

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,  
Quitoutjours sur un ton semblent psalmodier. BOILEAU.

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.....  
1822.

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# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

THURSDAY, 23d MAY,  
1822.

No. XLVIII.

*Partim quæ prospexi his oculis, partim quæ accepi auribus.*

TERENCE.

Part with these eyes I saw, part with these ears I heard.

*Perjuria ridit amantum.*

OVID.

Tho' men may smile at lover's perjury,  
Fond woman deeply wails the injury.

MR. SCRIB,

According to my promise I now resume the description of the Dons in my western department. The next character I have on my list in the same place in Mr. Girouette. This worthy could never have been intended to live in such a remote spot, as no person could be better calculated for the bustle of a large city. You will find him joining in every party, reporting all that has been said or done, encouraging every quarrel, and taking an active part in each. Although a magistrate, his name graces the rolls of our quarter-sessions, as often as that of any bully of the place. Doctor Tromphe comes next, “né tans les tomaines tu roy di Brusse, étukié à Vienna, tou il dient ses tiblomes de l'unifirsité te cedde cabidale,” yet, notwithstanding his place of nativity and his parchments, he has never got above extracting teeth and bleeding. Woe be to them who call upon him for if he does not despatch them to their long homes, which does them up one way, the last shirt is taken from their backs, to pay his bill, which does them up the other. But it is a pity to say any ill of him, as no man is possessed of more charity to hide his neighbour's faults, and this ought to be generally known, for “bour cent eki,” you may have any illegitimate, no matter of what colour, fathered by him. Lieutenant Fanfaron late of the High-flyers, follows, a first rate bravado, always first and last in action before the gin-bottle; bedecking his wife, in a friendly way, at other people's expense, with rings and jewels. It is said that, during the late war, he kept two horses, one lame, to carry him before the enemy, the other sound, to use in case of a retreat. Mr. Purplebloom, late dealer in flour and pork in No. 2 regiment, is a most honest and loyal man, possessing great powers, if we may believe a certain lady, very expert in the use of his *understanding*: I do not exactly know whether he wears sharp-pointed or round-toed boots; persons desirous of knowing this particularly may enquire of Dr.

Diafoirus, to whose posteriors they were most admirably applied without any resentment, for the doctor is very averse to the administration of indigestive pills. Captain Blarney Pompous is a Jack of all trades, recorder, clerk of the court where the gros juge presides, councillor, postboy, &c. a petit-maitre, as well as a *parleur en grands termes*, deeply versed in club-law, and a great adviser of both plaintiffs and defendants. I must not omit Mons. De De—val, *seigneur banal* of part of the parish, a frequent visitor of a certain back street; since this gentleman had the fray with Dr. Diafoirus, he does not mix much in society, for fear of having his modest phiz put to the blush.

I shall resume at a future time, and immortalize some of the ladies of that place; after which I shall steer to another point of the compass, if agreeable to you. I understand that Dr. Diafoirus intends to take up the cudgels; I shall be happy to meet him with the goosequill. I defy him or any one to say that I do not “hold the mirror up to nature.”

A TRAVELLER.

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The following description presents a tolerably good picture of most country taverns on frequented roads in Canada,

*New-Market, 30th April.*

MR SCRIBBLER,

Having some business to transact in the town of Dorchester, I took the noted Campbell-town road. It being almost night when I arrived at that place, and not being able to procure horses, owing to the extreme bad state of the roads, I was compelled to put up there. Having ordered my supper and bed, I was shown into a large room, in which my olfactories were regaled with clouds of tobacco-smoke, my sense of propriety gratified by the constant spitting on the floor,<sup>[1]</sup> and my sight agreeably struck by the appearance of eighteen or twenty men ranged along the room. On my left was a middleaged man who, with a mouth from ear to ear, was tossing into his throat, one after the other, enormous mouthfuls of pickled oysters, pretty much in the same way as they pitch bundles of hay into a loft.—On my right was a tall man who drank nothing, and whose eyes were alternately turned to every part of the room. I took him for one of those gentry whose business it is to listen at doors and peep through key holes, and who, I am told, are much encouraged in this place.<sup>[2]</sup> I found out, however, that he had another object then in view, which was to get a petition signed to procure the *exclusive* privilege of navigating steam-boats between Campbell-town and Mount-Royal.

