

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.

Vol. II.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 22d AUGUST,
1822.

[No. 60.]

—Pectora vertit

In duram silicem—

OVID.

The human breast to hardest flint is turn'd.

—Exulet aula

Qui volet esse pius—

LUCAN.

Let who'd be virtuous flee the courts of law.

Quid non sentit amor:

OVID.

What will not love imagine.

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi. VIRGIL.

Wide open fly Olympus sacred portals

And thus expose the gods to prying eyes of mortals.

Determined to hold up to public contempt all instances of flagrant baseness, which the fear of giving offence prevents others of the timeserving editors of papers in Canada from doing, I have yet waited rather longer than my indignation have prompted me in the hopes that the gross insult upon humanity, and the feelings of mankind, which I am about to brand with deserved infamy, would have called up some other castigator. The whole Augean task seems, however, at present left to me; nor will I shrink from it. An account was given in the Quebec Mercury of the 30th of July, of a poor woman just landed from Ireland, who, after lying on a wharf for part of two days and a night, actually died on the spot from the want of any place where they admit a sick emigrant, altho' even a guinea was offered for a lodging; the story is related with its pathetic circumstances, by an eye-witness, who concludes by enquiring whether there is not a health-officer at Quebec, paid for attending on vessels and persons of the above description; and the editor of the paper adds that the facts are but too true. Now let us listen to the detestable attempt which this health-officer makes in the next paper, to shake the blame from off his guilty shoulders. With the most savage audaciousness, this is what he writes:

“Mr. Editor. In explanation of an implied censure contained in the last Mercury, the Health-officer begs to recall to the writer the words of his

Excellency, the Governor in chief, at the closing of the last session of the legislature, wherein he deplores “the paralyzed state the Executive Government was left in,” and generally pourtrays the consequences that must follow. The cause of the Executive being thus left, it is foreign to the present purpose even to glance at, suffice it to say, the effects are—imported disease, widely diffused through our suburbs—infection and death on our wharves.”

The first comment to be made on this is to expose, not in hieroglyphics, allegorically, or anagrammatically; but in large capitals the name of this health-officer. Looking at the Quebec Almanack I see it is

WILLIAM HACKETT, M. D.

whose name I thus print at large, that all Canada may execrate the sordid & cold-blooded wretch. What, because you have not received the arrears of your salary, the duties of humanity, of your profession, and of your office, are to go undischarged? the forlorn and suffering stranger is to be allowed to die on the wharves, and infection to be communicated to the whole population.—Nay, you have not even the bald and powerless excuse that you are uncertain of the ultimate payment: your own good sense, if you have any, must teach you that ultimate payment must be made, whichever way the scale of politics may turn. But perhaps it is a political motive that induces this health-officer to degrade himself from a man, to one far below the vilest of the brute creation; and that he thinks, or affects to think, that the people must be taught by *suffering*, that they ought not to have an opinion of their own. Shame and disgrace befall and baffle such demoniac policy, such policy as has created famine and pestilence in Ireland, and when it is too late seeks to apply a tardy and inefficient remedy. I have done, however, on this subject; the reflections it must give rise to are so obvious, and such can not fail to present themselves to every humane mind, that, although it affords a most abundant field for eloquence and declamation, it suffices for my present purpose to have hung up high on the gallows of public detestation the name of the base & brutal caitiff, whose horrible misconduct, and more horrible attempt at vindication of it have called forth these animadversions.

L. L. M.

St. Lewis-street, Quebec.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

Whether a change in the administration of our government can arise from the union of the two provinces is what I shall not attempt to shew by laying before you its concomitant advantages and disadvantages; but we ought to hope that at least divine providence will bring about a revolution in the administration of justice, for under its existing state, we must grievously deplore those incidents in life which may lead us to appeal for

it to its spurious executors in Quebec. I shall not, I must not, apply this observation to the *four*. But of some I shall speak, and first of one who has often disgraced the banners of integrity under which his office required him to serve “*sans reproche*”; whose wretched professions of interested hypocrisy have rendered him one of the most obnoxious characters in society, even to those who sit at his overluxurious table intended for the support of his reputation. To a worthy prelate here how odious must that sycophant appear when crouching before him, under the thin gauze of the guardian of morals; and how odious must that slandering sycophant appear in the eyes of those who have nothing to recommend them but that private worth which he has so often attempted to assassinate.

