

THE  
**SCRIBBLER,**

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS,  
ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL,  
MORAL, AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;  
INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

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By **LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH**, Esquire.

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FORMING  
**Volume II.**

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*Sic parvis componere magna solebam.* VIRGIL.

Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,  
In this odd monstrous medley, mix'd appears,  
Like Bayes's dance, confusedly round they run,  
Statesman, coquet, gay fop, and pensive nun,  
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,  
With monkish drones that dream away their lives.

ROWE.

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PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL, LOWER CANADA,  
*And to be had of the proprietor,*  
**SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE,**  
AT BURLINGTON, VT.

1823.

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# THE SCRIBBLER.

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1822.

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*Quædam sunt repetanda, quædam inculcanda.*

SENECA.

Some may be praised, and some things may be quoted.

— *Quis te tam lene fluentem  
Moturum tantas violenti gurgitas iras  
Nile, putet?*—

LUCAN.

Who sees that tranquil current glassy smooth,  
Suspects that to yon cataract it leads,  
And through those rearing gulphs resistless pours?

— *Nulla virtute redemptum  
A vitiis.*—

JUVENAL.

By no redeeming virtue saved from scorn.

## REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

*The Prompter, a series of essays on civil and social duties, published originally in the Upper Canada Herald. Kingston, 1821, printed and published by H. C. Thomson, price 8vo. pp. 56.*

This pamphlet, which has lain too long on my table, and merited much earlier notice, is one intended for general practical utility in these provinces, particularly in that of Upper Canada. Many of the essays that compose it, are, however, applicable to the purposes of civil and social life in all countries, and may be read with instruction by the middle classes of all societies. Neither elegance of language, nor abstruseness of disquisition are aimed at, but, in fact, disclaimed by the author, and in truth his *disclaim* must be allowed. There are a few symptoms of yankeeism in the language, such as the use of the words *grade* for degree, and *avails* for profits, &c. but many of these barbarous phrases have become so habitual in these provinces, that the use of them does not here necessarily designate the native country of the writer or speaker who employs them. I have

heard even from the Bench in our courts of law, some of the most uncouth occasionally adopted.

The following little story in No. XVIII, though conveying in other words the trite admonitions that have been addressed to the indolent, and those who procrastinate whatever does not press upon their immediate attention, in all ages, is no bad illustration of them, and is a fair specimen of the work.

“Travelling in a retired part of the country I once happened to be caught in a sudden shower of rain, at a distance from an inn, and took shelter in a poor unfinished house, standing by the side of the road. The owner, who appeared to be indolent, and somewhat infirm, but possessed of a degree of shrewdness and humour, received me with a hearty welcome, and apologized for the leaky state of his house. It lacked, he said, half a dozen shingles upon the roof, near the ridge, where the rain, for the want of those few shingles, came through, and dripped down, to the injury of the furniture, and the annoyance of the family. He had for a long time, intended to make the necessary repair, but had not yet effected it. When it rained, he always resolved to attempt it, as soon as the rain should be over. But, when the weather became fair, he was no longer sensible of any immediate occasion for it; and, as it could be done at any time, it passed out of his mind, until another storm revived his recollection, and renewed the determination, which he had thus often formed, and as often forgotten.

“In short, sir, added the old man, when I suffer for the want of it, I can not do the work, without great inconvenience; and when I can conveniently do it, I never feel the want of it.

“This whimsical account of the operations of his mind made a strong impression upon mine; and I often think of it, when I see persons of my acquaintance resolve, and forget, and then re-resolve, to perform some necessary, but unpleasant or laborious, act of duty.

“If a man’s finances are as leaky as the roof of the country-man’s house, the sunshine of good fortune may render him too warm and comfortable to be mindful of it, and the same embarrassment, which, like a storm, makes him feel the leak, may, like that also, prevent his stopping it.”

