

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 ecrivant variez vos discours.
On lit peu ces auteurs nés pour nous ennuyer,
Quitoutjours sur un ton semblent psalmodier. BOILEAU.

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SAMUEL H. WILCOCKE, at Burlington, Vermont.

.....
1822.

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THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

THURSDAY, 4th APRIL, 1822.

No. XLI.

*E vincete in ogni impresa
Quando vengono alla contesa
La bellezza e la virtù.* METASTASIO.

Victorious oft are beauty's eyes,
With bright cerulean humid hue;
But, when with beauty, virtue vies,
Blended, resistless they're in you.

*Una de multis nuptiali
Digna.*— HORACE.

There's none more worthy of the nuptial torch.

La Chine, March 29th 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As in a former number of your miscellany you intimated a wish for having foragers in the different villages in the vicinity of Montreal, I beg leave to offer you my services in that respect for this speck upon the habitable globe. Independent of its own circles of society, which I can assure you, are really unique in their kind, its proximity to your fashionable city renders it an agreeable place of resort, especially during the summer season, for parties of *Tonish Bigwigs*, fonder of sporting about than of paying their debts; *Honest Cits*, who are seeking a temporary escape from the toils of business; *City-Bucks*, who intend to cut a shine and astonish country-folk, mounted on dashing bits of blood got on tick from a livery stable; imperious *North-Westerns*, with their subordinate slaver-drivers, dispatching their brigades, masters and men being all pretty nearly equal in the scale of civilization; these with an intermixture of inferior classes, form the society with which we are honoured. Our grand hotel (for we, aping our betters, can also boast of a mansion-house-hotel) kept by mother Whang, exhibits on such occasions a deal of variety, and affords an ample field for a forager. If therefore you will be kind enough to enroll me in your corps of foragers, you shall quickly hear again from,

Your's truly

CAPTAIN FLASH.

This is to certify that Captain Flash is hereby regularly appointed forager to the Scribbler at La Chine.

L. L. MACCULLOH.

I cheerfully comply with the request of the author of the following lines for an early insertion of them.

TO STELLA.

To thee, my fair, of flowers, of Spring,
Of grassy meads, of birds that sing
Thro' choral groves in dulcet lay
That charms the listening ear of May,
Of Flora's jocund self who reigns
The blithesome empress of the plains,
Of incense-breathing gales among
The solemn whispering pines, I've sung;
Now I turn from the vernal scene,
To find those charms in thee, my queen,
Those charms that I delight to trace
Of mind within, or outward grace,
And shew how many more there be
Than Spring can boast, all met in thee.
First, in thy clear cerulean eye,
I see a bright unclouded sky,
That passion dares not e'en deform
With sullen, dark, unlovely storm
To Him those beacons of the mind
Which heaven, in wisdom, hath design'd
To speak a language that is known
And read by sympathy alone.——
I see the Sun; my feeble gaze
O'erpower'd is by his ardent blaze;
I see thine eye;——'tis mild and clear;——
Intelligence sits beaming there,
In rays how sweet!——The inmost soul
Directs it by her own controul
With pity gentle, kind to melt,
To shoot emotion when 'tis felt,
To glow with Love's peculiar fire,
Pure and unmix'd with loose desire;——
To check with chaste severity
The gaze of lewdness, wanton, free;——
To plead in eloquence of grief;
To gush in tears to give relief
To woes within;——to kindle bright
When joy resumes its clouded light
T'inform those little sprites that go
On tell-tale errands to and fro,
What to deposit in the cells
Where tenant soul—where Reason dwells;
Where Fancy fans its vivid fire;
Where blushes hide, and sighs retire;

Where latent frowns, forbidding, lie
That dart displeasure when they fly;
Whence smiles proceed that light the face
With every dear, enchanting grace;
Where Mirth reposes, and where Fear
Stands tiptoe, with distended ear;
Where Sympathy on downy bed,
Sensation all, reclines her head;
Where Love, the urchin, lurks when he
Presumes with passion to make free;
Where Conscience sits, with lifted scale,
Admitting self to frequent bail;
Where every tie that binds the heart
Lies ready, watching when to start.
——Yes!——thus it is——yet how, or why
'Tis as I've told it, know not I——
But this I know—it warms my heart
When those intelligences dart,
And thro' the soul's bright heralds shine,
To interchange themselves with mine.
I see—am seen—I know—am known——
I feel what soul can feel alone,
What soul alone to soul can tell,
'Tis no deceit—I know it well,
For oft I've felt its magic spell.
Then, since thine eye its uses lends
To serve so many noble ends,
Should I not think it the first feature
Kind heaven hath given a lovely creature?
And in it beauties ten to one
See more than in the brightest sun?
And who's the sceptic that denies
The magic force of brilliant eyes,
That from beneath their arches fair
All that is intellect declare?
In every feature of thy face
Beauty and symmetry I trace;
Proportion, air, attemper'd meetly,
With colour, colour blended sweetly,
Which stand attentive handmaids by
To lend their aid to mistress eye.
Nor yellow tassels that adorn
The virgin ears of Indian corn,
Nor vernal foliage, may compare,
My Stella, with thine auburn hair,
That hangs its tresses round thy face,

