

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 9th Jan. 1823. [No. 80

For still the public must be soothed by song,
However weak or foolish, right or wrong.

PETER PINDAR.

Et Venus in sylvis jungat corporis amantum. LUCRETIUS.

'Twas thus in woods and wilds the lovers met.

Tunc dolor et cura rugaque frontis abest.

OVID.

Let wrinkled care begone, to us belong,
Youth, beauty, music, wine, and dance and song:

Non exornatores rerum, sed tantummodo narratores fuerunt.

CICERO.

Here whilst all sorts of matters we narrate,
Nought we extenuate or exaggerate.

Being in arrear with some of my poetical friends, I begin with their verses. The first that I lay my hands on, is contained in the following letter.

MR. MACCULLOH,

As you goodnaturedly enough favoured my second attempt towards immortalizing the girl of my heart, I immediately bestirred myself to make a third trial. So away I went to my scribbling materials, and began again

TO MISS B***—

Propitious muse, since thou hast once been kind,
O, ease again my sad love-burden'd mind!
And may thy numbers yet more sweetly flow,
To tell my love the cause of all my woe.—

Thus far I had got along tolerably well, when I was interrupted by a black-eyed young lass, who

came, with her mistress's (N. B. not my mistress's) compliments, to inquire, in the words of the message, "for that prating fellow Macculloh's Scribbler." Being of course too gallant to deny any reasonable request of a fair lady, I gave it, and away tripped the damsel. But, the charm of my thoughts was broken; and on sitting down to finish my heroic epistle, behold, my muse had taken flight, and left me, like a pinfeathered eaglet, vainly attempting to fly. Whether the jetty eyes of the girl, spoilt my meditations on the bright orbs of beauty that I was desirous of celebrating; or whether, reflecting on the criticism you passed on my first love-lorn ditty, damped my spirit; or whether—but as whethers might be multiplied without end, I will stop to confess, that I cudgelled my brains to no purpose;—one good thought came, but then I could'nt find a rhyme--& then a good rhyme came into my head, but there was no good thought to match it—in short, I snatched up my candle in despair and walked off to bed. Here I was more fortunate, for though I soon fell asleep, the beloved object of my affections was by no means forgotten. Still I imagined myself writing, and dreamt a long poetical epistle, the conclusion of which, however, only remained upon my memory, as follows :

Fair Delia ! once thy gaiety suspend,
 And list, O listen, to a faithful friend.
 Soothe every passion that disturbs to rest ;
 Let love triumphant, fill that snowy breast,
 And condescend with patience to peruse,
 These wild effusions of a youthful muse.
 Tho' no soft numbers deck thy poet's line,
 If virtue, love, and sentiment, combine,
 Yet wilt thou smile ; and one sweet smile of thine
 Will wrap my soul in ecstasies divine.
 Yes, happy fate, if destined to behold
 That smile, and to my throbbing bosom fold

That angel-form that captivates my sense,
 And shrouds my mind in visions of suspense.
 But, ah! whilst I indulge fond fancy's dream;
 Some rival, steals from hope her brightest gleam;
 Or, lingering long, it dies within my breast,
 Yields to despair, that dark unfeeling guest,
 That plunderer of all visionary joys,
 Which clouds my mind and all my peace destroys.

SOLOMON SNEER.

Castle of Adorno half way to Parnassus.

But when I had committed this to paper and read it over, I bethought myself that, as the epistles of ladies are said never to contain, but in a postscript, the principal end and aim of "the present writing," I thought it might please my Delia, if I followed their example, so I added this

P. S. I'm half consumed by love's bewitching flame,
 Yes, and, my love, thou oft hast own'd the same;
 Else, when we chance to meet, those tell-tale eyes
 Utter ten thousand little roguish lies.

Next I select from Mr. Sneer's budget his lines
 TO A LADY,

On her rejecting him as a suitor.

