

THE  
**SCRIBBLER,**

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL, I. C.  
ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL, MORAL, AND  
LOCAL SUBJECTS :

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire.

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From 23th June, 1821, to 20th June, 1822.

FORMING  
VOLUME I.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala, plu. a,  
Quæ legis.....* MARTIAL.

Voulez vous du public meriter les amours,  
Sans cesse en ecrivant variez vos discours.  
On lit peu ces auteurs nés pour nous ennuyer,  
Quitoujours sur un ton semblent psalmodier. BOILEAU.

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1822.

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# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

THURSDAY, 20th SEPTEMBER, 1821.

No. XIII.

—*Ridentem dicere verum,  
Quid vetat.*—HORACE.

Why not tell truth in satire's laughing guise?  
Fools fit the caps rejected by the wise.

Amongst the learned discoveries and amusing illustrations which the science of craniology has given rise to, it is rather wonderful that a very prominent and obvious quality of the human skull has not yet attracted the attention of the professors and writers on that subject; and that they have not traced the distinguishing obtusities or angularities which are tokens of the otherwise unaccountable itch which many persons of both sexes have to catch at all kinds of caps that are flying about, and put them on their own heads. Whether the heads attract the caps, or the caps, by their apt and snug appearance, tempt the heads to poke themselves up to catch them, is likewise a question for philosophers to enquire into; but to this I can testify, being a manufacturer of such caps, that they are generally made so elastic as to fit many more skulls than one, and of such excellent stuff, that the same caps our ancestors wore, have descended to the present age, and will be those which will adorn the polls of our posterity. I am tempted here to promise a treatise on the several species of caps which issue from the workshops of satirists, essayists, and pamphleteers (concluding of course with a puff in recommendation of my own patent manufacture,) but, reflecting that, though Sterne promised his readers sundry chapters on buttonholes and whiskers, yet he could never bring his curvetting jade of a genius to a proper pace for the purpose, so probably I should undertake more than I could perform, were I to enter upon a description of all the varieties of skull caps, steel caps, caps of liberty, caps of maintenance, night-caps, bonnets rouges, &c. not forgetting the large assortment of fools caps always ready on hand, which are to be found on the shelves of my shop.

I can, however, boast that my wares are in demand, for there are several competitors sometimes scrambling for the same cap. Jack Saunter was my first customer, and he wore his cap so cheerily and merrily that it did one's heart good to see him. But there are others who wince and make wry faces, and though the bonnet fits them right well, like a warm woollen night cap pulled all round over the ears on a cold winter's night, they pretend it is too tight, or too loose, or of a wrong colour, or belongs to some body else. Having one's merchandize found fault with, is not the only annoyance to us poor Scribblers, but in this blunderbussing and pistolling age, ten to one, if a man can not combat you with the weapons of satire and argument, but he calls you out, as the phrase is. However, tho' Owen Glendower can

—call spirits from the vasty deep.  
And so can I and so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call them?

Not I for one, for I hold a pistol to be a most illogical syllogism, a bullet to be a leaden and unphilosophical mode of reasoning, and a hole through the body one of the most unconvincing conclusions in the world. If I had not been entrenched behind folios and quartos, and other massy defences, I don't know what might not have happened before now in consequence of No. IV. The Margarets, the Elizabeths, the Magdalens, the Marthas, the Claras, the Marys and the Roses, I am informed are all jealous of the preference St. Ann obtained by my celebration of her festival in No. V. But they shall all have their turns whenever their namedays occur on Thursdays, so that every one may reckon on a copy of verses before seven years are over. A lady who is suspected of heightening the roses in her cheeks, said I was an impudent fellow for writing No. VI. and that "it was aimed at her, though all the world knew she never painted." As to the bifronted gentlemen, who took umbrage at No. VII. I must refer him to my friend Mr. Single, who lives at Batchelor's Hall, place des Celibataires. Builders as well as owners of houses have said that the stones and bricks in No. IX. were flung at their individual heads; (query, if hit, which was hardest or softest, the stone or the head?) But what shall I say of the article about wearing the breeches? Three or four ladies, and three or four gentlemen, have claimed the honour of being meant. I did not think the disease was so prevalent. However, that the paragraph has done some good is evident from a memorial drawn up by the apothecaries and druggists, who complain they don't sell half so much spirits of hartshorn and eau-de-luce, as before its appearance.

