

THE SCRIBBLER.

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“Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as to the posterity that are yet unborn.”

ADDISON.—*Spectator*.

Tu duci jubeo, quia causa damnationis commilitoni fuisti.

SENECA.

I have passed sentence upon you because you were the cause of your fellows being punished.

*Qui mare et terras variisque mundum,
Temperat horis.*

HORACE.

By sea or land, at various times and places,
Customs and modes, are various, as men's faces.

Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.

OVID.

With novelties I wish to please you all.

OBSERVATIONS UPON MASSINGER'S Plays, *continued*.

The FATAL DOWRY.

This play is one of great pathos, and beauty: it is too long, however, for representation; and has besides some incidents, and even scenes, that the modern decorum of the stage would not brook the representation of. Rowe took the fable of the Fatal Dowry as the basis of his tragedy of the Fair Penitent; the latter, however, is a play of a very different caste, and by no means so rich in variety of character or language as Massinger's.

To proceed, however, with my criticisms; for

an extract of which, on a passage in the first scene of act 2, I beg to refer to Scribbler, No. 93. Vol. III. p. 238.

In Act I. Scene 2. Upon Rochfort's determination to resign his office of president, Novall senior says;

“That we could lend you of our years.”
“*Ducroy*. Or strength.”

This is very singularly expressed. Rochfort is supposed to be much more advanced in years than any of the other judges; and to wish an addition to his years seems very incongruous. The meaning of their wishes is that they could *substitute* their ages and strength for his.

In the two last lines of the act,

“—— and his goodness
Rising above his fortune, seems to me
Prince-like to *will*, not ask, a courtesy.”

To will, stands for *to command*.

At the funeral procession in the second Act,

“*Charolois*. Of all that ever thou hast done good to
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best forget not gratitude.”

This is spoken of the soldiers who follow his father's body; but the last line is either wrongly printed, or has hitherto not been understood. It means perhaps that they “remember best and do not forget gratitude,” and in that case there should be a comma after the word best; but I think it applies to some common say or maxim well known to Massinger's audience as a posy, or one of the apophoreta, mentioned by Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesie*, (as referred to in a note of Mr.

Gifford's on the *Old Law*,) usually painted "upon the back side of our fruite trenchers," &c. and in that case the line should be printed thus;

Remember best, "Forget not gratitude."

In the same scene,

"What, weep ye soldiers? *blanch not* —."

i. e. Do not shrink from my observation of your tears.

In Charolois' concluding speech,

"My root is *earth'd*."

earth'd for *unearth'd*, torn up.

In Scene 2, of Act II.

"You shall see him in the morning in the *galley-foist*, at noon in the *bullion*, in the evening in *quirpo*, and all night in —."

This passage has given rise to various conjectures, and I will add mine, which differs from all the rest. Mason supposes *galley-foist* and *bullion* to have been the signs of taverns. Davies considers *galley-foist* to be a kind of barge in which young persons diverted themselves on the Thames. Gifford thinks it full as likely, that instead of taverns the places here mentioned were houses of public resort for some kind of amusement. He adds, "Our old writers give the name of *galley-foist* to the lord mayor's barge; but I see not how this, or any other of the city-barges, can be meant here. *Bullions* are noticed by Jonson, and in a manner that seems to determine them to be receptacles for thieves or gamblers:

While you do eat, and lie about the town here,
 " And cozen in your *bullions*. *The Devil's-an-ass.*

" Of *quirpo* I can find no mention, and am therefore compelled to leave it with the rest to the reader's better judgment." I do not, for my part, see, how the names of taverns, or any places of public resort, in London, or on the Thames, can be introduced as characterising a follower of Novall, son to the president of Dijon in Burgundy. I look upon the whole as referring to various kinds of dresses. Pontalier is describing Liladam as the "dressing-block" on which Novall "lays all his clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person; you shall see him in the morning in the galley-foist, &c." proceeding, with a pleasantry intended no doubt to ridicule the customs of the time, to enumerate the different dresses in which he appeared in the course of the day. *Quirpo* or *querpo*, corrupted from the Spanish *cuerpo*, we know, means a dress fitted close to the body, adapted for agility in dancing, and therefore a very appropriate evening's costume. *Galley-foist* is probably of the same family with *galli-gaskins*, and *gallow-glasses*, both denominations of different kinds of hose; and seems to be compounded from *Caligæ*, hose, and *foist*, a forgery or false imitation, *quasi dicitur*, false breeches, or loose drawers for a morning-dress.* *Bullion*

* In Jonson's *Silent Woman*, it is true, we find,

" You sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May day, or when the *galley-foist* is afloat to Westminster."

And in some other old dramatists, I believe, the word is used, in an undeniable sense, as meaning some kind of barge; yet tho' its original meaning might be such, it may easily have been the name given to a kind of garment, from being that generally worn on aquatic excursions, in those times very fashionable. Upon the same principle, "He is in Wellingtons:"

perhaps was a kind of dress worn by bullies, men of spirit; a dress to shew off in with advantage, at noon; and the passage in Jonson quoted by Gifford, seems better to bear this explanation than that of a place of resort for thieves and gamblers.

All the copies have a mistake in the following lines:

“Oh, sic upon him, how he wears his clothes!
As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers,
To see his friends, and *return'd* after Twelfth-tide.”

This should be *return*.