How, dearest love, shall I allay
 The warmest feelings of this breast,
 How fancy's restless wanderings stay,
 And hush my anxious thoughts to rest.
 O, can I e'er forget those charms,
 Which once I clasp'd in my fond arms,
 Which then appear'd almost divine,
 Which then I thought would soon be mine;
 Those charms which bend my soul to earth,
 Which kindle joy, and rouse to mirth,
 Those charms that all my actions sway,
 That others envy and adore——
 O, dearest love, O tell me, pray,
 How can I thee with life give o'er?

Answer. Go court a dozen or two more.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

To Maria S . . .

Your lovers & sweethearts, rings & diamonds may give you,
 And wish you a long year of bliss ;
 But think not, Maria, 't is the less that I love you,
 Because I send nothing but this.

'T is a trifle indeed, and scarce worth your acceptance,
 And I ask in return but a kiss ;
 Then answer me as when you made my heart leap once,
 "Behaw, no !—nay don't sigh— I mean, yes."

SAM. TINKER.

Montreal, 1st Jan. 1823.

PARODY ON ALONZO AND IMOGINE.

A Ratcatcher once, and a lady not white,
 On a buffaloe-skin sat at e'en.
 They agreed for to stop with each other that night,
 Hurlothumbro Goddamhim, the name of the wight,
 And the wench was a fair Algonquin.

And the wench listen'd long, and the wench listen'd close,
 To the tales that he pour'd in her ear,
 How he bought beaver-ropes, skins of elk and of moose,
 How he gain'd all the pelf, while his masters did loose,
 Buying foxes, musks, martins, and de.

"And now," said his lordship, "tomorrow I go,
 "In Mount Royal to bluster and cheat,
 "And when I am gone *un homme plus sot*;
 "More vile than I am, *un plus grand crapaud*,
 "May cause you Tom Tan to forget.

"La ! how can you think so," the fair lady said,
 In her language that sounded so sweet,
 "For if you be single, or it you be wed,
 "I swear by great Manitou, none in your stead,
 "Shall meet me in blanket or sheet.

"And if e'er with another I sit on this hide,
 "Or prove false to the promise I gave,
 "To punish me, may I with rum be supplied
 "Till drunk, then come you, wrap me up in this hide,
 "And carry me off to my grave."

Then away went old Tom the very next day,
 She thought she would ne'er see him more,

And scarcely twelve hours had elapsed, 'so folks say,
When a rough voyageur, on the hide with her lay,
And gave her of beads a good store.

His tobacco, his rum, his beads made of glass,
Soon made her untrue to her oath ;
And his other small things, steel, silver, and brass,
His blanket so rough too, did tempt her, alas !
As thus this true history shew'th.

But when his bright beads he to count had begun,
His pipe it was laid on the shelf,
And the cork he had drawn from his bottle of rum,
And open'd the sack of his *capot* home-spun,
Then the hour it drew on, near the twelfth.

Then, wild wild with amazement, the wench look'd a-
round,
While a stranger did up to them ride,
With a fine ruffled shirt he had bought when in town,
He smoked not, he drank not, but twitched with a frown,
The end of that buffalo-hide.

Tho' closely she eyed him, still hid from her sight,
His hat veil'd his face from her view ;
Whilst with wonder they gazed o'erwhelm'd with the
fright,
The musk-rats that saw him drew back ; so they might ;
For their enemy in him they well knew.

Both wish'd to sneak off, but knew not which way ;
They look'd all bewilder'd with fear.
At length spoke the fair Algonquin, in her way,
"Your *chapeau* I wish, sir, aside you would lay,
"And partake of a part of our cheer."

The damsel thus ended, his lordship complies,
And pull'd off his hat for to shame 'em :
Six nations might startle at hearing her cries ;
Like a bear that is stuck, how she stared with her eyes,
When she saw 'twas her *croque*, Goddamnhim.

"*Sacrée garce*, have I caught you, you false one," he cried,
"You soon broke the oath which you gave,
'So now, with that bottle of rum by your side,
'You shall over the mountain, and moor, with me ride,
"And mercy you never must crave."

