

THE  
**SCRIBBLER,**

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS,

ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL,  
MORAL, AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire.

Nos. 53 to 78.

From 4th July, to 26th December 1822.

FORMING

Volume II.

*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.

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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Vol. II.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 8th  
AUGUST, 1822.

[No. 58.

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*Grandis in etherio licet fiat Olympo,  
Coganturque Dei vendere quicquid habent.* MARTIAL.

Should such an auction in Olympus be,  
And such an auctioneer to knock down lots,  
The gods and goddesses would crowd to see,  
And sell by vendue all their pans and pots.

*Operose nihil agunt.* SENECA.

Labouring much and doing nothing.

*Mores et studia et populos, et prælia dicam.* VIRGIL.

Fashions, and folks, and fights, and fun, are here.

It is a very fortunate circumstance when a periodical writer is not in the vein for composition,—or, when, as is the case with me just now, he is called upon for copy before he has put pen to paper, if he can have recourse to a fyle of letters from his correspondents. So pray, Mr. Devil, take those two or three top letters off the fyle, and go on with them; by the time you have worked them up, I may think of something else. Now be off with you, and don't plague me—no—not for the next three hours.

*19th July.*

MR. MAC,

In an excursion I took the other day I chanced to arrive at the village<sup>[A]</sup> of — just as an auction was commencing. My object being principally the search after amusement, I thought the scene there would afford me some, nor was I disappointed. It was a curious medley; where I beheld a motley group of buyers and sellers surrounding the auctioneer, the Caleb Quotem of the village, the cock of the walk.

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[A] I take this opportunity of protesting against the American impropriety of language that seems gaining ground in Canada. *Village* has a very different meaning in English from what it has in the Yankee-tongue; so has *town*. But what they call a village is a town, and what they call a town is a township. The following are the correct English definitions of the terms applied to the larger or smaller collections of human habitations that figure in maps and gazetteers. A *city*, when applied to places in England, means exclusively one which is a bishop's see, but applied to places in other countries to such as have magistrates or courts that have jurisdiction and power of life and death. A *town*, is a place that has a corporation, and where a market is

held. A *borough* one that sends representatives to the national councils. A *village*, a place with one church, and no market. A *hamlet*, a number of houses together, but without a church. In the proper English sense of the word, the place alluded to by my correspondent is certainly not a village.

L. L. M.

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The property consisted of some odd parcels of odd things belonging to an odd old maid. Notice was given of the commencement of the sale, by part of an old cowbell, rung by the palsied arm of Scrub, the shoe-black, Caleb's first aid-de-camp. The important gait of Mr. Quotem himself, announces that he has figured in the militia during the war, and that he conceives himself to be the fittest person in the world to fill the various Quotem-like offices which he holds. As to time and place, the sale was admirably planned to suit all purposes; Caleb being both a seller and a buyer, it was desirable to have the effects *chez lui*; and they were arranged with discrimination in the court-yard at the back of his dwelling-house. It was the general opinion that they had been so judiciously lotted in consultation with Mrs. and the Miss Quotems, who graced the opposite windows, well-laced and braced, in their holyday clothes, to bid, and to be bid for.

Our knight of the hammer, although an inexperienced auctioneer, with but little practice, strained every nerve, and with some success, to outdo the outdoings of his most celebrated cotemporaries the Christies, the Squibs, and the Puffs, of Montreal and Quebec. Caleb was most abundantly noisy, shuffling and lying, all indispensable qualifications of the profession. At one time shewing the ladies his satisfaction at receiving a bid from them by an exquisite roaring horse-laugh; then, when he wished to express his dissatisfaction at a low offer "his voice in awful thunders roared" the vilest, coarsest, *abdominal* oaths; astonishing the natives, so as, along with his gestures, to

—"amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Happily there was not many other ladies besides those of the Quotem family present; one, however, took the alarm, gave a sudden scream, and in her perturbation, having her chair half inclined backward, and her feet cocked up on that of her admirer, Captain Flash,

Then up she tripp'd,  
And down she slipp'd

completely à la renverse. This unexpected part of the performance happened just as Caleb had finished "going, going, gone"; and operated very forcibly on the risible muscles of all the party, save the captain, who, with a black silk handkerchief in his

hand, but which was rather too small, made a spring to cover the lady, who was not, however, much disconcerted, and laughed as heartily at the joke as any one; but the captain did not recover his good humour, feeling because one of the bystanders (seeing one thing put up just as the other was knocked down) was bidding against him for what he considered his own.

