

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Finem imponere curis.*

VIRGIL

To all their troubles now an end is put,

*Non tumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem,  
Cogitat, et speciosa dehinc miracula promit.*

Not smoke from light, but light from smoke to draw,  
Is th' aim of our phantasmagoria.

STORY OF CAROLINE SUMNER, *continued.*

It would be needless to recite the congratulations on the one part, and the acknowledgements on the other. It will suffice to say they were befitting the persons and the occasion. The lady of the house of course too did not fail to equip Caroline and her children from her own wardrobe, in a manner suitable to her now acknowledged rank; and as soon as every thing was ready they set forward, attended by the lady's own woman in the carriage, and Lothario's man accompanied them on horseback.

They did not, however, as it was later than expected when they set off, reach Lothario's seat that night, but put up at a village within two miles of it. Here the equanimity of mind, with which Caroline had supported both her afflictions and her prosperity, was much shaken by the intelligence gained from the mistress of the inn, of the very alarming state of health in which Lothario lay. The night was passed by her in restless anxiety, and, as soon as she considered it would be consistent with propriety to make her

first appearance at a mansion which she had so longed to see, she drove up the avenue of venerable oaks that led to it. Thomas, the man who accompanied her, had rode on before, and she was met on the steps of the entrance by Lothario's mother, and was received with the extremest tenderness by her of whose character she had been formerly made to stand in such dread.

Had this good lady not been prepossessed in favour of Caroline by her son's warm eulogiums, as well as predetermined to bestow upon her daughter-in-law all the attention in her power, her interesting figure, and behaviour, with her little cherub boys, would have not failed to have worked the same effect. But we need not dwell upon the reception she met with, every feeling mind, and warm fancy, can realise it to their imagination.

The coachman, and lady's woman were sent back with the carriage, taking with them very liberal proofs of the bounty of the old lady, together with a letter of warm acknowledgement for the favours bestowed upon her daughter-in-law, and grandchildren, and of entreaty that she would accept the small token of her gratitude which she enclosed in it, and which was a diamond ring of considerable value.

But Caroline's happiness was entirely marred by the situation in which she found Lothario.— Nothing could have equalled her felicity had the state of his bodily health been equal to that of his mind: yet perhaps it was principally, if not entirely, owing to that, that his acknowledgement of her as his wife had been made. But, alas! his mortal frame was too far exhausted, and the lamp of life near being extinguished on her arrival. It was necessary to use great precaution, lest the fulfilment of what he most de-

sired should prove immediately fatal to him ; and, although he was only at first informed she had been traced and discovered by his emissary, and afterwards gradually apprised that she was expected, and finally that she was come, yet, the moment he saw her, he fell back into faintings that were alarming to all present.

It would be impossible to describe the concern that overwhelmed her tender heart, and the unspeakable mixture of delight and grief which she felt at the marks of the unfeigned affection he gave, on his coming to himself again, to herself and to her little ones. Well convinced that his date of life was nearly expiring, he could, with difficulty, be persuaded by the physicians to postpone till the morrow the settlement of his affairs, now that he had refound his wife, so soon to be a widow, and his children, so soon to be fatherless. Caroline endeavoured, with the most soothing tenderness, to tranquilize his mind, and even to infuse hopes of a recovery. She herself could not avoid, in defiance of her reason, and the conviction of both the physicians and the whole family, nourishing such hopes ; which were, however, not to be realised. Why should we attempt to describe the devotion, and affection with which she attended the sick and dying couch of her beloved ? Those who have experienced the balm of an attentive and loving female watching and nursing them in the hours of pain and illness, can feel it in their inmost hearts ; and those who have not, can not possibly conceive or believe it.

To prepare him for the task he had to perform, some cordial medicines were administered to Lothario ; the more cordial from being poured out from the trembling hand of an affectionate woman ; and on the following day he found

himself able to perform the duties he was anxious to complete. His first care was to establish the validity of his marriage beyond a doubt.— The person who had married them was, in fact, in orders, although being a very dissolute character he was entirely dependent on Lothario, and it was agreed at the time that he was to take no notice of the marriage, upon condition of which he was to be allowed a yearly pension.— The turn events had taken, now required a different course ; and Lothario had procured ample proofs, both of the man being actually a clergyman, the license having been regularly procured, and the marriage performed with every necessary legal formality, which he now displayed, and deposited in Caroline's hands. He next proceeded to make his will ; and here it may be proper to observe, what was before forgotten, that the gentleman who had married his mother, and who had been employed by government in a diplomatic capacity, had died in the interval on his arrival at the place of his mission, so that, excepting the jointure which the old lady enjoyed, the whole of the noble property both real and personal which he inherited was entirely at his own disposal. He settled a jointure of fifteen hundred pounds a year upon his dear Caroline, with ten thousand pounds in money, and left twelve thousand pounds to the youngest born of his twin boys, with some few other legacies, and the bulk his of estate to the first born.

His worldly affairs being thus settled to his mind ; the few days of tranquil debility which intervened before his decease, were perhaps, by the kind assiduity of his beloved Caroline, amongst the happiest of his life. The melancholy pleasure of having done her justice, and left both her and his offspring, in a state of afflu-



ence,—soothed and comforted him in his last hours. Over these we will draw a veil. The loss to Caroline was great and affecting; yet his excellent mother's resignation, and her endearing consolations greatly assisted her in submitting to the will of heaven; and time that mellows every affliction gradually spread its veil over hers, and restored her at length to comfort, to ease, and to that society she was born to be a pattern to, and to embellish.

A young and rich widow, retired even in the country, could not fail of attracting suitors, but it is not our intention, at present, to relate the future events of Caroline's life. We have brought her to the close of her trials; and shewn, what was our purpose, that, as one of our English poets says

“Tho' plunged in ills, and exercised in care,  
Yet never let the noble mind despair;  
For blessings always wait on virtuous deeds,  
And tho' a late, a sure, reward succeeds.”

According to the laudable custom of novelists however, it may be necessary to give some short account of the other principal persons who have figured in this little history.