In the scene between Rochfort and Romont, the former addresses the latter:

“Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
Is to advise you from this iron-carriage,
Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear;
To pity, and to counsel you submit
With expedition to the great Novall:”

This passage assumes a different sense in Gifford's to what it has in Mason's edition, by the insertion of the semi-colon at the end of the third line. Mason, who continues the sentence without a stop, is, I think, in this instance, right. Rochfort would insult Romont were he to pity him. He advises him to “leave the iron-carriage, which, if he so continued to affect, he would wear to pity;” i. e. till he became an object of pity.

In Romont's reply;

“Every *deserved* soldier and scholar.”

deserved for *deserving*.

now well understood as meaning “he wears boots so called from having been first worn by the duke of Wellington;” or the explanation of “Steinkirk,” which in the beginning of last century meant a lace cravat introduced by the earl of Steinkirk; may afford occasion to future critics to display their conjectural abilities.

“The godless wrong done to my general dead.”

Godless here does not mean “atheistical,” but is applied in the exact sense of the Dutch adjective *godloos*, wicked, abominable.

“Rochfort. — ’T is at the judge’s peril.”

i. e. at the peril of him who judges, or forms an opinion.

The following passage in this scene has perplexed all the editors;

“Roch. Sweet and gentle nature!
How silken is this *well*, comparatively
To other men! —”

I suspect, as Mason did, that there is some *corruption* (not, as misprinted, *conception*) in it—and I would offer to read, as a conjectural emendation,

“How silken is this *wail*, —”

Rochfort alludes to Charolois’ tears; and, expressing his admiration of his “sweet and gentle nature,” adds, “how silken, how unostentatious, how soft, is his sorrow, compared to the obstreperous grief of other men.”

In Act III. Scene 1. between Romont and Beau-
melle,

— your laundress in the *leaguer*.”

Leaguer from the Dutch *leger*, means *army*, not *camp*. See Gifford’s observations on a passage in Massinger’s *Picture*. In Shakespeare it is said to mean *siege*; but improperly; *belegering* is *siege*, and, farther on, the verb is introduced, in its proper sense, where Aymer says,

“ We are beleaguere’d.”

On that part of this scene in which Romont informs Charolois of the behaviour of Beaumelle and Novall, where he describes them as

“ Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
To pose arithmetic ; or whose eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other’s.”

Mason has a most stupid note, and suggests to read, “ and *try* whose eyes would.” Gifford’s pointing makes all plain. The imagery in this speech is too complacent and too beautiful for the rough Romont : The above passage is in the very spirit of the *Basium septimum* of Johannes Secundus ;

*Centum basia centies,
Centum basia millies,
Mille basia millies,
Et tot millia millies
Quot guttæ Siculo mari,
Quot sunt sidera cæli.**

So Catullus, requesting to receive from Lesbia as many kisses as there are grains on the sea-shore, adds,

*Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox
Furtivos hominum videt amores.*

beautifully parodied by Spenser,

* Thus attempted, in imitation :

Give me, love, an hundred kisses,
Give me now a thousand more,
A thousand thousand times repeated,
Like sands upon Sicilia’s shore,
Or the countless stars that shine
Along yon galaxy bright mounting;
Till the vast amount shall baffle
Every human power of counting.

S. H. W.

More eath to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholds sad lovers' nightly thieveries."

Romont proceeds,

"I saw their mouths engender, and their palms
Glew'd as if love had lock'd them; their words flow
And melt each other's, like two circling flames,
Where chastity, like a phoenix, methought, burn'd,
But left the world nor ashes, nor an heir."

Here I propose to read *meet* for *melt*. "Their
"words meet, i. e. they utter the same expres-
"sions of love; they meet like two flames bend-
"ing into a circle, and consuming between them
"chastity like a phoenix."

In the first scene of Act IV.

"He has made me smell for all the world *like a flax*, or a
red-headed woman's chamber."

This should be *like a fox*; and seems to be con-
firmed by the next words.

Pontalier addresses Novall;

"If your *tough sense* persist thus, —"

tough means *unfeeling*: *tough sense* generally
means strong good sense, but here is almost the
reverse, denoting something opposed to nice or
feeling.

Upon Romont's entrance, on his being called

"Colbrand, the low giant,"

by Liladam; the page exclaims,

"Colbrand d'ye call him? He'll make some of you smoke
I believe."

* *Eath*, Saxon for *cast*.

The punning allusion here is not, as Gifford supposes, to *cold brand*; but to *coal-brand*, from the Dutch *kool-brand*, a coal-fire.

The circumstance of Beaumelle's exclamation behind the scenes, when supposed to be in the act of adultery with Novall, altho' far too indelicate for representation,

" Ah! ah! ———
That women when they're pleased can not hold,

is true to nature, and one of those apparent trifles upon which Massinger so often builds the structure of his plot. In this play Charolois can not be made to place belief in his wife's inconstancy until he actually overhears her peculiar exclamation, " when he first pleased her," and which carries immediate and sure conviction to his mind.

In the second scene of this act, Charolois' expostulation with Novall, before he compells him to fight, does not appear to have been fully studied by Gifford, or he would not have deviated from Mason's pointing, which seems to me to be correct. Gifford prints it thus:

" Charol. Why, darest thou neither
Be honest, coward, nor yet valiant, knave!
In such a cause come, do not shame thyself;
Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themselves
Could never heat, are yet in the defence
Of their whores daring."

Charolois does not call Novall coward and knave, but, as the two first lines are printed by Mason, inquires:

" Why? dar'st thou neither
Be honest coward, nor yet valiant knave?"