From this invidious character I turn to another, to display such traits as in any other country than this would have incapacitated him from being a benchman of any kind, although in this it seems much a point of policy to have the most ignorant in office as being more likely to be sufficiently subservient. Judge *Peristaltic Perquisite*, has, I believe, more than once forgotten his oath of office by receiving a *little* present even from his menial servants for legal advice, and promises of assistance in carrying through a cause. He now and then lends money at usurious interest, and will give his counsel *gratis* on such occasions. Numerous instances might be adduced, and some of a most odious nature; but now for one of bigotry. A little petty agent, distinguished by nothing but by the fact of entering into a composition with his creditors for about 2s 6d in the pound, being about to marry a distant relation of our hero, invited him to attend the nuptial feast, but, alas! the *dis-embarrassed* company were deprived of that honour, for which the excuse sent was that Monseigneur would not permit him to attend a protestant wedding! Another instance in point. Major Strong, a gentleman of respectability here, having been put by another justice in the list for the last batch of magistrates, and the roll being handed to our worthy bigot, he very artfully erased the name of the major, because he considered him an irreligious man, being moreover, a freemason! so the list went to the secretary without it, and I need not add that the name was omitted in the gazette.—Some little time after Major Strong had occasion to call on Mr. Justice Perquisite, when he met Justice Care. The latter asked the major if he been sworn in; he naturally felt surprised, immediately asked “for what, sir?” “As a magistrate,” replied Mr. Justice Care, and reference being made to the other gentleman, he blushed, and said “it must be, sair, an oversight of de secretary’s clerk.”

Were I not diffident in offering your readers a larger calendar of evil generating from the man I might very much lengthen this short sketch.

Your’s JUNIUS.

Quebec, 5th August, 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

It seems to be quite fashionable to occupy a place of distinction in your paper; the ambition of which has so much taken hold of the fancies of some persons, that I have had a sly commission to procure them that honour; though to tell you the truth the matter I have to build upon is so little important that I believe nothing but your politeness & desire to gratify the wishes of those who are anxious to figure in the Scribbler, will be found to induce your insertion of it. But this it is: *Compere* Pierro, having lately built an observatory at the upper end of his garden was highly delighted with the discoveries he made there; but the ladies, mesdames Pierro, Vanny, etc. and Mons. Le Brasseur (remarkable for his good humour and the mildness of his character) not being quite so philosophically inclined as our *compere*, requested this observatory might be turned into a card room. One of the greatest difficulties was to get them all in, for you must know that some of these *cheres dames* (this is a favourite expression) are of such enormous sizes that portals of common dimensions, chairs of ordinary strength, and apartments that are not very roomy, are by no means calculated for the purpose.—However, the old man could not but acquiesce in the request, and the first exhibition is to take place in a short time, and, if I am rightly informed, will indeed afford a great shew, highly gratifying to the neighbours, particularly to his Honour Mr. *Bon-à-quoi*, who may probably recruit his patience and good humour, (if, indeed, he ever possessed any) already exhausted by the insipid eloquence of our Canadian forum. I have further to acquaint you that there has been an exhibition at St. Foy's, which commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and was kept up the whole day by the above *cheres dames* and Mons. Le Brasseur. I think you can not but comply with the wishes of those ladies, for you well know that

“Désir de filles est un feu qui dévore;
Désir de mariées est cent fois pis encore.”

And I hope my next details will be something more important.

OBSERVATOR.

MY DEAR FRIND MAC,

As I was, just for want of better divarsion, looking at the stame-boat landing her passengers the other day, I thought I perceived among the crowd, an owld acquaintance, and who should it be, sure, but my ancient friend, Barney Murphy; “Wilcome to Cannady and to Montrehall! dear,” says I—“Ah then, Larry, is it yourself I sees hearty and well?” says he, “troth and it jist is” says I, “and how is every bit of your mother’s son, after crassing the salt says?” “Divil a grain the worse!” said he, “nor shall it be a dry meeting wid us,” so we’s made off to a shebeen-house, and sated ourselves comfortably enough, wid a naggin a piece forenant us; and I says to Barney, “Barney! you must till me about all my owld frinds you left behind you in my sweet *Mucknafarro*, and how is the tide-waiter O’Donovan, that we chated so often?—and what’s become of that villain

Attorney Grip?—and poor Judy MacBride, that was once a frind of mine?—and”—“Will, but you asks a power of quistions sure enough, Larry, but I’ll answer ’em all, as to O’Donavan, bad luck to him, he had his brains bate out last aister, come twelvemonth, wid a cruiskeen of whiskey, which he wanted to take from some poor craturs, who were going to make merry after the black lent, and who in the hurry forgot to take a *parmit*. And that gallows bird attorney Grip, is in the divil’s grip long ago, the jowl! I wish him no worse from the bottom of my heart.” “Amen! Barney,” said I “& Judy the cratur”—Och! poor Judy was given over last winter wid the dropsy—but howsomever she happened to be brought to bed of twins, which cured her completely. And now Larry, my jewel, you must be after telling me in what way I can make a fortin, (for I lift my own country for that same) and turn my bit of money to some advantage all which you can do aisily enough, seeing you must know more about the country than myself, honey!—“Why, Barney,” says I, “I’ll do that same with all my heart, so take another sup, & listen: now, you say, ye’r after having a few thirteens to the fore, what say you to setting up as a marchant? you need only take a bit of a shop, and fill it on a *long trust*, and at the end of a year or so, when you have sold all, or as much as you could, instead of taking the money to them you owe it to, make a morning’s walk of it to Yanky-town, or else insure your shop and the truck that’s in it, and some night divart yourself with falling asleep, and lave the candle burning—it’s only kissing the big book for it, honey, at the best, you can take a hint, Barney. “A nod’s as good as a wink for a blind horse,” said Barney—“and sure enough there is maning in what you say,—but, by the holy poker! I once narrowly escaped hanging in my own country for a joke of that kind, and I am detarmined never to put my ownself in the way of that job again, any how, if I can help it.” Well, you know your own consarns best, Barney said I,—but stop! why you were reckoned as good a hand at traiting a sick horsebaist as ever crassed the Liffy—so you might set up for a doctor, jewel! and sure if you can bleed and physic a four legged baist, why not be able to do the same to a two legged one—divil a one will know the difference. “Very true, Larry! but the other doctors would find me out in a snuff”—find the divil! says I, there are a few to be sure, you would be better not to run your nose against, but the far biggest part ar’n’t nothing more than a parcel of barber surgeons, *shavers and bleeders*, Barney, so you see you have a chance—troth, Larry! there’s some sense in that, but let us hear some others. Why! let me see; there’s the law, Barney, you might come to be a lawyer and I’m sure Thady Halleran, the owld parish school-master knocked schollarship enough into your brainpan for that—whisht, Larry, I am bad enough, God knows! but I a’n’t rogue enough for that, yet. Well, divil, twist your nose off, but you’re hard to plase. You might pick something up as a methodist preacher, especially, Barney, if you could coax a rich widow, so as to get at her blind side. Or you might become a sacret agent to the Nor-West Company, where you could gain a few dollars in a dark night, by manely throwing a dirty heap of lies into

