his memory, the numerous mothers of families, who are prevented by their unavoidable household duties from attending public worship in the forenoon, and are, if he only gives a morning sermon, unable to attend at all. The heat of the weather used to be his excuse; what it is now, I know not. Nor are, I believe, his occupations so numerous, but that he might compose one new sermon a week, instead of giving the same ones three times over in the course of a few months."

MONITOR.

Mount Royal, Oct. 1.

SIR,

"I would advise a certain lady, not ten miles from the watch-house, whose tongue resembles an alarm, from the noise and disturbance it creates, a perpetual motion, from its never stopping, and a water-wheel, because it is set a-going by a miller; not, in future, to be so fluent in throwing out imprecations, and threats of caning, kicking, and cuffing folks; as it would not appear very decorous to see a lady put such threats in execution."

FIDIUS.

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### ADVERTISEMENTS.

The servantmaid of Johnny L. offers to make a deduction in her wages, as her mistress now having two white gowns, she will not be under the necessity of ironing the old one on Sunday mornings, and violating the rules of decorum, to enable her mistress to dash in white to church.

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WANTED.—A dark night, a pair of fast running horses, a licence, and a parson, for consummating an intended match. Apply to Mr. John Foresight, Junr. whilst promenading before the windows of Miss Jarrett's apartment. N. B. Expedition is required, as it is dangerous for the lady to lean much longer so far as she sometimes does, out of a second story window, for fear of a tumble and consequent exposure.

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Opened in McGill-street, by the firm of Horry and Amelia, a boarding-house for horses. All Jackasses foraged gratis at the kitchen-table.

*Aksaromak, Sept. 1823.* To be viewed in this parish, a superb Black Bull of extraordinary powers, and wonderful prolific celebrity. This animal differs from the rest of his species, by walking on his hind legs alone, and elevating his muzzle towards the sky. He never fails, whenever his generative faculties are put to the trial. As he is fit for no other purpose on earth than the reproduction of his kind, and is quite wild and ungovernable when kept apart from the females of his species, the proprietor, who does not stand in need of him, for that purpose, will dispose of him at a very low price. Admirers of fine black cattle, and who desire the improvement of their breeds, have now an opportunity of obtaining a fine bull, who, although a little aged, is sufficiently vigorous to supply an entire parish. Whilst waiting for a suitable offer to purchase, he is kept carefully enclosed, for fear he should run loose about the country and waste his strength, without due consideration. For further particulars, apply to the owner, at his hotel, the sign of the cross, near the church at Aksaromak.

P. S. Fifty pounds reward will be given to whoever will bring back, a fine heifer of the same race as the above bull, who, along with the cow which bore her, were clandestinely taken away from the stable of the proprietor, in the month of April last.

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LOST, as far back as June last, a pair of trowsers, which were lent to Mr. Turtle to receive a party invited to celebrate his birth day. If brought back, washed clean, a glass of brandy and a segar will be given as a reward. Mem. Gentlemen when they try on coats at taylor's shops, should get sleeves to their shirts.

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Dr. Tom Sink begs to inform the public that he attends poor men who fall from scaffolds and break their limbs, gratis—that is to say ; after they die on his hands, he sells up the goods of the widows to pay for his medicines, and turns them adrift with their children to seek their way to their friends in New Jersey or elsewhere.

*Government City, Sept. 1823.*

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**MR. MACCULLOH,**

You will oblige a constant reader by the insertion of the following articles, under the head of

## MISCELLANIES.

It is positively asserted that the amusing vagabond, (as my lord Byron says,) Mr. Jeopardy, whose broad grins highly delight the honourable nobility and gentry here, having failed to captivate a fair niece, is on the eve of conferring the long wished-for joys of connubial bliss on a certain prudential aunty; he having, to secure her good offices, long paid court to her. This dutiful homage to a *Love-rule* has, it seems, by a sympathy of mutual feeling in disappointments (of which the lady had a few in her earlier days,) ripened into a tender affection. N. B. Being an *odd fish*, he is determined to have a *beautiful maid* of the family-stock, whether young or old, previous to his threatened departure.

They say it is easier for an Ethiop to change his skin or a leopard his spots, than for a wicked man to leave the paths of sin and enormity: but, be it known to all whom it may concern, that the celebrated Lord Goddamnhim, since the arrival of Lord McKillaway, (not Sir Pompous,) does not allow his ancient rooms of resort at the *cidevant Septentrio-occidental* store, to be so much frequented by the priestesses and novices of the Paphian goddess.\* Query: how long will this constrained resolution be kept?