Then fiercely the spirits he pour'd down her throat,
 Which to guzzle she did not say nay ;
 Then with buffaloe-robe he for her made a coat,
 And bore her away to his quick rowing boat,
 Nor have either return'd till this day.

Nor long stopp'd *des blanc* and none since that time
 To hunt in that quarter presume,
 For 'tis firmly believed that by order sublime,
 From the *voyageur's fund* she's been drunk many time,
 Eats pork, and wears costly costume.

And often the folks near her home when benighted,
 Hear her yell thro' the mansion resound,
 "I'll take the Jamaica," she squalls, not affrighted,
 With a glass in her hand ; and his lordship, delighted,
 Swears, splutters, and spits all around.

Whilst, with pockets well lined, no odds how it came—
 Dancing round them, North Westers are seen ;
 They drink wine and brandy, and fuddle their brain,
 The toast going round to his lordship, Tom Tane,
 And his false-one, the sly Algonquin.

BILL-EAVESDROPPER.

MR. MACCULLOH,
 I recollect reading somewhere in Dryden's
 works,

"To die for faction, is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil ;"

Yet I will venture on,

—————"and dash thro' thick and thin,
 Thro' sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad."

No chronicler having yet appeared, to record the commencement of our public dances, I am inclined to undertake the arduous task ; and offer the following account of Mrs. East's first ball. Although it was but thinly attended, owing probably to the numerous private parties in all parts of the city, that did not lessen the festivity and hilarity

of the great and little ton who assembled on the occasion ; for all seemed to be the essence of gaiety and good humour. When the music struck up, and the heart of each fair one fluttered in her breast, the honey-dropping lips of the mistress of the revels, pronounced the welcome order, "gentlemen, take your partners for a country dance." Then soon, with intermingling steps, with bosoms beating, gracefully extended arms, and beaming smiles, both maid and matron, "wove the varied dance." The presidentess of the bounding throng, her lofty plumes, gently waving in unclouded majesty over her white turban, towered in the pride of *plenteous* charms, and with all her jewels, or genuine gem, or glittering counterfeit,

"far outshone

The wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

Her gown of flaming hue was dazzling to the eye, and through the dance, she seemed to shine a blazing meteor of the brightest order. Her matron charms, mellowed not dimmed, by time's considerate hand, vied with the younger beauties that revolved round her extensive orbit.— But bright as was this luminary of the ball, equalled, nay rivalled, and eclipsed was she ; and 'midst the gay, the fascinating and the young, shone out with lustre unabated, Miss Stout, the dasher. Arrayed, too, as if to brave Olympus' queen, in brilliant red, even her gown bade the beaux beware, lest they should burn ; & so she set all hearts on fire, & drew all eyes, casting at times, some arch sheep's eyes herself around, on those she deemed worth while enthralling in her chains. Many a redoubted hero felt her shafts. Nay, Benny Big, himself, forgetful of the Wagtail's ponderous charms, paid his involuntary homage to this *stout* heroine of that night.

Now this I take it, is a touch of the true sublime, and I hope some future Milton of Canadian growth, will put it into blank verse, which, as some say, is only prose run mad.

The remainder of the party were contented to move in a humbler and less conspicuous sphere, and

—————“simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down ;”

till eleven, when the gentlemen were called to a repast, not brilliant, but good, where they satisfied their appetites and toasted the girls. I am loth, however, to have to relate that, on their return, there was one gentleman, who,

“round as a globe, and liquor’d every chink,”

could *reel* with double ease, and tripping alacrity ; yet there was a lack of grace which spoilt his dancing, destroyed his equilibrium, and formed a blot upon his manners. The clock soon beat the solemn hour of twelve, that told one more of our days had passed away into oblivion’s vast recess, and warned the company to retire.

In short, all I know about it, is, that it was a very pleasant evening, and afforded gratification to many besides

Your’s,

SAM SOAPSUDS.

Elysium, latter end of Dec. 1822.