In front of me, three youths were seated round a punch bowl, one of whom distinguished himself by rehearsing in a most laughably incorrect manner, some select passages from Shakespeare. Three well dressed men, who, by their conversation, appeared to be smugglers, were alternately engaged in perfuming the apartment by the exhalations of their pipes, and in emptying the glasses of gin before them, whistling, as soon as each

glass was drank off, to have it replenished. In the intervals of these ceremonies, they were laying down plans for the prosecution of their business; the eldest thought it would not be prudent to carry so much tea in the steam-boat; another was of the opinion that the tobacco and cigars had better be taken to Long-Island, and crossed in the night, or deposited on Nunnery-Island; the third considered the house on the common too small to conceal many goods, and proposed letting a house of his own to the company for that purpose. This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of several stage-drivers, who sat down with the three last mentioned personages, to cards: they played a game which I think they called Yankeeloo, in which I was politely invited to join, but declined the invitation, having been previously informed that these gentry often make a trade of asking a stranger to play for the purpose of lightening their purses of a little supernumerary cash. Soon after, I took my supper and retired to bed, though not to sleep, for the continual noise that was kept up in the house prevented me. If Mr. Macculloh deems this worthy of a place he may hear further during the summer peregrinations of

JOHN BULL.

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[1] John Bull is probably a new comer, or he would be more accustomed to that disgusting and filthy practice which prevails all over the continent, of spitting about in every direction. The salival glands both of the Canadians and the Americans, are so exuberant in their secretions, that almost every body seems to be under a course of mercury.

L. L. M.

[2] It was probably with a view to give employment to gentlemen of this description, that the absurd and impracticable project, which was dignified with the appellation of *Moral Police*, and which was as execrable in principle as it would have been ridiculous in its application, was suggested a short time ago here, by an eminent presbyter of the kirk, who is noted for his anxiety to curry favour with the would-be great folks. But that plan, having been consigned to its proper place, darkness and oblivion, perhaps the association for the suppression of *smuggling*, (don't laugh!) may have been partly actuated in their resolutions by a desire to afford bread to such meritorious individuals as may be fit for the honorable offices of spies, informers and tale-bearers. *Vide Rules and Regulations of the Garret-Society*.

L. L. M.

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30th April.

MR. MACCULLOH,

As you indulged me with a speedy insertion of my remarks on the vendors of early vegetables, I will occasionally transmit to you those that may occur in this, to me, new and singularly constituted community. For the present, however, I take up a subject, which is gratifying, as it enables me to bestow praise instead of blame.—Being a mason I had the pleasure of attending the masonic ball that was held at the widow Fitzbishop's,<sup>[3]</sup> New-Market, and was highly pleased both with the company and the entertainment. Emblems of the order were displayed around the ball room, and most of the ladies' dresses were tastefully ornamented with the square, the compass, and other insignia of the craft.—One lady in particular, (who one of the company whispered to me, was a princess of the blood) had her

dress decorated around the bottom, as well as the sleeves and bosom, with very beautiful silver embroidery, emblematic of masonry, in the most chaste, and really elegant style.—Perhaps I looked upon those manifestations of the approbation bestowed by the fair sex upon our fraternity, with too much enthusiasm from my own attachment to the order; but be that as it may, I was more pleased with this party than with any other I have yet been at in Montreal. On the approach of morn the gentlemen divested themselves of their aprons and presented them to the ladies, on which occasion many sprightly remarks were made, and many of the gentlemen much wished to be tied to some of the apron strings that were there. Dancing was protracted to a late, or rather an early, hour, nor was there any instances of that gross indecorum which you have so frequently stigmatized, inebriation at a ball. Mrs. Fitzbishop deserves much credit for the entertainment she provided which was truly episcopal, and that every body knows implies “all the good things of the land.” The stewards were, a gentleman I will call the Earl of Derby, and Mr. Porker.

Allow me now to make what I consider a pertinent observation. This party consisted chiefly, if not exclusively, of persons in the middle classes of society; and there was none of that stiff unbending separation of circles which is observable in all those which are frequented by the soi-distant great ones. Here was the true politeness and masonic conviviality, that is, equality without either servility or arrogance, and hilarity, without either boisterousness or rudeness. Why is it not so in the higher circles? Because they aim to be the apes of those whom at home they would not presume to approach.

ARGUS.

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[3] The Fitzbishops are of the race of the Argyle family of *Gil-espie* which ancient name, Johnstone, in his anecdotes of Olave the black king of Man, derives from *Gil* and *Upsac*, i.e. the sons of *Upsac* who was an Hebridean and king of the islands appointed by Haco, king of Norway, about 1229.... Others state that the family assumed the name from another *Upsac*, whose daughter Thora was married about 1064 to Sigard, Earl of Orkney. But *Gil espie*, being likewise supposed to mean “the sons of the bishop,” it is no wonder that a branch of that stock are called Fitzbishops.

