

For the Saint John Gazette.

MR. MOTT,

IT is asserted that Poetry makes a stronger and more durable impression on the mind than prose: Convinced of the truth of this observation, I have put the Pamphlet of Creon into rhyme, in order to perpetuate the memory of the thing.

I shall not make a lengthy apology for the imperfections of my performance, the task was particularly difficult, because there was no jingle in the original, the only merit I claim is for having preserved the true intent and meaning of the author.

Poetry is at a low ebb in this Country, every attempt to revive it should be encouraged. Your Corner has been for some time unoccupied. I shall send you a Canto every week until the work is finished and your readers must take them, as they take some other things, for better or worse. The author of Creon is a lover of the Muses, and a Member of the Court of Apollo, and, if it is not a Patent place, he may possibly become the Clerk of it; he therefore cannot be offended at seeing his favorite production in this dress. He has now to my knowledge, laying by him several elegant performances in this way, particularly "The Beauties of New-Brunswick," an Epic Poem—But as he is engaged in writing Alfreds, which, from present appearances, will take up the remainder of his life, we may not be favored with his poetical productions, until they come out among his posthumous works.

A
STATEMENT OF FACTS
RELATIVE TO THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY
ON WEDNESDAY THE THIRD, AND THURSDAY THE
FOURTH OF MARCH, 1802, AT THE CLOSE
OF THE LAST SESSION,
ADDRESSED TO
THE INHABITANTS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Reader, look sharp on what I write,
And you'll discern a glim'ring light.

PUBLISHED BY DESIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1802.

CREON—CANTO FIRST.

Shewing how Creon sat in the Gallery—How some of the Members went home—The Story of a Coffin—A Ghost—A Resurrection—The noble Colonel's Motion—A Description of a Young Man, and what he said.

IT was among the latter days
Of last Assembly—Creon says,
I, in the Gallery did set
Lift'ning with care to each debate,
And there, with others, plainly heard,
All that was said on Wednesday third
Of instant March—and day the next
Being Thursday fourth—so says the text.
Before all this I had suppos'd
The bus'ness was completely clos'd,
Except the Governor's consent
To Bills which upwards had been sent,
With two of which, but not the third
The Councillors had then concurr'd.
This third I thought, and think so still
Was properly a Money, Bill,
Which they'd no pow'r or right to go to
Unless to negative—in toto.
'Twas then a major part of th' Members,
Finding that heat was in the embers,
And that disputes on the objections
Might interfere with next Elections,
Wishing to fight another day,
Turn'd their tails to and ran away,
Leaving no more, but number ten,
Speaker and all—to sit again,
Which I declare is not sufficient,
To form a House good and efficient.
I—Printer, am, without presumption,
Undoubtedly—a man of gumption,
And readily will shew my light,
That others may get something by't.
On Tuesday eve I plainly saw,
What in the morn would be the Law,
And that in spite of my injunctions,
The House would exercise its functions,
—Like to the man who lost his wife,
I never felt so in my life,
He thought he had her safely nail'd,
And joy o'er grief at once prevail'd,
But to his wonder and surprize,
Stern—she appears before his eyes—
And seizing on th' unwary clown,
With one bold stroke she knock'd him down.
So, we my friends were satisfy'd
That this same House had gasp'd and dy'd,
But see—in midst of all our scoffing
—A resurrection from a Coffin—
The Game is up—the scene is chang'd,
And all our matters are derang'd,
The Boys they shout—the Girls are laughing
—May curses light on such a Coffin.
This Anecdote to you I mention,
With heavy heart but pure intention,
That you in future may look out,
And clearly see what you're about,
Nor think, because a thing is dead,
It never can lift up its head.
So much I heard without the door,

That when I got upon the floor,
I had a just and perfect notion
Of all the noble Col'nel's motion,
Which was to call upon the Judges,
Who in the Council are the drudges,
And to apply for their advice
About a point so very nice,
And fairly put the question—Whether
The Members who were then together,
Might finish what had been begun
By those who thus had cut and run?
Chock full of zeal the man appear'd,
And look'd on Mister St—t and sneer'd,
When he presum'd to interfere,
And make a motion to the Chair,
Which was—to have the Members counted,
And see to what the whole amount'd,
Which being done—the Speaker then,
Declar'd, "there are exactly ten."