In his No. XXIII, the Prompter has attacked the custom of the *Charivari*, and taken the same side of the question as the stupid old women do, who are at the head of our police. In No. 5 of the Scribbler I have alluded to this custom and have promised a further essay upon it, but which, like the reparation of the man’s leaky roof, I have put off, because when I had the inclination, I had more pressing matter before me, and when I had the leisure, I

wanted the inclination. I have not, however, lost sight of it, and in the mean time take this opportunity of hinting to the wiseacres who quote “the Black Act,” as a statute in force against such meetings, and amongst which is the Prompter, that there is a maxim which is a very good one for all, but more particularly for magistrates and persons in power, to observe, viz. *Do not shew your teeth till you can bite*, for it is the merest bugbear in the world to pretend that the Black Act is in the slightest degree applicable to the case, having, in that part of it relied on by their worships, been solely and exclusively enacted against deerstealers. But I beg pardon of the worshipful old ladies I have just alluded to, I forgot that along with the little smattering of law they possess, they have also both the will and the power to (and actually very often do) wrest that law to their own purposes, and to make black white, or any colour that to their most immaculate judgements may seem meet. But to revert the custom itself, is it any thing more than a living caricature of the unequal match it is intended to ridicule? and what annoyance, besides that of the noise, the discordant music, and the sarcastic songs which accompany the masquerade, does it give to the new married couple, for a few nights, which it may naturally be concluded they would not be inclined to sleep entirely away? However, I must reserve what I have further to say on this score, till another opportunity; and proceed in my task.

*The Quebec Almanack, and British American Royal Kalendar, for the year 1822. Quebec, by J. Neilson, price 5s. 6d.*

I make mention of this annual publication solely for the purpose of noticing and stigmatizing the unpardonable omission in it of the civil lists of Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, and New-Brunswick, which in all preceding editions have necessarily formed an essential part of the *British American Royal Kalendar*.

*A Letter to a friend in Nova Scotia, relative to Banking-institutions and other joint-stock companies in Canada; by Maurice Mask, Esq. Montreal, printed by James Brown, 1822. 8vo. pp. 34, price, 2s. 6d.*

The author of this pamphlet, who writes under a *Mask*, seems to have a thorough acquaintance with the subject, both as to what relates to the actual manner in which the banks in this place have been conducted, what ought to be the system pursued, and the existing laws relative to such institutions. He justly and warmly condemns the selfish, narrow, and oppressive principles that appear to have actuated the directors of our banks in their dealings and management; nor can it in fact be otherwise, as long as directors of banks are men engaged in exactly the same species of traffic as their customers. Bankers ought never to be

considered in any other light than as servants to the public, and ought never to assume any species of dictation. This I know, however, it is scarcely possible to avoid, for the possession and command of money, tho' it is that of other people, gives power and consequence, and of course also arrogance and presumption. This is too much exemplified both in the Bank of England, and in the general body of the London Bankers, who, from being the very humble servants, and cash keepers of the merchants, have become their masters. But let Mr. Mask speak for himself.

“That banking establishments may be rendered eminently useful in all commercial countries, when under proper management, and sufficiently *under the surveillance of the mercantile interest and of the government* not to be able to assume to dictate to either, can not be denied, whilst, on the other hand they may, if conducted on contrary principles, be productive of incalculable evil, and become, what I think I shall succeed in proving ours to be, both in law and in fact, *common and public nuisances*.

“The evils they have occasioned and may produce will not be removed by the acts of incorporation that have been applied for to our legislature; they might be in part remedied by the banks being bound hand and foot as it were, and by their mode of transacting business being regulated by an act of the legislatures entering into the various minutiae of their operations, for which an act would be required like the Arabian tales of one thousand and one sections, but the very putting of any kind of trammels on such operations must paralyze them nearly into a state of annihilation. The main objection is to the very essence of them, that is to the association of a number of *mercantile* individuals for the purpose of monopolizing all the money and exchange business of the country, & controuling the whole remainder of the trading community. Reform it altogether! is the only way. Put the laws in execution for their suppression, and hold out encouragement for individuals or partnerships of from two to six persons (to which number the British laws have wisely restricted all private banking-societies) to establish banks upon the same principles as the country banks in England, and the private banks in London.”

The last suggestion reminds me of a report that was afloat in the beginning of this year, that the senior partner of an eminent house of trade here, who has more than once been president of our senior bank, intended retiring from mercantile business, and establishing a private bank. Such an undertaking, would, I think, be both praiseworthy and profitable. There is another individual in town, (and why should I hesitate to name him? I mean Mr.

John Molson) who, if he would devote part of his capital, time, and exertion, to such an object, would no doubt, succeed in establishing a private bank, that would soon out-rival both the *illegal unincorporated* banks here, in credit and in custom. All he has to do is to pay the numerous trades-people and work-men he employs in his various undertakings with his own promissory notes, payable to bearer on demand, and they would soon be in extensive circulation, and enjoy the highest credit. A private bank set up by that gentleman, would not only be one of perfect solidity and respect, but would not be liable to the objection of rivalry, urged against the directors of our banks, for his concerns are not of a nature to interfere with the mercantile interest of our general traders.