Whether it was this circumstance or not that accelerated the business I cannot say; but a match was made up on the spot, quickly after dark, between Lieut. Hobble of the Bragging Madcaps, and Miss Wriggle of Lovelane.

After the merriment and jokes produced by this incident had subsided, order was restored, and Caleb with a *laudable* voice, shewed his superiority, commanded attention, and to make up for lost time, as he said, went on with dispatch, which indeed appeared to be particularly the case when, "without reserve," he knocked the lots down to Mrs. Quotem. Now, says Caleb, we come to a Whatd'ye-call'em thing, a juggling box; Miss Quotem, five coppers; Lieut. Hobble, five and a half; against you, my love, don't let him get hold of the juggling box; the lock's broke, papa, it's not worth a groat, let him keep it, it will cost more than it is worth to get it done up. Lot 25. A handsome teapot; if nobody will give more than two and sixpence, I will put it in my shop: two and ninepence, says Mr. B.; it's too late, sir.

I must not omit to add that half a dozen, or rather five and a half, of the old maid's chemises were put up, and when some witty remark had been made on them in different directions, they were purchased by a single gentleman, the parson's son, for what purpose no conjectures have yet been formed by the gossips of the village.

Some other curious matters transpired, but you will probably be already tired with this authentic history, in which you will see I have like the historians of other great events, been minute and faithful, qualities which belong, or ought to belong, to my whole family, and which, if you approve of this trial, shall be in future again exerted by Your's

INSPECTOR.

*Laprairie, 23d July.*

MR. L. L. MACCULLOH,

Laprairie is now rapidly becoming a place of great consequence: it's bright days are coming, and the sun of wealth and fame will some day shine with splendour on its crested battlements. A projected race-course, and two or three steam-boats are the present principal forerunners of its forthcoming grandeur: a noble turnpike-road, smooth as a bowling-green, and

firm as a Roman military *via*, from here to St. Johns, will, *when it is made*, no doubt be worthy of the immense expense (of paper and ink) it has cost, and the length of time it has been hatching<sup>[B]</sup>; a theatre is to be erected, and some say a bridge is going to be thrown, either over the St. Lawrence, or up to the moon, the committee not having decided on which: a museum is also on foot, but as yet there is no curiosity in it, worthy of attention besides the Squire's cast-off wig. Our town however, contains many wonders of "animated nature"; and oh! what a grand people we shall be is the exclamation of the little witted fellows, and even the old chaps believe it. La Prairie! Prairie! to what art thou aspiring? Thy glory shall eclipse that of all other places, and the cities of the earth shall be to thee as a mote floating in the sunbeam.

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[B] It is a great blessing to Canada that the projectors of all public undertakings religiously observe Horace's advice to authors

*Nonum prematur in annis;*

and take nine years at least or more, to mature their plans, whereby advantages accrue that are *too tedious to mention*. *Ex. Gr.* The La Prairie turnpike, the LaChine Canal, the McGill University, &c. &c. &c.

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To descend, however, from the heroics which these vivifying anticipations have inspired. This place is now the resort of all the fashionables from the opposite shore: it is now the watering-place, the Margate, (or rather *Ramsgate*,) of Mount Royal. The promenades of Point Long and China, are nearly deserted, and a delightful trip to Campbelltown is all the go. "Oh dear! let us go and shew those country-folks how we townspeople carry on the game; we shall quite astonish the rustics. Come, come along, the new steam-boat takes us for nothing, and pays all our expenses; why, dem it, it's cheaper than living at home! I wish they would take boarders at the same rate." Yes, Mr. Macculloh, they do astonish us; but that astonishment awakens our pity, and indeed some portion of contempt, to see the ridiculous capers that some of our visitors cut.—Hither flock original characters of high life both above and below stairs with all their attributes; servants assuming the fanfaronades of their masters; who, in turn, display their gentility by coarseness and vulgarity. Young non-descripts, frightfully laced, pinioned, braced, padded, puffed, girthed, stayed, squeezed and pilloried, in all the whimsical panoply of modern dandyism, shewing off their insignificance; dashing young lawyers, sporting their client's money in vacation time; eminent merchants who by means of a *composition* have been relieved from the cares of business; these with other motley groups of men, women, little children, dogs, etc. diversified with

here and there some drunken folks, enliven our streets, and give occupation to steam-boats and tavern-keepers. What we are to do, if this concourse of "clean beasts and of beasts that are not clean," continues to pour in upon us, can not be devined. God help us poor people! we were troubled enough before with our own menagerie. I am afraid the few, will have to retire back into the woods, and abandon the field to the many.