" darest thou neither be an honest coward and so

“ have avoided to injure me, nor yet a valiant
 “ knave and cover thy villainy by thy valour?”
 On the other line in italics, Gifford observes, “ I
 believe this means, those whose bloods *general*
 “ or *individual* injuries could never heat, &c.”
 This is a most forced construction, and if we re-
 vert to Coxeter and Mason, who both, Mr. Gif-
 ford thinks, “ evidently misunderstood the passage,
 “ which is misprinted in both,” we shall neverthe-
 less find what I conceive to be the true meaning.
 They read :

“ Such whose blood’s wrongs, or wrong done to themselves
 Could never heat, ——

i. e. “ Such as could never be heated by wrongs
 “ done to their blood, or nearest relations, or even
 “ by wrongs done to themselves personally.”

In Scene 2, of Act V. Charolois going to be
 tried for the murder of Beaumelle and Novall,
 meets Romont—

“ —— and allow me
 Only a *moral* man, to look on you,
 Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
 Must of necessity be more terrible to me,
 Than any death the judges can pronounce ——”

I read *mortal* for *moral*. The predominant idea
 both in this and his preceding speech is death,

“ —— your meeting me, going to my death,—”

and his meaning seems to be this, “ You must al-
 “ low, that, being only a mortal man, near to my
 “ death, to look on you whom I have foolishly
 “ abused and injured, must of necessity be more
 “ terrible to me than any *mode of death* the judges
 “ may pronounce.”

L. L. M.

REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

In resuming this department of my labours, I again beg to remind authors and publishers of the propriety of transmitting to me a copy of their books, in order that they may receive due attention, and be noticed in my review in their due place. Looking over a list of publications that have appeared in the Canadas, I find the following two, now rather old, pamphlets have not been sent me, viz.

A Catholic Christian's Letter to S. C. Blyth, occasioned by the Narrative of his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Publisher H. H. Cunningham.

Newcomb's inquiries into the cause of the manifestation of the human mind. Publisher A. Bowman.

Both of which I shall be glad to have.

I will now take up a work, the *Canadian Magazine*, of which the first volume is just completed, and which is, from the importance that has been attached to it, and its general appearance, and, I hope, extensive circulation, one that would require particular attention, even if I had not before promised it, from me. I may, perhaps, be regarded as overstepping the usual line of reviewers, by extending my remarks to *periodical* works, which are almost universally entirely disregarded by the literary reviewers at home. Besides, however, having the *Anti-jacobin Magazine and Review*, to countenance me by precedent, in which even the reviews were reviewed, I conceive that in a country like Canada, the paucity in number, and barrenness of literature, that prevails, as to publications, are sufficient pleas for taking up periodical works as well as others, in my occasional strictures upon the merits and demerits of what pro-

ceeds from the press. And, being the first that regularly assumed the critic's chair in Canada, the founder, as it were, of a court for the judgement of literary efforts, I conceive I am entitled to frame the laws and practices of that court according to my own opinions. It was upon these grounds I lately passed in review, the *Enquirer*, and the *Literary Miscellany*; both of which I was sorry to find were not able to climb the ascent, upon which, by the favour of the public, I found myself seated. The *Scribbler* was the only periodical publication, in Canada, that had acquired the dignity of appearing bound in volumes on the shelves of a library, and which dignity it enjoyed alone during the time my three first volumes were publishing. Now that the fourth is nearly completed, I welcome with pleasure on the shelf beside me;

The Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository.



Vol. I.

N. Mower, Printer. 8vo. pp. 576. price 15s.

The duties of a Reviewer are fourfold; to acquaint the public with the scope, objects, and general bearing of a work; to point out its merits, its beauties, and its striking passages; to detect its faults, errors, and defects; and to make such remarks upon it with regard to its general effect upon society and literature, or upon the particular science or pursuit on which it may treat, as the matter may require.

With respect to the first, the objects of a Magazine, and Repository, are so well known and so obvious, that all that need be said on that head will be confined to the mode in which they have been endeavoured to be accomplished, which will

better come in at the close of the retrospect under the fourth head than here.

I proceed therefore to the pleasing task of pointing out, in what I consider this work, as possessing merits that may amply compensate for the defects, which I shall hereafter have occasion to notice.

The arrangement distinguishing the papers which are called ORIGINAL, from those SELECTED, is judicious; and both judgement and taste appear to have reigned in the latter; I am inclined to believe, however, that a little more *discretion* (so called) has been used than necessary, and that the confined and certainly illiberal plan upon which this publication was originally got up, professing in fact to exclude objects of a volatile and amusing nature, has caused the sombreness, and rather dismal colouring which is to be observed throughout the larger part of its pages.

Of the prose pieces printed as original, I would select "The Arrival;" that part of the memoir on the "Fur-trade," which details the natural history of the animals whose skins are the object of it, and the essay "on the influence of a well regulated English theatre in Montreal," as not only the best, but worthy of any literary publication whatever, no matter how high its standing. Of the original poetry, (but I confess it is very difficult to distinguish between what is presented as original, and what not, from the confusion with which the poetic pieces are interspersed,) there is little that transcends the usual mediocrity of magazine-poets. The following imitation from Catullus, in No. II, is not amiss:

FROM CATULLUS.

How often my fair hath ardently vow'd
 She never could wed any other than me,
 Although even Jove, to her beauty hath bowed,
 The Monarch of Heaven rejected should be.

She vow'd—but whatever may woman declare
 To deceive her adorer in love's idle dream,
 Go.—write it upon the impalpable air,
 Or inscribe, if you will, on the fugitive stream.