Celia, the vain and unworthy aunt of our heroine, had too much envy in her nature to hear of her niece's happiness, and the praises given to her, (for the story of her sufferings could not become public, without her fortitude and prudence being admired,) without throwing out a thousand invidious reflections, and carried her spite so far that, when she heard of a gentleman paying his addresses to the widow, who once was entangled in her own nets, she wrote to him that not only had Caroline granted her favours to Lothario before their marriage, but that she had reason to know, that the incident in the grove.

on Caroline's tedious journey, which was represented by her as having been only a near approach to violation, was in fact the complete perpetration of the act by all the three men in succession, concluding with a coarse reproach of his taste in putting up with several other men's leavings. It was, in vain, however, she railed, and insinuated all the harm she could of Caroline.— Her own fading charms, soon caused her almost entire desertion by the gallants she wished to keep within her circle; and cards, scandal, and methodism were the only resources she had to look to for the occupation of her future life.

The compassionate girl whose three shillings had been so critically and essentially serviceable to Caroline was sought out by her. She had married a working gardener, and both she and her husband were taken into the service of Lothario's widow, whose bounty amply rewarded the deed of charity of which she had been the object.

Of all the admirers of her excellencies, none was more sincerely so than the lady by whom she had been so bounteously relieved, and at whose house she fortunately met the only person, who had it in his power to put an end at once to her distress. The two families were constant visitors, and as neither were great lovers of a town-life, their excursions were generally made to see each other.

Caroline fixed Thomas in a farm of her late husband's; and continued the pension to the clergyman who had married them, although he kept on in the same dissolute conduct which had caused Lothario to consider him as a fit tool for his then infamous purpose.

She called in her carriage one day, when she was travelling to London, at the little inn where the jolly old landlord had given her so coarse, but

so hearty a reception, and made herself known to him. He refused her offer of putting him into a larger house, and more extensive line; and swore he would take no other reward than a buss from her ladyship's rosy lips.

But it is time to conclude, which we do in the hopes that instruction as well as amusement, improvement as well as curiosity, gratification as well as interest, may be derived, and have been felt, by the readers of this little tale of the sufferings and rewards of virtue in the person of Caroline Sumner.

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I must confess myself a little bewildered by the verbosity of my correspondent who has favoured me with the following epistle; but I should not do justice to this learned gentleman with the Greek name, or to myself either, by altering his language; I give it therefore as I received it, having only shortened it in some immaterial parts, to avoid its taking up more than its due share of space.

*Montreal, 10th July, 1823.*

DEAR SCRIBBLER,

Having been a quotidian peruser of your hebdomedal paper, I feel myself in duty bound to return you my warmest thanks, for the continued series of interesting and valuable compositions and essays contained in its miscellaneous pages:—interesting, in the highest degree, to every candid reader for the peculiar manner and beautiful variety of their diction:—superlatively valuable, in their effects to promote the cause of literature, but more particularly so to humble the proud and overbearing, reprove the guilty, and check, in their growth, the rising seeds of vice and corruption. It is a positive fact that

"metus" satiræ publicæ sicut "supplicii divini revocat multos a sceleri." Cicero de leg. But, how comes it to pass, O excellent corrector and amender of erroneous proceedings and demoralizing habits! that those whom we call the *nobles* and *illustrious personages* of our city and country, (*novos homines eos vocare nos non oportet*,) constitute the principal subjects in your miscellany, for folly, depravity, and unlawful acts? I shall anticipate your answer, seeing it is obvious. Their passions are so violent, their minds so depraved, and their vices so palpable, that it would be flagrant injustice, a blindfolding of the community at large, and in direct opposition to the dictates of reason and conscience, not to hold out to public ridicule and contempt their barefaced line of conduct. It is to me a matter of great wonder that the very persons who, by their honesty, integrity, and purity of manners, should be set up as examples to those whom fortune, (merely by the distinction which riches have made,) has separated from them, and caused to walk in a narrower sphere, are the greatest blemishes, the most opprobrious characters which our provinces possess. This is not the worst; they are beginning to take pleasure in their vices and follies, and indulge them to a greater excess: they seem to disregard admonition and reproof. They say your book contains a bundle of lies, nonsense, and fulsome stuff. It is no dishonour to be inserted within the compass of your sheets.—Dishonour! no; it is reckoned the greatest characteristic of high respect and esteem, unparalleled abilities, and meritorious deserts, to appear in the volumes of your precious book. Since then this is the case, I shall proceed to give you a true description of a most notable and celebrated character, who, I believe, has escaped your notice,



and who, I am confident is desirous of having his name enrolled among those of the great, and handed down, as a testimony and memorial of surpassing talents, to future ages.

This hero of the age, is surnamed Quill ; a name, or rather a thing, productive of much utility and benefit to mankind *in arte scribendi*. This title is not hereditary in him. He is said to have adopted it as being the daily concomitant of learned brows, and the instrument with which they communicate their sublime effusions to the world. There are some, however, who deny him the use of this name, and are pleased to state, that he assumed it for a pretence, to conceal the barrenness of his dry and empty brain, cover the weakness of his intellect, and plume his unfledged wing ; for, in reality, "*suae alæ pennas non habent.*" But we are not to follow or regard the statement of these, but employ our own opinion and judgement in this point, and thence conclude to attribute to him the name, whether real or fictitious, whether of it he is worthy or unworthy. *Ut "redeam illuc, unde abii."* It must be confessed, that Mr. Quill's natural genius, classical attainments, and other requisite qualifications, are superior and great. From the coincidence of all these, works and productions, the most perspicuous, the most shining, and the most exalted, may shortly be expected. He has not spent a moment's time to a bad purpose, or in idle pursuits ; —no, —He imitates in nothing the generality of city-bred sparks. Like them he does not parade and strut along the streets with that pedantic, supercilious, and consequential air, and, with more than philosophic gravity and affectation. All this he calls "vanity and vexation of spirit." If his business at any time, obliges him to come out and appear on the sidewalks, he has not the

presumption to think he renders those of the literati who are so fortunate as to meet him, happy and gratified, by his bow or nod of recognition. Amongst his other deep studies, this glory and honour of Canada, has not neglected the delightful and pleasing one of chemistry. For the acquisition of knowledge in this science, he applied himself with the strictest attention, and the lowest depth of thought, to the almost total abstraction of his mind. What was the result of all this labour? what the proficiency arising from it? Has he given a specimen of the progress he has made by publishing his investigations and discoveries? The event is now under its crisis. Fame, that winged messenger, now reports that he frequently resorts to his laboratory, for the purpose of submitting to chemical analysis a late-discovered mineral, in the elements of which he expects to find the far famed and long-sought philosopher's stone.

