

**S. STURGES**  
THE  
**SCRIBBLER,**

A SERIES OF ESSAYS,  
ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL, MORAL,  
AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

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By **LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH**, Esquire.

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Nos. 105 to 117.

From 10th July, 1823, to 10th March, 1824.

FORMING  
**Vol. IV.**

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*He penes est unum vasti custodia mundi.*

OVID.

Careless of censure, nor too fond of praise;  
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame;  
Averse alike to flatter or offend;  
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

POPE.

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**ERRATA,**

- Page 18, line 3 fm. bottom, for she, read be.**  
" bottom line, for crasbing read gnashing.  
**24 line 6,** for keep, read kiss.  
" " 7, for marks, read what you please.  
**46 line 23,** for unlike, read and, like.  
**55 line 8,** for one, read once.  
**97 to second Latin motto, add HORACE.**  
**105 line 23,** for illue, read illuc.  
**110 line 3,** for champlin, read champion.  
**202 line 5,** for friere, read fierce.  
**222 line 10,** for the from, read from the.  
**289 in 3d Latin motto, for Marshal, read MARTIAL.**  
**317 line 13,** for chocie, read choice.  
**342 line 11 fm bottom, for respectable, read respectful.**  
**371 line 4 fm bottom for them, read time.**  
**396 line 4 fm. bottom, for elap, read cap.**

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## PREFACE.

The *SCRIBBLER*, having, in the course of the fourth volume, been interrupted for a considerable time, by my removal from Burlington to Rouse's Point, I deem it right to add a few words to what I said in Nos 100 and 110 as to that interruption, and its unexpected extension to three months.

When I was first invited and pressed by the people at Rouse's Point, to establish a printing-office and publish a paper there, after some demur I agreed to do so, provided as it was their proposal, and for their accommodation, that I was to leave my situation at Burlington that they would immediately procure me a press and types, to be purchased by me at a certain period afterwards. This was in June, and in July a written agreement was entered into. Promises upon promises were made, arrangements succeeded arrangements, and were successively broken. However, in September conceiving all was settled, and being assured the press was on the way, I broke up my establishment at Burlington; but, when I came to Rouse's Point, I found the press was not even finally ordered, and I had, (being driven into a corner,) to submit to other extortionate and illiberal conditions, before the matter was adjusted, and it was not till the end of November, that the press and types were got. By these delays, as unjustifiable on their part, as they were injurious to me, I lost a whole quarter's subscription to the *Scribbler*, was three months without employment, incurring heavy expenses all the time, so that I sustained an absolute pecuniary loss of upwards of \$700, besides that arising from a great many subscribers, both to the *Scribbler* and *Free Press*, withdrawing their names, on account of their suspension. I leave this topic, however, for the present, as another opportunity may occur of saying more hereafter.

With regard to the present volume, I can not but continue sensible that the *Scribbler* still contains too much matter that is of a mere temporary, local, & personal nature; but the public in Canada will not be satisfied without such box-boys; and probably for that very reason it may be said to continue to present a faithful mirror of the times. My work, it is true is not choice in its language, sparing in its epithets, or smooth in its delineations; but that is because it applies, as it were, to people in their undress; it visits them in their bedrooms and at their firesides, at their amusements and in their debaucheries:

"Un héros n'est point d'héros pour son valet de chambre."

Works of a more fastidious nature only display the sunny side of the picture: when people are stately and stiff, made up artificially with set phrases and demure countenances, to perform their parts on the public stage, I penetrate to the green room, where faces, language, and dress, are widely different from those before the curtain. I record "the living manners as they rise;" as they are, not as they should be.

The story of Caroline Sumner, concluded in this volume, having been much liked, some of my subscribers have advised me to publish it separately. It is not long enough to form a book, but as others of my friends have suggested the publication of SELECTIONS FROM THE *SCRIBBLER*, to contain only articles possessing the merit of being generally interesting, adapted for all countries, and likely to be approved of by posterity, I have thoughts of doing so; and will be thankful to such friends as may wish to patronise the publication, or will point out any article in the *Scribbler* they may think worthy of the distinction proposed.

And now, with reiterated thanks to the public, for their favour and support and the customary assurance of my best endeavours to deserve them, I remain,  
THE EDITOR.

---

**WANTED;** A rich and liberal patron to dedicate the *Scribbler* to. N. B. Dedications ready made to suit all persons, as good as bespoke.



# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. IV.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 10th JULY, 1823. [No. 105.]

*Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.*

CICERO.

Life's image, custom's mirror, truth's reflection,  
We trust this book exhibits in perfection.

“Bold Robin Hood, and all his band,  
Friar Tuck, with quarterstaff and cowl,  
Old Scathelock, with his surly scowl,  
Maid Marian, fair as ivory-bone,  
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John.”

SIR W. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.*

I now usher in the fourth volume of my miscellany, and the extension of it to this advanced station, demands the expression of my gratitude to that public who have enabled me, both by their subscriptions and their contributions, to carry it on, so as that it now forms an addition to the literature of the country, and to the library of every subscriber who has taken the pains to preserve his numbers. Whether the addition be valuable or worthless, desirable or to be deprecated, as it becomes not me to say, so neither will even the present suffrages of my friends, nor the stigma of my enemies, be decisive; but looking, as I have done from the beginning, more to fame than profit, more to the approbation of posterity, than the plaudits of contemporaries, more to the preservation of my name, and along with it the remembrance of my wrongs and injuries, than even to the subsistence I have derived from the work for the two last years, I pass in review, with some complacency, much of the matter, which I have been enabled to lay before the public, whilst

I am not a little mortified, and become sensible of the insignificance of my pretensions to permanent renown, when reflecting on the large proportion of perfectly temporary, local, and personal subjects, that are to be found in my three first volumes. Here, however, my defence with posterity, should the Scribbler descend beyond the present generation, rests upon the compulsion under which I have acted, from the conviction, that without that zest, without the high seasoning, the cayenne, I have found it necessary to throw into my dishes, to fit them for the depraved taste of the majority of my readers, the work must have languished, have fallen into decay, and probably long ere this have been lost, and forgotten. This defence is the same made by MARTIAL,

*Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim.  
Scribere, tu causa est lector.*

If able serious, learned books to write,  
Gay, sportive, trifles I indite,  
The fault is in the world, who in such things delight.

And the necessity of mixing the *utile* and the *dulce*, the bitter and the sweet, for the purpose of instructing and medicating, whilst amusing and gratifying the palate, has been felt and acknowledged by writers of all ages.

——— *Veluti pueris absinthia tetra medentes  
Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum  
Contingunt melis dulci flavoque liquore,  
Ut puerorum atas improvida ludificetur,  
Labrorum tenuis; interea perpotet amarum  
Absinthii laticem, deceptaque non cupiatur,  
Sed potius tali facto recreata valeat.*

LUCRETIUS

——— Physicians use,  
In giving children draughts of bitter juice,  
To make them take it, tinge the cup with sweet,  
To cheat the lip, this first they eager meet,  
And then drink on, and take the bitter draught,  
And so are harmlessly deceived, not caught :

For by this cheat they get their health, their ease,  
Their vigour, strength' and baffle the disease.

