

THE  
**SCRIBBLER,**

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS,

ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL,  
MORAL, AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire.

Nos. 53 to 78.

From 4th July, to 26th December 1822.

FORMING

Volume II.

*Sic parvis componere magna solebam.*

VIRGIL.

Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,  
In this odd monstrous medley, mix'd appears,  
Like Bayes's dance, confusedly round they run,  
Statesman, coquet, gay fop, and pensive nun,  
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,  
With monkish drones that dream away their lives.

ROWE.

PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL, LOWER CANADA,  
*And to be had of the proprietor,*  
SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE,  
AT BURLINGTON, VT.

1823.

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# THE SCRIBBLER.

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Vol. II.]      MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 11th JULY,      [No. 54.  
1822.

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“Saints who the Lord on sacred Sunday seek,  
And hand and glove with Satan pass the week.”

PETER PINDAR.

*Damnant quod non intelligunt.*

CICERO.

They condemn because they do not understand.

.....*Velocius et citius nos  
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica.*

JUVENAL.

With quicker force domestic vices shed  
Their poison rank, when by example spread.

29th June 1822.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Observing in the papers of this week an advertisement for a pleasure-trip to Boucherville and Varennes, by the steam-boat La Prairie, to take place on Sunday the 30th, I transmit you the following letter, which was written last year in reply to an attack made in the Gazette upon such excursions, The editor of the Herald, although his previous avowal of the same opinion I entertain had called forth that attack, and notwithstanding he approved of my letter, declined inserting it, upon the principle so universally acted upon by the public prints in Canada that it militated against received opinions, and would injure his paper in the sight of those men, who think (somewhat in the same way as catholics with respect to confession) that by a strict and gloomy observance of what they affect to call the Sabbath, they may atone for lying, cheating calumny, and all ungodliness, during the other six days.<sup>[1]</sup> I have so much confidence in the independence of your paper, and the fearlessness of your mind, that I trust, whether it accords with your own sentiments or not, you will afford me an opportunity of combating, by anticipation, those remarks of a contrary tendency which I have good reason to believe are in contemplation to be made on this subject.

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[1] I have known a lamentable instance of perversion of intellect of this nature. A man who persuaded himself and others around him that he was in the way of

salvation, being one of the converted, or elect, having seduced a young female, whom he decoyed from her friends, salved his conscience by abstaining from indulging his carnal appetite on Sunday night, looking upon his selfdenial so meritorious as to wipe away all the indulgences of the preceding week. It must be confessed that such a penance, (considering the exquisite beauty of the lady, from whom I got the anecdote) must be as severe as almost any mortification of the flesh that any Catholic priest could enjoin to his penitent. L. L. M.

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July 1821.

Mr. EDITOR,

The animadversions of PHILO, upon the expression of your opinion on the subject of Sunday excursions, show so little of the true spirit of Christianity, in the garb of which alas! too many fanatics array themselves, that in endeavouring to refute his assertions, I can not forbear from supposing that he is one of those who “love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets;” and “to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men;” nor can I forbear from recommending to him a greater portion of meekness, charity, and loving-kindness in reproving those whom he fancies are wandering in error. To attribute impiety, profanation, and the outraging of divine authority, to the maintenance of an opinion on a ceremonial subject (for the most zealous puritan can never make the observance of Sunday more than a ceremonial of religion,<sup>[2]</sup>) evinces too much of that persecuting spirit, that would, if it durst, institute an inquisition in the Protestant church, and re-ordain the writ *de hæretico comburendo*. But I contend, and that on scriptural grounds alone, that you are right, and he is totally wrong. I deny that there is any divine authority that can be produced for prohibiting or condemning any species of amusement or recreation that is otherwise innocent and lawful, from being resorted to on Sunday. I would wish Philo to produce a single text either in the Old or New Testament that can bear such an interpretation. The Sabbath is, by the appointment of God, a cessation from labour and from business, but not from pleasure or recreation. Rest implies recreation, and in none of the ordinances emanating from divine authority do we find any intimation that recreation is unacceptable to Heaven; on to contrary, rejoicings, with dancing, and singing, always accompanied the celebration of the Jewish festivals. It is not gloomy inactivity, nor even unabated and zealous worship alone, that God requires from man on the day of his rest, the day he has hallowed, and set apart from labour; and all those innocent amusements that can renovate the health and spirits of mankind for the labours of the ensuing week, are not only laudable, but, in my opinion, they may be even said to be a religious duty to be