DEAR SCRIBBLER,

I am afraid that when you join me in the Elysian fields, where we authors roam, and enjoy the incense of our fame, that is wafted from your mortal world, you will experience the same mortification which I have been destined to feel, when “revisiting the glimpses of the moon,” as

is sometimes permitted to the shades of the departed great. My precepts for the regulation of manners, and the conduct of the polite world, are read and admired by all, abridged, commented on, put into the hands of youth, published in cheap editions, and referred to as the code for the guidance of all who aspire to the praise of being well-bred, and polite; and yet; never do I wander forth amongst the sons and daughters of fashion, but I perceive the most glaring deviations from my instructions, and am convinced that, though they pretend to be my disciples, they have not taken the pains to read my book, or have forgotten its object and rules. So too, my dear friend, will it fare with you. You will find, bepraised and immortalized as your name and works may be, that the generation that succeeds that in which you flourish, will forget your lashings, and neglect your admonitions; whilst other satirists, and other censors will arise, and still with fruitless shafts of ridicule or remonstrance, aim at vice and folly. Like Macbeth's apparitions,

"another, and another still succeeds,"

and, as you said in your last number, "tell a twice-told tale from Rome and Greece," with exactly the same motives, and exactly the same effect.

To return, however, to the object which has induced me to address you. A ghost that arrived here not long ago, who, however, smelt of the shop, boasted so much of the fashion and manners of a place called Mount Royal, which I had never heard of before, that I got leave of absence; and came in time to witness a party given by one of your first-rate ladies of quality. Last week the Countess of Oldjoseph gave a dinner, after which was to succeed a ball. Now you and

I are well aware that, where any military beaux are to be had, no ball can be complete without them; and so indeed thought the countess; and you and I too know that dinners are no bad things for military beaux, to whom frequent invitations are a great help. But, alas, the countess was not so considerate, and no officers of the garrison, save the standing favourites of the ladies of the family, Messrs. Spoggy and Jeopardy were invited to join the party at table; but, O measure pregnant with mortification to the fair foundress of the feast! the remainder of the military squad, were, as if they were nought but a pack of school-boys, asked to attend the ball, with an intimation that nine o'clock was the hour they would be expected to parade in dancing order. I will not tire you with any details of the magnificent dinner that was served up, to the *select* party; it will suffice to say, that there was, as usual, *a calf's head without brains* at one end of the table, and a *highly pickled tongue*, at the other; but, woeful to relate, after the guests had well satisfied their appetites, on retiring to the ball-room, it proved that every officer had sent an excuse; and consequently, the ladies far outnumbered the gentlemen. I could not but from my heart be pleased with the conduct of the officers, who thus shewed that, with the feelings of gentlemen, they had also a proper spirit to mortify the petty arrogance of these traders, (for I find, dear Scrib, that the boasted great folks of Mount Royal, are nought but dealers, chapmen, and pedlars,) who thus most plainly hinted to them, that their company was only desired to be made use of, when wanted to make part of the necessary furniture of a ball room.

This was a sufficient specimen for me, of the would-be-great folks of Mount Royal; who,

however much they may stand in need of an *ar-biter elegantiarum*, will not soon again be visited even by

THE GHOST OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

It is with sensations of disgust I have observed lately a public sale of pews advertised, and held, in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in St. Gabriel street. I have before taken occasion to stigmatise the practise of publicly selling pews: but it is an aggravation of the irreligion and immorality of the act, and absolutely gives it a sacreligious character, that such an abomination should take place *in a church*; it is flying in the face of Christ, and literally making of his father's house "a house of merchandise." If Mammon must be served by the servants of the Lord, let it be in secret, let them bargain in private to dispose of the fruits of their ungodly speculations, but not knock down, by the sound of an auctioneer's hammer, the privilege of hearing the word of God to those alone who can afford to pay high prices for it, and that even in his sanctuary. O for a lash of that scourge with which the founder of our religion drove out from the temple, the money-changers, and "the sheep and the oxen;" money-thirsting, lucre-loving priests, the money-changers; and sordid priest-ridden animals, the sheep and oxen who are the purchasers. That any price whatever, should be demanded or paid, for a seat in any place of religious worship, I consider as a shame, a blot upon religion and its professors; but I know that it is contended that, in the present state of the church-establishment, it is requisite for the support of clerical functionaries and other matters of ecclesiastical necessity. Be it so, although I am convinced that far better &