In No. VI. after a short historical introduction, the commencement of an heroic poem, entitled "The Fall of Constantinople," is given, the continuation of which is promised, and which appears to be a production of uncommon merit. In the two stanzas which I give, as a specimen, there is some turgidity, and occasionally more obscurity; but there is much grandeur and spirit in the portraiture of the current of Time, and its genius whelming all alike in it's "watery tide."

XII.

Smooth rolls the current of unceasing time,
 O'er which, its genius stands with wand sublime,
 Reckless of all the power, and pompad pride,
 Which mark'd one circle on its glassy tide.
 Lo, at his back, (beck) he stirs the fate of all,
 An empire's fortunes, or an empire's fall;
 Kings and their conquests—mighty or the meek,
 Behold, his judgements no selections seek;
 With hoary locks, majestic, there he stands,
 Points to Eternity with uprais'd hands,
 (Partial to none)—then gazes on the wave,
 Where prince or peasant find an equal grave.
 Thus fall the mightiest, or the meanest minds,
 Like clouds before the current of the winds;
 Greece and her greatness—Rome and all her boast
 Of former Freedom, (which mankind craves most

And least obtains)—Assyria in her pride,
 And Carthage, weltering in her watery tale:
 Ask petty man, the minister of woe,
 Who dares aspire, and yet still grovels low—
 Ask every hope with which his heart respire,
 Where tends the objects of his bosom's fires,
 When wrapt in soul, the sterner judgment brings
 Thoughts of such fates, from whence a myriad springs:
 And forced to feel what yet must be his doom,
 Gazing on all the labyrinths of the tomb.

XIII

Nor let awaken'd sympathy pause here,
 To find it thus, and swell the starting tear,
 To find Fate drive the chariot of its ire,
 And see a mortal or a state expire—
 Now lend all feeling to the hearts applause,
 Of Julian's triumph's, or Justinian's laws.
 Glowing to think that from one human soul
 Darts forth a flame, to light from pole to pole,
 Then in its tomb the smouldering ashes see,
 Of him, who once was earth's idolatry:
 Aye—let man gaze on all the trophies proud,
 To which the wonder of a world has bow'd:
 Now swell the heart with admiration's gaze,
 At the fair symmetry which taste displays:
 Now warm the feeling with the record bright,
 Which Genius brought triumphantly to light—
 Yes—let him feast the sense, the time must come
 When he shall feel the cold hand of the tomb!
 He too, with all that once awoke desire,
 Shall, like the day-star, have his light expire.

As a subject congenial to the nature of this
 work, I mean to give from No. III. the article, en-
 titled,

*“On the influence of a well regulated English theatre
 in Montreal.”*

(To be continued.)

BY AUTHORITY.

Report of the TRIAL, and CONDEMNATION, by contumacy, of the Editor of the Quebec Mercury, in the High Court of the Inspector and Censor General, for transgression of his ordinances, and for offences against public decency, and the peace of our lord the King.

The act of accusation set forth that the said Editor, not having the fear of the Scribbler before his eyes, and at the instigation of the devil, has at various times inserted in his weekly paper details of sundry boxing matches, which have, or are pretended to have, taken place in England contrary to the express ordinance of the Inspector and Censor General, in that case made and provided; and lastly and particularly, that he did, in his paper of the 3d of February last, cause four entire columns of the Mercury (lacking about twelve lines,) to be occupied with one of those accounts, couched in the usual vulgar and brutal slang language of the professors of blackguardism, heading the same with the accustomed, but most misplaced and anomalous designation of "the Fancy," and proceeding, in words and figures, as follows:

The public accuser being about to read the article, the Judge arose in his seat, and declared that as long as he sate on that bench he would not suffer that court, nor the ears or senses of the audience, to be contaminated by even the legal recitation of such vile and disgraceful language; and that the appearance in print of the article in question was sufficient evidence of the fact, without the farther pollution of hearing it repeated.

The public accuser then proceeded, and expatiated on the various enormities of the crime of

which the defendant was accused. The encouragement it afforded to the vicious, profligate, and brutal part of mankind to associate together for the purpose of promoting and partaking in scenes and practices that not only outraged all morality, all order, and all humanity, but were actually contrary to the law, absolute breaches of the peace, and punishable with severity; he enumerated the various statutes, (exclusive of the maxims of common law,) no less than eleven in number, which bore particularly upon this crime: that is upon the engaging in, or *promoting* boxing-matches; and, altho' by reason of the connivance, or culpable negligence of magistrates, he could not adduce many instances of adequate punishment inflicted upon those who were convicted of it, he enumerated several, concluding with the very recent one of one Fawcett, who was tried at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to two years imprisonment and hard labour, for promoting a pitched battle betwixt two young men, one of whom was killed in the fight; when also the court gave notice, that in all future cases their sentence would be transportation for fourteen years. It was true, he admitted, that, as probably Fawcett was a poor man, one of the dregs of society, the Roman poet's saying was exemplified, in this instance;

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas,
The doves are censured while the crows are spared,

for, comparatively speaking, this Fawcett was a dove, compared to the coal-black, blackguard crows, the gore-thirsting birds of prey, of the higher ranks, and those who ought to be amongst the enlightened of the community, the peers, and other blacklegs, who make up purses, and feasted and complimented the vagabond prize-fighters of

the metropolis. Hence it followed, that if those who promoted such enormities in that way were blameworthy, still more blameworthy were such literary men, as editors of papers either are or ought to be, who ought to know better, and who yet, by their encomiums and the flattering and conspicuous manner in which these disgusting combats were announced and detailed to the public, familiarized the minds of men to such scenes and events, and prepared them to expect the meed of notoriety, if not of renown, for their daring violations of law and decorum.