From my sentry-box, the day and month afore written.

NICODEMUS WATCH'EM.

To my cousin L. L. MACCULLOH, Esquire.

*Unknown relation and friend,*

Receive my grateful thanks for your kind offer of publishing any advertisement that I, among others, may think proper to honour you with the job of inserting in your sweet margery communicant; but as I do not wish you to father your cousin's child, and as I suppose you may ask a small price in advance for the gift you bestow in granting me a part of your newsroom, I enclose you a token for five thirteeners expecting that you will begin to put an end to the job of inserting my bit of advice, as fast as your little trotters will allow you to fly to Faust's font, established at Liberty-hall. As I have a great respect for the little big folks that you have been after nicknaming and pretending to be joking with, (and at the same time you know it is all a flam, and that you could not keep your own little gab from telling the truth,) I am determined, tho' I pay for it, that a good many more of the "yes your honours" shall be after receiving the complacence of your polite attention, if you will only be kind enough to cover the nakedness of their follies, (I did not mean to say rogueries,) with your fishing-net mantle of regard for their errors. You know there are so many nice conserves, preserves, and reserves, which appear, disappear, and re-appear, at our elegant assemblages in Mount Royal, before you can half say parsnips, coz, and which bear such affinity to the manners and feelings of the guests who partake of the sweet sounds, sweet steps, sweet airs, and sweetmeats, which those elegant meetings abound, that I am not at all surprised they have possessed a prominent, and indeed a pre-eminent, point in your pericranium, coz; and have consequently received the honour of your first attention.

But, coz, it surely does not follow, because you love all the sweets, that some of us may not have a kind of hankering after a few of the sour, and you certainly should begin to be taking the crab-faced gentry under your care, as they will be popping off

with the jaundice, before you do proper justice to these right worthy personages.

Dear coz, if you could contrive to mix up a compound of mud and vinegar, in due proportions, it might net you some £300 a year, (without informations) and with other etceteras might absolutely entitle you to dangle a gold-headed cane of no inferior size; all you would be required to do would be to look narrowly to the streets and roads with the close attention of a mud-lark, grubbing for horse-shoe-nails in our own dear city of Dublin, coz.

A compound of this kind, mud and vinegar stuffed into a calf-skin, has for the last three months been daily exhibited as an automaton in St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Joseph, and other Saint's streets in Mount Royal, viewing, ordering, and directing, the shovelling, pitching, decomposing, disarranging, removing and replacing, lots, or large quantities of filth, to the particular sense or senses of His Majesty's liege subjects living in the neighbourhood, or passing to and fro, remarkably agreeable; to the satisfactory exclusion of trade in those quarters; to the honour of the magistracy, a durable monument; to window cleaners a delight, from the inch thick incrustations of mud they have to scrape off; to the road-tax-gatherers an occasion for pleasing calls; and to the pocket of the said automaton a most grateful oblation.

This said compound, this composition of severity and servility, coz, who has carefully numbered (not the houses, but) the paving-stones intended to form the basis of his never to-be-seen chart of the ocean of Mount Royal, prides himself upon his swinish ability of wallowing in the mire, and (being in this respect only the reverse in character to the dog in the manger,) he compels thousands of others to do the same, from day to day, month to month, and year to year, to the affable comfort of all concerned. Then, coz, why should he not be indulged with a seat near the bench; where, watching the movements of the board, taking advantages of the absence of some of them, and the drowsy inattention of the others, he may substantiate causes, productive of demi-penalties, and the better enable himself to support his supporters.

Now, coz, if you want to become a little great man, I shall be proud to find you after promising a great deal of what you never mean to perform, which will assuredly procure you a place near the bench, and then you know you can certainly do as much for your own dear coz, as for a stranger; so by publishing me in your vehicle of standard characters, I may hereafter be thought worthy of a niche in the corner-cupboard of your great cyclopedia, and



moreover afford me the pleasure of finding that my advice has been taken.