*Mi carissime Scriblere!* I wish you could persuade this Vauquelin to break silence, rival the liberality of his great co-temporary, Sir Humphry Davy, and make known to the public his cogitations on the many scientific subjects that have occupied his penetrating perception. Bid him spurn the low idea of mounting the auctionary rostrum;—his mean occupation, and the hackneyed cries:—“going,—going,—once—twice—three times——’t is for nothing gentlemen!”

To confirm the truth of what has been said,  
*“sine ulla, mebercule, ironica loquor.”*

MISOPONEEROS-KAL-MISEIPEREEPHANOS

I cannot better contrast the foregoing in point of diction than with a letter from a plain-spoken tradesman, who seems to deliver a “round un-

varnished tale," that may operate as a caution both to other disputants, and to other arbitrators.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Having seen in your useful publication the signature of "a plain-dealing man," I beg leave to borrow a part of it, and call myself, "a fair-dealing man," and in consequence, hope that you will give this an insertion.

I am a tradesman, and work for any person at as cheap a rate as I can afford. A gentleman came to me, a few weeks ago, with a couple of *Whiskey-fying concerns*, one large, and one small, for the purpose of being repaired. He agreed to pay me what I asked, which, as a "fair-dealing man," you may depend was not too extravagant. Both were finished according to order; but cash being short, I suppose, the gentleman, finding his machines in my power, set to work to get them from off my premises, not, I conceive, in a "fairdealing way," and sent a gentleman of the faculty to make a seizure of the largest machine, but as I considered that in "fair dealing," the property was very safe on my premises, until the owner should settle with me for the sum of £20—odd, due to me for my work, the gentleman of the faculty returned without accomplishing his errand. Application was then made to the great government house, and the result was, that to keep the first named gentleman from starving, the large machine was to be given up to him, the little one to be kept by me, as a pledge for the debt, and the price charged for repairs to be submitted to arbitrators.

Three wise men were accordingly appointed, and met; when, knowing that there was no other black, white, or lead coloured tinker in town.

who could arrange the *whiskeyfying machines* like myself, they agreed to make me pay dearly. In consequence, the first point agreed was to take a supper of crackers and cheese, which being rather dry eating, they agreed that I should only pay ten shillings and six pence for that humble meal. Now, sir, this being discussed, the next point was, their noble selves, and it was forthwith resolved that, on account of the loss of their valuable time, and the importance of the business they met on, they would let me off with the small sum of eleven pounds ten and ten pence. After which several resolves were past, and the arbitrators broke up, quite satisfied with themselves, at the early hour of two or three o'clock in the morning. To conclude, the business was brought before the *wise men with the wigs*, who, I am happy to inform you, completely turned the tables on their arbitrators, with an injunction never to eat dry bread and cheese any more at the same price. I am sir, your's &c.

#### A PLAIN DEALING MAN.

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There were two objects (among others) in which I prided myself that I had effected a reform in Montreal, which have latterly been again brought under my consideration, by what has appeared in the papers.

The one, is that of pleasure-trips on Sundays. For these, and every species of recreation that is innocent on another day, I am a great advocate; and, in a letter, under the signature of *Anti-pseudo-puritan*, which appeared in No. 54 of the *Scribbler* last year, I defended their propriety, and combated the objections that had been publicly made against them in the papers. I have had the satisfaction of finding that no one has since ventured to print a word against them;



and the additional pleasure to see, that they are now regularly advertised by the steamboats, during the summer ; and to learn, that numerous and respectable parties resort to that laudable mode of spending part of a day, which, from its very institution, was intended to be one of rest, recreation, and enjoyment.

In the other instance to which I wish to allude, the reprehension I have repeatedly bestowed upon the disgusting publication of the particulars of boxing matches, I had flattered myself, had been effectual, and that I had silenced them entirely ; but I have been mortified to find that a late number of the Canadian Spectator, a paper for whose conductor I entertain great esteem, is disgraced by copying the account of a battle, to which I disdain even to give a name. How any man of taste or feeling can reconcile himself to the vile details of these encounters and still viler slang in which they are related, is most surprising to me. The practice itself is one of the foulest blots upon the character of the nation, and one which, tho' cast in our teeth by every other country, is still cherished and advocated by both the great and little vulgar amongst us. But where I have influence, or my writings have weight, I will do my utmost to discountenance and put it down. I had thoughts, of issuing a prohibitory and penal proclamation on the occasion ; but I will refrain, for the present, from that greater and more cutting severity of rebuke, with which I will visit a repetition of such an offence as I am complaining of in the Spectator, should it again raise its detestable head.

The account of the reported interference of Mrs. Fry, to prevent the battle in question, was a proper anecdote to furnish ; but need not have been ushered in by an account of all the rounds.

An account of a grand dinner that was given in London, on the installation of a fellow of the fist, as champlin of England, forsooth! has also appeared; that I will allow as a very fair and proper article to copy; its irony and wit, are good, and the cant language that is used, comes in there in a proper way. Newspaper-editors in Canada, have my permission to copy that.

L. L. M.

## THE CHARRIVARRI.

A FARRAGO, *continued.*

*Enter Chorus of Magistrates, Murderers, and Special Constables, all in a rage.*

The devil damn the fellow, has he not done with us yet?

Shall we never hear the last of it?

And there's those cursed cantos by his brother quill—

With which the town they fill.

Oh, ars'nic, pills, balls, powder, guns, and swords,

Ye stab not half so deep as words.

*(A distant peal of thunder, and the warning voice is heard.)*

No, not till knaves like you are from the bench displaced,

And your vile rabble-rout are from the city chaced:

Not till stern justice brings the murderers to her bar,

And honest juries say they free, or guilty, are:

Not till all special constables have broke their staves,

Nor while with force your tyranny our freedom braves:

Until another charrivarri is unmolested,

You'll with rebukes, and scoffings, be infested.