CREECH.

But this is rather trespassing on what ought to form the matter of the preface ; and, after again offering the most grateful thanks to my patrons, subscribers, and well-wishers, I have only here, in allusion to the new arrangement for this volume, announced at the close of the last, to add, that the incessant and harrassing occupation of providing a *weekly* number, having proved, not only incompatible with comfort, but also prejudicial to my health, has been, in addition to other objects of convenience and economy, a chief motive for publishing in future only once a fortnight, altho' the same quantity will be given as before, and then thirteen numbers will form a volume, instead of twenty-six.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

### STORY OF CAROLINE SUMNER,

*Continued from Vol. III, page 411.*

Frequently revolving in his mind what it was he ought to do, Lothario at last, grew resolute to do it. Accordingly he related the whole affair to his mother, shewed her all Caroline's letters, and explained every passage. The old lady was extremely amazed ; she could not be blind to the many gallantries which Lothario had indulged in, yet had no conception he had carried his artful profligacy to the length to which he had proceeded in the case of poor Caroline. Her heart, yearning as it was for a hopeful son, now reduced almost to the brink of the grave, saw no consolation for the conviction of his late depravity, but that which his present confession evinced of his sincere repentance, and desire of reparation. Far from indulging in the sentiments

he had attributed her, she was as anxious as he could be to shew her approbation of his present feelings, not by solely applauding him for the acknowledgement of his errors, but by giving all the aid in her power towards repairing them.— A special messenger was, accordingly, immediately dispatched to London. He was the very same man who had performed the office of father in giving Caroline away, at the time of the marriage. He had orders to search unremittingly for her, every where, and not to return till he had found her. In case he were so fortunate as to discover her, he was immediately to hire a coach and four, with proper attendants, and bring her down, with her two infants, in such a mode as would become the woman who was now declared to be the lawful wife of a man of his rank and wealth.

His mind became somewhat more composed after the departure of the messenger; but his bodily frame obtained little relief from the assiduous medical attention that was bestowed upon him. His mother was inconsolable, but did every thing in her power to comfort him; and as she perceived that anxiety for the fate of Caroline, and of his two sons, chiefly engrossed his thoughts, she gave him repeated assurances, that, should she be so miserable as to survive him, those persons, so near, and so justly dear to him, as well from the ties of nature, as from the consciousness of his misconduct towards them, should share all her tenderness, and receive that regard, support, and attention, which was due to the widow, and orphan children of her only beloved son.

The fellow who was entrusted with this errand to London, went about it, with a great deal of alacrity, not only as he saw that his master's peace of mind, and perhaps the preservation of his life,

and restoration to health, depended on the success of it, but also as he had always looked upon Lothario's conduct towards Caroline, in which he himself had been induced to act a conspicuous part as treacherous and base; and by contributing to repair the evils brought upon that innocent lady, he would, whilst he was serving his master, be also removing a weight from his own conscience. Being well mounted, as well as well inclined, he reached the metropolis sooner than could have been expected. The first place he went to was the midwife's, whom he rated bitterly for her cruel usage of a young lady, who, he said, might easily have been discovered not to be one of those who prostitute themselves for hire. She made such awkward excuses as she could, and said, it was the lady's own fault, for, if she had told her the truth, care should have been taken both of her and of her children; and then, to prove her honesty, she delivered into his hands the letter, with the bank note of a hundred pounds before-mentioned in it. Thence he went to the aunt's; but when he told his errand, he was shocked at the torrent of abuse and scurrility with which that barbarous woman overwhelmed the reputation of Caroline. And when he endeavoured to put a stop to it, by assuring her that she was really his master's wife, that she had been declared to be such to his mother and all his friends, and that he himself had been a witness of the marriage, she either did not, or pretended not to, believe one syllable of what he said, but persisted in calling her by every opprobrious name she could; vagabond, infamous strumpet, and common prostitute, were amongst the best her malice could invent; concluding with a wish that she and her brats might be dead, in order that along with them, the scandal she

had brought upon their family, might be forgotten.

The man was astonished at her brutality ; but, perceiving that the more he espoused the cause of her unhappy niece, the more bitter she grew ; as well as that there was no intelligence to be gained in that quarter, he took his leave, though not without telling her, that his master, if he lived, would resent the abuse and ill-treatment she had so unjustly bestowed upon his wife.

Where now to direct his search, he was wholly at loss : having been fully informed by the midwife of the miserable condition in which Caroline had left her house ; he had recourse to almost every parish work-house, hospital, and public charitable institution, leaving no place of the kind without making the most strict enquiry.— He could not, however, obtain the least information, and after having rambled over the whole city and suburbs, for several days without any success, he began to fear, lest, in the depth of misery into which she had been plunged, she might have fallen a victim to despair, and have put an end to her own life, and the lives of the two infants, whom she had no longer any means of preserving. He therefore, with a mind which these thoughts rendered much troubled, set out on his return, dreading almost to see his master's face, seeing he was unable to carry home to him any part of what he so ardently wished, not even so much as a conjecture what was become of the objects of his search, upon the discovery of which it seemed as if Lothario's life depended.

Caroline's sufferings, however, great as they were, yet did not arrive at that period to render self-destruction her only resource. Heaven, nevertheless, thought fit to try her most severely, thereby probably to make her virtue and

merit more conspicuous. Whilst Lothario's emissary was in earnest quest of her, with honour, peace, and plenty in his hand, to impart to her and her babes, she was running through dangers, hardships and sorrows, which nothing but the supreme giver of courage, and her perfect confidence in him, could have enabled her to sustain.

We left her taking her departure from the inn, with her two infants in her arms, and the merest trifle in money in her pocket, determined to beg her way on foot to that part of the country, where she hoped to find relief from her misery, or confirmation in her wretchedness.

Slow was the progress she made in this long journey, not being able to travel more than five or six miles in a whole day, though it was in the middle of summer; but the heat of the sun was as oppressive after it had passed the meridian, as it was encouraging and reviving when, early of a morning, she recommenced her toilsome pilgrimage. As long as her little stock of money lasted, she could not persuade herself to importune the persons she casually met, for pecuniary assistance; that, however, though husbanded with the most careful anxiety, was soon totally exhausted, and at the close of the third day she found herself approaching a hamlet, where she hoped the charity of some cottager would give her and her children a night's shelter, though she had not one farthing to recompense their hospitality. She saw approaching, and bending their steps towards a country-seat on her right hand, two well dressed ladies, escorted by a seeming gentleman, in boots and spurs, and followed by a footman in livery; pride and shame flew into her face, poverty, distress, and maternal affection wrung her heart; she essayed to beg—her tongue refused its office—she could only