To return, however, to the pamphlet under consideration. The imbecile self-sufficiency of those who planned the system of our banks upon illegal, deceptive, and unmercantile principles, is ably exposed; and their truly ridiculous bastard bank-bills, with their preposterous and unmeaning clause, “*to be paid out of the joint funds of the association and no other*”, held up to deserved contempt as a *monstrous, mongrel, anomalous, abortion of bank-paper*. The acts of Parliament, which declare all such institutions in the British colonies, to be *common and public nuisances* are quoted in full, and fully justify the able protest made by Chief Justice Sewell, in the Legislative Council at Quebec against the passing of the bills for the incorporation of the banks, which is subjoined to this pamphlet.

Upon the whole, Maurice Mask has performed meritorious service in thus discussing the merits and demerits of the banks here as at present constituted, and I should think must be read with interest by all our traders, capitalists, and speculators.

The book bears marks of not having been subjected to the correction of the author, who never could have passed over *lex mercatori*, for *lex mercatoria*, or the strange error by which in p. 30 instead of *nuisances*, the banks are called *nice sauces*.

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I have long promised both myself and my correspondent to give a place to the following poem. Notwithstanding its demerits, for I can not conceal from Erius that there is occasionally a prosaic tameness in his language, & a want of rhythm, as well as of roundness in his versification, it evinces such power of poetic description, and the true, artless, tranquil, sentiments inspired by a lakeshore residence, that its merits will be felt and appreciated along the extensive margins of all our American interior waters, as long as a taste for simple beauties exist in readers of poetry. According to his desire I have scrupulously printed from his

manuscript without any alteration.—Its length prevents its being given in one number, but it will be continued in the next.

L. L. M.

### FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

*JOURNAL OF A DAY'S JOURNEY IN UPPER CANADA,  
in October, 1816.*

The air was soft, the sky was clear,  
October's sun shone mild and fair,  
With orb depress'd and slanting ray,  
While hastening round the autumnal day;  
With mellow fruit the orchard hung,  
Where birds the parting chorus sung,  
And spread their opening wings to fly—  
For winter frown'd in northern sky.  
Black o'er the wide extended plain  
The crested buckwheat wav'd amain;  
The Indian corn along the vale  
Bow'd rustling to the passing gale—  
Scene of delight! Reward of toil,  
The product of a genial soil.

Fort George is now far in my rear,  
And the great cataract I hear;—  
And shall I pass? No, turn and see  
Thy wonders, famed Niagara.<sup>[1]</sup>  
There the Saint Lawrence silent glides,  
A broad and smooth yet, rapid, tide;  
Then, tumbling with a sudden force,  
It tosses on its foaming course,  
Resistless, o'er its craggy bed,  
Where many a huge rock lifts its head;  
Then, down the steep the torrent rolls,  
And scarce the rock its rage controuls.  
The bowels of the earth profound  
It pierces with unfathom'd wound.  
There dark and deep the chasm lies,  
Round which huge cliffs tremendous rise;  
Dense clouds of spray, an awful brow!  
O'erhang, obscure, the space below,  
Admitting scarce the dubious eye  
Where, half conceal'd, dark wonders lie.  
The bow of heaven, a glorious sight,  
Arches the spray in splendour bright,  
While, unobscured, the king of day  
Shoots down his bright, effulgent ray.  
The wandering fish-hawk, seeking prey,  
Hither perchance, directs his way;  
But ah! he finds no finny brood  
To tempt him in the foaming flood.  
The eagle, as he passes by,  
Casts o'er the scene a scowling eye;  
Amazed, looks from the dizzy height,  
And claps his wings for surer flight.  
While the deep bellowing thunder breaks,  
The trembling earth, percussive, shakes—  
It totters on its quivering base,  
And seems as moving from its place.  
Heaven's thunders scarce, tho' dread to hear.  
More dreadful strike the astonish'd ear,  
Or the dire tempest, rolling vast,  
Borne on the force compelling blast—  
The terrors of the storm combined,  
So forcibly can strike the mind.  
Emerging from a veil of spray,  
The cataract, in its awful power,  
Rolls down the steep, and foams afar.