I have been told even that it has been put into the head of the grand carver, that No. X. contained a cut at him. Although the principle upon which I set out in this respect, was utterly to disclaim all personal satire; I do not hold myself debarred from personal panegyric, where conspicuous merit deserves it. So far from aiming any cut, if any slash were found in the coat of a man whose public spirit and enterprising genius are an honour to the country, I would rather seek to darn it. The inestimable advantages of our water-works, the convenience of public baths, are pledges of still greater improvements, for which we shall probably be indebted to the same quarter. If narrow-mindedness in other quarters had not prevented it, sewers would have been formed at the time the water-pipes were laid down; water-closets would have come in vogue; and the noisome dust of summer would have been laid by proper water-carts. I will venture to predict that, if the present generation in Montreal are ever illumined by the noble discovery of gas lights, [A] it will be the same hand that will also bestow that benefit.

I expect that Corinna, Trifletta, Cunegonda, and Scandelessa, will also all be claimed, (Althea's cap being made on purpose, will fit nobody but herself;) but, protesting against the personal application of all generalities that appear in these lucubrations, I will fearlessly proceed and distribute my caps at every one's, service that will be a customer.

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[A] This discovery appears to have been made upwards of a century ago, but to have been completely lost sight of, and only of very late years applied to practical purposes. In the Philosophical Transactions, (Lowthrop's abridged edition, London, 1705. vol. 3, p. 577.) is a narrative of a voyage to Virginia, by a Mr. J. Clapton, in which, speaking of the violent storms of thunder and lightning he experienced in that country, the author says, "Durst I offer my weak reasons, I might here consider the nature of thunder, and compare it with some sulphureous spirits which I have drawn from coals, that I could no way condense, yet were inflammable; nay, would burn after they had passed through the water, and that seemingly fiercer, if they were not overpowered therewith. I have kept this spirit a considerable time in bladders; and though it appeared as if they were only blown with air, yet, if I let it forth, and fired it with a match or candle, it would continue burning till all were spent."

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*Johnson's dictionary devoured.*—It is stated upon respectable authority that Logophagus, whose *obnubilated* faculties have been obnubilated in an obnubability of obnubilation,<sup>[B]</sup> has actually swallowed that stupendous work, and that his colloquial talents afford evident proofs of its being an indigestible lump, adhesive in his organ of gluttony, by the constant eructations of jaw breakers which emanate from the inchoate mass.

To relieve the poor gentleman, a dose of Dyche's spelling book is recommended to be taken fasting, with a few pills of *lingua communis*, and a course of "Scribblers" afterwards, to restore the system.

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<sup>[B]</sup> Logophagus maintains that if these words are not to be found in Johnson, they ought to have been there.

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MR. MACCULLOH,

In a former number of the Scribbler, I gave a broad hint to a certain class of young men, who infested this neighbourhood every Sunday, to the no small annoyance of the orderly part of the community; and I am happy to say it proved in some measure an effectual remedy for the evil complained of. But the intrusion of ignorance and impudence, for in general they are closely united, is likewise even carried into a place of divine worship.

For the benefit of individuals who may choose to be considered as of the above stamp, and who may hereafter visit a country church with the praiseworthy intention of *astonishing the natives a few*, I subjoin the following instructions:

1. When you enter the church make as great a clatter on the floor with the heels of your boots as you can, to let them know there is a man of consequence coming in. Choose one of the most conspicuous pews you can find; slam the door to with such violence as nearly to break it off its hinges; throw your hat in one corner, and your gloves in another; and squat down with all the force the delicacy of your seat of honour will allow of.

2. As soon as the service commences, begin to blow your nose with the vehemence of a player on the French horn; this will draw attention to your mock silk handkerchief, and be a famous opportunity for displaying the pinchbeck rings you may chance to have on your fingers. Fail not to join in singing, and where the part runs low, be sure to perform in *alt*, and *vice versa*; and when it ceases, continue on another bar: this will decidedly convince the congregation of your proficiency in vocal music.