performed. In all the passages in which the observance of the Jewish Sabbath is ordained, Exodus xx, 8-11, xxxi, 14-17, Leviticus xxiii, 3, Deuteronomy, v, 12-15, rest from labour is alone enjoined, with the addition in Exodus xxxv, 3, of a prohibition of kindling a fire on the Sabbath. In Deuteronomy, v, 15, the Sabbath is stated to have been instituted in commemoration of the delivery of the children of Israel from Egypt, and therefore it is a day of rejoicing, similar to anniversaries of happy events. But Christ himself in various passages of the gospel is stated to have reprov'd the pharisees and others for their austerity and mock-observance of the Sabbath, by pretending that it was evil, even to do good on that day, Matthew xii, Mark iii, Luke vi, xiii, and xiv, John v, vii, and ix. He tells us, Mark ii, 27, that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"; and our Saviour himself even on the Christian Sabbath, the first day of the week, his holy resurrection day, which his omniscience foresaw would be the Christian Sunday for evermore, journeyed from Jerusalem to Emaus in company with two of his disciples, abode with them until the evening, and sate at meat with them. Amongst all the vices, drunkenness, uncleanness, hypocrisy, etc. with which the gospel charges the Jews of that day, we find in no one instance sabbath-breaking condemned, nor even mentioned; and if that be the source of all immorality and crime in these days, as our pseudo-evangelicals contend, it would have been so then, for the nature of man changeth not, though ordinances and opinions do.

[3] Now let us see what the apostles say. Following the principles of their divine precursor, St. Paul in his epistle to the Galatians, chap. iv. reproaches them that "after ye have known God, or rather known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage. Ye observe days and months, and times and years." And to the Colossians, chap. ii, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ,"—"Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, and of the new moon, *or of the Sabbath-days*." Sabbath-days are here classed amongst jubilees and set festivals, and the observance of them set upon a par with making distinctions between clean and unclean meats, and other ceremonial institutions of the Jewish dispensation. I do not know of one solitary injunction in the bible against any kind of amusement and recreation on the Sabbath.<sup>[4]</sup> As to the abuse of the thing, *ab abusu non valet consequentia*, and I am ready to argue the question on the point of expediency,<sup>[5]</sup> as well as on that of

scriptural authority. As the delight of those who are righteous overmuch is to fish in troubled waters, I expect the sticklers for sanctified austerity will open in full cry upon me; I beg however to address them in the language of the apostle; “Who art thou that judgest another man’s servants? To his own master he standeth or falleth.—One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.” Romans xiv. v, 4, 5.

#### ANTI-PSEUDO-PURITAN.

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[2] I do not agree with my correspondent in this point; I consider that the observance of the Sabbath as a *day of rest*, being ordained by one of the positive commands of God in the decalogue, it ought to be considered as an *essential* and not a *ceremonial* of the christian religion, to abstain from all unnecessary labour on that day. There is no doubt in my mind that going to church in a carriage drawn by horses, excepting in cases of infirmity of body, is a heinous infringement of the fourth commandment, while dancing, music, playing at cards, or any other diversion that is in itself innocent, are none at all. L. L. M.

[3] The great difference that has prevailed in the opinions of the professors of Christianity on this subject, and the various and contradictory enactments that have been made, will appear from the following historical detail.

