

* A Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook *

This eBook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the eBook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the eBook. If either of these conditions applies, please check with an FP administrator before proceeding.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. **If the book is under copyright in your country, do not download or redistribute this file.**

Title: The Scribbler 1821-08-09 Volume 1, Issue 07

Date of first publication: 1821

Author: Samuel Hull Wilcocke (1766-1833) (Editor)

Date first posted: Apr. 22, 2015

Date last updated: Apr. 22, 2015

Faded Page eBook #20150443

This eBook was produced by: Marcia Brooks & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

THURSDAY, *9th* AUGUST, 1821.

No. VII.

"To-day, all sweet, as gales from India's
shore,
To-morrow, *never saw your face before.*"
CANADIAN COURANT, *Feb.* 1819.

Dore diavolo avete pigliato tanta coglionerie.
CARDL. D'ESTE.

To the Devil with such mummery.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Being a conspicuous member of the company of Independent Loungers on the Champ de Mars, a name we have given ourselves since the appearance of your fourth number, I take upon myself to acquaint you with the original causes to which may be ascribed the practice, which your notice at the end of that number, is intended to stigmatize, being those which occasioned the organization of the Loungers on the parade, and which in fact personally led me to join the corps.

These causes are to be found in the parties and sets into which, I was going to say the social, but I correct

myself and say, the unsocial, population of this town is divided, and the intricacy of which it is very difficult to unravel. From various countries, professing different religions, speaking distinct languages, and of mixed manners, it would not be to be wondered at, that the Scotch, the English, the Irish, the American, and the French population, should keep up in Society the distinctions of their several countries; but those distinctions are not the prominent ones. The two last denominations are social enough amongst themselves, but the Scotch do not associate with the Scotch, nor the English with the English, nor the Irish with the Irish, but there are certain sets of people, who look upon the touch or conversation of all who are not within their particular coterie, as contamination. It is not family-connection, it is not party-spirit, it is not religious conformity, that produce these coteries, nor have I been able as yet to dive into what it is; but the fact is so, as I, and many other young men, who are in the same predicament with myself, have experienced. About three years ago I came out from home with numerous letters of recommendation, some to the great people, or those who are called Dons, others to respectable persons in the middle classes, and having besides some acquaintance with the military gentlemen quartered in Canada, I flattered myself I should not want opportunities for indulging in a sociality of disposition for which I was always considered remarkable, and for paying my devoirs to the fair sex. I verily believe that had I come out with only one letter of introduction, I should have been better off, and should have been admitted

without difficulty into the select parties of my patron, for you must be aware, Mr. Scribbler, that the affectation of patronage is very fashionable in this little place; but it was soon found I was willing to associate with all to whom I had been introduced, and with more too; and, after a routine of set invitations to dinner and a few more civilities of course, I was dropped on all sides, otherwise than as a common acquaintance, to whom one nods in the street; and it has only been amongst the married officers in garrison, who, in Canada, as every where else, are true gentlemen, that I have found any domestic circles open to my unpremeditated visits. Though I have too much diffidence to intrude, I have too much "amour propre" to believe myself excluded from any other cause than the above, the more as I see so many who have equal or superior pretensions to myself, obliged to enlist in our corps. The ladies, taking the tone, no doubt, from what they see is agreeable to the male part of society here, are of course still more strange and inaccessible to all but those who are of their own particular privileged set. Those to whom I have in the outset been introduced at dinner parties, &c. I soon found did not know me in the streets, and to have offered an arm to a lady in public, or even begged her to take the protection of my umbrella, when overtaken by a shower of rain, has been looked upon as an offence against the starchness of coterie-regulations. At assemblies, unless a partner offers that belongs to the lodge, they are always previously engaged. At theatres, no parley is admitted beyond the pale of their own party. In short, no bachelor has a

chance to render himself agreeable to the ladies, unless he sacrifices all his other acquaintance at the shrine of the prejudices or partiality of their male coterie leaders. Hence, Mr. Scribbler, as we have no ladies to parade arm and arm with, we are obliged to do so by ourselves; and we have the mortification to see, what, to tell you the truth, I believe is also a great mortification to the dear girls themselves, seven or eight ladies hanging together, with one beau, always either an accepted lover or a brother of one of them, stuck in the middle (like a pair of inexpressibles hanging to dry on a line amidst the fluttering of white under-garments,) and performing their marches and countermarches, upon the same field of exercise with,

Mr. Scribbler, Your's, &c.

JACK SAUNTER.

*Pivot-man to the first company}
of Independent Loungers. }*

MR. SCRIBBLER,

On reading the introduction to your labours, I was led into a belief that your attention would be much directed to the improvement and refinement of our society, and as it is a subject which affords a good scope for your animadversions, to neglect it will be one of complaint to many of your subscribers. It belongs to your department occasionally to lash (for tender means will not avail) the

imperious and self constituted demi-god, who, swelled with imaginary importance, insultingly looks down upon that decent and respectable citizen, who assumes nothing beyond his own sphere. Such a one is particularly characterized by the use of *two faces*, when he puts on one, he will be pleasant and familiar with you, whilst the other possesses, whenever it is worn, such a stupefying quality, that he can not distinguish objects of his own size. As this little town is infested with several of those double faces, I hope, Mr. Scribbler, you will adopt some effectual measure for their abolition, and be so charitable as to take under your charge all who use them. Inform them that those blinded faces are only calculated for ignorant coxcombs, and haughty pretenders; for little would-be great men; teach them the character and manners of a gentleman, and a citizen of the world; and tell them, that a true well bred man wears the same face on all occasions. You may also let them know, that the more a man knows, the less does he assume, and that they must respect others to be respected themselves.

