

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,
Quitoutjours sur un ton semblent psalmodier. BOILEAU.

PRINTED BY JAMES LANE, IN MONTREAL.
Published in Montreal, and to be had of the proprietor,
SAMUEL H. WILCOCKE, at Burlington, Vermont.

.....
1822.

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Title: The Scribbler 1822-04-11 Volume 1, Issue 42

Date of first publication: 1822

Author: Samuel Hull Wilcocke (1766-1833) (Editor)

Date first posted: Dec. 24, 2019

Date last updated: Dec. 24, 2019

Faded Page eBook #20191245

This eBook was produced by: Cindy Beyer & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <https://www.pgdpCanada.net>

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

THURSDAY, 11TH, APRIL
1822.

No. XLII.

*Inspicere tamque in speculum
Vitas omnium jubeo.* TERENCE.

As in a glass I'm bid to range these pictures,
And mend men's lives and manners by my strictures.

—*Quærendi pecunia primum
Virtus post nummos.* HORACE.

Money's a god, Virtue's a ragged fool.

Extending by degrees, and in rotation, the circle of my intellectual vision, I have just received the following communication, which I beg to recommend to the residents of the place alluded to, and hope to have the honour of having my paper circulated amongst them, which I believe is not yet regularly the case.

MR. SCRIB,

During my winter-rambles I had opportunities of discovering the state of society in various villages round about this good city. Their dons appear to be actuated by the same low principles as those of this place. They are all equally fond of their Pic Nic routs, balls, teaparties, etc. but their attempts to mimic our little great folks are rather ludicrous, particularly in a certain village in the county of York, W. from this 21 miles. Nose-pulling, caning, and cuffing are quite *à la mode* amongst the married ladies and gentlemen, which charming accomplishments are accompanied by language selected from the vocabulary of the *poissardes de Paris*. They are blessed in that place with a *gros juge*, who cuts a conspicuous figure on the bench, and the man must be as deaf as a door-nail who does not hear his all-wise judgements. The way he dispatches business is remarkable: there is no necessity for pleading on either side, nor for the hearing of any witnesses; Oh, no, the sentence (which is generally *à l'amende*) is pronounced without those formalities, and in its enunciation seems as if it came from an empty puncheon. The *gros juge* is besides a bit of an engineer, planning and building castles in the air and on the waters, which generally vanish in the first gale or with the spring-thaw. I understand he intends applying to the legislature next session for an exclusive right to build bridges over the most dangerous parts of the St. Lawrence, which bridges are to be supported by means of parachutes in the air. The next great character that appears is Docteur Diafoirus, who for lowness and brass can put any of our mushroom-gentry to the blush. He calls himself a member of a Royal College in North Britain (tho' it is said he detests the natives of that country) because he resided there about six months. He is possessed of extraordinary powers of *seduction*, and is more famous at the knife and fork than the scalpel.

This *sanspareil* of an M. D. does not honour parties with his presence since he and the nephew of the *gros juge* had a dust at a pic nic, which, after throwing the plates and dishes with their contents in each others' faces, ended in nose-pulling and caning. He, however, subscribes and allows madame to attend. On a late occasion, before he would pay his quota, he contended that *experts* ought to be appointed to value the candle-ends left, rincings of the glasses, remnants of cakes, etc. that the amount might be deducted from the expenses; yet he is by no means penurious, for no man can display more sumptuousness at his own table, but was probably desirous of shewing off his consequence, and annoying the poor widow at whose house the balls are held, because she has a brother Esculapian who is a boarder in her family, and from whom he has of late met with a strong opposition that has put him out of humour with all the good people of the parish. Mr. Mittimus is another worthy, a first rate politician, and a great advocate for club law. His motto is *au plus fort la poche*; he holds council behind his counter in true North West style, and whoever is not of his opinion is immediately branded with the application of *radical*. There are a number of other characters in the same direction worthy of immortalisation, and should this meet your approbation you may hear again from A TRAVELLER.