The river shoots its giddy way,  
 Deep channel'd in its rocky course,  
 With eddies, whirls, and sweeping force.  
 The towering rocks, a dreadful show,  
 Dark frowning, shade the tide below,  
 And cast a drear and solemn gloom,  
 Like deep destruction's yawning tomb.  
 There, from the river's stormy breast,  
 An island rears its shaggy crest:—  
 With rugged rocks 'tis verged around—  
 With venerable hemlocks crown'd,  
 And cedars tall, whose evergreen  
 Adds to the bold majestic scene.  
 Below the isle, from both its sides,  
 Two tumbling torrents join their tides,  
 And boiling, plunging, foam away,  
 Mantled in froth, and veiled in spray.

Here oft the raised spectator stands  
 Astonish'd—with uplifted hands—  
 His eye is fix'd in steadfast gaze—  
 His soul is chain'd in deep amaze—  
 His tongue forgets its power to speak—  
 Imagination—wilder'd—weak—  
 Fancy, unfledg'd, descends from flight,—  
 Confounded—lost, in such a sight!—  
 What dread sublimity is here!  
 What awful grandeur doth appear!  
 We ponder on the scene before  
 Our eyes—we turn—we view once more:  
 Then turn away with mind deep fraught—  
 Big with unutterable thought.

But yonder is that bloody field  
 Where war's dire thunders lately peal'd,  
 With mingled groans, and savage yell,  
 While death-guns told their awful knell.  
 Yes, here, though dreadful to be told,  
 Here has the rage of battle roll'd.  
 Here tears of blood Columbia shed,  
 And here Britannia's bosom bled,  
 Here the war-trump's provoking blast  
 Roused many a soldier for the last—  
 And here life's crimson flow'd amain,  
 While hundreds bit the gory plain.  
 And here the cannon's fiery breath  
 Belch'd out destruction, flames, and death.  
 O'er the sad subject of this tale  
 Night hung a dark and sable veil;  
 Confusion rear'd his gorgon-head,  
 While fate was glutted with the dead.  
 Ah! must the mournful harp be strung!  
 Ah! must the solemn dirge be sung.  
 Shall widows tears in torrents flow  
 While listening to the tale of woe?  
 Must parents mourn their offspring dear,  
 And orphans murmur as they hear?  
 The maid betrothed, in beauty's bloom—  
 Ah! death has waved his sable plume  
 O'er him whose vows engaged thy heart—  
 But cease, recording muse! I start!  
 My soul recoils, and hangs between—  
 Come, silence, then, and close the awful scene!

ERIEUS.

*(To be continued.)*

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[1] The Rhyme here would require Niagara to be pronounced Niagaræ.—It is singular that the name of this celebrated cataract should be pronounced in a totally

different manner on this side the Atlantic, from what it is in Europe. Here, and all over the new continent, it is pronounced, Niāgara, Europeans call it Niagāra, which is the way it is accented by Thomson, and the other English poets who have had occasion to use it. As it is originally an Indian name, it would be worth while to enquire how the aborigines pronounced it; old inhabitants here say that in their youth, it was pronounced even here Niagāra. L. L. M.

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*Clarencetown Estate, June 1821.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

I am sorry to inform you that the tenantry of this estate are in general much discontented and dissatisfied with the conduct of the present steward. They have for a number of years been expecting that their landlord, who you know is George King Esquire, would have paid that attention to this, not insignificant, part of his large possessions, which they first come to live upon it, they had good reason to expect. You must know old Mr. King bought this property from an old French gentleman, who, by some ancient deeds, was possessed of a kind of feudal sovereignty over the estate; which had been neglected, and languished in almost utter waste and sterility, in consequence of the difficulties which the feudal customs threw in the way of improvement. Mr. King, a liberal-hearted old Englishman, knew very well that no lands can ever flourish when the tenantry are oppressed and subjected to arbitrary conditions, and had determined to grant good and long leases upon favourable terms, to his farmers, expressing likewise his intention of foregoing all the feudal rights he had purchased as incompatible both with the prosperity of the estate, and with his own enlarged views. Unfortunately, however, the old gentleman, was so involved in lawsuits, and had not only more upon his hands than he could do, but what was worse, more advisers than he had helpers, that amongst his great estates, that of Clarencetown was nearly entirely overlooked; and left entirely to the management of the stewards he appointed for his possessions in this part of the country, who, like other stewards, being generally more intent upon their own pursuits and profits than those of their masters, the demesne was as much neglected as if it had no owner at all. We never had the happiness of seeing our landlord amongst us, but one of his sons, when very young, was once here, and in compliment to him it was, his godfather having been a royal personage, that the name by which the estate is now known, was given to it. From that time forward the tenants have, year after year, entertained strong hopes of attracting the attention of their landlord; and at length that attention has been attracted, but alas! instead of a redress of grievances, and our having those favourable leases which were originally promised, young Mr. King, who succeeded, on the old

