

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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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, 6th DECEMBER, 1821.

No. XXIV.

Memineret nos jocari.—PHÆDRUS.

May jokes and jesting never be forgot.

I will now without further apology proceed to fulfil my promise to Messrs. Rigdum Funnidos and Co. and, unlocking some of my drawers of anecdotes and epigrams, throw them down a variety of wares upon the counter that each may suit his own fancy; but, partly following the maxim laid down by Tully;—*Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret*—Let all things be declared so that the purchaser may not be ignorant of any thing which the seller knows—a maxim which, by the bye, would very ill suit sellers now a days and those of this good city in particular—I beg to inform my customers before hand that the articles presented to them are almost all second-hand, though most of them are as good as new, and will wear a long time before they get thread-bare.

Of Captain John Smith, the founder of the colony of Virginia, who was very fond of boasting of his exploits, it is related that, being one time in company with an officer of considerable rank and military reputation, and having, according to his custom, fallen into a long relation of his various achievements, he concluded his discourse by asking the other, “and, pray Sir, what service have you done?” “Other men can tell that,” was the answer.

A tedious story-teller sat, at an ordinary table, next to a gentleman who bestowed much more of his attention upon the turbot, and the beef, than upon the prolix relations of his neighbour. The latter had just finished a long account of the manner in which his father had met his death, and concluded it by asking the devotee of Apicius, “and pray Sir, how did your father die?” Interrupted in finishing his turtle-soup whilst his eye was fixed upon a smoking larded hare that was just being carved, the other hastily replied, “O Sir, my father died suddenly.”

When Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador, was in England in the reign of James I. we are informed by an author of that time, that those who had handsome wives and daughters, purposely threw them in his way, and that some frail ladies had sold their favours at a very dear rate. Lady Jacob, who was one of the wits of that age, happened to stand at the balcony of her house in Drury lane when Gondemar passed; and when he came opposite to her, gave him no other salutation than that of opening her mouth as wide as she could, and when the ambassador returned the same way she did the same. The haughty Spaniard took umbrage at what he conceived to be an insult, and sent a message to enquire the motive for this act of incivility. She replied that she had heard he had purchased some trifling favours from some other ladies at a

very exorbitant price, and she gaped to let him know that she had a mouth to be stopped as well as others.

Nigrolio leads a married life
Not with his own, but neighbour's wife.
Cornelius knows it to be thus,
But he's Cornelius Tacitus.

A French wit being asked how the opera at Paris might best be supported, answered, that the most probable means he knew of, was to lengthen the dances, and shorten the petticoats. His advice was adopted, and the French opera was ever afterwards well attended.

“While lawyer Bounce with zeal attends the courts,
At home with Bounce's clerk his wife disports;
And this he knows—but what excuse has he?
Qui facit per alium, facit per se.”

Tacitus most admirably illustrates the nature of popular credulity in the following story. A great part of the Roman legions being very much disposed to mutiny, an audacious fellow, who was only a private soldier, being elevated on the shoulders of his comrades, addressed himself to the army in these words; “You have given liberty to these miserable men,” pointing to some criminals whom they had rescued, “but which of you can restore life to my brother? He was murdered last night by those ruffians who are entertained by the General for no other purpose than to butcher the poor soldiery. Tell me Blæsus,” for that was the name of the general, who was then sitting on the tribunal, “tell me where thou hast cast his dead body? An enemy does not grudge the rights of burial. When I have tired myself with kissing his cold corpse and weeping over it, order me to be slain upon it. All I ask of my fellow-soldiers, since we both die in their cause, is, that they would lay me in the same grave with my brother.” The whole army was in an uproar at this moving speech, and resolved to do the speaker justice; but, upon further enquiry, it was discovered, *that he never had a brother.*

SONG.

“When scorn was couch'd in Chloe's eye,
I pined and drew the pensive sigh;
When Chloe frown'd, I sigh'd again,
There was no respite to my pain;
At length, determin'd to be free,
I smiled—and Chloe sigh'd for me.”

Mademoiselle de Charolois, who was sister to the Duke of Bourbon, and one of the princesses of the blood royal in the reign of Louis XV, had a number of admirers. The French historian, from whom this account is taken, says that “formed for pleasure from her youth by the beauty and graces she possessed, she was endowed with exquisite sensibility, which turned itself entirely to love.” We should call it licentiousness, for it is added, that she brought forth children every year with little more secrecy than an opera girl; although, to keep up appearances, it was on those occasions always reported that she was ill, and the whole Court, where the matter was perfectly understood, used to send to enquire after her health. Once she had a Swiss porter, who, not being trained in the ways of etiquette, answered without ceremony to the enquiries made “The princess is as well as can be expected and the child too.”

A gentleman who has an abundant portion of self-conceit, with but a moderate share of ability to support it, lately applied at a store for some Spanish cigars. Some were shewn him. "Are these Spanish cigars?" "Yes, indeed Sir, they are, and excellent ones too." "I dare say they are excellent, but as for their being Spanish, *unfortunately* it happens that I have been in Spain." "But, Sir, it happens *unfortunately* that no cigars are made in Spain."