It was not till the reign of Constantine the great that the celebration of Sunday was established by public decree. In 321 Constantine enacted that the first day of the week should be kept as a day of rest in all cities and towns, though he permitted the country-people to follow their necessary avocations. Theodosius the elder, A. D. 386, prohibited all public shews, and Theodosius the younger, some years after, confirmed that decree, extending its operation to all jews, pagans, etc. In 517 it was ordained by a council of the church that no causes should be heard or decided in the courts of law upon a Sunday. For more than 500 years after Christ the church permitted labour, and gave license to christians to work on the lord’s day, at such hours as they were not required to be present at the public service by the precepts of the church; and in Gregory the great’s time, it was reputed anti-christian doctrine to make it a sin to work upon the lord’s day. It was in 538 that the council of Orleans restricted the people from works of all kinds, and prohibited travelling with horses or otherwise, even for the purposes of health or procuring food, on Sunday.

In England, King Athelstan, about 940, caused very severe forfeitures and penalties to be imposed upon any traffic on Sunday. Henry VI. by statute, forbade any fairs or markets to be held on Sunday, the four in harvest-time excepted. Edward VI. by public edicts, authorised, “all lawful recreations and honest exercises on Sundayes and other holy dayes, after the afternoon sermon or service, such as dancing either for men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting etc. so that the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of divine service.” In Queen Elizabeth’s time, by proclamation, “all parsons, vicars, and curates were enjoined to teach and declare unto the people that they might with safe and quiet consciences (after the common prayer) in time of harvest, labour upon the holy and festival days, and save the things which God had sent them: for if, by any groundless scruples of conscience, they should abstain from working on those days, they should grievously offend and displease God, if the grain was thereby lost or damaged.” In Shakespeare’s time (according to *Gosson’s School of Abuses*, 1579) dramatic entertainments were usually exhibited on Sundays, and afterwards they were performed on that and other days indiscriminately. *Withers* complains of this as a profanation of the lord’s day as late as 1628. In 1617 James I. caused certain rules to be published under the title of the “book of sports,” by which the people were allowed to exercise recreations and diversions on the Sabbath day. Charles I. restricted all persons from going *out* of their own parishes for any sport whatever on Sunday; and strictly forbade any bull or bearbaiting, plays, etc. even in their parishes, though it appears that various innocent amusements were admitted in their own parishes after the hours of public worship. *May* in his *history of the Parliament 1646*, taking a review of the conduct of king Charles and his ministers from 1623 to

1640, observes that plays were usually represented at court on Sundays, during that period.

It is useless to pursue the enquiry to more modern times, the enactments opinions of which on this subject, are well known. L. L. M.

[4] In the text of Isaiah, LVIII, v. 13, 14, "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, *from* doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the lord, honourable; and shall honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking *thine own* words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth;" the words in Italics have been interpolated by our translators in order to make the original Hebrew correspond with their conception of its tendency. Read it, however, without those interpolations, and it will be difficult to make out of it a prohibition against taking pleasure on the sabbath day, as some have attempted to do.

[5] In one of Arthur Young's agricultural works, published in 1779 under the name of *Marshall*, he strenuously contends for the propriety of even working on Sundays during seed-time and harvest. But he professed "he did not begin the practice precipitately but was deliberately convinced of its propriety by a series of circumstances and a long train of reasoning. The first year he saw his hay lose its essence, and his corn its wholesomeness, with passive obedience to the laws and religion of his country. The second year, perceiving more evidently the mischievousness and absurdity of a custom which counteracts the bounteous intentions of Providence, he sifted particularly into the sabbath-day employments of his weekly servants. One he found digging in his garden; another quarrelling with his neighbours; a third gambling; a fourth cursing and swearing by way of amusing the hour of indolence; the rest at the public-house squandering those wages which ought to have administered comfort to themselves, and their families, through the ensuing week. The wane of the next harvest was uncommonly precarious and the impropriety (not to say the impiety) of, neglecting any opportunity which might preserve the gifts of nature from actual waste appeared in such striking colours that he no longer hesitated to listen to the dictates of reason and common sense." The evil of such a practice is, that when the plea of necessity does not exist, which Christ himself allows a sufficient cause for working on the sabbath day, still the avarice of matters may tempt them to fancy, or pretend, a necessity for labouring on that day, on which it ought to be the privilege of all their servants to enjoy rest and recreation. L. L. M.