L. L. M.

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MR. MACCULLOH,

I feel conscious, under an impression of your deep regard for my sex, and your readiness at all times to expose the vices, as well as the follies and vanities that prevail in the world, that you will allow the following paragraph (from a New-York paper) a space in your widely circulated publication, with the annexed lines, should you think them worthy, for I conceive that too much cannot be said against a practice far too prevalent, and as really iniquitous, as it is dishonorable. By so doing you will highly gratify your most devoted

FLORA.

26th April, 1822.

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“Christina Cauker, died at Baltimore on the 25th ult. she was 20 years of age, a native of Germany. The distressing condition and sufferings of this young woman, and the awful result, ought to be a solemn warning to all *matchmakers* and *matchbreakers*. She was engaged to be married to a young man from Philadelphia, who, for reasons best known to himself, communicated to her, a short time since, his intention of abandoning her. On the receipt of this information she became the child of sorrow and despair for ten days, when reason left its seat, and she became an awfully distressed maniac, unceasingly calling on her lover to “come to her.” On the evening preceding her death, she ordered her wedding-garment to be prepared, saying that she wished to be dressed in white, and that she was to be married at ten o’clock, the precise hour of her departure to the world of spirits.”

Oh man! will not thy callous conscience melt  
At this sad tale of female woe?  
And if thou ever heavenly pity felt,  
Sure tears must down thy bosom flow.

Wilt thou, unfeeling monster! never blush,  
To gain the lovely female’s vow,  
Then cast her off, bid her to misery rush,  
To death!—perchance eternal woe?

Oh, may disgrace and shame unceasing haunt  
Their path, and sickness clothe their brows—  
The paths of those who do for riches pant,  
And scorn kind woman’s heartfelt vows.

Long be his days, but misery attend,  
The man who love will foster there,  
Who when he gains his vile, his wicked end,  
Turns off with an unfeeling air.

Let welcome ne’er pronounce his cursed name,  
But hoot him—hoot him—far away;  
Seated on pinacles of wealth or fame,  
Thence sudden be his fall, e’en in one fate-fraught day.

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### NOTICE.

The interruption that has taken place in the publication of the SCRIBBLER, the present number only appearing, three weeks after its date, requires an apology and explanation, and is due to the gratitude which the editor feels for the liberal patronage he has experienced.

Although on Sunday the 12th May he had, at an hour’s warning to leave Montreal, every thing was in train for the regular continuation of the Scribbler, and Mr. James Lane, the then printer, was provided with the copy of No. 47, in full time for its appearance on the proper day. Nevertheless, notwithstanding Mr. Lane was bound as well by duty and honour, as by his own obvious interest, and notwithstanding at an interview the editor had with him at Burlington, on the Tuesday following, a thorough understanding upon that faith, and the solemn pledge of his

word and honour to do so, Mr. Lane received from the editor satisfaction to within less than ten dollars for what was due for printing;—yet he did not fulfil his duty and engagement, and totally forfeited his word, by wholly discontinuing the paper. Of this the editor was totally ignorant, (having regularly transmitted to Montreal, copy for No. 48 and its supplement) until the evening of Sunday the 26th May. He then immediately set about arranging the means for its being printed elsewhere; and having had the satisfaction of issuing No. 47, and now 48, it's also that of assuring his subscribers and the public, that the supplement to No. 48 and No. 49, are in the press, and will be followed in quick succession by the others, so that the whole will be brought up by the time No. 52 will appear which will be on the 20th June.

The second volume will commence with No. 58 on an enlarged plan, & more moderate terms, which will be shortly announced to the public.

In consequence of the duplicity and treachery of Mr. Lane, it becomes necessary to caution the subscribers to the Scribbler, not to pay any thing to him, but upon the production of a receipt signed in the proper hand writing of S. H. Wilcocke. A considerable number of receipts so signed were obtained by Mr. Lane, from the editor, under false pretence of engaging to continue the work, and which undoubtedly, having been so deceitfully procured, he can have no equitable right to collect, but the editor disdains to mete out to him according to his deserts, and forbears from countermanding the payment of those sums; requesting only that in future nothing whatever be paid to Mr. Lane for the Scribbler, as no such payment can by possibility be allowed.

L. L. M.



## 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* 1822-05-23 Volume 1, Issue 48 edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]