A diffident young man arose,
The Col'nel's colleague I suppose,
Whose manners are not prepossessing,
Nor do I like his style of dressing;
But lest I should mistake his name,
I tell you 'tis the very same,
Who in the course of a debate,
Something unto the House did state,
Which to the best of my discerning,
Shew'd him to be a man of learning,
This young man then, I say, arose,
And what the Col'nel did propose,
He back'd with all his might and main,
And then he sat him down again.
—Then Mister St—t the youth address'd,
And made to him a small request,
Which was in my opinion right,
"To put his words in black and white:"
And this—for I will tell you true,
The Gentleman appear'd to do—
And then he up again did stand,
And read the paper from his hand.
He mov'd that the Assembly shou'd
Consult the Judges, if they wou'd,
Take up the case on his suggestion,
Upon the follow'ing serious question,
"Can any number less than thirteen,
Proceed as Legislators certain?"
The Col'nel, tickled with the notion,
Arose and seconded the motion,
Which was supported by Ag—w,
And by another Captain too.
END OF CANTO 1st.

For the Saint John Gazette.

ALFRED!—Alfred!—Ye ho!—Alfred!—Where are you got to? What are you about? Poor little creature, he has expended every drop of the oil out of his lamp, and that was but a thimble-full—he has now nothing left but the stinking snuff. He took a start in the dark for the Pierian Spring, but instead of getting a sip he unluckily put his foot in't. He is now continually crying out to his cousin Customer to bring him a little bit of his punk to lighten him out of his difficulties, but the hard-hearted wretch has retired and he won't go near him.
Soberly—Was there ever an animal in all the world who had wallowed so long in a mire without rooting up one little nut that was worth the cracking? Four tedious volumes has this Scribbler published under the name of Alfred, and if there is a single sentence in which there is either poignancy of satire, brilliancy of wit, or solidity of argument, I'll venture to swallow all the paper on which they are written—And a devil of a dose I should have of it.—The long stories which he has introduced, old as they are, would have been a relief, as any thing else would, if they had been told in their original language, but the fantastic dress in which he has put them, has concealed their meaning and completely destroyed their effect. Even his puns, (which being the lowest species of wit, must be most congenial to him) have been so injudiciously contrived, and miserably managed, that they have operated only to render himself ridiculous.

As to his arguments, if any there be, they are precisely of the kind described by M'Fingal in the following lines.

"Skill'd was our Squire in making speeches,
"And flor'd with intellectual riches,
"But as some muskets so contrive it,
"As oft' to miss the mark they drive at,
"And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
"Bear wide and kick their owners over;
"So far'd our Squire, whose reas'ning toil
"Wou'd often on himself recoil,
"And so much injur'd more his side,
"The stronger arg'ments he apply'd;
"As old war-elephants dimay'd,
"Trode down the Troops they came to aid,
"And hurt their own side more in battle
"Than less and ordinary cattle."

CANTO 1, page 12.

Now, in the name of the renowned and sagacious Creon King of Thebes, what can one do with such a writer? 'Tis impossible to answer him—You might as well answer a cricket—You can't let him entirely alone, because he writes so much—You can't laugh at him because his meaning is so beclouded by his pedantry that 'tis not easy to discover how silly he is.

It has just come into my head to sum his writings up into one little compact charade—It's a sort of thing I have not seen for many years, but I'll try my hand at it.

His FIRST's a vain and empty puff,
His SECOND is much worse,
His THIRD is filthy dirty stuff,
His FOURTH is n't worth a curse.
I am Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant,
RIGDUMFUNIDOS,

For the Saint John Gazette.