less objectionable modes might be resorted to, for the fulfilment of those objects; yet if such an abuse be tolerated, proclaim it not in the high places, sound it not forth from the pulpit, disperse not the news of your infamy by advertisements to be read and commented on by all. No, rather open your shop of unrighteousness like a pawnbroker's den, in the shades of night; and, hidden from all, by private entrances, curtains, and secure devices, let the customers for clerical usury, come to purchase their seats of pride, their "high places in the synagogue." This practice in the church is the counterpart of that of selling boroughs in the state. One that is unconstitutional, dangerous, and infamous; yet is defended, not only on the score of expediency, but also because it is so notorious, and so openly practised that it is no longer a disgrace to the man who sells, or the man who buys, and both parties in the shameful compact, neither blush nor conceal it.

L. L. M:

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Instructions for EMPTY TUB, Esquire, alias UNCLE TOBY, to observe, whilst Editor of the Mount Royal Herald.

1. When a communication for the paper is sent to the office, endeavour to discover the author, by questioning the bearer, by the handwriting of the manuscript, or any other method you may think most advisable; as you know that the knowledge of who it is that writes, not what is written, is to determine its insertion or rejection.
2. Should a correspondent bring his mite in person, receive him and it, with as much supercilious contempt, in your countenance and manner, as you can assume. After scarcely glancing

it over, turn your back on him, and exclaim, *we'll see to it, we'll see to it*, taking especial care, as you pronounce the words, to crumple it in your hand, and cast it carelessly into the communication-box.

3. In all companies you frequent, sound the trumpet of your own praise as much as possible. You can do it by asking any one near you "if he has seen that devilish tickler of a paragraph in to-days paper," or, "was it not damned fine?" and so forth; or else, rising up, you may excuse your retiring with, "*we editors!* have really so much to attend to, and (under the rose gentlemen,) I have a smoker for to-morrow's paper to write," &c. &c. all which will have the desired effect.

4. Get some poor fellow, but a cleverer one than yourself, under an obligation to you, either by making him a present of a flash-note which you can't get off your hands, or by presenting him with a *fitch out of the barrel*; as he will then, in common gratitude, correct all your little slips in orthography and punctuation, and will polish the rough dirt off the effusions of your miry intellect. **TOM-COME-TICKLE-ME.**

Mem. *Instructions for the Editor of the Mount Royal Gazette, next week.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XVII.

MR. GOSSIP.

Get on, my dear fellow, with your matrimonial intelligencer: may you never want reporters, or spies to get you information, as I do not believe there is any thing more amusing than a sight of the phizzes of those persons who are announced, when your amusing miscellany makes

its appearance.* I shall not have much to do this approaching long winter, & if agreeable, I will give you, from time to time, descriptions of what I hear and see amongst the belles and beaux. The other day, when your No. XV. was received, I had occasion to pay my respects to, or, if you will have it so, to call without business or necessity, like the rest of my fraternity, upon most of the ladies whose nuptials were announced. First I saw the widow Nonpareil, whom I found consoling Mr. Brownbeard with a promise of Sir Blazon's wig, for the poor fellow was rather in the dumps, that his amours should be made public. I next called on lady Bustle, and found her busy preparing to receive Dr. Andronicus, it being about the hour when the doctor was accustomed to pay his daily visit. He soon made his appearance, with a Scribbler in his hand, and in his eagerness to persuade the lady to discredit the insinuation that he courted her gold more than herself, he actually never thought of the accustomed salute: as to the young lady—but I must say nothing of her, or else I shall get sworn at too. Then away I strutted to Miss Coil, and the poor little thing was melting into tears, at the

* Some estimable characters I am told, have taken offence at being made occasionally to figure in this way; but which I wish them to consider in general as sportive sallies meant to create temporary mirth, like the drawing of characters on a twelfth-night. That, indeed, is mere chance, but there is generally either some slight, or serious, ground for the matrimonial alliances I announce. Nay, when there has been no ground at all, it has had the good effect of making the parties consider the question; and in one instance, where there was scarcely any previous acquaintance, I am told, a warm courtship and speedy marriage followed. I consider it as a much more harmless pleasantry than the hoax so often practised, of sending statements of marriages to the papers, as having actually taken place, which were never even intended.