*Scene draws, same as before, Time. midnight. The doctor is discovered sleeping in an armchair, and Tom Thumb, rising from the bunk, advances to the doctor, and rudely shakes him by the head, who wakes.*

*Doctor.* They'll tar and feather thee as well as me!

*T. T.* How canst thou thus quietly slumber? For me, the imps of darkness have been making a dancing school of my brain, and while I stretch-

ed my body on you hard and featherless bunk, gambled and revelled in fantastic images, of love and murder, tars, feathers, printing presses, and scrubbing-brushes vile.

*Doctor.* Alas! poor Tom! But neither am I so happy in my slumbers as you think. For, when you woke me, I was surrounded by a motley groupe of maskers, well furnished with the pitch of pine, and downy plumes of geese. But thou art too much agitated by thy dreams. Keep cool, dear Tom! Night is darkest at the period ere Aurora lights her brilliant torch to dissipate the wild and harrassing phantasmagoria of her visions. Do thou penance, make apologies; abandon the society of murderers; marry all the girls thou'st promised to; and thou mayst still enjoy a peaceful even, notwithstanding the frowning aspect of thy unpropitious noon. But still thou sighest, like a lovelorn fool. Have done with those dimity-ditties, and tell me how thy friends managed to bring thee off with half-mast colours, from the resentment of that Pat.

*T. T.* Doctor, thou shalt hear all; but, by my beardless chin I swear, thou shalt not trifle with my passion, which has made but three attempts to couple with a sympathising soul for life.

*Doctor.* I wish thou wert enveloped in the petticoat of one like her, who left her's off to put my breeches on.

*T. T.* O for a petticoat under which to pop my head! under that shelter I'd not fear the blackest, roughest—frowns of fate.

*Doctor.* Pshaw! that's all nonsense. Proceed now Tom, t' explain the charm by which thou couldst accept a challenge, and evade a meeting.

*T. T.* Well—Didst ever see a *Martello tower*

prevent ten thousand Yankees from storming Granny McRope's fantastic castle ?

*Doctor.* No.

*T. T.* So I told Pat—he replied yes—I warmly answered, no—he said by Jasus, he had—I swore, by gum, he had not—and gave him the lie direct—alackaday! that I ever found that word in my vulgar vocabulary—it got me into a pretty kettle of fish; as Memmo said when Rugantino's finger pressed his throat. Pat would listen no longer,—he challenged me! here lay the rub. I did think he would not notice me, and that I should pass for a brave, courageous, spunky, little fellow; but I found myself in an undescribable dilemma. I told Pat's friend that I had never practiced *stenography*, and must have time to draw a formal reply, which Pat should have in a day or too. I called a meeting of my Yankee-club, to devise a method to save my honour, and expose my safety. It was unanimously and magnanimously resolved, that I should boldly accept the challenge, and appoint a meeting at Champlain with pistols, but with a perfect understanding they were not to be fired off. To effect this, Pat was to be arrested on this side the boundary line, and put under bonds to keep the peace, while I should, unmolested, reach Champlain, and meet a similar prevention on that side the line.

*Doctor.* Bravo! a Yankee trick, I vow. Thou couldst fight Pat on this side, but could not on the other! and with Pat 't was *vice versa*! Methinks I see ye now, divided by the imaginary line, bravely insulting each other with impunity.

*T. T.* True, dear doctor, 't was a glorious thought. But the night wears apace, and we lose the only time when we can walk the streets unhissed. Rock is now sweetly slumbering on



his calm pillow, with love and happiness his  
 dreams regaling. To night I'll meet thee here  
 again. Our *scrubbing-brush* must then be used,  
 for dirty floors are disagreeable. *Exeunt.*

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L'ENVOY.

*Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras  
 Jussit caire domos ?*

VIRGIL.

Pray who art thou, thou impudent, bold, boy !  
 That tell'st us to go home, and not our rights enjoy ?  
 And did the magistrates assurance give,  
 To those who acted so illegally,  
 Then e'en for *wilful murder* they 'd receive  
 Protection, nor should e'er arrested be ?  
 In Gath recite it not, nor in the street  
 Of Ask'lon, lest the daughters of the land,  
 Should scorn and spit at them, when they do meet,  
 The knaves who rule with such a partial hand.

And were they "verily assured  
 "By our police-esquire McCord ;  
 "That the poor fellows might return,  
 "Again their daily bread to earn ;  
 "Tho' wronging law and justice too,  
 "In reason's spite, he'd help them thro' ?"  
 Yea, verily, it may be fear'd  
 That, what from Cicero we've heard,

*Difficile est hoc de omnibus confirmare, sed tamen est certum ;*  
 Tho' it can't be believed, yet the magistrates won't hurt 'em.  
 For from this letter, if true, it may be learn'd,  
 That, with impunity, th' absconders have return'd.

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Montreal, 28th July, 1823,

MR. MACCULLOH,

It is surprising that a people reputed to be  
 enlightened by philosophy, and to be admirers of  
 law, justice, liberty, and rights, should, with pa-  
 tience, behold the pillars of the state violating  
 the great and awful trust reposed in their hands,  
 without making an effort to investigate their  
 character and abilities. What is the most sur-  
 prising, is, however, the uncertain state of jus.

tice and the laws, those guardians of our lives and property. The magistrates of this city seem to be men who are more governed by partiality than justice, more by interest than probity. Upon the occurrence of the late tragical event in Montreal, the gentleman who was the occasion of it fled the country. not only to avoid the legal consequences, but for fear his public appearance might, in the popular ferment, have endangered his personal safety; but, understanding, I believe, that he would be screened from any further enquiry into that act, which a coroner's jury have declared to be wilful murder, he has now returned, and openly made his appearance. I would ask, how comes it that he escapes the cognizance of the law? is he not as liable now, as the day he absconded? or has he returned to spurn at and contemn the principles of justice? Has he stood his trial, and got his acquittal of the crime of which he is arraigned? If not, where is the sword of justice, that instrument that should be ever held up to deter evildoers and be made use of when necessity requires it? It is only by means of the due administration of justice that a nation can support its dignity, a community its character, and every individual the security of his life and property. But what have we seen done by those whose duty it was to look after such things? Tumults suffered to take place; Passion allowed an uncurbed rein; Law lying dormant, as if there was none in existence; or that timidity durst not put it in execution.— Such proceedings, or rather such no-proceedings are a scandal to society; and I hope that on the present occasion, the laws will be called in, to render unto every man according to his deeds.