A gentleman in London, the late well known contractor, Christopher Idle, whose ready wit often delighted his friends, being once detained a long time by a ship broker, haggling about some primage, begged him to close the bargain without delay, "for I am going" said he "to a public meeting and dinner that is appointed for your benefit." "How so, how can that be?" "O very well, I am going to a meeting of the society for the conversion of the Jews."

The following, "items gathered from late mail papers," in the *Microscope*, a literary and satiric paper of considerable merit published at Albany, are truly characteristic of the *elegant* anecdotes, and stories of *mammoth* productions, which abound in the papers of our American neighbours.

MELANCHOLY. A farmer in Indiana, having pulled a remarkably fine beet, neglected to fill up the hole, whence it was taken, when his son, an interesting and promising youth, of 19 years of age, unfortunately fell into it, and in consequence of the ground *caving* in, was buried alive. It is hoped that Congress will take measures to check the growth of such unwarrantable beets.

Cats. Rec.

AMAZING. Two oxen were lately killed in Ohio by an ear of *corn* falling from the stalk on them. The driver narrowly escaped. Farmers should gather their *corn* before it gets so ripe as to drop off. *Ibid.*

ACCIDENT BY FIRE! A fisherman's boat lately took fire, and was nearly burnt up; luckily the devouring flame did not communicate to the river, owing probably to the dampness of the weather. Boatmen ought to be extremely careful not to set the river on fire.

A MISCHIEVOUS TRICK! A student of Columbia college, having got part of a telescope in his hand which reversed objects, turned a lady heels over head in the street, by which she was very much bruised and crippled! Is it not the duty of the corporation to put an immediate stop to this mischief?

For the benefit of English readers it is necessary to translate the American expressions which occur in the above.

Mammoth. An adjective; whatever is rather larger than usual; thus a *mammoth* nose, which the English reader would suppose meant the snout of a wild beast, signifies nothing else than such a nose as Martial means when he says,

Non cuicumque datum est habere nasum.

It is not every one that has a nose.

Elegant. An adjective of most comprehensive signification, denoting fine, nice, good, handsome, beautiful, swift, slow, stately, extensive, long, short, brilliant, obscure, learned, prolix, succinct, verbose, active, steady, immoveable, volatile, in short, every qualification under heaven that can be imagined to be used as laudatory of the object: for instance an *elegant* history, does

not mean a handsomely bound book, as the mere English reader would naturally suppose, but one that is well written or entertaining.

Caving, participle of the word to *cave*, not signifying to cave out, to hollow, according to English idiom, but to cave in, to fall in, to crush in falling, according to the American tongue.

Corn. Noun subst. Not, as in English, a general term including all manner of grain, but simply and exclusively applied, (*par excellence*, as being the parent of *hominy*, and *mush*, two exquisite dishes of the American culinary art,) to Indian corn, the *Zea Mais* of Linnæus.

MEM. It is in contemplation to publish, by subscription, a dictionary in two parts, Yankee and English, and English and Yankee, with illustrations from the most celebrated authors; by a *Speculator* in *Notions*.

Also; a voluminous glossary, explaining Canadian French, and giving the corresponding terms in the corrupted dialect of Paris, by Monsieur *Espere Boucan, Chevalier de la Créature*.

REBUS.

To five and five, add fifty five,
To which great Alpha add,
You'll find what makes each man alive,
Happy, and bold, and mad.

"To lend, to spend, or to give, in,
This is the best world we can live in,
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

At Llevenne (says Mr. Pennant in his journey to Snowdon) is the portrait of a lady exceedingly celebrated in this part of Wales, Catherine Tudor, better known by the name of Catherine of Berain, from her seat in this neighbourhood. She was daughter and heiress of Tudor ap Robert Tychem of Berain. Her first husband was John Salusbury, at his death she gave her hand to Sir Richard Clough. At the funeral of Mr. Salusbury she was led to the church by Sir Richard, and from the church by Morris Gwynne of Gwedir, who whispered to her his wish of being her second. She refused him with great civility, informing him that in her way to the church she had accepted the proposals of Sir Richard; but assured him that he might depend upon being the third if she ever performed the same sad duty to the knight; and she was as good as her word. As soon likewise as she had buried Morris Gwynne, to shew that she had no superstition about the number three, she made her arrangement with Edward Thelwall of Plas y Ward, Esquire; as whose widow she died 1st September, 1759, and was interred at Llanyvidd.

I have now very nearly got to the end of my half sheet, and though my conscience pricks me for the froth and nonsense with which it is filled, yet as it is in fulfilment of an engagement made to a numerous class of my readers, I hope the others will excuse this

Thing of shreds and patches.

L. L. M.

Jack Muddy face, who says he was walking this morning *on the other side of the way*, and tells a story of a lady who was *unable to see him again, until out of her sight*, I suppose is the same gentleman who, when required lately to drink the toast of *the land we live in*, replied, "*Och! with all my heart and soul, and here's dear little Ireland for ever.*"

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale by Wm. Annesley, the portrait of her late Majesty CAROLINE, Queen of Great Britain, &c. &c.

Dr. Holmes will commence a course of chemical lectures, on the 9th of January next, to be continued every Wednesday evening, at Mr. Skakel's lecture-room.

ERRATUM. By an almost inexcusable error of the press, four lines from the top of page 183, in No. 23, have been inserted at the bottom of that page. It can only be rectified by marking them with a circumflex, and a reference on the margin to their proper place.

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 24* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]