curtsy—"Get out of the way, you trollop, with your beggarly brats," said the fellow, who it appeared disgraced a title; "For shame, Sir Stephen," said the youngest of the ladies, "the poor woman seems much distressed"—"Come along, Sophy, said her companion, you know the music is waiting;" and they passed on—the footman turned half round, he durst not stop—he dropped three halfpence on the path, and followed his mistresses. Caroline's tears flowed plentifully as she stooped to pick up the mite of the menial, whose good deed is registered on high, and will outshine all the hundreds bestowed in ostentatious charity upon hospitals, and asylums, upon almshouses, and dispensaries. She stopped, as the dusk began to close around her, at a small alehouse, and made a trembling enquiry whether she could have a shelter in the adjacent barn during the night, as she had no money to pay for a lodging. "Hast thee no money, my good wench," said the jolly looking landlord, who sate smoking his pipe at the door, "then, damn me, if we don't give thee a lodging for the sake of thy pretty face, and those bastards of thine."—"Sir!" said Caroline, who, in all her distress, felt indignant at the coarseness of the address. "Tut, tut," said a ragged boy, who served as head waiter, ostler, groom, and bootjack at this house of accommodation, "never mind measter, he be's main good natnred, thoff he be vulgar, and not like me, who ha' been in Lunnin"—The hostess, though she too was "main good-natured, yet out of the spirit of contradiction, made some opposition, which was soon overcome by a hearty curse, and two or three as hearty kisses from her good man. Here, therefore, Caroline, though she fared not sumptuously, expending her three halfpence in some milk, and a slice of bread,



was accommodated with a straw bed, in a garret where, however, she slept soundly because fatigued, and sweetly, because innocent.

(To be continued.)

ABSTRACT OF THE TRIAL OF J. T. BUCKINGHAM,  
FOR A LIBEL—Continued from last Vol. p. 390.

"But," continued Mr. Hooper, "it is said, if the truth is in all cases to be given in evidence, private vices and follies may be exposed. The answer is, in the first place, that as in such cases it can not justify the offence, people will refrain from committing it, when they find it constantly punished by the verdict of a jury,—and, in the second place, that such persons should resort, like others, instead of procuring an indictment, to a civil remedy, for a civil wrong.\*

"And what more interesting subject to the public can there be than the character of him who asks our confidence as the minister of Christ; who comes to us with the book of the wisdom of God, and the words of eternal life? His is no obscure or neutral situation. He stands conspicuously before the people; and if, instead of honouring, he disgraces, the cause of piety, the man who unmasks the impostor, by publishing the truth, deserves the thanks of the community. In considering this publication, as set forth in the indictment, you will observe that the effusions of fancy, and figures of speech, which the county attorney has interspersed through it, under the name of *innuendoes*, are not for your consideration, any farther than you shall find them to be just explanations of the defendant's words. You will regard the text, and not his very fanciful commentary upon it. In the case of *Astley vs. Yonge*, 2 Burrows, 312, lord Mansfield said, "as to the *innuendoes* in the declaration, they are immaterial, since the substantial part itself is justified."

Mr. Hooper here entered into a minute examination of, and commentary upon the testimony,

\* In my previous remarks on this subject, it will be seen that I think there are many cases of defamation or libel, which is the same thing, in which the truth, though admissible, I conceive, at all times, to be proved as a palliation, would be no justification, in defence of a civil action; and that where a malicious intent, or no public motive exists, the exposure of private vices and follies however true, ought to be punishable in the shape of compensation to the injured party; but then, by private vices, I mean such as are practised in private and are not openly done, without veil or apology. Whilst the moment the question is taken up as a public wrong, as in the case of indictment, then, the truth is, in every possible case, a complete justification.

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which are foreign to the general purpose of this abstract. The conclusion which he drew was, that, as to the main points they had completely proved the truth of the allegations contained in the supposed libel, and as to the minor objects, sufficient grounds of suspicion to vindicate their being brought forward in aid of the others ;

"Even were these unsupported," he maintained that "his client ought not to be convicted, when all the rest is so fully established, for, in Holt on libel, 279, it is said "defendant may shew grounds of suspicion not amounting to actual proof."

The conclusion of the able speech of the learned counsel was as follows :

"To the charge of having published a *false* libel, we oppose its *truth*—a *scandalous* and *malicious* one, the *justifiable* end ; a *defamatory* one, the *imposture* which we have exposed ; and we ask you, with confidence to say our charges are true, our ends justifiable, and our motives good. The manner was sarcastic, we are told. But, gentlemen, we must assail hypocrisy and vice in the mode best fitted to detect them, and penetrate as we may, those "adamantine scales which fear no injury from human hands."

"Gentlemen, your decision this day will extend its influence far beyond the occasion, and affect many other parties than those who are now before you. These are not times, and this is not a land, in which we are to manifest a cold and heartless indifference to the institutions or men who surround us. We are to call things by their right names, and examine without intemperance, but without fear, whatever affects the relations or the well being of society. The institutions of religion indeed, are to be approached and spoken of only with reverence. But, in proportion as it is our most precious possession, in proportion as its foundations are laid deep and broad in the principles of our nature, and it is connected with far stronger feelings, and points to higher interests, than any which relate to earth, in that degree are we to guard it from abuses, and expel from its temples those who would shelter their vices under its sacred name. Of all those, indeed, who are interested in the events of this day, none are more so than the respectable sect of christians, who have been, in the present case, the subjects of imposition. A body of men who, for a long time, in the old world, and, may we not say in the new, have exhibited the zeal, the piety, and the meekness of

the primitive disciples. It is not possible to speak otherwise than with respect of those, who, among their distinguished leaders have exhibited many men celebrated for piety and learning, and who can boast of the zeal and eloquence of Whitfield, and the sanctity of Wesley.\* Let them assemble undisturbed in their temples, and tread unquestioned their path of toil and suffering to the realms of light; but let them not suffer unhallowed hands 'to be extended to uphold the ark of the Lord," nor permit "strange fire," to mingle with the sacrifice kindled on their altar, which they hope will ascend to heaven a pure and acceptable offering.

"Gentlemen, the cause is with you. Make such a decision as will protect and not destroy, the peace, the order, and the respectability of society, and declare, that those who ask for the public confidence shall be subject to the public scrutiny. Whatever may be the event of this scene of suffering to my client, there are two subjects of congratulation of which nothing can deprive him. The one, that the great principle of admitting the truth in evidence, has, in his case, been sanctioned: the other, that, however its light may be now obscured, or disregarded, even if he is to go convicted from your bar, he will carry with him, in this instance, the proud consciousness of having been a PUBLIC BENEFACTOR. But, gentlemen, I will not suffer myself to doubt that you will send him to his home in peace, and vindicate, by your verdict, the PURITY OF MORALS,—THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—AND THE SANCTITY OF THE TEMPLE.

An abstract of the final address to the jury by Mr. Austin, the attorney for the Commonwealth, and of the charge to the jury, will complete the review of this interesting trial, which will be continued in next number.

## THE CHARRIVARRI,

A FARRAGO, *continued from last No. p. 415.*

"Snaw! never mind all that, Horry, said the lady, but help me to hang the bed and bolster out of the front window, to air.