I am, Yours, &c.

JONAS CENSOR.

(To be continued.)

## FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

To Mademoiselle ROSALIE B\*\*\*\*\*.

How bright, how fair, thy features shine ;  
 Thy form angelic, seems divine ;  
 While o'er thy bosom light and fair,  
 Flow the rich tresses of thy hair,  
 And all the graces round thee throng,  
 Hymning thy praise in syren song.  
 Thy thousand nameless charms I see,  
 Enamour'd of thy loveliness—  
 But, ah! there's something whispers me,  
 "Those charms shall ne'er my fond affection bless."  
 If it is thus—thine eye's sweet glance—  
 O cast it never more on me ;—  
 I cannot bear that look askance,  
 So fraught with love's fond witchery.—  
 Yet stay, my love, I would not part,  
 But yield to thee my beating heart—  
 Stay, stay—I yield to thy controul ;  
 And drink fresh poison to my soul—  
 Still let me gaze on those bright eyes—  
 Dream myself blest, till hope—in fondness—dies.

ALONZO.

Montreal 27th July.

MR. MACCULLOH,

So I find you intend to pull my ears, if I do not look sharp about me, and leave off taking people's names in vain—especially such fine fellows as Florio. However, I must beg the gentleman's pardon, and also permission to inform you that I have since been enabled to conjure up a signature of my own ; which, to be sure, sir, is neither more nor less than the very sonorous one of CANADIAN BARD. Under that appellation I intend occasionally to pester you, and, if you allow of it, your readers too, with a few ditties ; and to begin, what do you say to the following

BALLAD STANZAS ;

'Twas night, it was dark it was gloomy and drear,  
 The moonbeams were wasted, and no sound was heard,

Save the sighing of groves ; with an owl who sate near ;  
And nought but a wide waste before me appear'd.

Of ghosts I had heard, who at night wildly rave ;  
Of spirits who, leaving their prisons of clay,  
Will glide into bedrooms, or watch round a grave ;  
And spectres who haunt the lone traveller's way.

But I heeded them not, such bugbears of fancy,  
No terrors of mind, no fears could awaken :—  
My soul seem'd in vision—I thought on my Nancy,  
And wish'd her beside me, there, lone and forsaken.

Yes, yes, at that moment of sadness alone,  
To have met with my charmer, what bliss 't would have  
been,  
To have told her each wish my breast had e'er known,—  
To have sigh'd at each pause, and rehearsed them again.

There away from the throng, in converse so sweet—  
While I watch'd every motion, and calm'd every fear ;  
And clasping her knees as I lay at her feet ;—  
Had she wept at my tale, I'd kiss off each tear.

The thought seem'd delicious—I ponder'd it o'er,  
And dwelt with love's fondness on dreams of my Nancy ;  
Till fit was the vision—it charm'd me no more ;  
For reason return'd, and I found—'t was mere fancy.

But thoughts of such bliss, could never be lost—  
So the next day I told what I felt to sweet Nancy ;—  
When the dear girl she said—she minded no ghost ;—  
And the next night, I found—'t was more than mere fancy.  
CANADIAN BARD.

*South Cumberland July 7th,*

MR. EDITOR,

When 'fops and dandies' bear the sway,  
All others must at distance bay,  
Here was a ball of independence,  
Quite free from all low-bred attendance ;  
For this good reason, very clear,  
Mechanics were not wanted there.  
See strutting round, who cuts a dash,  
Like long legs wading thro' a marsh ;  
'Tis one, I'll swear, by my religion,



He has a name that rhymes to widgeon :  
 He swore he'd *Morgan Rattler* dance,  
 And try once more that tune to prance ;  
 Tho' he was willing to acknowledge,  
 That tune was never bred at college.  
 So then they all turn'd out to caper,  
 Needing no light but nose's taper ;  
 For, what you scarcely could suppose,  
 So great a blaze came from his nose,  
 In its reflection, with much grace,  
 You every colour there could trace,  
 From the dark purple to the light  
 Of all the scarlet, shining bright ;  
 All things went on, by turns, in time  
 And order, as I form my rhyme.  
 That good old tune well ruled the roast,  
 And *Morgan Rattler* was the toast ;  
 While all the ladies join'd to praise,  
 Their taste for tunes of ancient days :  
 And all as one, with great desire,  
 That wond'rous nose did much admire ;  
 Some said th' inventor of that light,  
 Ought to have had a patent-right ;  
 While others, with much laughter, said,  
 He'd spoil the tallow chandler's trade,  
 For should he still continue dashing,  
 And scarlet noses bring in fashion ;  
 They all as one would quit their dipping,  
 And soon to other trades be tripping.  
 But let him run his little race,  
 'Tis wasting time fire-flies to chase ;  
 So to conclude, and make you laugh,  
 I'll only add his epitaph.

"He after death has nought to fear,  
 Or where he goes he need not mind it ;  
 For in what place he does appear,  
 His soul's so small, they will not find it."

A MECHANIC.

*West side of the Lake.*

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Happening to see a few numbers of your  
 work, and observing the nature of it to  
 be such as to set folks to rights when they vary

from the proper direction, or when they willingly forget themselves, and treat with *ingratitude* those persons who have been kind to them when in low circumstances, I thought the following might perhaps find a place in your pages. I am an industrious mechanic, and, like most folks, are not without my enemies, neither am I overburthened with that scarce commodity, *cash*; which, by the bye, furnishes matter for this my first essay to figure in your book. To the point;—while working at my trade a few days ago, within a few miles of one of our chief places, I was surprised to receive a printed note signed by a justice, and with it the customary salutation of a tipstaff, who informed me that he had positive orders from a certain *Buck* to have me brought up, and also to levy on my horse, observing that it would make a damned good match for his. Aye, aye! *that's no sign*, thinks I to myself. So I made arrangements with the sub. to liquidate this great account, say, between eight and nine dollars. But, so great was the rage of the gingerbread-brewer, when he found the officer had returned without either my horse or my body, that his mouth foamed, and finding his wrath began to

“Work thro’ the burghole of his mouth like beer,  
Pull’d out the vent-peg of his ire,  
And bade the stream of his revenge run clear;”

he damned the officer, *like a gentleman*. Now, Mr. Scribbler, this very character always pretended the greatest friendship for me, and without ever asking me for the amount of my account, took the above method to collect it. I would wish you to tell him not to forget himself; he may yet perhaps be glad to go and cut wood for Jack—Somebody;—as I have seen him do before. Your kindness in inserting this will oblige

A MORTAR-WEAVER.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXVI.