He next adverted to the shameful abuse of the English language; the perversion of terms, and ill-assorted as well as vulgar and corrupted phrases and figures of speech introduced into their battle-descriptions. At the very outset: **THE FANCY**; can any thing be more incongruous: "Fancy" ought to give the idea of light, and tasteful, tho' perhaps fantastic, amusement, an elegant and vivid imagination; the bright corruscations of wit, and the sublime emanations of poetry, all belong to that fascinating word "Fancy." And must it be degraded to awaken the images of bloody and brutal conflicts, profane swearing, low gambling, and all the catalogue of disgusting items that swell each vile exhibition of pugilism—too good and too classical a name to give to such a villainous practice? He did not mean to say that the article which formed the main object of the act of accusation was more objectionable, in that point of view, than most others; for where all were so disgustingly bad, it was difficult to say which was worse, and impossible to point out the worst. But still he would say that, in this instance, the evil was enhanced by an attempt to give a novel aspect to the jargon of the ring, by putting

it in something like a dramatic form—enhanced, he would say, because from that circumstance it might perhaps be read with more satisfaction by new converts, altho' probably the old sinners would prefer the bold and bloody language of the old school.

He was not sufficiently versed in the literature of blackguardism to know whether this article, as it appeared in the Mercury, was copied from any other paper, or was composed for that one. He would, however, presume the former; but then, although he would acquit the editor, or a correspondent, of being the author of the vile production, then came in addition an accusation of plagiarism, inasmuch as no credit was given, (to speak in an editorial manner,) to any other paper for it.

In conclusion, he would not anticipate the defence that might be made, but would reserve the right of replying to it when it should be concluded.

As the defendant had not entered an appearance, judgement would, of course, have been entered up against him in default, for contumacy; but the Judge, deeming it most consistent with the impartiality of the court, directed counsel to be assigned him to argue the case in his favour, and urge whatever could be said in his defence.

Whereupon (not the *junior*, and *most inexperienced* counsel, as it is customary in *some other courts*, to appoint as the legal defenders of poor delinquents who are not able to *pay for justice*, but,) one of the most distinguished amongst the advocates admitted to the bar of the Inspector's Court, alias, his correspondents, was appointed to conduct the defence. He requested them to investigate the merits of the question, and promised to be ready that day fortnight, whereupon the Court

Adjourned till next number.

EXCURSION ALONG LAKE CHAMPLAIN,

Continued from No. 114.

The great defect, in our eyes, in American meals, is their seeming to consider them as necessary evils, a disagreeable, but indispensable, thing to do, which is to be got over as soon as possible. Hence their meals are silent, unsocial, short, and uncomfortable. They do not seem to look upon eating as an enjoyment, but almost a punishment incident upon a state of mortality. Hence too they care little about the quality, provided the quantity of the victuals is sufficient. Hence their practice of heaping all things at once on their plates. Hence their mode of bolting. Hence you will see, nineteen out of twenty of the guests actually leave the table with their mouths full, and chewing all the way to the front door: a matter, however incredible it may seem, certainly by no means exaggerated. Hence they never wait for each other, but fall to and eat away as soon as each takes his seat. Hence, in short, the total want of that satisfaction and enjoyment, which all other nations, and Englishmen in particular, (perhaps, to the contrary excess,) take in their meals. But I contend, likewise, that the hurried manner in which they eat, their swallowing unmasticated food, and intermixing every thing in quick confusion, is very injurious to their health—there is neither time, nor chemical preparation for digestion afforded—and I do not think I am fancifully hypothetical when I ascribe the acknowledged shortness of life which prevails amongst them, when compared to the inhabitants of Europe, to this particular cause. It is not intemperance, for none are more temperate as to the use of inebriating liquors, (a trait in their character, deserving

of unqualified approbation;) It is not anxiety of mind, or the effects of hard labour, that shorten their term of life, for, in general, they are in easy circumstances, and certainly almost throughout the States, three days labour of one man is sufficient to procure a week's subsistence for a family, a proportion which ascends from the labourer to the judge. It is not their climate, which, in general, is healthful beyond most others. But it is to their saturnine manners, and above all to the short time they take at their meals, that I ascribe the general shortness of their lives. Seldom any body exceeds ten minutes at dinner. We, on the contrary, perhaps take too much time, as an hour is usually consumed at the commonest table with us. As to a stranger, if he means to dine at all, he must listen to the dinner-bell, run as fast as he can to the dining-room, cast his eye over the table, seat himself quickly as near as he can to a joint he likes, (taking care, however, not to be in a situation to be required to carve,) and eat away, without looking to the right or left, and even then, it will be impossible for him, let him eat as fast as if he eat for a wager, to finish his dinner, before, on looking up, he will find three-fourths of the company have done their's and are off. It is in fact a race to get to table, a struggle to get your victuals, and a trial of skill which shall bolt most and fastest.

Their excuse, or defence, of the abruptness in their meals, is business—business that requires their constant attendance; but, for one who starts away immediately for his store, or office, you will see ten who run away from the dinner-table and repair to the bar-room, or front of the house, to loll upon chairs and smoke their cigars. As for chairs, they do not seem ever to be used in the

States to *sit* upon at any other time than at meals, at all other times they are used for *lolling*-machines, placed in every kind of unseemly posture, and oftener used two at a time than one alone.