Waving with undulating grace,
And downward rolls itself to deck
Thy shoulders fine and ivory neck,
And e'en in playful curls descends,
And touches with its crispy ends
The twin protuberances that rest
Their bases on the swelling chest.
The rose that dewy nectar sips,
Is it more sweet than thy sweet lips?
Or is it with vermilion bright
Ting'd so as more to charm the sight
Than the fair flowers of either cheek,
That bloom, and blush—nay almost speak?
Or is the lilly's white exprest
Better than on thy snowy breast?
Or would the leaf its texture dare
At all with thy soft skin compare?
Or could the vocal sounding grove
With Stella vie in notes of love,
Or give to the delighted ear
Those strains 'tis rapture e'en to hear?
Or is the perfume-bearing gale,
That revels in the flowery vale,
More fragrant than thy balmy breath?
Or are less beautiful thy teeth
Than pearly drops of dewy morn
That glitter on the leafy thorn?
Or would soft pity's gentle tear
Less than a drop from heaven appear.
Or should the arms of yonder pine
Come in comparison with thine,
That move, obedient to the will,
Or by like agency, are still?
Of is there any thing that stands
A rival match for thy fair hands,
Which in soft, flexile points divide,
Where nicest nerves of touch reside,
That, or for beauty, or for use,
Their equals e'er we can produce?
O no! these, every thing combined,
And more than these, in thee I find.
Within the mansion of thy breast
The virtues love to build their nest.
There Friendship sits and waits to know
On whom her treasures to bestow:
There sits Compassion with her brief,

And kindly notes the sons of grief.
In short, the heavenly train of sweet
Affections in that mansion meet,
That render woman dearer than
All things besides to lordly man;
That give her more than strength to bind
The stubborn, uncongenial mind,
And fix dominion in his soul
By soft, persuasive, mild controul,
As by some influence from above
Midst whom, the queen of passions, Love,
Directs their energies, and tries
What force in all collected lies.
Those nourishers that life impart,
Drawn from the fountain of the heart.
In dulcet rills, I there behold,
Fashioned in beauty's finest mould,
In which, methinks, I can't but trace
Peculiar elegance and grace,
To which th'all-wise, eternal mind
The principle of life hath join'd.
Now when I turn my thoughts and see
What and how much I find in thee:
That thou art not a fancied elf,
But flesh and blood e'en like myself,
Made by the same Creator, good,
Of the same substance, and endued
With passions, hopes and fears the same;
With like affections, stature, frame;
With reasonable soul that's sure
To live while old time shall endure;
With powers to reproduce and give
Like brings on like terms to live;
That thou canst move, and think, and tell
What joys thy raptured bosom swell;
What pains disturb thy throbbing breast
When by disease or grief opprest;
That by the lightning of thine eye
The soul itself I can descry;
That I can hear, see, feel and know
These things are absolutely so;
I'm lost in wonder, and adore
Th'all-good, all-wise, almighty power
That made us beings as we are,
And guards us by his kindest care.
I see my softened counter-part;

I own her dear unto my heart
As dear as life my bosom glows
With what my understanding knows,
And lovely Stella seems to me
All that created thing can be.

Port Talbot, U. C. March, 1822.

ERIEUS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. IV.

It is reported that a certain medical gentleman felt so indignant at the disclosure made by the mad daughter of king Priam, that he intended to challenge the nabob to single combat, either at pill, bolus, or pestle, but was persuaded to forego his death-doing purpose, from the apprehension of what the consequences might be to all the little future nabobs: he need not, however, have been so much alarmed, as it is said that there are several other candidates ambitious of the honour, the deprivation of which the officious lady is supposed to have been deploring whilst confined to her chamber.