In our last number we hinted that we intended to give an account of the late muster of the militia in Mount Royal for training, but being in a hurry, as *we* editors eternally are, and not finding time to draw up that account from the materials in our possession, we sent to our good friend, Mr. Macculloh, who, has obligingly allowed us to make use of a letter from one of the correspondents of the Free Press; which he conceived was better adapted for our Intelligencer than the more serious pages of that paper.

MR. MACCULLOH,

You are undoubtedly well aware that the militia of this good city are called out annually to display their wonderful dexterity, and extraordinary knowledge of military discipline. They accordingly mustered last friday,\* under the command of col. Hippogriff, who rides forth

——— “like a Thracian chief,  
Looking as fierce as roast-bull beef:  
Thinks to himself ‘young gentlemen,  
‘I shall instruct you all I ken.’”

And sure enough he does. But, seeing this is the case, there must also be some method adopted for the due regulation of the important concerns of such a day: and the duty of warning the militiamen to appear at the place and time appointed, being one devolving upon the subaltern officers, I think the following *varbatim* copy of a notice, summons, warrant, or whatever

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\* The letter has no date, which is to be regretted, as the future historians of the country, will thereby be deprived of the means of fixing the exact chronology of this important muster. *Edit.*

you may please to call it, sent, *ex officio*, by a serjeant of Captain ——'s† company,

“Who, by his strut and martial air,  
Did seem a first-rate grenadier;”

will shew, *ex pede Herculem*, how well qualified some of the officers are, for what they have got to do. It was without date, or signature, and couched as follows.

“*For Military duty on Friday 18th*” (perhaps meant of the eighteenth Olympiad,) “*in front of J. Bland's shop.*” (to wit, the blacksmith's) “*Haymarket,*” (perhaps at Montreal,) “*at 5 P. M.*”

On the back part of the paper, which was nearly an inch wide, and two inches long, was written the name of the militia-man; and the bearer of it was a little boy, who, on being met by a schoolmistress, was asked, “where he got his tickets?” she supposing them to be school-tickets, as he had a large number of them in his hand; “*Ab! Madame,*” says he, “*ce sont pour les milices.*” Surely,

“Mars listening stared, and cock'd his eye,”

to see such a little urchin performing the part of an orderly serjeant.

After having seen this specimen of what was to follow, you will not be surprised that I bent my way to the place of destination, at the appointed hour; and there were little men, and there were great men, and they did march about the Champ de Mars most lustily. Amongst the officers, Captain Changeling cut a brilliant appearance, *being the only one without his uniform*; Capt. Taffy Muff, was remarkable for the antiquity and shabby gentility of his old hat; adjutant Le Grand Mo-

† Left blank in the original. I leave none. L. L. M.



gul, looked both like an officer and a soldier, but having rather a lofty vision, was near riding over some folks, whom he mistook for other folks.— There were other gentlemen, who, *as far as their uniforms went*, made tolerable officers; but one of them reminded me of the fashion that prevailed among the ladies, before pokers and stakes were set up as models of elegance and symmetry, when pads, before and behind, on shoulders, backs, bosoms, and hips, were worn in pillowy and puckered profusion. As for the privates— but the less we say about them in this style, the better. We all know that militia, in all countries, whatever ridicule may be bestowed upon them at their training-days, and while they are in the awkward squad; when the trial comes, in the field, and at the post of danger, are,—officers and men,—the main substantial strength, defence, and salvation of their country.

### PHINEAS.

REPORTED NUPTIALS, &c. Much uncertainty has prevailed who is to be the happy mate of Miss Piscator, but it now turns out to be Mr. Romo, either from the States or the sister province. The marriage is expected to take place very soon, as the young lady has employed two or three mantuamakers to make up the numerous articles of dress she wants, including two dozen of nightcaps. As soon as the affair is over, they will make a tour through the States.

August 11th. Miss Belcamp, is to be *knocked down* to Mr. Jacky Sprig on Thursday next. This is one of those matches made up by the fathers of families without consulting either the inclinations as the happiness of their children.

"*Freeman*. Is such a marriage lawful?

*Euphues*. Ah, good uncle,

Dispute not that, the church has naught in this;

Their lawyer is the priest that marries them;

The banus of matrimony are the indentures;

The bounds and landmarks are the ring that joins them.

*Artemia*. But there's no love at all,

*Euph*. Yes, pretty cousin;

As thou art read in amorous books, thou'lt find

That Cupid's arrow hath a golden head ;  
And 't was a golden shaft that wounded them."

THE MAY ;— *Old Couple.*

The bridegroom has made over £10,000 to the bride by her *contrat de mariage* ; and has given orders to a grey upholsterer to furnish his house to the amount of £1500.

A *Miller's* widow is again about to enjoy the tickling delights of wedlock. That there may be no disparity of age, she has set her cap at Jemmy Harry, an old cock of sixty ; for she says old things are better than young ones, (in which opinion she is by no means singular.) and that

"Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last,  
And raisins keep their luscious native taste."

Matrimony has become so much in vogue that there is a lady who seems even to prefer being joined to a *Savage*, than to have it said of her that she *Died* without having her full share of the joys of wedlock. Her timepiece will then be wound up regularly, as it is reported to be now wonderfully out of order, having for several years been under the sole care of her aunt *Martin*.

It is said that Dr. Stout is soon to lead the amiable and accomplished Miss Tomthumb, to the hymeneal alter. The young lady assures his mamma that it will be unnecessary for him to go to Edinburgh to finish his studies, as he can procure ample credentials in this country as a skilful practitioner in administering the needful balm.