gentleman's death, about three years ago, to all his estates, thinking even more than his father, that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," or his steward, for perhaps the squire himself does not trouble himself about us, is upon the point of turning most of us off from our farms, in a way that we did not expect, and which must be ruinous to the estate.

At the time old Mr. King was engaged in that tedious and unfortunate lawsuit with his nephew Jonathan, in result of which Jonathan got possession of a large part of the old gentleman's estate, offers were made by Mr. King to the tenants of the contested part that if they would come and settle on the Clarence town lands, they should have leases free of expense and of all burthens; lots were taken up in great numbers upon that faith, by new comers from the Jonathan estates and others; but in the hurry of business, no leases could be drawn, and only certificates of occupation were issued by the then overseers of the land. The broils and lawsuits Mr. King was engaged in, the continued change of stewards and agents, and the infirmities pressing on age, prevented any thing further being done for a great many years. After about thirty years had passed away in this state of uncertainty, the farms had of course got into different hands, thro' deaths, bargains, and other vicissitudes; and those who held them had taken to them upon the faith that the sacred word of old Mr. King, who was never known wilfully to have forfeited any one of his engagements, would have been fulfilled; but when it came to the push, promises were indeed made that leases should be granted upon the conditions originally understood, provided that every tenant would pay down a sum of money equal, in some instances, to the fee-simple of the land. The necessities of the times were pleaded for this exaction, but it is shrewdly suspected, Mr. King never knew any thing about it, and that it was merely a trick to put money in the pockets of his stewards. Be that as it may, it was objected to by all the tenants; some because they had not the money, and others because they knew, that if they were to offer the leases they were to get on those terms for sale, they would not get even so much as the premium they were required to pay. Things were in this state when the present steward, who is a good man in the main, but much given to listen to tale-bearers and eavesdroppers, and to take up prejudiced reports, being told by the understrappers that the tenants of the Clarencetown Estate were a set of unruly rascals, gave orders to a pettifogging lawyer, who had ingratiated himself with him, to make out leases upon the old feudal tenure with all its burthens and restrictions, and instructed him to compel all the occupiers of the lands to accept of the deeds so made out immediately, or be prosecuted, and have their farms taken from

them. Besides this, what does this pettifogger do? but claps on an exorbitant fee to be paid to himself for every one of those deeds; and, contrary to the original understanding at the time of the Jonathan contest, yearly quitrents were required to be paid by all. There was great consternation amongst the tenantry, as you may conceive, when these terms come to be known; some, who thought their titles were precarious, complied with them, and others did so because their neighbours did, others were absolutely intimidated, for the steward with a stretch of authority, probably suggested to him by the little low tyrants he trusted to, absolutely gave orders to go to law against all who should seek out any means to get other leases, or even say they would do so. The whole of the estate is now considered to be let upon those feudal leases, excepting seven closes which a man who was a good *judge*, by some means or other, got a good English lease for, from old Mr. King, and which he has therefore underlet since to advantage. The parson of the parish has got eight closes upon lower terms than any body else, but still upon the obnoxious feudal tenure. What will be the result can not exactly be foretold, but the said pettifogger continues to issue threatening notices, to all the non-conforming tenants; it is to be hoped, however, that the steward, who certainly must have found when he came amongst us, that he was not received with that cordiality he was wont to, and who is naturally a man of good sense, though easily led astray by those who have his ear, will finally see how impolitically he is acting, both for his own popularity and the interest of Mr. King.

I am Sir, yours obediently,

TIM BOBBIN.

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE  
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. X.

We omitted amongst our *Fashionable movements*, to notice the departure, lately, of counsellor Ali Hassan Oldboy, who has broke up us his establishment and is gone to England. It is reported that he had a serious disagreement, with the *very honourable*, the Boreal-Occidentals, who had professionally retained and employed him, and who would not pay more than one eighth of what the counsellor charged. It is added that he took their reduced offer rather than go to law. Whether this was owing to consciousness of over-charge, or to a conviction that nothing was to be gained in a contest with meanness, illiberality, and shabbiness, has not transpired. The truth sometimes lies in the middle.