Whilst making a catalogue of what appear to me defects in their manners, I can not avoid mentioning two which are peculiarly distasteful to us. The one, I know not how to describe in decent language, and must therefore give it its vulgar name, "belching." This is practised to a most disagreeable degree. I remember an epigram made by a French gentleman, (the French, you know, are scrupulously nice in that point,) at New-York, to whom, at a *table d'hôte*, I had remarked, that the American navy had been eminently successful: before he could reply, a sound issued from the stomach of a huge colossus of a fellow, on the other side of the table, which roused my friend's attention, and replying to me, he said,

*Cela n'est pas surprenant,
De vaincre ils sont capables,
Car ils disposent des vents,
Même a la table.*

The other practice I allude to, is that of spitting. Every floor of every room, carpeted or not, bar-room, parlour, or bedroom, bears witness to the superabundance of saliva with which the Americans are blessed. If a computation could be made of the quantity of fluid that is thus expectorated, I believe it would every year amount to as much as would fill Lake Champlain. It is a nasty, and withal a most unwholesome habit, and undoubtedly tends to debilitate the human frame in a great degree. It arises, they say, from the constant use of tobacco. Very well! if it does, why do you use so much of that pernicious weed? But

I am wrong in accusing the Yankees of this habit, as if it was exclusively their's. The Canadians are as bad, and perhaps even more disagreeable, as chewing tobacco is still more prevalent with them than in the States.

I have dwelt so long upon the unpleasant side of the picture, that I have not room or time left to reverse it, and tell you of the many things I found to admire, to wonder at, and to extol among the Americans. I assure you they are not a few; and if I have been severe upon their foibles, it is only *foibles* and not *vices* I have found fault with, whilst, on the other hand, when I turn over the leaf, it will be virtues, merits, and traits of sterling value that I shall have to notice. The whole, however, as far as it goes, can only be considered as the cursory impressions made upon

UN PASSANT.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Montreal, February 25th, 1824.

Monday Evening, 9 o'clock.

The evening of that memorable and "important day
Big with the fate of" Turton Penn & Co.
A gang of insolent and desperate
Directors, whose directorships were
"Whistled off, and let down the winds to prey
On fortune"—altho' their modesty had
Been so great, that, to their masters, they had
Only said; (tho' owners of less stock than
Single individuals,) "thus far shalt thou go"—
*Res memoranda novis annalibus, atque recenti
Historica.*

Therefore, the following song, composed for the occasion, is humbly presented to the Stockholders of the Bank of Canada. to be sung, or noted, as

circumstances may require, by their most obedient
and very humble servant,

BLOW-UP.

The rebel rout,
Are all turn'd out,
And to supply their places.
We've got a set,
More free from debt,
And with much better faces.

There's Turton Penn.
Brooke and Ogden,
McNider, Davies, Torrance,
And Shaw who's dyed,
With Handyside,
And Fisher, in abhorrence.

Who now in dumps,
Devoid of trumps,
May vent their boiling curses;
While they revile,
We'll only smile,
And recommend them—nurses

Thus when a gang,
By vain harrangue,
And whimsical pretences,
Attempt a cheat,
That they may eat,
At *Industry's* expences—

In honour's seat,
Should get the treat,
To forward their promotion,
So lend a foot,
And help to do't,
We owe them that devotion.

*On the road between South Cumberland, and
some other place, 28th Feb. 1824.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

Not being able to sleep to-night at the inn where I now am, owing to the visions of beauty and delight that still swim before my eyes, from the scene I have recently left at South Cumberland, I devote an inch or two of candle, and half an hour of my time, to giving you some few particulars of the ball that took place, on the 21th instant, there, in honour of the anniversary of the illustrious Washington.

The celebration of that day, at the same place, was last year noticed in the blue book, in terms which induced me to determine upon accepting an invitation I received this year to attend it: and if your then correspondent was gratified, so was your present one; and I willingly devote my mite to give it that deserved eclat to which the recording of it in your pages will contribute. At my first entrance into the ball-room, I could not avoid being struck by the taste and elegance displayed in the design and execution of the decorations of the room, which, I was informed, was entirely the work of some ladies of the place, who had taken charge of that department.

The company was numerous, and, as far as regards the ladies, fashionable and elegant. It was not my intention, Mr. Scrib, when I sate down to write, to select any particular object, where all shone so bright. I justly feared that, by enumerating some, I should incur the blame of more, and that many a pouting lip, the charms of whose owner I had overlooked in the blaze, would complain of my want of gallantry, and generosity, and even think, if not, exclaim, "why, the fellow has

not common courtesy or else he must have taken notice of me." I am nevertheless irresistably impelled to give way to my feelings of admiration by celebrating the beauty, the attraction, and the grace of some of the ladies. The charming Mrs. Trader looked, as usual,

"A heavenly guest, delighting, and delighted."

One of my friends, however, observed that this lady who was wont to be the goddess of the scene, at whose shrine every devotee of female charms "bowed down and worshipped," seemed to experience a diminution of her influence; and that in that undivided homage she once received, a competitor now participated in the person of Mrs. Constable. A bride too, (Mrs. Bring-her-off,) for so I must call her, as I believe the honey moon is scarcely over, shone out with lustre, unabated by her initiation into a conjugal noviciate: the audible murmurs of admiration, as she gracefully moved down the dance, must have been grateful incense to the vanity of her husband. These three ladies seemed like rival goddesses, and would have posed even Paris of old, had he had to bestow upon either the golden apple. Were I Paris, in such a case, I would take out my mother-of-pearl handled silver-bladed knife, and, cutting the apple in three, would have presented a piece to each.