\* It will be recollected that Mr. Maffit, for a libel upon whom the indictment was brought, was a methodist preacher. Whatever I may think of the eulogium of that sect here pronounced by Mr. Hooper, I can, by no means, coincide with him that one of their characteristics is "meekness."

And so, according to that laudable, decent, Yankee custom, out hung the bed and bolster at the front window : steaming in the midday sun, and wafting its odours through all McGill-Street.

"What a multitude of agreeable and melancholy thoughts press at once on my imagination !" says Count De Maistre, in his *Travels round his chamber* ; "What a singular combination of terrible and delightful situations ! On a bed we are born, and on a bed we die : it is the variable stage"—Stage, stage ! cried the bridegroom, starting from his doze, is the stage come ?—Hold your tongue man, and let me go on—"it is the variable stage on which mankind perform interesting dramas, ludicrous farces, and frightful tragedies. It is a cradle strewed with flowers,—it is the throne of love—it is a sepulchre !"

But what's all this to the Charrivarri ?  
Why 't is to shew how things agree :  
And a farce may turn to a tragedy.

A knowing one was captain of those troops ;  
He managed well th' artillery of whoops,  
And often volleys fired of groans and hisses,  
Which put to rout their clippings, sighs and kisses.  
Then off he drew his bands, and to Fort Stark  
He march'd his army to refresh ; when dark,  
Patrolling them, as far as general Brock,  
Who wish'd t' have clapp'd his hands for captain Rock,  
But could not do't, because, being made of wood,  
Like our wise magistrates, stock still he stood.  
Mean while, alarms prevail'd throughout the town,  
Owls, watchmen, justices ; and up and down,  
The suburbs, streets, the mountains and the meadows,  
Rung out the wails of widowers and widows,  
And antiquated maids, and bachelors old ;  
And all who'd marry for the love of gold,  
Began to fear there'd be no peace for them,  
Should they get church's leave to—*re in tem.*  
'Tis said that selfsame time bold captain Spoggy,  
Trembled for fear they'd charrivarri his Oggg—  
So they put off being married till old Tory,  
Amongst the "well disposed" had told his story,  
And, to preserve the peace of Montreal,  
Proclaim'd guns, swords, and clubs, were laws for all.

But hence, now, sportive muse ! and for a time  
Let indignation swell the sounding rhyme.

The ill-advised, the murderous, fact relate,  
 Which seal'd a father's, husband's, direful fate.  
 What shall repell th' heartrending consciousness,  
 Of murder unprovoked? 't was nothing less—  
 What! to avoid nothing but words and noise,—  
 Tumultuous interruption of your joys  
 Indeed, but yet with levity and fun,  
 And good intent th' accustomed mask was done—  
 For a few nights in quiet with your wives,  
 Must sport be paid with Death, and words with lives?  
 Shame blot the deed from the sad city's page!  
 Disgraced still more from future age to age,  
 For the rank folly and injustice too,  
 That spared the guilty, and with talons flew,  
 Like vultures in the guise of magistrates,  
 (Diseased excrescences, which adverse fates  
 Have cursed us with,) upon the innocent;  
 Who, when unquestion'd the abettors went,  
 Punish'd the injured; whilst the guilty fled,  
 And rights were trampled on, and justice bled.  
 No wonder that revenge the people fired,  
 Who to destroy the castle of their foes aspired.

And lo! it came to pass that at the eleventh hour of the night, the leader, whom they called captain Rock, did summon his men; and lo! the watch were sore afraid and did tremble mightily.

Yea, there came a messenger, with great speed, unto the magistrates, and told them that a mighty force of twenty men were met together, and did intend to take this great city by storm.

In the darkness of night was then destroyed all the furniture of the house of the men of blood—and behold the looking-glasses and the crockery made such a crash in the street that it was heard, even as far as the Mansionhouse.

Now when these things were effected, captain Rock led off his band; and each man retired unto his own home: and when the magistrates learnt that there were only a few little boys left in the streets, then they waxed valiant, and sallied forth and enacted great deeds.

Three hundred and ten were the number of

their host, and they were all strong men and true, and carried guns and swords, and were in armour of proof against rotten eggs and such like deadly weapons.

Moreover the mighty man with the wig, who is surnamed Sir Frederick Brute, was at their head, and he did look around him from one side to the other very warily, and the rumour went afterwards about town, that the soldiers who were behind him did hold their noses with their fingers.

And a great light, and the twinkling of many lanthorns was seen; and the sheriff was sore afraid that his wig would be combed.

But behold a scout came in and reported that no foes were to be seen: and the men of war rejoiced mightily thereat: and straitway they marched forward.

Now the riot-act was in the hands of the sheriff, and he put on his spectacles, and was going to read it, but some one whispered in his ear that there was no riot; so he looked around, and as he could see nothing but his own men, he put the riot-act in his pocket, where it ought to be.

Nevertheless they took one man prisoner, and did carry him off; but they were obliged to promise his companions they would let him go again in the morning, or else he would not been allowed to have been carried off by the host of the sheriff.

And this battle, has it not been called the battle of Mc Gill street, and is it not so named even unto this day, howbeit there was no fighting?

But in that city, things were generally called by wrong names by the rulers thereof.

HERE ENDETH THE SECOND LESSON.

*Scene draws, and discovers two conspirators in deep consultation.*

*Tom Thumb.* Doctor! the long sought for mo-

ment has arrived that yields my envious heart its wish'd revenge. Ye gods! what a dilatory fool I've been to wait so long.

*Doctor.* What dost thou mean,—I guess my Juno never barked one half so loud. Thou'lt disturb the peace, and be again immured within the watch-house walls.

*T. T.* Never again, Doctor, by hell! But I will put that captain Rock where toads would die to visit him.

*Doctor.* Captain Rock? pray who is he, dost know him?

*T. T.* (Whispers.) 'Tis——

*Doctor.* By heaven! I owe him too a grudge.

*T. T.* Hush. It must be done before the *inquisition*, for nothing less abominable than hell shall be his punishment. 'Tis true I fawn about those men of power merely to court their favour, which they, simple fools, mistake for public zeal—for, from my soul, I hate those magistrates of ours.

*Doctor.* Why shouldst thou hate those bulwarks of the law?

*T. T.* I will tell thee. Dost thou recollect a beauty of easy virtue, who shone upon our Thespian boards a few years past?

*Doctor.* Oh! yes! yes! (*putting his hand to his nose,*) what of her?

*T. T.* She was my favourite piece; she swam before my eyes with all her fascinating allurements. By day she twined so close around my thoughts that every pill I rolled sweet fancy transformed into her jetty eye. Nor could I steal a moment to correct my foolish *hours of childhood*, but instead of "mother," or "home," her dear name flowed spontaneously from my pen. At this happy period, some presumptuous sketching wag, delineated my dear Frances, in

caricature, and hung her up conspicuous, in a barber's window, for the point of scorn's exulting finger.

*Doctor.* Didst thou not punish this rude exposure of thy love?