Believe me, coz, your seventy-sixth cousin, and friend till death,

LUNY McTWOLTER.

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*DIALOGUE.*

*The Editor.* Why, what the devil have you here, Sam? So I see you took my cousin Luny's letter; well, no matter, let it stand, but I ought to have polished and trimmed him, and shaved off some of the blarney to make him fit the genteel company to which I have introduced him. Well, but how many pages does this make?

*Sam.* Eight and three fourths, sir.

*Edit.* Bless me, I shall hardly have room enough for my friend Dicky Gossip. But put this soliloquy in first.

*Sam.* Yes, sir.

*Edit.* And then run to Mr. Gossip's for his Domestic Intelligencer, and let me know what space you will have over.

*Sam.* O, sir, Mr. Gossip can fill it all up, and more too if you'll let him; and I guess the Montrealers think he's pretty smart.

*Edit.* So they do—so they do—but get along, good devil, now, and give me another respite.

L. L. M.

*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*

Lord Goddamnhim's *soliloquy on the immortality*  
*of the SCRIBBLER.*

Goddamnhim solus—An open Scribbler on the table by him.

It must be so—McCulloh, thou reason'st well—  
 Else whence this rapid sale, this circulation,  
 This running after thy immortal Scribbler?  
 Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of being by thee exposed? Why shrinks Goddamnhim  
 Back on himself, and startles at destruction,  
 'Tis to be laughed at, that torments me sorely—  
 'Tis this vile Scribbler, that points out my foibles:  
 The Scribbler—O, thou pleasing, dreaded book,  
 Through what variety of thrice-changed paper,  
 Through what new covers, presses, must thou pass?  
 Here lies my shameful character before me;  
 Debauchery, falsehood, blasphemy rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a ratcatcher  
 (And there are still some of the breed in town,  
 So say the girls) he must like me delight  
 In vice, and lewdness 't is must make him happy.  
 But when or where? I' the suburbs or at home?  
 I'm weary of conjecture—this must end them,

[*laying his hand on the Scribbler.*]

But this alarms me doubly. Here my life,  
 My perfidy, my crimes, are all before me.  
 This in a moment, brings on me disgrace—  
 In it, I'm "damn'd to everlasting fame."  
 The Scribbler, now securely seated, smiles  
 At dirty *Lanes* and bribes; defies their power.  
 The *Star* has set, *turned* round is the *Gazette*,  
*Mower* grows dull, the *Herald* is in love,  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the groans of ratcatchers,  
 The wreck of presses, and the crush of dandies.

TOM TAN.

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## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XI.

Several rencontres, battles, fracas, and other events of importance having taken place since our last number, we will first give an account of such as have been reported to us, before laying before our readers the selections from the country-papers which we have been making for their amusement and instruction.

A bear-baiting, which afforded no little amusement to the lovers of such scenes, took place some time back. The well known bear, king Lear, after various messages, in due and formal style, had been sent and received by the owner of the bear and those of the dogs by whom he was attacked, was at length put to the stake, and was baited by Nabob, the fox-hound, Rednib, a mongrel mastiff, Dominick the grey-hound, and other game-dogs. After a very hot attack by the pack, the bear was unmuzzled, such being the bargain, tore holes in most of the dogs' coats, and gave some of them such tight squeezes and hard rubs that, contrary to general expectation, he came off victorious, and, after a stout battle, won the stakes which amounted to seventy-two dollars. King Lear was very little hurt, having indeed rather an impenetrable hide, but his paws were not in the best order, as they had been very much sucked.

A night-engagement lately occurred between some of the piccaroons that infest the harbours and creeks of the archipelago of Mount Royal, and who rendezvous at that notorious piratical retreat, Police-office-bay, and a vessel navigating through those dangerous channels. A country-ship, whose owner has estates in several islands of the group, going through some narrows at night was annoyed by a number of marauding rowboats, when a frigate with a broad pendant, and commodore's light, coming up, protection was expected and required. The commodore, however, tho' his ship had been commissioned for the purpose of protecting lawful traders in those seas, was now at the head of that gang of pirates called "the watch," because they are upon the watch to fill their own pockets. He insisted that the merchantman was "half seas over," and therefore a good prize. The master of the vessel retorted that he, the commodore himself, was "more than half seas over." The commodore then boarded her, and was going to take her in tow, when two other vessels coming up, a general rencontre took place; the commodore, sounded his boatswain's whistle, for his small craft to come to his assistance, which they did, and one of the merchantmen was made prize of, and carried into the piratical port, whence, however, she was shortly released, upon paying her ransom.