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I have not hesitated to insert this letter, and to add my own illustrations upon it, as I am at open war with custom, unless founded on reason. I am aware that many *good* men, and some *sensible* persons may be startled at it, because they are accustomed from their infancy to view freedom of discussion on religious points in a criminal light; but I can not help regretting that the *un-essentials* of religion should, in any case, be confounded with its *essentials*; for nothing, it is certain, has so much hurt the cause of religion. From this circumstance it happens that the belief of many in the genuine principles of religion is undermined, for when they find themselves baffled in supporting a tenet that has been insensibly adopted without sufficient foundation, but which they have been accustomed to think of equal authority with all the other tenets upheld by their church, they naturally conclude that, as this can not be defended, when strictly examined, all the others, if duly investigated, would be found to rest upon equally unstable foundations.

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From an early number of the second vol. of a congenial contemporary paper, the *Albany Microscope*, I extract the following:

“PRO AND CON. Well, Frank, what have you been busying yourself about this morning? said a worthy deacon the other day.

“*Frank*. Why, sir, I have been reading the *Microscope*.

“*D*. Reading the *Microscope*, ha! and can not you spend your time better?

“*F*. As for that it would not be easy to determine; though, when I am thus employed, I do not think I am spending my time *ill*.

“*D*. But I do. That *Microscope* is a most villainous paper; ’tis a disgrace to the town. I am surprised that any man of sense would support it, or take any notice of it.

“*F*. Ah! deacon, it seems you are very much opposed to it.

“*D*. I tell you I am; and all honest people ought to be. If every body was like *me*, it would go to Old Nick plaguy soon, I warrant ye.

“*F*. No doubt of that, deacon. But, sir, will you be so good as to tell me *why* it is so dreadful—

“*D*. Because it *is* so. ’Tis a most horrible, abominable thing. ’Tis a disgrace to the city.

“*F*. By exposing its vices, I suppose.

“*D*. Don’t interrupt me, Mr. Impertinent.

“*F*. I beg your pardon, sir, but I should like to hear the *reasons* why.

“*D*. It is always crammed with nonsense and scandal, and abuse against religion.

“*F*. You must allow me to differ from you there, deacon. For my part I can not conceive how it has abused religion. I have been a pretty constant reader of the *Microscope*, and do not recollect to have seen an irreligious sentiment in it. An eloquent divine of this city said, in his pulpit, not long ago, that priestcraft and superstition had been more injurious to the christian cause than atheism itself, and if it be so, which I presume no one will pretend to doubt, the editor of the *Microscope* deserves your thanks instead of your imprecations. He has sometimes attacked priests and bigots, and mere *pretenders* to christianity, but has never said a word against *religion*. On the contrary he has uniformly been its advocate, and has shewn a laudable desire to separate the counterfeit from the genuine. If you do not wish religion to be freed from the vermin that are gnawing away its



very vitals, then you may condemn the Microscope for holding up their vices and follies to ridicule and contempt.

“*D.* But it is getting the cause out of repute, to be always picking flaws in its advocates.

“*F.* It is getting long sanctimonious faces, that conceal evil hearts, out of repute.

“*D.* But then the Microscope is always attacking private characters.

“*F.* Those that ought to be attacked. Surely you can not be a friend of the dandies, libertines, etc. who infest our city. I am the last man that will consider their royal persons to be sacred; and I think it is as well to select one now and then as an object of contempt. It will not only have a tendency to reform those on whom the censure directly falls, but will put others on their guard. It is true, things may sometimes be inserted which ought not to be; but such instances are rare, and in this instance the Microscope has been managed with great prudence.

“*D.* But, when a man is deserving of censure let us step forward, like honest men, and reprove to his face.