*T. T.* As the insulting atrocity of the deed demanded. I hied me to my noisome hole of drugs, and gave the quick alarm, with pestle ever ready, at whose rude sound my hangers-on convened and swore to punish the presumptuous wretch. A huge rude stone from my own hand was hurled, which dashed the barber's wigs and lights in oily confusion; and not one glass the window's ragged frame could boast. But, Hal, whose optics clearer grew, amidst the gloom in which the dismantled luminaries were shrouded, caught, through the large breach, a glance of my small form, and, like a falcon, pounced through the hole upon me.

*Doctor.* And thou didst meet him like a man?

*T. T.* No, I wished to meet him at a *future* time; so followed hard upon the heels of my retrogading comrades: but alas! that I was made with legs so short; the avenger pressed so hard upon me that I sought a shelter 'neath a mole of livery-stable-filth; but e'en this odoriferous sanctuary would not shield me from my pursuing foe, who griped my ticklish neck, and, in his wrath he swore 't was made to grace a halter.

*Doctor.* By the syringe-pipe of my revenge, I vow, this was most degrading to thine honour. Thou, a shining prodigy in our little literary world, to fall upon the very place from which thou sprang!

*T. T.* What! wouldst thou insult me! Dost mean to say I am the vile offspring of a dunghill? By heaven, thy Esculapian skill in weeds and clysters shall not save thee!



*Eoctor.* Nay, nay, Tom, I do retract; thou art of mettle free and pure, for none but such would have had the magnanimity thus to have begged the pardon of a barber. What did he do with thee?

*T. T.* Well since thou sayest thou dost retract, I'll think no more of it; but take thee to my friendship back again. But time has overtaken us. Meet me tomorrow evening here again, and thou shalt hear the sequel. Now for our *Scrubbing Brushes*, and then, *the ladies*.

(*Scene closes.*)

*Prompter.* Harkee, Mr. Author, this seems to be quite episodical, as we poets say.

*Author.* True, friend, but episodes give an insight into character and so forth; and when the plot is further developed,

When *Scrubbing Brushes* come in play,  
And all is made as clear as *Day*.  
With *Tory Loverule* and *Mac Cord*,  
An owl and turkey, on record,  
And many other busybodies  
You will not say at all it odd is  
That in this play *Tom Thumb* is put,  
With all the rest a *dash* to cut.

*Fragment of a police-examination, exemplifying the most satisfactory proof of identity ever produced.*

Captain Rock, a character as famous for mystery as *Floardo*, in the *Bandit's Bride*, is supposed to be at the bar, in the person of a young *Fau*. *Tommy Thumb* having sworn to his identity.

*Cross-examination.* *F.* Was my face entirely masked?

*T. T.* Yes.

*F.* Was my body entirely disguised?

*T. T.* Yes.

*F.* Did you ever see any of those dresses before that time?

*T. T.* No.

*F.* Have you seen them since?

*T. T.* No.

*F.* Did you see me dress?

*T. T.* No.

*F.* Undress?

*T. T.* No.

*F.* Did you hear me speak?

*T. T.* No.

*F.* What hour in the evening was this?

*T. T.* Half past eight.

*F.* Was I walking with my back towards you?

*T. T.* Yes.

*F.* Pray how did you know me?

*T. T.* By your walk.

*Omnes.* Ha! Ha! Ha!

(*To be continued*)

### THE PARABLE OF THE FISHERMEN.

8th June 1823.

*From the epistle of St. Joseph of the Bason.*

Now it happened in the days of the evil speakers and the gluttons, that certain great men, who were officers and commanders, rulers of hundreds, and rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens, spake unto their disciples, who were fishermen, and said unto them

Abide ye not by the precepts set forth in the book which is obsolete, where it was said to the fishermen of old, "I will make you fishers of men;"

But continue daily to fish for us in Graveyard creek, and in the Rapids, and in the Bason, and in the mud.

And catch unto us the fish called black bass, and shad, and perch, that we may not require butcher's meat.

Then said the fishermen unto the rulers, what shall we do with the suckers, and the fish, whose innumerable bones do annoy the mouths of the eaters: and they replied: eat them yourselves and be damned to you.

Yea, these fish shall she cast in amongst the vulgar grinders, where there shall be nothing but devouring, and crashing of teeth.

Now it fell out that a man was drowned in the lake of the waters, and certain persons went up to the centurion of the guard, saying :

If it seem good unto thee, and if thou wilt provide us with thy net, then might we search for, and find the man, but he said unto them, 'nay, it has been commanded unto us 'ye shall not become fishers of men,' and our captain refused the net last year on the like occasion, moreover time is precious, and fish scarce.

So they then departed, and found the man with hooks.

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Quebec, 10th June.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

In your publication of the 5th instant, I read with pleasure a communication from Observer, and remarked, with infinite satisfaction, the lesson given by him to several of the persons, who attended the first party of the Italian professor of dancing. I will, with your permission, furnish you with a few more facts, relative to the party above alluded to.

It must have escaped Observer's notice, or not have come within reach of his knowledge, that several persons, after having arrived at the hotel, and hearing the names of some of those who composed the party above-stairs, immediately returned home, observing "it would be a disgrace to be seen in such company."\* To give you an

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\*Observer did take notice of this circumstance, for I find, on looking back to his communication, that the following paragraph was omitted by a mistake. "A doctor of great repute, more celebrated for selling drams in St. Roch's, than for his medical skill, came late in his cariole with his lady, and hearing of the names of the company, who were rejected by the *respectables*, could not come in, for fear of contamination! and so—went home again, without shaking his "fantastic toe."  
L. L. M.

idea of their respectability, I shall select one out of several parties who acted in this manner.

There were the two Miss Earens, both which young ladies are partners in a fine *retail* store, or shop, of British and foreign goods. The absence of Miss Eliza E. was severely felt, as she dances quadrilles with elegance and precision. These ladies were to have been chaperoned by Mrs. Puff late head-cook to Jemmy Macdoleful, Esquire, of Mount-Royal, but who is now likewise a partner in the aforesaid retail-shop. The loss of Mrs. Puff's company was sensibly felt throughout the evening, as the urbanity of her manners, renders her an acquisition to every society she honours with her presence.

Allow me to subscribe myself,  
Your most obedient servant,

SIMON DASH.

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

*Farewell to my Lyre.*

Farewell, my lyre, for we must part,  
Tho' sad the anguish of my heart—  
Farewell those blissful moments, when  
I sung of Delia's charms ;  
Farewell those times ; for, ah ! 't was then  
I first knew love's alarms.

'T was then I tuned thee first to love,  
And ask'd my Delia to approve :  
She smiled, and, O ! her look how sweet !  
What transports thrill'd my breast ;  
My heart with love and fondness beat—  
I dreamt that I was bless'd.

Fondly I tuned thee, yet again,  
Again, again, and yet again,\*  
Love, filling every sounding strain,  
With hope still brighter grew ;  
'Till, ah ! I found that hope was vain  
A phantom to pursue.

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\*Which makes just the number of my doggerel love-sonnets.

I found my love, as false as fair ;—  
 Her smiles were art—her promise air—  
 And strove affections to recall  
 But vain the effort proved ;  
 And while each thought seem'd mix'd with gall,  
 I grieved that I had loved.

