

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.

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, 28TH MARCH,
1822.

No. XL.

Hunc facile ex his est rebus cognoscere quæque.—LUCRETIVS.

See with what ease we view e'en distant scenes,
And thus from far and near draw ways and means.

MR. MACCULLOH,

A friend of mine who is a great astronomer and stargazer, has erected an observatory provided with a variety of instruments necessary for the prosecution of his favourite science. Amongst them there is a large telescope which distinguishes objects at an immense distance, and, when directed towards the expanse of heaven, penetrates beyond our mundane sphere, into the immeasurable space of infinity. He has a nephew whom he is anxious to render as learned as himself in the system of the universe, but the arch-rogue, whenever his uncle's back is turned, takes a delight in levelling the telescope to a horizontal position, and by turning the glass upon its pivot making discoveries all around him in this nether Canadian world. His uncle having taught him to make minutes of his observations on the heavenly bodies, he habitually takes notes in like manner of what he perceives amongst the earthly bodies whom he prefers to contemplate. Some of these he has communicated to me and has promised me more. I send them to you for the amusement of your readers.

JEREMY TICKLER.

Turned the telescope towards the mountain, and directing it to the window of a *young* lady's chamber, saw a handsome foot-boy lacing her stays. However, as it is understood she has made a vow of dying an antiquated virgin, there can be no harm in that.

Gave it a direction a little to the left, and there, at some distance, saw Mr. Booby Grund acting the part of a drunken Irishman; whiskey blarney, and fighting set off with a pair of black eyes, formed an admirable contrast to the smiling countenance and mellow charms of his lady, and the youthful beauty, (handsome even in despite of scornful glances and disdainful looks,) of his daughter. In perspective Mr. Commissary Goggles was perceived levelling a blunderbuss at a pig.

E. S. E. 6 leagues, discovered Old Shylock the money-lender, stretched at full length amidst bank-notes and mortgages, receiving thirty-five per cent. premium from a poor devil who wanted a loan, it being against the old gentleman's conscience to take larger interest, except it came in the shape of a *douceur* to madam, who, having been settled with, appeared in the back-ground retiring to see if the money was good, and to spread the news of her good man having rendered so seasonable a service to a fellow creature in distress. Farther on, Father Saveall's crooked-nosed housekeeper, was screwing her visage out of its usual sweetness of aspect to frighten a stray mouse out of the pantry. The next scene that appeared, by a small

turn of the pivot, was Dr. Jalap, in a sans culotte state, and his lady trying on his new breeches, and just exercising the privilege they entitled her to, whilst the poor doctor, slunk into a corner, bore it like a hero, edging in an occasional “yes, my dear,” with that philosophy which shewed it was not the first time of drilling; the lady wore the breeches with great ease, and they seemed to fit her exactly and shewed the symmetry of her shapes to advantage. Over the mantlepice hung a large pestle, with this inscription borrowed from Lenitive, “this is a p e s t l e , pestle, not a p i s t o l , pistol.” Mem. The last corps the doctor served in was cavalry. Directing the tube across a deer-park, there sat Mr. Honesty Hooper poring over some old returns, and blessing his friends the rats for their good services; several young sparks appeared peeping over the pales, and envying old Honesty the fair mate that fortune, (not the goddess of the ancients, but the demon of the moderns, money) had given him. Next, up an ancient gateway, saw Old Bellow, a damned honest fellow, treating his friends with a bottle of his best, and stunning their ears with his twice told tales, an easy penance, however, for his good cheer and friendly cordiality. Before turning the tube from that quarter, looked into the post-office, and descried a prying knave, who, when he wore a red coat, having been employed as a spy, can not resist the itch of trying to discover secrets. He was looking in at the ends of a letter addressed to L. L. Macculloh, and put it by in a pigeon-hole labelled, “intercepted dispatches.”^[1]

Uncle coming up, turned the telescope towards the sky, but had, en passant, a glimpse of the western celestial regions, discovered by an unlucky slip made by a lady in stepping out of a shop in Notre Dame Street.

