

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.

Nos. 1 to 52,  
From 28th June, 1821, to 20th June, 1822.

FORMING  
VOLUME I.

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

Voulez vous du public meriter les amours,  
Sans cesse en écrivant 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, 28<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY,  
1822.

No. XXXVI.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui.*

VIRGIL.

I only tell the tales I have been told.

*Nil non permittit mulier sibi.*

JUVENAL.

For woman will do what she did of old.

—*Vestemque relinquere et auguis*

*Gauderet, prælona senex aut cornua cervus.*—LUCRETIVS.

Pleased with each change, once worn attire she scorns,  
And adds new antlers to the old stag's horns.

DEAR SCRIB,

Or rather Mr. Scrub, for your camel's hair pencil begins to scour like a scrubbing-brush; you're all the go. What say you to tagging to your "Domestic Intelligencer," a savoury bit of "Scandalous Chronicle," as a relish, like anchovy or olives to the wine after dinner? I have *invented* a few articles to put you in the way; they will suit the *Tea-table* admirably.

PEEPING TOM.

The fashionable shop of Mrs. Beat-All, is as much frequented as ever, in the day time by all the ladies of rank and character, and at night by all the debauchees in town, old and young. They are all suited with the objects they come in quest of, such as canton crapes, laces, silks, fans, dolls, furriery &c., but it is said that assignations are sometimes slyly made at the counter.

Notre Dame Street has become the Bond Street of Montreal, as St. Paul Street is its *Cheapside*. The fine-weather on Saturday last attracted crowds of fashionables to this favourite promenade and drive. We particularly noticed Mr. and Mrs. McSlaughterem, Lord Goddamnhim,<sup>[A]</sup> Miss McGilliwiffit in a superb sleigh, and several others of the beau monde. At the end of the promenade, where they were met by Dr. Drugwell and his lady they formed quite a galaxy of fashion and attracted universal admiration.

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<sup>[A]</sup> Though the patent has not yet been issued for this embryo-nobleman's title, it is considered as eminently due to his abilities and qualifications. The ladies, however, not admiring its very masculine sound, soften it into Lord Go-dummy.

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Ladies of *strict virtue*, and who have any sense of decorum, or detestation of bare-faced profligacy, ought to be a little circumspect in appearing near certain premises in St. Gabriel

street, lest strangers should mistake them for some of the ladies of *easy virtue*,<sup>[B]</sup> and numerous impures of all ages and complexions that flock thither as to a public mart for prostitution, and crowd the lobbies, passages, and *back offices*.

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<sup>[B]</sup> This has been considered as a misnomer, the ladies meant being in fact ladies of *no virtue at all*.

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The attention of the society for the suppression of smuggling should be directed a little more towards the St. Lawrence suburbs. A notorious smuggler was seen late on Saturday evening last, under a press of sail, bearing away for a creek in those parts, in which it is supposed, he intended, with the aid of an accomplice, to run his contraband articles.

Young gentlemen who call to enquire if there are any Scribblers for sale, should endeavour to remember their own names. This caution is given in time, for fear St. Patrick's day may give rise to the same blunders and blushing confusion as St. Andrew's did.

*Ladies, look sharp!* Young ladies who, in going to their devotions, pass the two decker stone wall now erecting by a medical gentleman who did not fight at the battle of the Nile, are cautioned against sighing to become the mistress of that mansion, as the Doctor declares there are already several who have been heard to form that wish.

The following epigram having been written long before the year 1792, was *not* made on the occasion of the family-anecdote which succeeds it.

'Twas spring when from his pregnant wife  
For distant lands poor Lubin parted,  
And as he loved her more than life,  
The swain was almost broken-hearted.

Gazing delighted on her charms,  
May Heaven, he cried, sweet spouse, restore  
Thee safely to my longing arms  
As now thou art, I ask no more.

Nor was his found petition spurn'd,  
Benignant Heaven, consenting, smiled;  
Two years were passed; he home return'd;  
And found his darling wife—with child.

It was about thirty years ago a young couple dwelt at the county-town of Dorsetshire (Dorchester,) when the husband, being called away to perform a journey of great length for a company of merchants, took an affectionate leave of his beautiful wife, and did not return for two years, two months, and three days; on the day of his return his wife was delivered of a daughter; but the irreproachable character of the lady rendered it impossible for either the husband or the neighbours to suspect any thing wrong in her conduct during his trying and long absence. Whether he was influenced or not by the history of Madame de Montleon, as recorded in No. VI. of the Scribbler, is uncertain, but his philosophy on the occasion is highly worthy of imitation, and would be infinitely serviceable in reconciling many doubting fathers to their progeny.<sup>[C]</sup> The lovely girl who was the fruit of this remarkable pregnancy was married a few years ago to a relation of the celebrated Joe Miller, then a widower, and one of

the faculty. She manages him much better than his former wife, and as she is reported to have her mother's genuine blood in her veins, they live in great connubial happiness, in a small town a few miles from her native place.

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[C] Had Sam. Foote, of facetious memory, been equally open to conviction, when a French gentleman asked him, with reference to two natural children of whom he was very fond, "Sont ils par la même *mère*, Monsieur?" he would not have replied, "Oui, monsieur, by the same *mare*, but I have strong doubts whether by the same *horse*."

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DEAR MR. LEWIS MACCULLOH,

I think it a great shame that you should pay your compliments to all the French girls on their saints days, and pass over the only saint we English girls care for. I had always dozens of Valentines every Valentine's day at home; and tho' I know they know little about that charming custom here, I thought at least I should have found one in the Scribbler last Thursday. If you are not an old Fogus you'll send a pretty one to

HARRIET RATTLE.

P. S. I told *Pa* I was going to write to you, and he said it was a shame; but *Ma* said it would do no harm, as nobody would know who I was. So *Pa* smoked his pipe and said no more about it.