L. L. M.

idea of your giving her a Calf, which, as it grew in years might have horns, which would be dangerous were he to come in contact with his species of which the herds in this place are tolerably numerous. On my route to another quarter, I met lord Goddamnhim, vomiting *sacrée mille foutres* at you, for giving him a rib, as there were plenty of other men's wives which he could get at any time; and promising to erect monuments to all such as he should outlive.* In my further rambles, I met Mr. Mackaw, who damned the Scribbler, (though by the bye he is strongly suspected to be one of your contributors,†) and at first expressed his fears that Miss Solar Ray would be huffed at the publicity of their intended union, and dismiss him; besides, said he, it is all nonsense, I am not in a way to support a wife: but I afterwards learnt he was overjoyed when, notwithstanding all, the lady told him she would take him for richer or poorer, as well as for better or worse. Not having yet been introduced to Miss Marechal, I can not say much about her, but most people think it will be a very good match, and that the lady will, *comme de droit*, rule the roast and wear the breeches. This is enough at present from

A LOUNGER.

* His lordship has erected a superb monument, in the catholic burying ground, to the memory of one of his mistresses, Marianne B.

LOUNGER.

Heartily as I detest and despise his lordship, I consider this as an act far more worthy of praise than blame. Without entering into the merits of the deceased, it displays a sense of feeling and gratitude for which I should not have given so profligate a man credit, together with a laudable disregard of public opinion or censure, when self-approving motives warrant such a testimony of regard. L. L. M.

† I make it a system never even to endeavour to find out who are my correspondents. It is much more convenient to know nothing about them.

L. L. M.

(Remainder of the Domestic Intelligencer, postponed to next week for want of room.)

The first number of the Literary Miscellany (a new periodical semi-monthly essay, of 8 pages octavo,) was published the 19th Nov. price 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dollars per annum. To be had at the office of the Herald, and of Mr. Parker, St. Paul Street.

The quarterly subscription being now in course of payment, the editor again respectfully requests the favour of early and punctual payment: He trusts his subscribers will take his peculiar situation into consideration. He neither aims at, nor derives, further profit from his publication beyond a necessary subsistence; content to draw upon time and posterity for future reward. From those who are in arrear, he begs attention both to his comfort and their own credit.— He has deferred the publication of the Black list of defaulters, wishing that measure to be one more in terrorem, than to be considered as an effusion of disappointment or ill will.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. On reflection Z's anecdotes are too much out of date; so is that of TITAS, and perhaps too those sent by A CONSTANT READER, (by the bye it were to be wished that all constant readers were actually subscribers;) yet it is not impossible they may respectively be all introduced. CUT-UP will be availed of; if an address be given to which a reply can be sent, the reasons that have governed the editor with respect to his or her communications will be candidly explained. SOLON, NABOCKLUM, SMOKE and SKIMMERHORN, the first opportunity. Parody on the Exile of Erin in part. SOL. SNEER's new-year's address will require pruning. JONAH's third favour will also require considerable alteration, if, on consideration, it be admissible. HUGOLINUS when he calls an article that appeared in the Scribbler, "a dislocated doggerel jumble," should have reflected that he was calling in question the judgement of the editor in admitting it, as well as the composition of the piece itself: it was in fact one of the best written pieces of prose satire the editor has for a long time seen. ANMONITOR is needless. A number of communications, not otherwise acknowledged, will appear in the Domestic Intelligencer next week. MISS CONQUER-ALL, rejected.