Commodore Chatter's clerk has lately removed his birth from a-midships to the after-cabin. This

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\*Other accounts say there is no sensible diminution in the numbers of *poulets*, *pigeons*, and *maquerelles*, who attend Lord Goddamnhim's levees, and couchees; but that the precaution is generally used to have one petticoated sentry stationed at the back gate, and another at the corner of the street, to give notice of Lord McKillaway's approach.



is a great promotion for so young a man. It is to be hoped that he will now endeavour to study, and to cultivate the A. R. T. of politeness, and leave the T. A. R. in the cockpit.

It is said that Sir Pertinax Gillson, knight of the Scutcheon, lays close siege to the maiden fortress of one of the miss McKillaways. The worthy knight kens right well that "twa an twa mak four."

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ECHO, No. 1.

*In an audible voice, from the Canadian Magazine.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Noli me tangere.*

O ye! who, borrowing nought from Rome or Greece,  
 In modern learning would your skill encrease;  
 Ye, who, tho' crippled, sickly, halt, and lame,  
 Would, dauntless, hobble up the steep of fame,  
 And gladly stride—unheeding the dire groans  
 Of murder'd syntax, o'er her broken bones;  
 Ye, who in sleepless watchings spend the night,  
 A sonnet, song, or anagram, to write,  
 Or, on impromptu's waste a summer's day;  
 Turning plain sense to nonsense in dismay:  
 Who can, with cant and philosophic prate,  
 Mimic the moulder'd antiquated great:—  
 In fine—all who with pseudo-wisdom's mien,  
 In our be-praised and puff'd-up Magazine,  
 A paragraph can write—or bad, or good,—  
 It matters not—if in a *serious* mood,  
 (For such, and only such, can be permitted,  
 Where dulness, and her train, must be admitted,)  
 In honour of our infancy, attend:—  
 Your patronage from pens and purses lend:—  
 Then shall we thrive, and, as our baby grows,  
 Each latent energy of mind disclose.

No flights of fancy—no extatic thought—  
 No bright idea from Elysium brought—  
 No blooming metaphor, or repartee,—  
 No fairy-tale of days of minstrelsy—  
 No magic scenes of soft endearing love,  
 That to sweet sympathy the passions move;

Must foul our page—nothing but what is moral ;  
 Bitter as wormwood, or as sour as sorrel ;  
 With our pure bigot's stomach will agree :  
 Hence, to preserve such matchless purity,  
 No bard *anonymous*, no *nameless* quill,  
 Must ever hope our spotless book to fill.  
 So, poets, prozers, witty, grave, or dull,  
 Sign all your names,—christen'd and sur—in full—\*  
 If from the shades your manuscripts you'd screen,  
 And gain a place in our good magazine,  
 Remember this—whene'er you write for fame ;  
 Like me, subscribe—"Sir, your's"—THE ECHO, is my  
 [name.]

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*Mount Royal, Sept. 21, 1823.*

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

You have, perhaps, not heard of the shooting-matches which have taken place during this season among some of the great wigs (or Tories,) of this city, viz. Count Old Joseph, Mr. Sheriff Brute, and Old Foresight. They have been in the habit of buying pigeons in the market, which were transported to the country residence of Mr. Sheriff; (where, by the bye, he keeps immured and secluded from vulgar sight, his lovely *bois-brute* "niece;" fearing for her, the dangers of a town-life, and wishing her still to remain a "child of nature," not "improved by chance.") There would this party elect attend on some appointed day;

"Big with the fate of pigeons——"

for to them it was predoomed a day of death and mourning. Imprisoned in a lofty building they, fluttering, await their destiny. A moment's transitory joy is given them, when, let loose, one by one, they essay to support themselves in air, their native element; but, O! sad fate! there watch the expert sportsmen with deadly instruments and

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\*Vide, notice in the 2d No. of the Canadian Magazine.

aim unerring—pop goes the gun—down falls the bird—you think, because it's shot—not at all—because it's wings are cut!

## QUIZ.

FRIEND SCRIB,

Being rather, (to my shame be it spoken,) a dissipated character, and seeing in your No. 106, that the firm of Boucannear, Yug & Co. dealt in Angels, and such gear, I wanted to be admitted a partner in the concern; but found the copartnership was broken up by the arrival of the Steward and Stewardess from t' other side of the herring-pond. I, however, picked up an old waste-book of the firm, from which I made the following extract, which is at your service.

## RANTIPOLE.

The Angel has got leave to go to Quebec.