“*F.* You do not look at all sides of the question, sir. It is seldom this can be done; and it would still more seldom be productive of the desired effect. You would unnecessarily make him your enemy; and instead of reforming make him more contumacious in his follies. Reproof from an unknown source is much more effectual; and when it is made public, you not only touch the individual but the whole fraternity. Upon the whole, I think the Microscope is a very useful paper—as much so, in a moral point of view, as any in the state. It is certainly the only *independent* one. It affords too an opportunity, or will induce many, to exercise themselves in composition, which, of all exercises, is the most useful to the mind; and, considering these things, and the amusement it affords, I shall cordially put in my mite to support it. And to tell you the plain truth, deacon, though I do not mean you at all, when I hear a man belching forth his imprecations against it, I can not help thinking all is not well within, and conclude he has either *been* Microscoped, or is afraid he *will* be, or is conscious he *ought* to be. Now, deacon, to be candid, do *you* really think this Microscope is such a dreadful evil as you—

“*D.* Ah! well, well, never mind!—let’s say nothing more about it. I’m in haste to go—so, good morning, Frank.”

I shall make no apology for this plagiarism, but only request my readers to substitute “the Scribbler” for “the Microscope,” and peruse it over again.

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The wit, the roguish vivacity, and cultivated mind displayed in the following communication from a fair and ingenious correspondent, entitles her to the best and earliest *insertion* it is in my power to bestow.

*Montreal, 18th June, 1822.*

My dear fellow,

(I'll not call you Scrib again as your Congreve definition of that term banishes it from my vocabulary,<sup>[6]</sup> though I will not quarrel with you on that subject; but Congreve—if not already there—may go to the devil.)

I was going to inform you that your note of the 6th May came safe to hand, and I then had, and now have, a thousand things to say, but in the wilderness of my thoughts I know not where to begin, and shall therefore at present say nothing upon *that* subject, as without it, this communication will far exceed the limits that I intend generally to allow myself. But my former weak impression having remained “within the book and volume of your brain,” more than one sixth part of the time that it requires an individual, as Hamlet says, to build churches not to be forgot, I am bound to do away any unfavourable impression you may have had in consequence of not sooner receiving any thing from *the silken hand*. The day succeeding that on which I had the honour of your note, I observed *Pat-Roclus* astray in the Courant, and wishing to give him a hint, I deferred the observations I felt inclined to make to you, until that should be prepared, which, amidst other numerous and important avocations, (such as inspecting fashions, paying formal respects where none were due or deserved, spinning street-yarn, &c. &c. &c.) happened not to get completed until about the time you left Montreal; and during the secession of the Scribbler, I had taken a jaunt (as we fashionables call it) to the country, and of course heard nothing of its resumption, until, on arriving in town last evening, (how particular we like to be in what concerns our *own dear selves*,) the last numbers of my favourite were put into my *silken hand*; and I have now the exquisite satisfaction of congratulating you, and nineteen twentieths of the community on its brilliant (and I hope permanent) re-appearance.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that I have repeatedly had the satisfaction of observing that the notice you have been pleased to take of my production has raised a considerable degree of curiosity, and I already almost find myself established, (like many others, for doing nothing,) in a sort of artificial reputation. After all, anxious anticipating curiosity is, perhaps, the climax of enjoyment; and for a certainty I do not know, but when the charm

is once broken by an actual taste, a small proportion of what I would fain have thought a dainty, may at once satiate the now apparently craving appetite, and all my joyous and sparkling anticipations be like a flash in the pan, no sooner in a blaze than extinguished. I have found it so sometimes in other things.

Be that as it may  
I'll make an essay,  
Let caprice, or taste, decide as it will—  
For frownings, or jeers,  
Or scoffings, or sneers,  
Are shafts, I believe, not likely to kill.

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[6] Alluding to a quotation from one of Congreve's plays which I made use of in writing to the lady.

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A HINT to *Pat-Roclus*, the Courant serenader, on the inutility of attacking breastworks, counterscarps, halfmoons, bastions, hornworks, parapets, etc. however weakly defended, by the long exploded flash-artillery of music—

“Since rocks and trees forgot to dance,  
Or even move, at all its wonderous charms.”

with a *true* specimen of the modern art of escalading by Jove and his Devil.

I say master Pat,  
What would you be at?  
With your moonshining love to be prating?—  
If thus you begin,  
I doubt you'll not win;  
But perhaps you're best pleased when a *waiting*.