^[1] This gentleman, a relation of the grave digger’s, is supposed to have taken a leaf out of Lord Goddamnhim’s book, who, in a late notorious case, made no scruple of it intercepting letters directed to a lady, and, with a gross lie in his mouth, cheating the postmaster into the belief that he was authorized to retire the letters he obtained in that infamous manner.

La Prairie, 14th March, 1822.

To Inspector General Macculloh.

I should have proved myself unworthy of the name I bear, and the most ungrateful of your aides-de-camp, had I not, after the polite manner in which you received my introductory report, been on the alert to collect intelligence.

As several of our La Prairie folks are ready to give an attentive ear to the Scribbler, without subscribing to it, they assemble as soon as it arrives at squire Larry Goat’s, who, by some means, is furnished with a number weekly, though he does not subscribe. The last number, as usual, kept them in a continual giggle at the perusal of its interesting contents, until they perceived that a communication had been received from this place, signed Rob-Roy. Oh, what a change this produced. The simpering smiles of Mrs. Timber were metamorphosed into frowns terrific, and the whole assembly immediately concluded that if you had an out-scout here, they should have their follies exposed to merited ridicule. Mrs. T. swore by all the Boder de Boders that never was, she was certain that Rob-Roy would surely remember her of the time when she——Squire Bluebeard stared with an hideous grimace which said intelligibly, Oh, now will all be blazoned; the niggardly way in which I distributed the lots on the common last winter; the shameful manner in which I treat my helpless wife; the grovelling appetite I have for courting the applause of fools; the——yes every thing bids me say with the great dramatic poet,

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me——."

Squire Larry Goat imagined that he should be reminded of his electioneering career; Petitur of his inquisitive disposition; and all, in their turns, thought of their own particular failings. The next enquiry was, who is Rob-Roy? we must find him out; we must exert ourselves; we must discover him. A few of the long-nosed chaps, alias busy bodys, were instantly dispatched as a reconnoitring party, but they took a wrong scent, and returned much jaded and without success. You see what an alarm my appointment has already created, which leaves me no doubt of plentiful resources for a campaign. I will shortly give you a biographical sketch of each dignified performer on the La Prairie boards. With respect, I remain,

Your Excellency's faithful forager.

ROB-ROY.

Mr. Macculloch dear,

Many thanks for your kindness in giving a place to the bit of a hint I sint you some weeks ago. Some folks are quite shy now of horse-whipping poor cratures like myself, that's what I can tell you.

By your laive, I will trouble you agen; axing your honor's pardon for doing the like. A few nights ago as I was coming home from taking tay with a frind of my own, handy to the owld market, I hears the voice of a woman shouting out tin thousand murders, Och, by the holy Saint Patrick, if all the Irishman wasn't up in me in a jiffy, and away I dashed as if the devil was in me to see the hullabaloo: and what was it, sure enough, but a poor helpless cratur struggling with a drunken fellow in the bark of a jontleman. Bad luck to you, you villain, says I, you arn't going to ravish a famale without her own consint, and be damt to ye, and here's a token on the head of it, says I, and I floored him dacently enough, lie there, you tief, says I, as long as you plase, and after too, 'tis myself washes my hands of you altogether. Then I turns to the dare little bit of flesh and blood that was laning against the wall almost kilt with the fright: Don't be alarmed my jewel, says I, 'tis an Irishman spakes to you, and he is the last person in the world (troth but my heart was as tinder as a new-born babe's at the time, partly by raison of the sup of good whiskey punch I had been after taking, and more so at seeing such an innocent looking cratur so nigh being ill trated) that will take an advantage of a woman; so give me your oter, my dare, you may trust yourself wid me, for by the great ram of Kilrush (and that's a woolly oath) 'tis myself will be as tinder of you as if you were my own born mother. Only show me the man that will cast a loving look at you till I puts you within the shade of your own door, and it will be my own fault if my shillaly doesn't play the devil's tattoo on his head and shoulders. Well, without any more blarney, I saw her home safe and sound, and got a power of thanks and blessings and a sweet kiss into the bargain. Now here Mr. Mac dear, I wanted to say something fine, but my pin wouldn't spake as my heart did; so master Phelim O'Carroll, the schoolmaster, and sure wasn't he edicated at Tipperary collidge, bids me write. But my reward did not stop here, the pleasure resulting from the consciousness of being the humble instrument in the hands of divine goodness of rescuing unprotected innocence from an unfeeling profligate, was, as it would be to every man of principle, sufficient requital to——(Ah, that's just what I mint to say, my dare Phelim,—let's see,——requital to,)