As two cruisers with roving commissions, the *Rosy Tar*, and the *Gourmand*, were proceeding through the streights that lead into the gulphs of St. Laurent, they were hailed by a revenue-cutter, the *Beau Benjamin*, who informed them that if they continued in the smuggling-trade, they should be libelled in the vice-admiralty court of the Scribbler; they, however, paid no regard to the warning, but made sail ahead, and have not since been heard of.

*Battle-Royal between the two Jarretts and Coachee.* This was not a preconcerted match, but tho' an accidental rencontre, not undeserving of a place in Sporting Magazine. The occasion of this pugilistic bout is said to have been that the elder Jarrett having purchased a pair of horses from Mr. Bigman, and expecting to find them in his stable, on being disappointed, politely requested Mr. Coachee to fetch them: which Mr. Coachee having as politely declined to do, alleging that Mr. B. had promised to send them down. Jarrett flew into a passion, and fibbed Coachee under the smellers; this was the first round; in the second, Coachee floored his man by tripping up his heels; young Jarrett then, looking upon this as foul play, entered the ring, and had a regular set to, in which some science was displayed, and a few hard blows given and taken: Coachee, however, possessing more pugilistic science as well as more

bottom than the young one, the latter gave in after he had one of his blinkers queered, and the other sent to the indigo-merchant. A few days seclusion, however, obliterated the “blushing honours” of the combat; whilst Mr. Coachee, in all the pride of victory, was kicked out of doors.

*Ladies who attend the riding-school will in future be furnished with numerical tickets of admission, that there may not be so much crossing and jostling at the door amongst them. Mem. genteel drawers provided in case of unforeseen accidents.*

Squire Vigorous, principal highwayman for Mount Royal, certainly deserves the thanks of the citizens for the expedition with which he has obliged the contractors to complete the sewer and pavement in St. Joseph and St. Paul-Streets.—The Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, and Simple Jarrett, Esquire, doubtless feel much obliged to him, as they have experienced so little inconvenience.—That noble stream, the Creek, which disembogues itself into the harbour, deserves likewise “honourable mention.” The elegant display of dead dogs, cats, hogs, etc. with the reliquæ of the votaries of Cloacina, which adorn its banks, afford the most grateful exhalations, whilst every heavy shower sweeps them in majestic heaps down the eddying torrent, and affords scope for fresh accumulation. It is to be hoped that the good taste of the town will not be led astray by these projectors who *talk* of deepening, straightening, and arching over, and thus hiding this ornament to the place.

*NOTICE. The sexton of the Presbyterian-church in St. Peter’s lane, is desired not to dust the seats when the church is swept, as by so doing he will prevent the ladies from being able to display their graceful movements and desire of neatness, by sweeping the seats with their handkerchiefs before they sit down.*

*Nuptials on the tapis.* The gay widow Play-away-care has at length yielded to her tenth assailant, and Mr. Billytap is the happy man. It is said she made a vow in the first month of her widowhood not to re-enter the holy state until she had repulsed a dozen suitors, but wavered in her resolution when she heard the report of the ghost of Sir Blazon Nonpareil rising to reclaim his wife.

Dr. Andronicus is to receive the fair hand of Lady Bustle, as soon as the summerheats are passed.

They thrice have wedded been, between the twain,  
He twice, she once, and now they wed again:  
A *purse* it attracts the one, t’other a sighing swain.

The countess of Cork, it is said, still hesitates on which of the numerous aspirants to the honour of her hand to bestow it. Some say that she tends not to that

but to another that affords a more agreeable prospect. This is however, only conjecture; the only thing certain is that the glasses out of which the first wine is drank after the ceremony, are to be flung at the gentleman's head, whoever may be the fortunate man, that being her ladyship's invariable rule when she marries.

*SELECTIONS FROM COUNTRY PAPERS.*

*From the Campbelltown Gazette.* A courier from Mount Royal has arrived with intelligence that the races are certainly to be held on our common, on which occasion great rejoicings and a general illumination took place.