A lady's desire  
Resembles wild fire,  
And the best way to quench it is *pressing*;  
Your paltry parade,  
And long serenade,  
Are but bad substitutes for caressing.

Jove,<sup>[7]</sup> and his Devil,  
Both on a level,  
And exceedingly fond of good feeding;  
As you wanted *light*,  
It would have been right,  
To have shown you the mode of proceeding.

For Jove often steals,  
And with plenty of meals,  
And in *quantum sufficit*,—inviting,  
Enough you might think,—  
But caution's the wink—  
And the Devil's the lad for delighting.

Jove once met a queen,  
A Cyprian I mean.—  
And not much overstock'd with discerning,  
By chance he mistook  
In reading the book,  
Which contains all the essence of learning.<sup>[8]</sup>

He thought it wa'n't read,—  
So guess what he said,  
When approaching, afraid she would rate him;  
The goddess complied,  
And sent him beside  
To Dan Mercury for the erratum.

Meantime, mister Sly,  
Who'd always an eye  
To his own individual gaining,  
At home would fulfil  
His mistress's will,  
When his master was absent campaigning.

What after befell  
Do'n't suit me to tell,  
Lest I should be suspected of slandering.  
But Jove taught the trade  
To Mary the maid,  
And the spark soon commenced its meandering.

SAPPHO.

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<sup>[2]</sup> A wag (wittily enough I think) once observed that our modern Jove “when in an extacy;” and he is certainly an extatic character, “with both his hands filled full of roman and italic types, fancies himself the god of thunder;” hence the propriety of adding another divinity, or demon, to the terrible shaker of Olympus, appears to me as necessary as that a satellite should be attached to a planet; and as devils have been, time out of mind, considered an appendage to the press, there seems to me no impropriety in reading “Jove and his Devil.”

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## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. X.

By the late arrivals we have received English papers to a late date, from which we extract the following interesting particulars:

Yesterday A. B. Esq. who, by the death of an uncle, lately succeeded to an estate of £4000 per annum, gave—no answer to five charity letters from the natural children of his deceased relative, and their mother, who works hard for their maintenance.

On Friday last the duke of C. visited the infirmary, and after perusing the list of contributors to that humane and useful foundation, gave—a pinch of snuff to the gentleman who stood next to him.

It was confidently stated some days ago that D. E. Esq. had paid his father's debts, but this we are assured is without foundation.

Whereas it has been reported that F. G. Esq. who some time ago made a composition with his creditors for 2s. 6d. in the pound, has of late given several entertainments of three courses, we are desired to inform the public, from the best authority, viz. his butler, that the said gentleman never gives more than two courses and a dessert.

Yesterday about one o'clock, the neighbours of Mr. H. I. were alarmed by a fire breaking out in his kitchen, which after burning with violence some time was happily extinguished. A sheep's-head is said to have been singed, and a neck of mutton nearly roasted to death, on the occasion, but this wants confirmation. The fire was more alarming, as none had been known there from time immemorial.

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In home-news we are remarkably deficient, owing to the numerous arrivals, and the intenseness of application bestowed at this season of the year, upon puncheons, packing-cases, crates, and other interesting objects that raise delightful ideas of pounds, shillings and pence, with the most picturesque visions of cent per cent profits, &c. the minds of nine tenths, of our population.

**MATCH AGAINST TIME.** On Thursday last a well contested race for a considerable wager took place, through St. Theresa, & St. Vincent-Streets, and round by the New-Market, between the famous stallion Tom Bully (of the Goddamnhim stud) and the two well known fillies Betsey and Angelique: one of the mares carried a silver watch as a make weight. After a hard run Tom Bully won the stakes by half a head.

*Als de tyen veranderen verzet men de bakens;* says a Dutch proverb; “when currents alter, buoys are removed to new places.” St. Charles Barromée, and St. Urbain-Streets, formerly notorious for disrepute, have now become the very Bond-Street and Piccadilly of Mount Royal.—The magnet of attraction for all the fashionables being to be found in that quarter is no doubt the cause.