DEAR HARRIET,

To prove to you that I am not quite an old Fogus, and that it is better late than never, I send you this Valentine, which was written about eighteen years ago to my then sovereign Queen Harriet the Ild. If you will be Harriet the IIId, I will put you in my list to take your turn when my present empress abdicates her throne.

I love to tune an amorous lyre,  
Befraught with wild and wanton fire,  
To praise that beauteous dancing eye  
That swims and beams and well knows why;  
That vermeil cheek; those witching smiles;  
Those arch, endearing, dimpled wiles;  
The rosy fragrance of those lips,  
Sweet vying with the rosebud tips,  
That crown that bosom's wavy swell,  
Where love and luxury ever dwell;  
That graceful step; that taper leg;  
That well-turn'd knee;—but O, I beg  
Pardon for having got so high;  
Your garter yet I ne'er did tie;  
But Harriet dear, if you'll be mine,  
I'll do't and——be your VALENTINE.

Now this I think will suit you to a T, and in expectation of your farther favours I remain,  
dear Harriet, Yours devotedly,

L. L. MACCULLOH.

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To Inspector General MACCULLOH,

The mail from head-quarters having arrived I have forwarded with all dispatch the following report of the proceedings on the 22d instant.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL DRILLMAN'S BENEFIT BALL AND SUPPER AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

This long expected day having at length arrived, General Drillman appeared in full uniform, and in perfect preparation for the reception of his worthy guests and benefactors. Early in the evening carriages and sleighs were in requisition in all parts of the town, and every driver of hacks was upon full tilt. Much however to the surprise of the heel-and-toe general, many of the visitors he particularly expected, and whose patronage and support, as being his countrymen, had been both promised and looked for, were not amongst the throng. Big squire Brittle, his diminutive lady, and their friend Major Kisse, squire Scroop and lady, Mr. Reaper, his lady, and all the little Reapers, Mr. Jemmy Tight and lady, with their respective protégées, and several other ladies and gentlemen who were expected were all absent, and it is suspected prefer to have their bit of frolic, at the *celebrated Fort*, where they can enjoy themselves with more privacy, and rurality and less comfort. By nine o'clock the company were all assembled to the number of seventy or eighty, amongst whom there was a very disproportionate number of ladies, so that the fair sex were in great demand. It was rather a grotesque melange, but each appeared to enjoy the happy intermixture with great delight. The beautiful and accomplished Miss N. Shaw, from Greenhill, is worthy of particular mention. She is on a visit to her uncle squire Joshua, and her aunt Fester. This pair of non-descripts have a happy knack at coupling off their kin; the young lady appears to be pitted against the Champion of England, and if she comes off conqueror, her eyes will heal all wounds. Mr. Falcon seemed to have joined the company by mistake, and for want of his usual companions to be out of his aerial element. At a little past eleven it was announced to the company that the festive board was ready for their reception, when they marched off to the tune of the knife and fork in fine order, and did ample justice to the good things provided. After supper dancing was resumed, and about half past two the party retired to their respective homes.

N. B. Much praise is due to the Adjutant-General for the regular and good discipline of his corps.

I will transmit the earliest intelligence of this next turn-out, and remain  
Your Excellency's obedient servant.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

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THE REJECTED LOVER.

Say, Celia, must I then repine  
Beneath the powerful charm of love?  
Can't all these prayers and vows of mine,  
Thy stony bosom move?

Long did my passion lie conceal'd,  
And long I curb'd the rising flame;  
Long was it e'er my tongue reveal'd  
To Celia dear the same.

But when I told her that my heart  
Was firmly bound in Cupid's chain,  
And that 'twas only her dear self  
Could ease me of my pain;

She bade me from her presence fly;  
My tender tale she would not hear;—  
I bade her quietly good b'ye,  
And felt my conscience clear.

ERIEUS.

Port Talbot, U. C.

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Just published. *A Reply to the Remarks on the La Chine Canal*, by Theodore Davis, printed by N. Mower, price 2s. 6d.

*It is proposed to publish a periodical work to be called The Watchman, or North American Evangelical Magazine, Missionary Chronicle &c. Annual subscription 12s. to be paid quarterly. A number, 24 pages, to be published the first day of every month. Advertisements received for the cover, and inserted at the usual rates. Editor's address, Mr. Shadgett, printer, Hope Street, Quebec. Subscriptions received by Mr. Cunningham, St. Paul Street.*

*The Enquirer, by C. D. E. is published every month at Quebec, at Mr. Shadgett's. No. 11 the 1st March.*

*Dr. Alexander Ramsay, will deliver four lectures on the Philosophy of the human mind. Tickets for the course, to admit two persons, 10s. Single lecture, 5s. Apply at the bar of the City Tavern for further particulars.*

*An apology is due by the editor for the long delay that has occurred in his intended review of recent publications. Press of temporary matter has been the occasion. He means to devote a small part of each succeeding number to this object till he gets through his arrears on that score.*

It will be safest to address Communications for the Scribbler to L. L. Macculloh, Esq. thro' the Post-Office, as attempts at interception of letters otherwise conveyed have been made.

GINGER, MORE ANON, and THEODORE are received and will be availed of. JEREMY TICKLER's favour is acknowledged, and will be attended to. The lines on the death of Miss P. are far too deficient in every species of poetic merit, for admission.

PETER SLENDER'S excellent caricature description of a dandy shall have insertion next number. His communication did not come to hand till after the present was in type.

*To be disposed of, a few Manuscript Sermons, warranted originals, in a convenient form for pulpit use. Apply by letter post-paid to L. L. M. Post-Office, Montreal. N. B. Secrecy may be relied on.*



## 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 1822-02-28 Volume 1, Issue 36* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]