P. S. Perhaps some people, who scarcely know what's what, will be axing what took a young girl out so late at night; they'll be aisy after I tells 'em she was a millener's prentice, sent by her mistress, the more shame, on some arrant or other. You have it now.

I can not refuse insertion to the following remonstrance to GINGER,

I am quite astonished, Sir, at your having exposed any of my friend Lieutenant Old Deil's exploits to the public. You are not acquainted, I perceive, with his modesty. Nothing could give him more pain than a relation of that gallant action. Surely you have never attended any of Dr. Catapult's lectures, or you would not have ventured to have raised the passions of such a modest unassuming man as the lieutenant. Had you been present when your letter was read at the teatable in his presence and that of a numerous company, you would have been greatly alarmed. He stamped and raved, and *darned his wig*, and as the ladies present had not attended the Hon. Tory Loverule's speech against laughing, shameful to relate, not one of them could hold out, but *burst into fits*, particularly when they recollected that his wig had stuck to a nail below a form, under which——In short you will be the cause, Sir, that his friends will soon be obliged to lead him by the hand, as, since your communication has appeared, he wears his wig and his helmet over his eyes. It is, however, a happy circumstance that the editor mistook the date, and seemed to doubt the authenticity of your intelligence. This alone pacified him, and restored him to his senses.

Moreover you have falsely asserted that when searching for his caxon he laid his hands on two not so sleek as his own. This is point blank denied by the owners of the said wigs, and surely they must know better than you.

MARPLOT.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

CORA TO EDMUND.

Tell me not, Oh, false deceiver,
You n'er strove to win my heart;
That, if you have Cora's favour,
It was free on Cora's part.

That no tales of love you've whispered,
With soft sighs, in Cora's ear,
Taught to raise no hopes, nor flatter'd;
Those are words I can not hear.

Go, false Edmund, go from Cora,
Mourn, she will not, tho' she loved,
Why should she regret thee, worthless!
Now thy worthlessness is proved.

Go, but practise such deception
Never more so fond and deep;
Raise not hopes to disappoint them;
Win no heart, or win to keep.

ERIEUS.

Port Talbot, U. C.

In consequence both of pressing solicitations, and of the redundance of matter, I propose to publish a Supplement to this number next Saturday; and to continue a supplemental number every fortnight, till the first volume is completed, which will make six additional papers during the present quarter, at an additional charge of 2s. 6d. for the six months, to subscribers, or 6d. per No. to others. This will give me an opportunity of doing justice to several valuable correspondents with whose favours I am now in arrear, particularly PETO, HUMANITAS, SCARRON SECUNDUS, BARON HARPAX, SOLOMON SCENT'EM^[2], whose tale will require a few corrections, etc. P's lines on leaving New England are rather under par, but when space permits me may get a nook.

LEWIS LUKE MACCCULLOH.

^[2] Mr. SCENT'EM, and all my correspondents, are assured that the handwriting of their communications is never seen by any but the Editor, who transcribes with his own hand whatever he sends to the printer.

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 *title* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]