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*It is reported that the celebrated town bull, Tough Tom, will be brought to the hammer, the Iroquois herds not coming in in such numbers as formerly. If sold he must be taken with all faults as he will not be warranted sound. In the mean time he stands at livery as usual in the backclose, for the accommodation of cattle of all colours. A dollar the leap, and trente sous to the stable-boy.*

*Notice is hereby given, that no notice will be given relative to the fund for superannuated and disabled VOYAGEURS the disposal of the same having been regulated by one of the secret articles of the convention between the Honourable the Ratching Companies, and with which the public and the poor engagés from whose hard earning, the fund has been accumulated, have therefore nothing to do.*

*MCRAVISH MCKILLAWAY & Co.*

*POET'S CORNER.*

*Parody on Pope's MAN OF ROSS.*

“Look here upon this picture, and on this  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.” HAMLET.

Rise honest Muse, and sing "the Man  
of Ross,  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's  
sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the  
waters flow?  
Not to the skies in useless columns  
tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
  
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the  
plain,  
Health to the sick, and solace to the  
swain?  
Whose causeway parts the vale with  
shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary traveller  
repose?  
Who taught that heaven-directed spire  
to rise?  
"The Man of Ross" each lisping babe  
replies,  
Behold the market-place with poor  
o'erspread,  
"The Man of Ross" divides the weekly  
bread,  
He feeds yon alms-house, neat but  
void of state,  
Where age and want sit smiling at the  
gate.  
  
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed  
orphans blest,  
The young who labour, and the old  
who rest.  
Is any sick? "The Man of Ross"  
relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine  
makes, and gives.  
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,  
  
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is  
no more.  
Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue  
What numbers wish, but want the  
power to do.

POPE.

Rise honest Muse, and sing "The Man  
of Ross,"  
Falsehood and forgery planted on his  
brow,  
Who oped the sink, and bade the  
torrent flow?  
Not in the gloom of muddy sewers  
lost,  
But broad to day the secret venom  
tost,  
Noisome contagion pouring thro' the  
plain,  
Lust to the maiden, lewdness to the  
swain?  
Whose causeway points the way thro'  
miry rows?  
Whose seats of ordure startle eyes and  
nose?  
Who caused that hell-begotten page to  
rise?  
"The Man of Ross," disgusted each  
replies,  
Behold while night her bawdy mantle  
spreads,  
The muffled "Man of Ross" his poison  
sheds,  
A vile assassin stealing dark and late,  
  
He casts at night his pamphlet in each  
gate.<sup>[9]</sup>  
  
Him fathers, husbands, brothers,  
guardians, curst,  
His lewdness bad, lies worse, and  
forgery worst.  
From shame of ill "The Man of Ross"  
relieves,  
And virtue's antidote prescribes and  
gives;  
Lust, malice, falsehood, spreads from  
door to door,  
A sinful, black, DEAD SEA, without a  
shore.  
Thrice damned man, enabled to pursue  
What few would wish, and fewer dare,  
to do.

S. H. W.

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<sup>[9]</sup> The infamous and libelous pamphlet to which the parody alludes and which on the title-page is stated to be "by the Man of Ross;" was circulated by fellows muffled in cloaks, who went about at night and flung the books into the entries of those who opened their doors at their rapping, and then ran off like guilty wretches as they were, though in no degree to be compared to the conspirators who engendered the pamphlet, and whose names need not be mentioned, as all Montreal knows them and their villainy.

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FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS. *Arrived*, lately from England, the Hon. Mr. DEPUTY GOUVERNEUR, Mr. and Miss FORESIGHT; and last Sunday, Sir PLAUSIBLE POMPOUS MCKILLAWAY, with a large retinue of servants so necessary for the maintenance of his dignity. Mr. and Mrs. WINTERBLOOM are daily expected. Mrs. Admiral NUL, it is said has sent peremptory orders to the admiral to prepare every thing for her expected arrival from the springs.

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *The Scribbler 1822-07-11 Volume 2, Issue 54* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]