Then, O ! farewell, the pleasing spell  
 Which on thy accents seem'd to dwell,  
 And, distant, in sweet murmurs, sound,  
 Shall be revived no more :  
 No more shall love from thee resound ;  
 For, ah ! it's spell is o'er.

No more I'll tune thee, when unstrung,  
 And on the lonely willow hung,  
 Like Israel's harp, in days of old,  
 But, patient, bear the pain,  
 So oft, in plaintive anguish, told,  
 'Till Delia smile again.

SOLOMON SNEEK.

*Montreal, 27th June, 1823.*

I willingly give insertion to the following letter, as, though it does not appear of which party Mr. Random wishes to be the champion, it exposes, on one side, the contemptible arrogance and rudeness of a wretched pretender to a knowledge of English grammar and literature, who has for some time past been hoaxing the good people of Montreal, (who, poor souls, can not, it seems, judge from the miserable faulty advertisements and puffs of this man, that he is every way incompetent to the task he undertakes ;) and on the other hand, the puerile ambition and vanity that could attempt to attract notice, at such a place, and on such an occasion.

*Montreal 14th June.*

DEAR SCRIB,

You are aware, probably, that one Mr. WELLES, gives gratuitous lectures, every second evening, as introductory to a course of historical research-

es, which he intends to make, for his own advantage, and the intellectual benefit of his subscribers. The other evening curiosity led me to Mr. *Welles*' "Historical museum and reciting rooms." He began by reading a few pages of Hume to us: but my attention was, however, principally riveted to *Camel Hogsflesh*, Junr. esquire, whose gizzard and liver, seemed, by the restless throwing about of his arms and trotters, to be pregnant with something larger than a mouse, but not so bulky as a mountain. When *Welles* had finished his exercise, *Hogsflesh* arose, with a phiz, beaming with a self complacent smile, and, after going through the movements of a London *half-cut*, began as follows. "With trembling diffidence I rise to speak, for the first time in my life, before a man of the most splendid talents, and an assembly composed of men of undoubted abilities." *Welles* interrupts him with the following pithy sentence. "No gasconading,\* sir, I'll not endure it." *Hogsflesh*: "If you'll allow me to proceed, sir, I'll, perhaps, throw some light on the subject." *Welles*. "Too much light already, sir, I'm just endeavouring to diminish it," (putting out two candles, and every one in the room convulsed with laughter,) *Hogsflesh* goes on; "Of the tremor which I must feel"—*Welles*; "I'm blushing behind the ears, sir."—*Hogsflesh*: "When I speak before you, a man of established reputation, both as a philosopher, and an historian"—*Welles*; (contemptuously,) "You're a blackguard, sir." *Hogsflesh*, (retreating in great order;) "Good God, *Welles*, what an ass you are!" And then; *Exeunt omnes*. I afterwards understood that *Hogsflesh* had composed a speech for the occa-

\*An instance how accurately this literator understands the meaning of English words.

sion, of which you have a small specimen in the above, and from which, perhaps, you will be able to judge which of the two was the greatest ass. I was told also that little *Piscator*, the lawyer, was prepared, by concert with *Hogs-flesh* to comment upon the latter's speech, which was of course stopped by the doughty reception which the *Camel's* ebullition met with from the man of *class—sick—all* note.

I am, dear Scrib, your's,

RODERICK RANDOM,

Is it not a wonder that the teachers of *English* abroad, are chiefly *Scotchmen*, and *Americans*, the two most unfit descriptions of men, generally, for such a purpose?

L. L. M.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXIII.

A great variety of miscellaneous matter, some of old date, having accumulated upon our hands, and being invited out to a literary party, of which we shall probably give some account in our next, we are under the necessity of giving our articles of intelligence, our advertisements, our communications, selections &c. pell mell, and without that luminous arrangement, and condensation, for which our columns are otherwise so remarkable—hem!

Among our old law and police reports we find: under the head of *Connubial felicity*.

The Gravedigger of Campbelltown made a complaint to the justices that his frail half, wishing to have his grave dug earlier than nature might bring it about, that she might marry again, not being satisfied with her two gallants, had offered twenty-five pounds to a *silly* carpenter to poison him. Bail was put in for the lady, but no more was heard of it.

An ingenious mode was lately tried of obviating the evil effects of shewing marks for obtaining warrants for assault. Mr. Dolt, (query, is the name right?) having several times before been brought up for basting his own eyes, determined

upon inflicting the marks of his whip upon a part that could not be shewn by the blushing fair, without seeming to claim the honour due to the *Venus Callypiga* of the ancients \* Nathless the lady obtained a warrant, and Dolt was made to appear on the occasion, who was so enraged, when he was obliged to find bail, that he swore the magistrate might keep his wife's—marks.

We have been apt to treat the almost universal complaints that have been made by our husbandmen and gardeners this season, of the innumerable hosts of caterpillars and grubs, as the coinings of the brain, or at most exaggerated murmurings; we do not much intrude our tea-steamed visage amongst the rural deities, the coarse hocked swains, and brown and blowzy pastoral beauties of our environs; but even in haunts of men, and peopled towns, we have become convinced that there is more truth in those reports than we had conceived, for forth in clouds now fly the butter-flies, in gaudy plumage gay, and shake their radiant wings at us at every corner, flying from shop to shop, from milliner to jeweller, to dry good store, and bonnet-manufactory; whilst moths, and mayflies, flit against us every evening, and menace to knock us, quiet inoffensive mortals, down. Our correspondent, who has sent us the following account of the rambles of some young ladies in Mount Royal, must certainly have been mistaken, and seen a butterfly through a magnifying glass. 'T is thus he describes the fluttering flight of the insect.

"I first caught sight of this glittering object at the Old market, that scene of all that is genteel and grand; 't was near noon, and it flew into ~~the~~ druggist's, whether to cheapen carmine, or enquire for court-plaster, I can not tell;

————— *Ces graces jumelles,*  
*Quit' envira toujours vpris.*  
*Qui t'ont fait nommer par son file,*  
*La Callypige de nos belles.*

D'ARNAUD.



thence out it flirted, and in at the next door to look at some needles, but they were not true white-chapel. Then Hum-haw & Co's bright stores attracted notice, and whilst in gay confusion o'er the counters rolled, silks, shawls, and crapes, with lace and ribbands, prints, and fine mullmulls, lenos and jaconets, the board of inspectors assembled; then with slow and graceful steps glided along, to give full scope to all admiring eyes, the thin clad nymph. Thus into every store, and stand, shop, warehouse, or repository, along St. Paul street, I traced the vision; some article that the present season had not seen imported served for a pretext to enquire for, whilst bows, and scrapes, and smiles, and smothered curses, draw not a penny from that crimson ridicule. In Notre Dame-street, next, behold her at th' upholsterers; whose furniture receives all due and undue praise; but woe the while when Tom Tan became *vice pres.* (he always was *vice pers.*) for now there's no hope of discount at the bank to any but special favourites, so we can't get married yet, and can't afford to furnish a house. Now, with light and elegant step, she passed St. Joseph street, nor would have failed that spot for thousands, for then she would have missed being stared out of countenance by the numerous frequenters of the reading room. The temple of fashion at the lower corner, again receives her; and there—the fashions—Oh, the fashions—"if all the low people had not been purchasing them, I should think them very pretty"—and here, fatigued with following her rambles, I lost her, and went on.