3. Keep staring all around you, and pay attention to every thing else but the sermon, which will convince them that you are not one of those simpletons who go to church to hear good things. Pull out your watch, and dangle it to and fro by the chain, and appear quite careless whether it falls or not, as it will impress those who sit near you with an idea that the price of a watch is but a trifle in your consideration. Should you have a cane, let it fall as often as possible to prove you are not falling asleep.

4. When the poor's box is going round keep jingling whatever half-pence you have in your pocket, till the box arrives within three or four paces distance from you; then, with the grace and dexterity of a pitch-and-toss player, convey your mite into it. This is an excellent trick if well performed.

Lastly, when you make your exit, do it with that peculiar agility of movement which distinguishes a rabbit when he bolts out of his burrow. By observing these directions you will

enjoy the supreme felicity of being noticed by all. To the simple you will perhaps be an object of admiration, to the sensible and discerning one of pity. The one may consider you as a wonderfully fine gentleman; the other will set you down as a conceited puppy.

JEREMY TICKLER.

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Immediately after the coronation, it appears that His Majesty set off for Portsmouth, on his way to Ireland. In passing through the manor of Lothesley or Poyle, in Guildford, which is on the road to Portsmouth, it is probable that the service by which that manor is held by the Molyneux family was dispensed with, for in the present day it would no doubt have been extremely difficult to have performed it. It is held by the tenure of providing three *meretrices* (harlots) for the use of the king's chamber when he passes that way. Under Henry II, it was held *per serjantiam mareschalli in curia domini regis*; and under Henry III, *per serjantiam custodiendi tres meretrices in curia domini regis, cum venerit in illis partibus*, and so it has continued ever since. Catteshill manor in Godalming, close by, was held by a similar strange tenure. Ranulph de Broc had a grant of this manor from Henry II to hold by the service of *Ostiarius in camera domini regis*. Edeline his daughter, and Stephen de Turnham, her husband, held it by the same service. Robert de Gatton, who married a grand-daughter and co-heir of Stephen's is called *mareschallus custodiendus meretrices de curia domini regis*, and *mareschallus duodecim puellarum quæ sequuntur curiam domini regis*. Hamo de Gatton his son, *mareschallus meretricum cum dominus rex venerit in illis partibus*. Hamo the younger, *mareschallus de communibus fæminis sequentibus hospitium domini regis*. Robert de Northwode, who married Elizabeth daughter of the last Hamo, is styled *Ostiarius in camera regis*. Joan and Agnes, daughters of Robert, on a partition made between them, are said to have holden by the service of *mareschallus in hospitio regis*. But after this no more is heard of the tenure of this manor except that Nicholas Hering, who married Agnes, claimed, in her right, the office of usher (*ostiarius*) of the king's chamber, at the coronation of Richard II. The manor of Shirefield in Hampshire was holden temp. Edward II. and III. by John de Warbleton by the same tenure as that of Lothesley, and probably with a view to the occasional residence of the Court at Odiham in that neighbourhood.—*Tempora mutantur*.

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An anonymous Correspondent has sent me the following lines, as an original production. It strikes me I have seen them, or something very like them, before, but where I can not recollect, though they remind one forcibly of Moore's style of poetry. Even if it be so, they are beautiful enough for repetition.

SENSIBILITY.

'Twas a new feeling—something more  
Than we had dared to own before,  
Which then we hid not;  
We saw it in each other's eye,  
And wish'd in every broken sigh  
To speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch  
'Twas the first time I dared so much;  
And yet, she chid not;  
But whispered o'er my burning brow,  
"O! do you doubt I love you now?"  
Sweet girl! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,  
I press'd it closer, closer, still,  
Its beauties hid not;  
Till—O! the world has seldom heard  
Of lovers who so nearly err'd,  
And yet—who did not.

L. L. M.

## 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 1821-08-09 Volume 1, Issue 13* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]