On Thursday night last, the nuptials took place between Miss Coil, and Mr. Matt. Calf. The bride looked charming, and we are happy to say that since the consummation of the marriage, Mr. Calf has improved full 50 per cent in his looks ; the rose of health and of content having succeeded to the pallid appearance, which a severe fit of previous illness had left upon his countenance on the wedding day. Mrs. Twilight, the bride's sister, officiated as bridesmaid, and Norman Broadback esquire, gave her away ; Lady and Miss Rivet, Mr. and Miss Riverburn, Mr. and Mrs. Riddle, Mr. Twilight, and Mrs. Loggy, were of the party that celebrated the wedding.

*Extract of a letter from Catarogus, — 24th July, 1823.*

"Among the nuptials expected to take place here, that of young Grunt of Bath, to the lively and accomplished Miss Mourning, (quite a misnomer,) of Envid Point, stands foremost. It is said that the young lady's father removed to his dwelling on the aforesaid point, to indulge her romantic disposition, the spot being of such a description, that, in the hands

of a good novelist, it would vie with any one, from Mrs. Radcliffe to Sir Walter Scott. The youth had better be on his guard against the attacks of a certain *Short* divine, whose temper has been greatly ruffled by being supplanted with the young lady. We are not sure what weapon the divine will choose, but suppose it will be one he can use better than a *sermon*, yet not so well as a *racket*.

"Mr. MacPharo, of Carrothead, would do well, when he challenges a lady to drink a glass of wine with him, to ascertain whether there is any on the table, and not pour out *rum*, and suffer her to drink part of it, and swallow down his own, before he discovers the mistake. It will be well too for him, when he calls for a bottle, to put his hand first in his pocket, and feel whether he has money enough to pay for it,"

Your's &c.

### CUT-AND-COME AGAIN.

#### FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Recently, lord William McKillaway, and household, with the two Misses McK., from the land of cakes. Gone to reside at his mansion on the hill, accompanied by Miss McGilwiffit.

Lawyer Squallwell, from the West Indies, the Spanish Main, or Bottom house Bay, to one of which quarters he had transported himself with his clients' cash. Not having brought any back, he has sent circular letters to those whom he favoured by receiving their money, saying that he would do all their business gratis. He will *probably* get the books he left behind him, and which his *friend*, lawyer Terrossi, has been good enough to *keep* for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Dandeh, from Government-City.

Returned from the same place, Mrs. and Miss Bienbelle : and in the same steam-boat the Dutchess of Kent, with a long catalogue of candidates for exposure.

DEPARTURES. Some days ago, Miss Dot, the heiress from Paddy's land, as the society in Mount Royal was, she said, not good enough for a woman of her figure, weight, and size, ; (*not quite wrong there!*) Pray who in the name of love-*liness* may she be? She was accompanied by her protegée, a married lady, who left her husband at home upon a wild goose-chase after a fortune she was afraid would slip thro' her fingers. We learn that, passages being engaged for the two heroines, it turned out to be *Dot and go one* ; for the vessel chanced to sail with the protegée, and left her chaperone, Miss Dot, behind, who has gone on an excursion to the falls of Montmorenci.

Mr. Mrs, and Misses Allspice, on a fashionable tour to the springs of Saratoga and the Falls of Niagara. The young ladies were escorted by three of their admirers, Catamount L'amoureux, esquire, Mr. Denshed, and Tommy Noddynol, as far as Campbelltown; on which occasion the entire stock in trade of a cakeshop or two, were bought up to provide sweeties for the princesses on their tour.

*From the Government-City Advertiser.*

Sensible, liberal, and galant, speech made by a jewelpedlar, alias a pedling jew, from the north of the Tweed, on a late occasion when he was asked his opinion about the ladies, "Och the leddies, they are very well when they are sick, for then they are oot o' the wa', and don't get all the nice things at table, for I like a tidbit, of a wing or a breast, as well as they do." The same gentleman gave a grand entertainment to three friends t'other Sunday, and as one of them, who knew his ways, told him he'd be damned if he dined with him unless he gave them some wine to drink, he provided an ample supply of three bottles. A salmon was the chief dish, but whether there was any melted butter or not, our informant saith not.

*From the Clarencetown Mirror.* A certain reverend divine of this place appears to be desirous of adding to his other distinguished titles, the initials M. D. Knowing, from experience, that a box of antibilious pills clears out the dregs of gluttony from the gastric and lower regions, he concludes that all other human ailments require a similar treatment; and he, in particular, administers them in copious quantities to the good old lady to whom he is united, and from which union he derives all his clerical and worldly honours. Tonic medicines, which other practitioners have prescribed in this peculiar case, are wholly rejected, for this medico-clerico-quack is probably afraid of the expense which the regular attendance of a physician would entail upon him. Mem. Sophy, the handsome servant girl, is again in blooming health, and nothing the worse for her late corpulency, which report attributes to the skilful exhibition of hellebore as an emmenagogue, by this would-be M. D.

*From the Shamblee Repertory.*

Agricultural report, August 1823. Prospects of crops: &c.  
*Wheat*; as Sir Isaac says, not worth being damned.  
*Carrots*: in no demand; little or no use for them, since the Northland family have left this.  
*Murphies*: rather late, tho' swollen up greatly in the stem for some time past: Mr. Mercy-on-us had a fair crop, but was



a month later than he expected ; and had provided, wheelbarrows, spades, and labourers, to dig it up six weeks too early.

*Corn* : (*cornes*) promises well, large quantities have been reaped ; some ripening ; some late stuff sowing, and supposed will thrive well.

*Cabbage* : will come on well with the first showers of con- tracts.

*From the Cataroqui Compendium.*

The noble and gallant col. MacFergus of Indian Point, is determined to change his situation, for better or worse, and in future leave the poor aborigines who encamp upon his lands in the peaceable enjoyment of their wives : he intends to rake to his bed and board the fascinating widow Fickle. The colonel, who is a great lover of harmonious sounds, expects that the good folks of Cataroqui will greet him with the usual honours on the occasion.