WE frail Children of Men are apt to be very arbitrary when we appreciate our own merit—and it often happens that we think ourselves intitled to a much greater proportion of fame and confidence than we actually possess: Disappointments in such cases produce disgust, and there are instances, such is the depravity of our natures, of men who, to gratify their own private revenge, would throw a whole Province into confusion. There is no other way of accounting for the conduct of an individual in this community who has appeared in the character of "A Customer and Reader of the Royal Gazette," who of all men in the Province, has the least reason to complain, of the want of a provision fully adequate to his utmost claims on the score of services or abilities. In several of his late publications he has discovered a great degree of chagrin, and he has cast some reflections, if I understand him right, upon the Governor of this Province, because His Excellency has not communicated to him the Commission and all the instructions which have been given by the King to his Representative in New-Brunswick.—In his last address there is one short sentence which (if it had been put in italics for the sake of giving it a particular emphasis) would have been plain indeed—You (says he to A True Friend of the Constitution)—You may have "been favored with a sight of the Governor's Commission," 'twould have been superfluous to have added—"But I have "not," Whether the writer of "The Customer and "Reader" is justly intitled to any particular marks of His Excellency's confidence will best appear from his recent conduct. Not having at command the Commission of our Governor, he has been hunting in the archives of the United States for an old Commission to one of their Governors, and after italicizing those sentences which required particular emphasis, he re-publishes it here, and in his easy and familiar style lays also before the Public all the other information which he could by any means obtain. Now this method of proceeding may, for ought I know, be very patriotic and public-spirited, but it certainly would not recommend a man as a confidant, because the same noble propensity might lead him to communicate some other things in the same way, which might not require to be italicized, and which it might not be necessary to lay before the Public.

The writer of "The True Friend to the Constitution" may be a person of a different description—he may not be addicted to this habit of italicizing, proclaiming and publishing every thing which comes to his knowledge; and that may be one reason among others, why these communications are more freely made to him, than to the other Gentleman.

Every Farmer and Mechanic in New-Brunswick does not suppose himself a Puffendor or a Grotius, nor does he consider it to be his duty, individually, to give opinions upon the Law of Nations, or the Prerogatives of Kings. Even in France the doctrine of equality was never carried to such an extent as to be applied to learning, talents and abilities. Farmers and Tradesmen, if they arrive to eminence in their professions, and are distinguished for their integrity, are as much respected in society as Statesmen and Lawyers, and it frequently happens, that men of those professions; after having acquired a competency by the most laudable pursuits, become an honor to their Country in the capacity of Magistrates and Legislators. Many instances of this kind are already before our eyes, and many more will probably occur, because, in proportion to their numbers, there does not exist upon earth, a more respectable collection of Yeomen and Mechanics than is to be found in New-Brunswick. I am not afraid of incurring the displeasure of these men, or of any other faithful subjects when I point out the impropriety of submitting political questions of great intricacy and importance to the decision of the people at large.

I trust that in this Country we are not yet inclined to contend for—The right of insulting our Rulers—The liberty of disobeying the Laws—or—The privilege of judging for ourselves in all cases whatsoever.

Grateful as the found of these venerable words is to our ears—rather than hear them prostituted and perverted to purposes so base, we would give our full and free consent to have them introduced into the litany at the end of "battle, murder and sudden death," and with one great libera nos domine, embrace them all.

Such language may accord with the feelings of Republicans, or induce a licentious rabble at a Town-meeting to throw up their hats with a shout, and if any Gentlemen of our Society are ambitious to obtain applauses of that nature—In God's name, let them transplant themselves to that Country where they are to be enjoyed in perfection.

My pride leads me to another object:—When I look round the Province of New-Brunswick and observe a number of men—with their limbs mangled and covered with scars honorably obtained in the service of the King, and in support of the British Constitution—the first wish of my heart is to contribute a mite towards securing to them and others—

The right of travelling to Heaven in that road which to them seems best.

The liberties which the Law and the Constitution allow them; and

Every privilege which rational men can want or desire. These are the rights, liberties and privileges, for which British subjects ought to contend.

These are the blessings which the Inhabitants of this Province now enjoy, and, with all the ardor of enthusiasm I offer a solemn Prayer to the Father of Mercies that these truly invaluable rights, liberties and privileges may be continued to them and their posterity.

A MONITOR.

P. S. In my last I pledged myself to take some notice of the 4th number of Alfred. I had then only given it a transient glance. I have since done, what I believe has not been done by any other person in the Country, given it a second reading, and I cannot find one syllable that is new, or one sentence that is worthy of a minutes attention. This I hope will be a sufficient apology for the non-performance of my promise. The publications under that