The Angel Dr. for sundry sailors on board the steamboat, who paid in grog, and tobacco, instead of cash.

Cash short at Quebec, took a steerage-passage, hoping to work her way up.

Mr. H. Timber, of Quebec, Cr. four dollars for her passage in one of the side rooms.

Mem. The angel got among the sailors again, Timber got her back again; but Tom the waiter supplanted him. After that, the firemen, and mate, took their turns as the watches were relieved. Disturbance on board: Timber threatens the mate, who fires off a pistol loaded with peas. Timber, in a fright, returns to his room.

N. B. The Angel not to be credited with the firm, for the above, the same being on her sole account.

Our senior partner, Boucannear Esquire, deputed to do the honours of the Angel's arrival. He proceeds to the boat, and taking her by the hand conducts her to our counting-house

The Angel installed as mistress of the Steward's mansion.

*Here the waste-book seems to have been torn up, probably in consequence of the Steward's arrival, which broke up the concern altogether.*

A new method has been discovered for unrolling the manuscripts written on papyrus, which are found in the ruins of Herculaneum; and some valuable oriental works have been decyphered. One of the most interesting relates to a people, whose name, as a nation, is extinct, but whose descendants appear to be widely diffused, like the Jews, throughout all civilized countries. The roll whence it is taken was much burnt by volcanic ashes on the outside, and the first connected piece that could be made out was the following :

Now in the third chapter of the chronicles of the *Selfites* it is written, that they inhabited a city to the south, on the east side of a lake of many waters,

And they worshipped an idol in that city, of a beastly and filthy appearance, whose name was *Lucre*, and the inhabitants were thence called *Lucretians*, which they pretended was in honour of the Roman matron Lucretia, being very great mouthers about virtue, and chastity, and godliness.

But behold, their custom was to go to church every Sunday, and to study how to cheat their neighbours, and impose upon strangers, during the other six days of the week.

And it came to pass that a prophet came from a far country, and took up his dwelling among the *Selfites*: and it was reported that the prophet had good store of gold and silver.

But the prophet was as poor as a poet.

And after a while he had a call to go and prophesy amongst the people who *Rouse* themselves to do great things.

And he left the wife of his bosom behind him, and said unto her, if so be I return not within one moon, then, pack up thy duds, and follow me.

Behold the law of that country where the *Selfites* inhabit, does it not say that no man shall take away the bedding, and the household goods, and all necessary articles for each man, according to his station, from those who owe money? And the *Selfites*, howbeit they boast of this humanity of their laws, nevertheless, murmur in

their souls against it, and seek occasions to frustrate and evade it.

And the woman did as she was bid, and packed up her duds, and was about to follow her lord.

When lo! the Selfites murmured, and said, shall these people carry away their things, and we be none the better for it? And one of them whose name was *Visor*, that is to say, the man with the mask, or doubleface, said unto himself: Is not this woman friendless, and unprotected, and unacquainted with our laws? Surely she shall fall a sacrifice to my rapacity.

The family of the *Double-faces* is exceedingly numerous, saith the historian; yea, verily, we see more and more of them every day.

Now *Visor*, being a man that dealt in all manner of goods, and made, as is customary in that country, his profits of fifty per cent, and sixty per cent, and an hundred per cent, according as he met with customers, had sold certain goods to the prophet for thirty talents of silver, and the prophet had paid him fifteen talents, and said unto him, wait yet a little while, and I will pay thee the remainder.

It was on the last day of the ninth month, that the prophetess took up her bed, and went down to the lake of many waters, where a ship lay ready to receive her.

Then came *Visor* down after her, in a great pucker, and did swear by the god of his idolatry, which is even that filthy *Lucre*, that she should not depart, but that he would take her goods away: and he took up a broom, and an earthen pan.

Then stood forth a woman from among the crowd, one whose size of body was as large, as her mind was fearless; and she scoffed at the *Double face*, and held up a cat and a kitten to him, and said, Verily *Visor* thou hadst better also take these.

But the rest all stood aloof, and no one interfered to counsel the prophetess, or to prevent a defenceless female, and a stranger, from being imposed upon, although they all knew that *Visor* was acting illegally and oppressively—yea, even contrary to their own laws.

Yet that is not to be marvelled at, for there are marvellous few gentlemen amongst the Selfites.

So *Visor* took away the bed and the bedding, the blan-



kets and the necessaries, from that poor woman. And the curses of the stranger, and the injured, went up into Heaven against him. Howbeit he cared not for that, for he knew he should never get there.