#### A PASSENGER.

*The Revd. Mr. Noates, is particularly requested to quote scripture, and not law, in future, unless he can afford time to inform himself a little better about the latter. I would ask his authority for his presumption, in asserting that none but worthless bravoës have enrolled themselves under my banners; and tax his ingenuity to reconcile that with the acknowledgement that gentlemen were my followers in the eighteenth century. If he does not confine himself more to his peace-making avocation he may cause another division in his diminishing flock.*

CAPTAIN ROCK.

Notable speech made by a student of counsellor Boreas, whose name may be found in the play of the Honest Thieves, supposing it to commence with Abel, or Obadiab, his true prototype for clownishness and stupidity.

"I never witnessed an execution at the gallows, but would go with the greatest pleasure and see any one, or every one of the Charrivarri-party swung off!"

*Captain Rock begs to warn this charitable youth not to make so many speeches in favour of the murderers and their abettors, or he may find means of putting a gag in his mouth.*

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, AMATORY, AND CORNUTATORY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Mr. Dandy Courteous, the ci-devant N. W. clerk, is wooing hard for the fair hand of Miss Maggy Grunt of Lasheen.

"A maid unmatched in manners as in face,  
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace."

As to Mr. Dandy, it was a sad mistake of his guardians when he was unfortunately bound apprentice to the trade of a gentleman; he might have made a tolerable carpenter or blacksmith.

DEAR DICKY. I am sorry to find you have been wrong informed respecting the amours of Benny Big; nor am I less so to find that Miss Wagtail is not the favourite to-be-happy one. Miss Belcamp, of Belcamp Lodge, proves to possess a greater share of magnetism, than her rival. 'T is that way now the needle points. It is a stipulation\* of this union that a new gig and harness, shall be provided and kept for the bride to visit Pa in, as often as she pleases after the honeymoon. A principal part of the hymeneal entertainment will be

A GOOSE.

One of our young members of the faculty has been busily employed of late in circulating reports of his sister's contempt towards one of her admirers; which is certainly a charming way to raise her in the estimation of others; but there is another plan mentioned in the *Chambly Reporter* of May 1822. viz. "Keep open chamberdoors and undrawn curtains from sunrise till eight o'clock each morning."

A young buck who resides not far from the old market, often, it is said, visits a stylish family, in which the eldest of the young ladies, trims her hair, and sets her cap at the buck; he is thought, however, to be too wild to be caught in her snare. There is some mismanagement, in the business, for all

\*The etymon of *stipulation*, is, *stipula*, Latin for a straw, because an essential ceremony of the Roman marriages was the breaking of a hallowed straw; which shews plainly that *stipulations* are but straws.

the family flock about him, when the young buck comes into the house, so that having no good opportunity for courting, they were obliged, one Sunday to try what *bundling* would do, in a snug little room where there was *un bon lit fait pour l'occasion*. Some say that is not the way to catch wild young bucks.

It is wonderful that, abundant and multifarious as are the horns on a certain person's head, he should have been provoked, upon an attempt to *make a leash* or two more in addition, to give the horn-manufacturer a drubbing.

A certain young lady should not go eight times in one forenoon a shopping to the store of a *burning* young fellow in St. Paul-street. Twice is sufficient for ordinary occasions. She should consider too that it is neither necessary to spend half an hour in every bargain, nor to have her hand locked all the while in that of the hero of the counter, covered over amidst the quantities of silks, lawns, and calicoes that bestrew it. Mr. Rooster will also please to take notice, that, when he is amourosly inclined, he ought not to kiss his intended in so public a place as St. Paul-street, or when he hands her from her horse, after taking a morning's air; as he may have a more severe punishment to undergo, being only a candidate for matrimony, than Tommy Showbelle, who enjoys all its privileges.

*Mem. Lady English, might do better by looking a little to the conduct of her own child, than by circulating the false report of her neighbour's daughter having gone into the country, under bodily embarrassment.*

In the supplement to our Intelligencer, No. 21, we hinted that one of the *chapmen*\* of Mount Royal had some notion of taking a disciple of Noah Webster for better for worse: he is certainly one of the best judges in the world, for he knows by experience that Polly Allnick, is very willing to do as handmaids should by their masters; she having served him as *maid of all work* before he set her up in her academy; he knows moreover that she is well adapted to fulfill the principal end and aim of matrimony, having had occasion, so the folks say, to send her off to the States, some four years ago, to get rid of a burthen. Of her complaisance and humility too he is well convinced, as she is in the habit of going to his house and remaining from Saturday till Monday; and that she will never find fault, should he, when he is groggy, call out to his *feld aid-de-camp*, "John, damn thee go and get me a wench;" which is the more admirable in Polly, since there are only the aforesaid John, and one or two others, into whose beds she creeps, when the old gentleman wishes for a little

\*Misprinted there *chapman*.

variety, and takes another to his arms. But we can not help hinting he ought not to do these tricks before his children; nor require a daughter to bring up breakfast to him and his Polly in bed. It is to be hoped they will have a famous *charrivarri* for no match will ever be more deserving of one.

Made. Le Marc does not seem much to mind the repeated infidelities of her *sacré bulldog*, on whose head she has, in revenge, been busily engaged in encouraging the growth of sundry protuberances which, by an accumulation of bony matter, or as the doctor would call it, phosphate of lime, shoot out into remarkable, though in this age not uncommon, excrescences, which might be denominated the *spica cornuta*. A restaurateurs at the new market; the rope-dancers; a friend's country residence, &c. all bear witness to the progress of this, probably her twentieth, experiment in the *ars cuckoldendi*.

From *Catarogue*, June 1823.

#### NOTICES.

The two young ladies who are nearly related to an Earl, are cautioned not to attend the Scotch kirk again, as the Revd. Mr. Laycrab has desired Elder Cat, to conduct all those who, to the great scandal and annoyance of the congregation, are guilty of giggling during divine service, to the cutty-stool, where they will be reprimanded according to their deserts.

Elder Cat, is particularly cautioned not to express his disapprobation in such "good, round, set terms," at seeing a certain Leste-pied and his lady who sit in the government-seat, gratis, put into the poor's box, nothing but a Brock-rap, as it is said the colonel has determined to make him feel the toe of his boot in his seat of honour, if he again bears any similar remarks made upon his liberality and his lady's good breeding.

A certain married lady is also cautioned not to write letters to military gentlemen, appointing meetings in the absence of her husband; and those gentlemen are cautioned not to lose them in the street, for although they might be quite safe in the hands of a broker's clerk, they might not always be sure to fall into the said clerk's hands. PAUL CRIMPS.