P. S. By a gentleman just landed we learn that the above report was premature; his account has very much damped the spirits of the town.

2nd P. S. A balloon is in sight which bears a flag inscribed, *Races for ever*. This is considered favourable. 8 P. M. She has brought an undoubted account that we are to have the races here.

3d P. S. 10 P. M. To our great grief the Mount Royal papers just received announce the races, but say nothing of poor La Prairie!

A report of the trial between the grave-digger, and the small-beer-man, for *crim. con.* with Mrs. Gravedigger, is in the press; with the cross proceedings of the lady for a separate maintenance. Many curious particulars came out on the trial, details of black eyes, bloody noses, kicks and scratches innumerable, abound in it; the episode of the grave-digger employing a young man to cuckold him in order to get a divorce, and afterwards becoming jealous of him, is a good deal in character. It will be embellished by a wood-cut of the small-beer-man discovered in the act by the *injured* husband.

*From the Bull-frog Island Calendar.* Col. Dash-at-all, has been appointed Secretary to the High Court of Chancery established for the recovery of coppers in the barony of Coldharbour. No one but a Colossus could bear the burthen of the numerous offices of State which the colonel fills “bearing his blushing honours thick upon him.”

*From the Clarencetown Mirror.* A certain beef-contractor having purchased a large quantity of beef very cheap last winter, that was so poor that it was rejected, stowed it in the ice-house, and in the spring, when the contractor imagined he was on better terms with the contractees, he tried it on again, but it would not fit, its green colour, and flabby appearance not being very alluring for the hungry soldiers. It is currently supposed,

however, that the ceremony will have to be gone through a third time, as, there being a few empty barrels at hand, branded MESS BEEF, with the inspectors' name, they have found their way to a certain quarter, which we may hereafter describe.

*From the Shamle Repertory.*

In default of more interesting matter, we give an account of the missionary labours of the Rev. Nick Rap. This gentleman was exported by the Bible-Society at home, with a salary of £200—a year, for the conversion of this wooden country, and certificates (by himself) have been sent home of the brilliant result of his efforts; nearly a dozen presbyterians having joined his congregation, not having any place of worship of their own. As for Indians, we have none near us, and the catholic population can not benefit by Mr. Rap's ministry, as he does not understand their lingo, although a learned man, for bating six, he is acquainted with half a dozen languages besides English. But the most successful of the reverend gentleman's missionary exertions, have been devoted to the *conversion* of money into his own pocket; for, besides the above salary, he takes his surplice fees, with most religious exactness, such for instance as two dollars for making a young christian for a poor soldier, who declared he had not a single copper left; then he is chaplain to the garrison; and makes 4 or 5000 dollars a year by a school, in which he teaches—we beg pardon—in which are taught by his assistants—all the liberal sciences, languages, &c. &c. &c. This reverend gentleman's father is said to have been an itinerant methodist preacher, to which trade he himself served his time, but finding a larger loaf in the established church, he signed the 39 articles, and would have signed 39 more if he had been required. Mr. Rap has lately experienced much mortification from the rise of a set of very obnoxious heretics within the precincts of his mission, called the Scriblerians; he has fulminated his anathemas against the founder of the sect, without however much effect, except that of bringing back from the path of error Dr. Jalap, who formerly was a staunch Scriblerian, but having taken umbrage at that tenet of these schismatics by which the members are to be allowed to give and take jokes upon each other, he now trumpets forth Mr. Rap's excommunications, and stigmatises that heresy as licentious, anti-christian, and infamous. These sectarians however seem to be gaining ground in all quarters, and it is even expected that Dr. Jalap will himself be erelong reconverted. *A supplement to this No. of the Intelligencer, next week.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. TIM from Coteau du Lac is requested to TAKE NOTICE that the Scribbler suspects that one of the characters mentioned in his communication has paid the debt of nature since it was written: in that case he will see the propriety of whatever relates to him being suppressed; should it not be so, TIM is requested to drop another line to the same address. BOPEEP's reply to a FRIEND TO CANDOUR not being inserted he will, it is hoped, attribute to an unwillingness to protract a dispute between two persons who evidently mistake both each other's meaning and persons. What has become of WILL O' THE WISP all this time? and the Scribbler will certainly be very glad to hear again from NOBODY.

## 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 1822-08-08 Volume 2, Issue 58* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]