With due deference to the young, that is the unmarried, ladies, I must say that the married ones bore away the palm; an observation which was made in the room by a lady herself, who was no ways backward in communicating it.

Having now followed the injunction of the poet

"Laud we the gods."

in praising the goddesses; I am sorry that I can not, without sacrificing my candour, bestow equal unqualified praise upon the gentlemen. Many there were, undoubtedly, whose manners and accomplishments bore the real stamp of gentility, but others too, of whom I can not say as much.

We had several gentlemen from Mount Royal, Captain Hercules, Mr. Bigs, and others. The gallant captain's former flame, I believe, cost him some sighs, but perhaps they were *more* for her fortune than her person. Mr. Bigs' dancing *a la Parisienne*, excited the most unqualified admiration of the ladies; and, if dancing be a sure passport to their favours, he certainly bids fair to be a monopolizer. Mr. Manhin, the caterer, as usual, was in attendance: the radiancy emitted from the lighthouse he carries in his proboscis, surpasses any thing I ever witnessed, and rivals even the painted parchment glow of Bardolph's in the play. One half dozen of such phosphoric phizzes would have served all the purposes of portable gas-lights, and have obviated the necessity of having any lamps.

This puts me in mind that my candle is almost out: so I must turn into bed, where I am sadly afraid, (their husbands notwithstanding,) I shall be dreaming of the three rival goddesses. Good night, Mr. Scrib:

Your's ever,

TIM TINDERBOX.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXXIII.

We have received No. I. of the PRATTLER, dated March 1, a paper to be published at Sham-plea, when materials offer, & to be given gratis to

all Scriblerians, through the medium of the *couvent-bleu*. It begins quite abruptly :

Oh! I'll tell you something, if you come to my house this evening. Papa will be out drinking grog, and mamma then will go to meet somebody. You don't know all the new news I have. There's Mr. Roast going to keep bachelor's hall, in order to have ready access to somebody. He has proposed for the hand of Miss Pot-metal; many objections are however made; he wants her to change her religion, whilst her papa objects to having a papist in the family. Nick had a bonfire on gunpowder-plot-day; somebody scribbled; and Nick answered it, and told a fib about Col. Thunder's stables, which were burnt twelve days after, viz. 17th Nov. A new partnership is formed for the blue book: somebody takes it for the purpose of shewing it privately to the anti-scribs; Mr. Despair-once was quite content to be put in the blue book 'cause Miss O'Brown was put in with him. Col. Thunder borrows Scribblers, so does Shylock.* Macculloh did not print the song about Shylock; I hope he will though. I must go, for fear people thinks I have been at Mr. Hatch-a-son's. When you come you'll hear more.

PEG PRATTLE.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Government-City Advertiser.—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC. Ran away from Lynn a dashing opera-dancer, against whom the public should be on their guard, as she possesses qualifications, and abilities, for captivating dapper West Indians, merchants' clerks, captains of vessels, and others, with the additional knack of running in debt. As has been experienced to the sorrow of

BLUE BOTTLE & CO.

From the Bullfrog Island Calender.—Theatricals are going off with great eclat at the Isle of Bullfrogs. The last representation, viz. the admired pastoral comedy of the Gentle

* I have been very lenient asto borrowers; I am always in hopes they will repent and amend; that is, order the Scribbler, which I esteem to be one of the cardinal virtues, and which, like Charity, will "cover a multitude of sins." But I must now again give them warning, (I mean such as can richly afford to pay for it, and whose duty it is, as members of the community possessing ample means, to encourage literature;) that I shall not spare any one who I find is mean enough to pick my pocket by reading that by stealth, which he ought honourably and openly to pay for.
L. E. M.

Shepherd, with the farce of *Love-a-la-mode*, was performed in a very able manner, to the full satisfaction of a crowded house. We observed in one of the boxes Squire McJob's pretty black-eyed daughter, and her interesting sister: these young ladies have lately resided in Mount Royal, where they have acquired additional grace and improvement. There were also *The troublesome Creditor*, who is quite a dandy, and his sister, with a number of others from Mount Royal. Amongst other curiosities an immense thing, protruding from one of the boxes, attracted our attention, which, on enquiry, we learnt belonged to captain Firelock, and which proved to be his nose, for his face was not to be seen.

The next performances are to be the Point of Honour, and the Lying Valet.

The gentleman with the blanket-coat, and his wife's shawl tied round his neck and waist, *a la Meg Merrilies*, is cautioned, when he goes to Carleton's canteen, not to make a full stop before he enters to see whether he is observed, nor to go the back-way, on pretence of visiting the Hospitable Captain, as there are persons peeping through windows, who are well aware of his errand. Neither should he refuse taking a glass from his superiors, pretending that he tastes none before dinner, for he must have felt very awkward on being caught, a few minutes after, in the back-room, amidst a profusion of herrings, codfish, and pork-barrels, drinking spirits, solus, out of a dirty glass. Let him likewise be careful, when he goes amongst strangers, not to assume a character which he can not support, and let him bear in mind the severe drubbing he got from the wheelbarrow-man at Hungryville, for endeavouring to pass himself off amongst the flats as the commandant of Bullfrog Island. On his return home too, he ought not to vent his rage on the poor ferryman by horse-whipping him for allowing the river to be frozen over when he expected an officer to cross. We caution him, further, against speaking so indignantly against those he terms the "would-be gentry," and saying that he should consider it an insult, should Col. Dash-at-all have the presumption to ask him to any of his social parties; and against pretending (to such as know better,) that the big-wigs think him a very odd character for keeping so reserved, and not associating with him. Moreover, it may be well to admonish him not to tell so many of his long-winded stories of his hair-breadth escapes and feats of knight-errantry in the late peninsular war; nor to pretend to have been so intimate with general officers, particularly with Lord Wellington, who used, as he says, to call him by the familiar appellation of James; for, as no person gives him credit for holding