*Beware of green gowns.* The married lady who walked one evening last week with a young gentleman in the grove near Mile-end, should have taken the precaution of spreading her shawl under her before lying down, as grass is a sad enemy to white dresses, and tells tales when least thought of. Her laundress declares the green stains all over the back of her dress were as bad as if they had been done in dyeing.

*Campbelltown, July 1822.*

*This is to give notice, that a certain lady having lately passed thro' this place several times, my husband will, henceforward, whenever she is expected, not be able to attend to his public business, as I mean to keep him locked up, to prevent a meeting.*

*MRS. MEG NAIL.*

REPORTED NUPTIALS. The gallant Mr. Rooster and a young *French* lady, have at *last* made up their minds to be *welted* together. It is expected there will be some weeping and wailing amongst our disconsolate swains on the occasion.

A treaty of matrimony upon a very *broad basis* is rumoured to be upon the carpet between the governess of Fort Stark, and a medical gentleman from the South west. A wag observes it is well it is on the carpet, and not on the bed, or else it would break down.

The match that was expected would take place between the blooming widow of the late Sir Blazon Nonpareil, and her champion, the knight of the Telescope, has, it is understood, been broken off; the sprightly widow having thought fit to undeceive the knight by declaring her intention of rewarding Mr. Brown Beard with her hand and heart for his zeal and assiduity both during her late husband's life time, and since his death (since which four long months have expired) as his clerk and assistant. An improbable story of the ghost of Sir Blazon having appeared to the knight of the Telescope on the place d'armes has been sent us for insertion, with the dialogue said to have passed on the occasion; in which the apparition expressed great surprise at the intelligence that his widow should marry his clerk so soon, whilst, by the bye, the sly knight never says a word of his own intentions; but if ghosts are to rise and walk about, on such common occurrences as young widows taking fresh husbands, we should meet them at every corner, and be forced to jostle through their shrouds all the way from the citadel to the hay-market. Sir Blazon's anxiety about his child is a little more in character, but still he comes "in such a questionable shape," that we don't wish to have any thing to do with his ghost.

*Departure.* WATTY LOVERULE Esq. by way of Boston for England to complete his studies in dandyism, and take his

degree of D. M. (*Dandyismi Magister*.)<sup>[2]</sup> He was accompanied part of the way by the Hon. TORY LOVERULE, and BARON GRUNT; the latter took occasion to display his high breeding and knowledge of the world, during the excursion, at an hotel, where upon attempting to seat himself at the general table, upon casting his noble aspect round the company, and not liking their phizzes, and particularly that of a gentleman who had often made him the butt of his ridicule, he suddenly and mutteringly withdrew with no little trepidation. *Risum teneatis amici*. Don't laugh at the great man, my friends! The return of these gentlemen has been hailed with joy by all presidents' chairs, and magistrates' benches, which had been dressed in crape in consequence of their absence.

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[2] Some accounts say he embarks direct for Calcutta and that his diploma will be sent after him, having been *well paid for*.

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ARITHMETICAL QUERY. If the Sheriff of Mount Royal takes one year, eight months and fifteen days, to pay over £150—taken by him in execution, in what time may the Sheriff of Government-City be expected to pay over £60.—N. B. A solution is requested as early as possible, as the clients are in the mean time living on tick.

Washing *not taken in*, but hung out to dry, *at the bed-room windows of two young ladies*. For cards of address, apply to Mr. Sheriff Brute's.—

*N. B. Chemises displayed to great advantage.*

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SAM TINKER'S dream will have a place, as soon as my poet in ordinary has versified the story of an apparition that appeared to me, as a companion to it. AURELIA CARELESS, the *Mailcoach Narrative* from Kingston to Montreal, and PAT MURPHY, from Chambly (who is particularly thanked for his information) will all be availed of, but in what shape is yet undetermined. TIMOTHY PRY from Quebec, PASSETEMS and A BANKRUPT will appear next week. Tho' OLD TRUDGE very justly complains of the ignorance and arrogance prevalent amongst our country-magistrates, the merits of the instance he adduces, are not sufficiently explained to appear as a case in point. JACK SNUFF-AT-ALL touches on a political topic, which I decline. A HINTER is too trivial.

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 1822-07-18 Volume 2, Issue 55* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]