Sporting Intelligence. Last Thursday the lady of Admiral Nul, and her hubby, left her house in Essefex street on a gull-shooting party, accompanied by her sister miss Christina Wasp as first shot, with three methodist ministers as baggers of the game. The lady provided herself with a gull, before starting; it was really *dowry*^[A] to see how the poor bird looked as if it had some idea for what it was brought out. When the party arrived at the spot, it was let loose, when miss Wasp brought it down at the first shot, and the parsons bagged the game in grand sportsman style. The party returned in the evening to the hospitable mansion of the lady Admiral, and partook of one of her most elegant repasts, one half of the expence of which was defrayed out of the Admiral's pay, agreeably to the marriage-articles between them.

[A] Scotticism; sorrowful, dismal.

An *Observer* confirms the fact that on the market-day after Count Old-Joseph's fiat had gone forth interdicting the frequenters of the News-room from reading a certain popular paper, he did, in propria persona, purchase an entire sheep, for seven dollars, being one of the fine prize sheep exhibited on the 7th ult. together with a noble calf's head, with the intention of inviting his brother-directors of the Montreal Library to partake of an entertainment in which he meant to exhibit how excellently a sheep's carcase and a calf's head can be made to assimilate.

Law-report. The important trial of Count Old-Joseph, Mr. Jarret, Mr. McSlaughterem, and Mrs. McRope, for a conspiracy against the Scribbler, upon the indictment recently published, has taken place. Mrs. McRope, having clearly proved an alibi, was acquitted; the others were found guilty, but recommended to mercy by the jury, the two first on account of imbecility of intellect, and Mr. McSlaughterem because it was proved that in this, as in many preceding instances, he was no other than a cat's paw, and a scapegoat, for others behind the curtain.

NOTICE. The gentleman whose brains are said to be rather desiccated, and who has frequently been seen sneaking about the military messhouse, after having been told not to shew his face there, is advised not to repeat this trespass upon urbanity.

MR. EDITOR,

I have often been surprised to observe that you do not favour your very numerous readers with an occasional notification of marriages reported as likely to take place among the fashionables of this gayest of cities; such notices are frequently seen in the London papers, and why not follow so good an example? Perhaps this omission may arise from a want of correct information, permit me therefore to send you the following, which you may rely upon as authentic.

A SUBSCRIBER.

The following matrimonial arrangements in high life are shortly to take place.

The gallant Lieut. Col. Michilimackinac is to receive the fair hand of the amiable and accomplished Miss Newark. The happy pair, it is said, will spend the honeymoon at Drummond-island.

Lieut. Sycophant of the tirailleurs, to the disconsolate widow Ogle dem; this match is represented to be extremely obnoxious to the Loverule family, but the lady having been attacked last autumn with a violent fit of flirtation, which has continued without intermission during the whole winter, in defiance of every remedy, the family-physician has recommended as a last resource the application of a husband.

Ensign Flagstaff^[B] to the agreeable miss Newark Junr.

[B] A gentleman related to the family of the Flagstaff's being ambitious of a place in the Scribbler, has attained his object by asking a lady, to whom he was unknown, in the street, "shall I walk with you?"

Lieutenant Dandy to miss Loverule: and

The Reverend Mr. Moral Police to the beautiful miss Hogsflesh, Junior.

Multum in Parvo. Fort Stark operations last week, as usual, pleasant, sociable, and, but for the roads, comfortable. Mrs. East's ball, nothing to be said against, excepting that Mr. Mr.

Mr. and Mr. ^[C] again offended against the rules of decency and propriety by appearing in a state of intoxication. Amateur Theatre performances, much below par, excepting Leonora, who was ably personated by a young gentleman of the Derby family. General Drillman's ball on the 28th, well attended, and continues to deserve the patronage of the public.

Printed and Published by Dicky Gossip at the Sign of the Teatable.

[C] Blanks are left for the delinquents' names to be filled in, which any body may do, as they are well known.

JONATHAN is unintelligible; TOM BOWLING is received. Want of room again compels the postponement of several articles.

Just Published. *Narrative of the conversion of S. C. Blyth, to the Roman Catholic faith; for sale at A. Bowman's, St. François Xavier Street, price 2s. 6d.*

A Letter to a friend in Nova Scotia on banking institutions in Canada. By Maurice Mask, Esq. *For Sale at James Brown's, price 2s. 6d.*

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 1822-04-04 Volume 1, Issue 41* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]