a higher situation in the army than lance-corporal's comrade, the shrewd observation of a young lady, who, on hearing that Lord Wellington had so distinguished him, observed that it could only have been when he ordered him to clean his boots, is likely to be founded in truth; which brings to our mind the story of the ragged boy who ran home to his mother and told her the Prince Regent had spoke to him. "Pooh! that can't be," said the old woman, "do you think I'll believe the Prince spoke to such a raggamuffin; but pray what he did say?" "Why, mother," replied the boy, "he was riding along while I was at play in the road, and called out to me, get out of my way, you damned rascal, or I shall ride over you."

From the Musquito-Point Herald.—LONG LOOKED FOR COME AT LAST. The lady of Squire Berrywood, of Berrywood cottage, has blessed her loving lord at last with a daughter, after three years hard labour. From his frequent disappointments he was beginning to think her in the same way as Lady Trun-nion, and we must give the gentleman the credit of bearing the burthen of "hope deferred," in as philosophical a manner as the old commodore. Great rejoicings of course at the cottage.

From the Coldspring Manorial Register.—Mr. Joe Badsalt, of Tipperary, has, since the late rapid change in his financial affairs, been strictly forbidden to visit the pretty widow Love Look-out, of Harry's-town, for, "look you, lovey," says she, "I assure you, now you haven't got the cash, I have found a spencer that fits me charmingly."

From the Shamplea Repository.—The old maids of this vil-lage and canton, particularly Miss Grizzy and her two bed-fellows, are informed that the Seigneur will shortly kill his pigs, when they may have a supply of *boudins* of all sizes, to fit all mouths, from the little twisted up one, to that which is let out 'from ear to ear.' The Seigneur has it also in contemplation to import a *taureau banal*, which will be at their service.

Mount-Royal, 26th Feb.

MR. GOSSIP,

I am really astonished that not a word has been said of two young "bloods," whose ambition it has been, for a long time, to make themselves vastly conspicuous, in every party which they have honoured with their company. These young gentlemen, (the one a son, the other a ne-

phew, of Mr. Foresight,) with Mr. Rascott, invent different styles of dancing every night, and it would be difficult to say who among the three ought to bear the bell. A short fact in illustration will not be amiss. Coming from the garrison-ball, the bloods commenced singing at such a rate, that they fell under the new vagrant act, and were consequently conducted, (after shewing a little fight,) to the watch-house: however, it is but fair to say, they could not shew much fight, as there were ten to two.

Your's, &c.

A. B. C.

POET'S CORNER.

TO CAIRBER.

Midnight revelling well you love,
To moist your croaking throttle,
And less attractive much I prove
Than your dear brandy-bottle.

For with the bacchanalian throng,
Like every other sinner,
The brandy-punch you do not wrong;
And swim in wine at dinner.

'Tis none but those who swim in wine,
Or boiling brandy twist in,
Would, venturous, say, these eyes of mine,
Appeared to them to *glisten*.

But, view me as I would be seen
With eyes unblear'd by drinking;
You'll know, when once you've sober been,
I ne'er on you am thinking.

LYDIA,

Doctor Dash would do more honour to his profession by confining his remarks upon *premature accouchements* to the nursery, rather than declaring in public bar-rooms that Horry and Amelia's first babe is at least six weeks before its time, and that the little wretch has *no nails*, and a nose too small to be made in the shape of its daddy's.—That the child is too soon by nearly two months, is the talk of every old granny in

town, but the midwife reports that the child surpassed in nails, weight, &c. the greater part of babes at the age of three months—some say it had teeth—ask Amelia how old her babe is, and how long she has been married, she blushes, and tells you the babe is—but that she was not married early enough by two months. (*Add what you please to this, Dicky, —it is all true.*)

How we do like to lash these sanctified long visaged gentry!

Previously to the following gentlemen leaving Mount Royal for the South Cumberland assembly, they ordered to be packed up for each of them, 29 shirts, 29 brass breast-pins, 58 cravats, 12 bottles of lavender, and as many of rose-water, with 14 pair of woollen half-hose; viz.—

Mr. Merchandize, in chase of Miss Canteran;

Mr. Blower, rather windy for a one per cent. gentleman;

Mr. Bigs, who swore he would cabbage a heart there;

Captain Hairbroom, } make weights.

Mr. W. L. Tioc,

*Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP,
At the sign of the Tea-Table.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GINGLING GEORDIE, FLINT, and BILLY BUTTON-SHOE, will be partly, if not entirely, availed of. SRETONIUS is thanked for his valuable communication on the subject of the late trials at Montreal, of Mr. Knower, and of Ogilvy and others: it will appear in our next number. The SCOTCHMEN, will find that, tho' I am entirely at variance with them as to the case of Ogilvy and others, my impartiality will admit the *substance* of their communication, along with the report of the trial, the illiterateness of the language, and miserable orthography, preventing me from using it as it is. A SHARPSHOOTER is unintelligible; if, after he has learnt to spell, he will send another clearer statement, it may be found deserving of notice. The article from Berthier is received, and under consideration. Jos. Door & Co. are too late. I must tell TRUTH, that I have mislaid his note; but as it wanted a key, it must have been deferred; if he will send a copy, with a key, it shall be attended to.

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