We hear that the Gilt captain, emulating his prototype, Fletcher's copper captain in *Rule a wife and have a wife*, intends, when the weather will not permit him to raise steam on the waters of Cataroqui, to try the experiment on land, with the assistance of the ingenious Sarah. We congratulate this enterprising pair, and hope their laudable example will be followed by many others.

Mr. Revilo, the blacksmith, is shortly to be riveted to the lovely Miss Nameless of Milk-and-water-street ; to the great grief and mortification of Mr. Billy Severe, late of Mount Royal, whose vanity is considerably galled by being *cut out* by a son of Vulcan, priding himself as he does on his good breeding, and gentlemanly deportment, and being withal of the true, genuine, Canadian breed. The blooming goddess Minerva is to act as *dame d'honneur* on the occasion, and it is expected she will shortly follow the example of Mâ, Sister, and dear friend, with the *Broker's clerk*.

Symptoms of the hymeneal fever have occurred between J. W. Grog, commonly called lord Tallow, and Miss Mixt ; Dandy Cork, and Miss Go-glass ;

Lieut. Potatoe, St. Frontenac, and Miss Di. Cassa ;

Don Carlos, and Miss Mourning ;

Mr. Roger McG. and Miss High, of the Nipperkin-mills.

Lady Courteous, finding that the *snowballs* so strongly recommended by Mrs. Damnable to aid conception, have not placed her in "that state, in which women wish to be who love their lords," has attempted to bring about a match between her husband's sleeping partner, King David, and her

Sister, Miss Ear, Should this match take place, lord and lady Courteous are to adopt their eldest bairn as heir apparent.

*Promotions.* Lord Cautious, to be Earl Grindstone. The Hon. Georgy Lock, to be Lord Brickbat. The Broker's clerk, to be Knight of the Iron chest.

*Notice to Bank agents.* Bank agents in the habit of rendering erroneous statements to the mother-bank, will do well to take warning by old Tommy Lock, and not try to palm off too many of their old debts as bank debts, lest, like Tommy, vengeance return on them sevenfold.

## POET'S CORNER.

*To a rose.*

Thou lovely bud of ruby hue,  
Spangled o'er with morning dew,  
Whose sweetest breath perfumes the sky,  
And scents the sportive zephyr's sigh.  
Oh! let me bear thy blooming form  
To some safe shelter from the storm;  
I'll place thee where no wind can blast  
Thy lovely form of heavenly cast;  
I'll place thee with the sweetest flower  
That ever graced blind Cupid's bower;  
That place shall be my Mary's breast  
Where true love only is the guest.

JOVANNA SBOGARO.

*Fashions in Mount Royal.* Aprons of black silk, in humble imitation of the elegant costume of pinafores, with straps over the shoulders. Some ladies however, like Miss Aurelia Noddy-nol, can not avoid exclaiming aloud in the streets, "O my! how uncomfortable these things are, I'll take it off as soon as I get home." *Fashions for gentlemen.* Dandies sometimes appear in public companies with the dress and accoutrements of a sportsman. It is quite fashionable too, as Mr. Woodpecker, and Paddy say, not to pay for refreshments had at balls &c. and when dunned to be quite saucy about it.

*Much matter postponed till next Domestic Intelligencer, for want of room.*

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

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*Reports from Quebec shew the state of my subscriptions and concerns there to have been in the utmost state of confusion and irregularity; that numerous evasions and shabby pretexts have been resorted to, on the one hand, to avoid payment, and, on the other, unauthorised demands made for money, subsequent to the notices publicly given, that no payments would be admitted, but such as were made upon receipts signed by myself, or upon an especial letter of authority from me for that purpose. On the 19th of April, I wrote circulars to my subscribers at Quebec, desiring them not to pay any thing more to any person acting as my agent, but to settle with myself alone; and in No. 103 a general notice, to the same effect, was inserted in the Scribbler: those, therefore, who have paid money subsequently thereto, excepting upon my own receipts, will do well to demand it back again, as I shall be obliged to make them pay over again.— In general the Quebecers appear to have behaved so ill, that I can scarcely reconcile it to myself to favour them with another Scribbler, but in hopes they will mend their manners, I will send a few numbers down: whilst, however, I am compelled thus to stigmatise them generally, I beg to assure those few gentlemen who have behaved honourably and openly towards me, that I hope they will not consider themselves as included in this general censure, but will accept of my genuine thanks for their kindness, substantial patronage, and prompt payment, with the assurance that I will use my best endeavours to give them satisfaction, and for them to receive their numbers regularly and expeditiously, whilst I shall be very*

little solicitous about the others, which will be their loss, not mine. In future the only business that will be conducted at the Scribbler office, Quebec, which is moved to the Quebec Bath, St. Paul-street, will be the distribution of the numbers to my permanent subscribers, and the receipt and forwarding of letters and communications. All matters of business, orders, &c. must be addressed, *p. post*, to the Scribbler-office, No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste-street, Montreal; and collections will alone be made by a special emissary from myself each quarter; whilst, in the interval, remittances may be made, addressed to me, "post-office Montreal," which will be regularly forwarded in my own mailbag to Burlington, and duly and thankfully acknowledged. It is with pain I add, that I shall very soon have to publish a very formidable **BLACK LIST**, principally recruited by defaulters, and shufflers at Quebec.

In future no single numbers of the Scribbler will be sold at Quebec; those who want it, must take it for a quarter at least, or **NOT AT ALL**.

S. H. WILCOCKE.

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**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** RODERICK RANDOM's account of a late gala at Mt. January's has been reluctantly shut out for want of room. JERRY DIBS is received and his inclosures will certainly appear; as will A. B. from Kingston; so also the substance of **CUSTOS VIRTUTIS**. TOM AGREABLE, HEIGH-HO and **ECONOMY** from Chambly, will be availed of. The advertisement which accompanied another article from Chambly, if intended to be inserted in the cover as one, and paid for, shall be printed, otherwise it can not be admitted. TOBIAS is under consideration. TOM HOLD THE CANDLE, should not have held it, and can not be admitted; neither can the complaint of A NEW CORRESPONDENT from Plattsburgh, as the party complained of seems rather to have been the one aggrieved. What has become of the lively and witty SAPHO?

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