And when the prophet heard these things, he sent the fifteen talents of silver to Doubleface, in order to get a bed to lie on. But Double-face answered and said—Nay, not so—behold I must have interest, and compound interest, and discount, and damages, and costs, and officers' fees, and perquisites, and expenses of writs, and of attachments, and seizures, &c. &c. &c.

Whereupon the prophet damned him for an imposing rascal.

Nevertheless as he could not lie on the floor, he was forced to submit to the illegal and rapacious extortion of Visor ; and the people of that city chuckled within themselves to think they had come it so slick over an unprotected woman,

Yet their evil doings find a reporter, and, if they continue therein, saith the chronicle, then will they all be blazoned about. So let them repent and amend.

Surely the wrath of heaven hangeth over that city. Howbeit it is not destroyed, for, unlike Sodom, peradventure there are more than ten righteous men therein.

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*Watering-place, Squinty-Bay, U. C.*

MR. MAC,

We are authorised to inform the public that *Prince Tuttle* will shortly hop to the altar of Hymen, with the amiable and most accomplished *Princess Lucretia Mac Flimsy*, lately returned from finishing her education, having been three whole months at one of the most celebrated boardingschools in Badgertown. The most splendid preparations are making for the consummation of this happy event. The bridegroom is to be supplied with a patent elastic cork-leg, lately invented of *Dr. Jerry Sneak*, of Leduville college, M. D. & A. S. S. with which he is to figure on the happy occasion. Her highness, we under-

stand, has also bespoken a superb embroidered dress, from the late Mount Royal merchant, commonly known by the name of the little *Black Dwarf* of Indian memory. We also learn that an estate was to have been purchased in the country, for the happy pair, had it not been for the disappointed views of one of the late would-be presidents of the pretended bank of Cataroqui: they will, however, we suppose, remain at *Asylum-House*, until a sum is voted for an estate, plate, &c. We mention this as there is no doubt that an alliance, so important to the country, will draw the attention of our parliament.

*The Reverend Decanter Stout-john* will tie the connubial knot for his *eleve*, with that clerical dignity so characteristic of him; after which there is to be a grand ball and masquerade, where, among others too numerous to mention, will be present the following distinguished persons; *The Hon. Mr. Stammerer* will appear in the character of a disbanded ensign, with looks not the most indicative of courage; he will then retire, and return in less than two minutes, dressed in a black gown, strutting about, *mirabile dictu*, as a counsellor, by Gig—Gig—Gig—God!!!—*The Little Black Dwarf* will appear as a Tuscorora chief, and his whole covey of young squaws, descended from the Iroquois, the Tuscororas, the Scioux, &c. will amuse the company by their yells and vociferations.—*Sir Bignmouth Chisel-em*, who, we all understand, is aiming at a Royal alliance, will support the character of a *reputed ideot*, which he will perform with *une bonne grace*, having so often sustained it to perfection in Mount Royal city.—*The Gallant General* will also be present, with the grey mare in waiting; and we sincerely hope there will be a company of the 60th, with fixed bayonets, half a dozen magistrates, and twenty or thirty consta-

bles, to keep him and his friend *Jerry* from violating the peace, by coming *point blanc* to fisticuffs.—The reverend priest does not mean to grace either the ball or masquerade, but there will be an adjoining room prepared, with a large table, on which will be placed a ten-gallon keg of best vintage 1-6; here, seated in an arm-chair, will he pour out libations to the jolly god, and pray for blessings on the happy pair.—*Commodore Crane*, it is to be regretted, will be absent on a hunting-expedition at Fort George; and many other worthies will probably also be prevented from, or will decline, attending.

I will write you occasionally—your excellent miscellany begins to circulate widely and I have no doubt will prove as beneficial to society here as at Mount Royal or Government-City.

Your's in haste,

SIMON SLY.

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*Numerous articles; an address to the public; notices respecting payment; and the BLACK LIST, all deferred for want of room.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS From the great number of communications on hand, it is scarcely possible to notice all. Those who do not find theirs in this number, or otherwise noticed, may expect to see them come in on some future occasion, unless their interest has wholly ceased by the delay. My friend at St. Feriole is informed nothing decisive has yet been done in my disputes with Mr. Sutherland, but that I mean to publish my correspondence with the general post office in London, on the subject. TOM BOWLING'S letters will always be welcome, tho' those on hand are not now available. Sunday communications from *Point Levy, Quebec, Chambly, La Prairie, &c.* have been shut out for want of room. L. L. M.

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