2d April 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Next to the tale of the three parsons and the champion of all parsons the reverend Dr. Harkforward, perhaps no incident has lately occurred in Montreal more worthy of record than the humourous interview between the knight of the Telescope and the intrepid Mr. Drybrains. The hero of the pistol being involved in a slight controversy with an unprotected female, the subject of which was of a pecuniary nature, acquiesced in the lady's proposal, and with all the urbanity of Don Quixotte, agreed to refer the decision to the knight of the Telescope. But, like another Sancho, he had an eye to his own interest. He sate himself down before the knight; he whispered his wrongs and demanded his rights, and was proceeding to beguile the philosopher, when he, like a true templar, rose in all the majesty of indignation. "Thou knave," quoth he, "how darest thou insult me thus?" and clenched his fist. Upon this Mr. D. recoiled and demanded his pardon, but the ireful sage, regardless of the maxims of Cowper, "never wantonly to set his foot upon a worm," aimed a deadly blow at that portion of the animal economy from which the defendant appears to have derived his name. The blow was dodged, but its violence was such that its force fell against the wall of the house and shook it. Corporeal suffering now rendered the philosopher furious, and he pelted his victim as if he thought he had no brains at all. Our sturdy Sancho, however, stood the shock like a Trojan wall, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Sir knight, I will not strike you, remember the law!" and, as no blow was returned, we may conclude that Mr. D. is much of the courageous Falstaff's opinion that "the lion will not touch the heir apparent." Such was the scene when Dr. Crucible suddenly entered the apartment, and concluding at once that the combatants could not be *in mente sana*, he began his preparations for phlebotomy. But, as the doctors must have their way, I shall only add that it was Crucible's opinion that Mr. Drybrains had lost in the affray as much blood as he could well spare. EIRENIXOS.

HEAR ALL AND SAY NOTHING from St. Joseph, who requests Baron Harpax will give us an idea of what he thinks of "folks getting drunk at the taverns, quarrelling with every one, lying

in the streets dead drunk, and fighting with their wives,” which must, he conceives, be *bien horrible*, when compared to cock-fighting, should recollect that one species of misconduct, vice, or immorality, is no excuse for another, and that cock-fighting ever has been, and must be, in all cases, one of the most degrading, low, cruel, and criminal amusements, that can be practised.

But to advert to a still more criminal amusement; the seduction of youthful females. A disgraceful anecdote of recent occurrence has been furnished me, which I refrain *at present* from detailing, but it strongly reminds me of that den in St. Gabriel Street, mentioned in a former number of the Scribbler, where every degenerate mother, every abandoned bawd, and every needy young creature, can know the exact tariff of prices that will be given for each age of tender innocence, and budding beauty, from twelve years upwards. From the following letter I apprehend there are other dens of a similar description, in town.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

Dear Sir.—For the love of heaven guard the good people of this city against a ravenous beast of prey, which has made its public appearance very lately. It is a Lamb in wolf’s clothing, and I believe will in general be found in the neighbourhood of the Old Market. Let me beg of you, my dear sir, to caution all mothers from allowing their children to go near that part of the city. I know the creature would, to satisfy his brutal appetite, rob mothers of their offspring.

I am, dear Sir, your sincere admirer.

ELEONORA.

I so fully agree with the writer of the following letter that I give it entire; I have in several of my former numbers stigmatised the detestable spirit of avarice that prevails here, the adoration that is exclusively paid to wealth, and the absorption in that one vile and low pursuit of all the feelings of humanity and honour, of all the enjoyments of love and literature. I will make this the subject of an essay at my first leisure, and shall take for my text the following eloquent passage from one of Dr. Dodd’s sermons.

“How amiable, how useful, how excellent is benevolence! Would you see it in a clearer exhibition, (as light in most distinguished by shade,) place by the side of our good man, the selfish, sordid, low-minded being, whose grovelling soul is ever bent to earth, and his own miserable interests; who never lifts his louring eye above the sphere of his own advantage; and whose actions are continually directed by the invariable needle of private good: a wretch, who is never communicative, but when he expects a greater return; wishing to draw all to himself, but never willing to disperse abroad in blessings to others; GREEDY AS THE SEA, AND BARREN AS THE SHORE.”