You must know too, Mr. Scribbler, that some of the ladies are provided with similar faces, and as you appear to be a man of gallantry, and have promised to reserve a corner for them, I beg of you to inform them that such faces have never been fashionable in real good company, and that all people of taste declare their natural or original faces to be far more charming than those that are blinded and disfigured by a vacant stare or a supercilious turn of the nose. I am informed by Tristram Touchey, Esquire, a young beau, that the pretty little Miss Nutmeg displayed

one of those faces a few days ago, which made her appear so shockingly plain, that he parted with her, determined never to visit her again, until he finds that the ugly mask is destroyed. I am a young bachelor myself, and have such an esteem for those dear creatures that are capable of inspiring the softest, noblest and best of passions, that I entreat the influence of your pen to bring about a reform amongst them in this respect, and I hope you will advise them to be affable, *uniform*, and agreeable in their manners, in order to avoid increasing the number of those useless appendages of society, old maids.

Now, Mr. Scribbler, if you can scribble any of our citizens out of their blind faces, or effect any other change that will promote the unity, concord and sociability of the place, you may expect to have regular reports of the same from,

Your constant reader,

TIM

SINGLE.

A contributor from the shores of Lake Erie, for thus far even has the renown of the Scribbler already extended, has transmitted the following:

Ode to the MOON.

Thou, that hast the crescent bow,

Beam of even,
From the Ocean's breast so low,
Rise, thy soft effulgence shew,
Queen of Heaven!

Sol has quenched his burning face
In the sea;
He has run his daily race,
He resigns the starry space
Unto thee.

Cheering is thy ushering ray,
Sweet, though pale:
On the wave to see it play
Would I until midnight stray
Down the dale.

Oh! thou dost illumine the East,
Pleasing sight!
Silvering the Ocean's breast,
While the slumbering billows rest
Still as night.

Clouds, like floating seas of snow,
Westward lie,
To the distant North they go,
Rolling deep, majestic, slow,
Through the sky.

Blooming youths and maidens rove,
By thy light,

O'er the mead, and through the grove,
Prattling, toying, looking love,
Half the night.

Nature, lull'd in slumbers deep,
Silence woos;
Guardian spirits vigils keep,
While the skies profusely weep
Genial dews.

Undisturb'd, thy peaceful reign,
Calmly's borne,
O'er the mountain, wood and plain,
O'er the mirror-surfaced main,
Till bright morn.

May this bosom never be
Pain'd, distrest;
May it find, resembling thee,
Happiness, tranquility,
Peace and rest.

ERIEUS.

Port Talbot, U. C.

My readers will agree with me, that, for an uneducated muse, which Erius professes his to be, this effusion possesses considerable poetical merit. Its simplicity and picturesque tranquility are unaffected beauties. As Erius courts criticism, I will say, I think the measure too short, and, being much in the sing-song style of Ambrose

Phillips, not sedate enough for the subject. The "mirror surfaced main," is one of the happiest expressions of poetic genius. I shall be gratified to hear from him again.



I am sorry, in my quality of *Custos* and *Censor* of all literary matters in this province, to have to notice, in terms of the most marked reprobation, the *Catalogue of the books in the Montreal Library*, just published and distributed. The removal and rearrangement of the library, gave an opportunity of reclassing and properly registering that valuable collection. The catalogue that is now printed, is replete with the grossest errors, and reflects disgrace on all who have been concerned in its preparation and publication. The classification of the books is contemptibly and ludicrously defective. You find "Ancient Terracotta," and "Cook's Hogarth," under the head of "History;" "Cowper's Milton," amongst "Latin and Greek translations;" "Bacon's works," under "Law;" "Cyrus' travels," amongst "Voyages and Travels;" "White's farriery" under "Trade and Commerce;" *cum multis aliis*. Nothing but the most imbecile ignorance could write, "Brades' Cleves," for "Brady's Clavis Calendaria," or the most inexcusable carelessness print, "Valet du droit naturel," for "Vattel, le droit naturel."—The catalogue can serve no other purpose, but to mislead and confuse; an ignorant auctioneer's 'prentice would have made a far better sale catalogue. The directors will not fulfill their duty to the public, nor to themselves, if they do not call in

and burn the whole impression, and cause a completely new catalogue to be made out by a person who has some smattering of literature, and can at all events copy correctly and spell a little.

L. L. M.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Five or six stout fellows to act as beadles, in a country village, not twenty miles from the Lachine canal head quarters. Their duty will be to parade on Sundays from ten o'clock, A.M. till five, P.M. Each of them to be armed with a strong whip, for the purpose of reducing to order such gentlemen shop-boys, and counting-house bloods, as have heretofore been in the habit of riding over old women, and backing their horses' posteriors into people's doors, for the purpose of shewing their good breeding and horsemanship. Apply to

JEREMY TICKLER.

The remainder of Mr. Tickler's advertisement is suppressed, as referring rather to the family of the *Nettles*.

New Subscribers to the Scribbler are respectfully informed that the early numbers being out of print,

reprints are preparing, and all those that are wanting will, it is hoped, be supplied and delivered along with No. 8 next week.



To be disposed of, a few Manuscript Sermons, warranted originals, in a convenient form for pulpit use. Apply by letter post-paid to X. Y. Z. at Mr. Lane's, St. Paul Street.

N. B.—*Secrecy may be relied on.*

Transcriber's Note: Obvious printer errors, including punctuation, have been corrected. All other inconsistencies have been left as they were in the original.

[The end of *The Scribbler 1821-08-09 Volume 1, Issue 07* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]