Advertisement from the *Shamblee Repertory*.

In a few days will be published here, an authentic account

of all the campaigns of general Fleabite, from the commencement of his military career down to the year 1822, inclusive, with an elegant engraving representing the attack on Government-field, and the fall of the cottager's pig, by "a danned fine shot."

*The following handbill has been circulated at Government-City.*

A messieurs les jeunes gens de cette ville !

Comme j'apprends que les dames que vous recherchez tant ont changées de demeure, permettez moi de vous donner quelques renseignements sur les nouveaux recoins des plaisirs. Je commencerai par ces deux vers

Allez, sans differer, pour information,

Vous adresser à *Gray*, surnommé le Lorgnon;

car ce monsieur, quoique nouvellement voué au temple de Cithere, a tellement profité du peu de pratique qu'il a eu, que ce n'est rien pour lui de vous instruire sur la maniere

De vous enregistrer dans tous les bataillons

Des filles de Venus, des porte-cotillons.

Il peut donner des certificats de sa capacité dûment assermentés, et peut vous designer les lieux où la bourse et l'argent ne sont pas epargnés, pouvant sur ce dernier article, parler avec experience. Il peut aussi vous mener dans les endroits, sans contredit, les plus respectables, et peut vous dire,

Je ne veux pas ici vous conduire au hazard,

Chez ces filles de joie qui debitent le fard,

Aimez vous *Margueritte*, ou bien l'*Americaine*,

Seroit ce chez *Sophie*, seroit ce chez *Helene*

L'une aussi bien que l'autre, à ma discretion,

Se feroit un plaisir de vous preter leur — cotillon.

Enfin ce respectable monsieur a tellement scu s'attirer l'amitié de ces dames, qu'elles ont dernièrement, dans une de leurs assemblées generales, resolu d'accorder une medaille à ce monsieur, et de se mettre à sa discretion. Mais la medaille s'étant malheureusement trouvée rouillée, le monsieur est privé pour quelques jours d'en faire

usage, tandis qu'elle a été mise entre les mains d'un orfevre d'Esculape pour être éclaircie.

JEAN FRAISE.

A CARD.

Mount Royal, 1st July, 1823.

The subscriber begs to present his grateful acknowledgements to the police magistrates, and especially also to the watch and patroll of this city, for their kind care and vigilance, (notwithstanding the heavy and arduous duties they have to perform in keeping the peace of the city, and hunting after charrivariers,) in preventing signboards from being defaced, St. Andrew's crosses, and other emblems that smell of brimstone and treacle, from being painted on folks's doors, and other witty pranks being practiced upon the premises of the subscriber, in the night; He is more particularly indebted to them for having, on last Saturday night, prevented the gentlemen from the house with the two white pillars, from taking down his office-board, and casting it over the nunnery-wall, where the sisters, would, in that case, seeing something written thereon respecting an "office," and "pressing," and "scribbling," have probably put it up over the door of their "House of office;" which disparagement to the said House and the said sisterhood has, by the vigilance of the aforesaid magistrates and watch, been frustrated; and demands the thanks of the public, and of their obliged and humble servant,

TURN-UP-NOSE SNEER-AT-EM.

Many articles postponed till next number for want of room.

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

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Just Published, (By Authority,)

The Provincial Statutes of Lower Canada, passed during the last Session.

The Act, passed last year in the Imperial Parliament, to

regulate the trade of Lower and Upper Canada, &c.

A Report of the Committee of the Assembly on the Public Accounts, from 1791 to 1822.

And the proceedings of the Committee on the Gaspe Fisheries, &c.

The Lumber Acts and the Act for regulating the Inspection of Fish and Oil, are sold separate.

Also, the third, fourth, fifth and sixth Reports of the Committee of the Assembly, on the Waste Lands of the Crown. Freemasons Hall, Quebec, May 28.

**THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,**

*And for Sale by the Subscriber.*

The important trial of Henry William and Anne Crawley, *versus*, Thomas Forrester, for a malicious prosecution, and for slander. Damages laid at £5000.

E. BROWNE.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, May 20.

**PROPOSALS,**

*For Publishing by Subscription,*

The rules and orders of practice, for the Court of King's Bench for the District of Montreal, with the Tariff of Fees allowed by the said Court. To which will be added, *The Rules and Orders of Practice* in the Provincial Court of Appeals.

The work to be printed with new types, on fine Demy Printing paper, 8vo. size.

Price to subscribers 12s. 6d. in boards.

Subscriptions received at the shop of Joseph Nickless, Bookseller, opposite the Court House.

Montreal, 24th May, 1823.

**PROPOSALS,**

**FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,**

*St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada,*

Containing scenes from real Life.

"The moral world,

Which, though to us it seems perplex'd, moves on

In higher order, fitted and impell'd,

By wisdom's fittest hand, and issuing

In universal good."———THOMSON

No country presents more interesting subjects for the pen of a novelist than Canada. The romantic scenery, the history, and feudal character of the early colonists, their peculiar institutions and customs, the state of society, the habits and manners of the religious orders, the noblesse and peasantry, derived from their ancestral connexion with France, and their own colonial circumstances, and modified by the introduction of British laws, examples and intercourse, in consequence of the cession of the Province to Great Britain,

afford ample and appropriate materials for a novel.

In the work offered for publication, the author has drawn fully from these sources. He has laid the main plot in Canada, extending it, however, to connect incidents and situations in France and England. His outlines are filled with the touches of a master. The manuscript has been perused by critics of good taste, who think the performance can not fail to gratify the lovers of moral tales exhibiting scenes, characters and occurrences of real life.

This native production of the country is now offered to the patronage of the public, upon the following terms.

To be printed in two Volumes 12mo, on good paper, and bound neatly in boards at 8s. 9d. the 2 volumes. Any person becoming answerable for ten copies, will be entitled to one gratis.

Kingston, June 10th, 1823.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. *The dialogue found in McGill street*, will, if possible, be made use of, altho' it may be considered as rather too much of a good thing. PADDY O'FLANAGAN, ditto. *Annette of the vale* is on the poetry-style, as also *the City-pedagogue*. S. P. Q. R. will see that his favours come into play every now and then, he will be aware that all will not suit. The impromptu headed the *Army*, is a very good one, but concludes too coarsely; yet to alter it would take away the point; L. O. U. will be very welcome again. Further particulars respecting the CHARRIVARRI will be thankfully received.

At the commencement of a new volume, I again beg to solicit, what I have before, but hitherto in vain, done; namely, the communication of articles descriptive of local scenery, topography, geology, mineralogy, and natural history. These, and accounts of journies, especially when relating to the more unfrequented parts of British North America, would, I conceive be a great addition to the work, add to its variety and utility, and perhaps, at some future time, lead to its enlargement, and embellishment with plates and maps, for which I have myself a tolerable store of original drawings and materials.

L. L. M.

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*Subscribers who decline continuing to take the Scribbler, will please return the present number uncut and unsoiled, when called for, otherwise they will be charged with the quarter.*

[PRINTED AT BURLINGTON, VT.]