But to the letter.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esq.

Dear Sir.—A resident of this city for several years, my attention has been naturally drawn to what appears to me to be the ruling passion of the greater part of its inhabitants. Wealth, which, it must be owned, is in every country, more or less, a main object of pursuit, seem to be

here the only one. So great is its influence that those passions and feelings inherent in our nature, are apparently subservient to its views. Love pays it homage with the most abject submission; friendship, that sweetener of life, (or what goes here by the name,) is only to be found at its shrine. Even those civilities which pass between man and man are regulated by its arbitrary sway. It is surprising with what extreme politeness and attention that man is treated whose finances seem to be in flourishing condition; while the poor, persecuted by fortune, whatever title their virtues or abilities may have to distinction, are neglected, despised, and literally hooted out of society. Nor is this mania for wealth confined to the male part of the population; the fair are no less affected by its baneful influence; they think of nothing but how they may form a connection with a man of wealth, be his qualities what they may, the possession of this does away with every other objection; and affection has as little to do with such connections, as if that feeling never entered the human breast. As you have already done so much good in exposing the follies of the citizens of Montreal, you will add to your already high reputation^[1] by giving them the lash on this subject, as well as oblige, dear Sir,

Your's CROSSMYLOOF.

^[1] I trust I shall not be deemed too much of an egotist for publishing one out of the many encomiums I have received, which are the more flattering to my vanity as I find them confirmed by the increasing sale of my paper.

I do not know whether it is ironically, or in earnest, that Tom Bowling finds fault with the statement that Old Bellow is “a damned honest fellow;” and declares that he neither believes in the existence of “honest fellows” nor of ghosts; but I thank him for the warning he gives me, viz.

“And several of my neighbours swear and declare that if you should dare to call them, or any of them, “honest fellows,” *they will make you prove it*, so you now know what you have to trust to.”

And I promise him to be very cautious in future.

L. L. M.

ADVICE WANTED.

I vow'd to treat her coldly,
As if she were a stranger,
And to encounter boldly
The glance so full of danger;
But some things are much better
Resolved upon than acted,
For the next time I met her
I very soon retracted.

Nor is it a great wonder,
(Altho' a great vexation,)
My purpose should sink under
The force of admiration;
For when bright looks are shower'd
Upon a heart so tender,
It can't be deem'd a coward
So quickly to surrender.

Yet learned Scrib, so vex'd I'm
With this disgraceful failure,
I wish *mon plan* the next time
I visit may be *meilleur*,
I therefore would be grateful
If you would but suggest me
How I may think her hateful,
And she downright detest me.

DICK DOGGEREL.^[2]

Marry her, Dick Doggerel,
Then turn to, and flog her well;
'Twill make you hateful as you please,
And she'll horn you to give you ease;
Wedlock's tobacco hoc and hic,
'Twill make you well, or make you sick.

^[2] It is hoped that the author of these lines, with whose poetic talents the editor is well acquainted, will favour him with some other occasional effusions in that line, particularly in amatory verses, in which he certainly has given great proofs of excellence, whatever the editor may think of his *prose-compositions*. *Verbum sat*.

URANIA, A RAREE SIGHT, and others, will probably be made use of in the next Domestic Intelligencer. The advertisement of S. S. if in jest, its drift is not seen, if serious, it is not consistent with the present plan of this paper. A SOLDIER, NO OFFICER, tho' there is humour in some parts of his letter, has also hit upon a topic that does not accord with that plan.

Just published at Quebec. *The Enquirer*, No. 12.

Also; A Sermon on the education of the poor &c. by the Reverend G. J. Mountain, D. D. price 2s. for sale at No. 3 Mountain Street, Quebec, and at James Brown's, Montreal.

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 1822-04-11 Volume 1, Issue 42* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]