peoples houses, or over their gates; or you might indent yourself in the custom-house sarvice as an informer, and by skulking knock a few jinglers out of run goods. Or you——och! I have it now; you ought to set up a newspaper, and hire some rascally lickspit of an editor, who will cringe and bow, and be “all things to all men,” and whose dirty conscience (that is if he has one) will always be at the sarvice of the highest bidder. Do this Barney, and divil a fear but you’ll make some coppers, my boy.” “Many thanks to ye, Larry, for your kind advice, and I’ll take care to profit by it.”—And wid that, after another naggin, and a squeeze of the fist, Barney Murphy and I parted, he to look after his taste of luggage, and I to put this on paper for your Scribbler.

Hoping it will plase you, I remains

LARRY O’BRIEN.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.
A CARPET.

A carpet can not well present
A source of tender sentiment,
Nor on the gazer’s mind diffuse
Ideas worthy of the muse;
For, what does it exhibit but
A worsted tissue squarely cut
And varied only by its dyes
Differing in pattern or in size.
A very sterile theme, if view’d
In mankind’s ordinary mood;
But not to him whose feelings stray
To a lov’d object far away,
To *him*, all round, below, above,
Presents some trait to waken love;
The light cloud that the zephyrs bear,
Assumes to him her shape and air,—
The sporting fawn seems to express
Her gaiety and gentleness,—
And ev’ry feather’d songster’s thrill
Recall tones he thinks sweeter still.

His is no wond’rous love whose tear
Bedews the portrait, where appear,
In the illusive hues of art,
The features dearest to his heart.
Weak were the passion could not see
The fiction as reality;
On the down cheek the bloom as bright—
The lily in the skin as white—
The locks as dark, the eyes as blue—
As if the mimicry were true
Nay, kindling at the view, believe
He sees the bosom gently heave—
The glance beam softly, as it meant
To intimate encouragement—
And the lips (motionless a while,)
Dilate into a gradual smile.

Nor is there in her pilfer’d glove,
Or sash, a dearth of food for love;
For he may at the altar stand
Plighting his faith on the fair hand
The glove had cover’d—and the waist

The sash had clasp'd may be embrac'd
By him, (but scarce he dares a thought
With pungent bliss so richly fraught,)
Should smiling Hymen wind his arms
Around her palpitating charms.—
Love feeds, too, on her lock of hair;
For while a part of her is there
Which darkly twining, shed the grace
Of contrast o'er her neck and face,
To bring her features and her form
Before his eye in vision warm,
And tho' a hemisphere divide,
In thought transports him to her side.

Not so prolific is our theme
In fuel for the tender flame;
But, when its subtlest force we know,
A very little makes it glow.—
A very slight occurrence teems
With rich materials for hope's dreams,—
And objects distantly allied
To those we love raise a springtide
Of mem'ry, on which seems long past
Come fleeting vividly and fast.—
Thus can my view this carpet meet
And I forget Azura's feet?
Her graceful form, and active tread
Across the room where once 'twas spread,
And the arch glance that met my eye
As it gaz'd at her tripping by?
Forget, how oft thro' drifting snow
And raving blast I used to go,
Struggling thro' the chaotic night,
On the lone road, towards the light
Which, from her casement seen afar,
Was to my course a guiding star?
Then the warm welcome, to repay
The toilsome labour of the way;
And the smile, whence one might infer
She knew it was endur'd for her;
The fire in haste supplied with wood;
The hospitable board, with food;
And lastly, the repast to crown,
How she herself sat smiling down,
As if love's dreams were real life,
The cottage mine, and she my wife?—

Oh! midst the gnawing pangs of care
I since have borne, and still do bear,—
Spite of the more contracted scope
That ev'ry year assigns to hope—
Still, in the face of ev'ry change,
This heart has never ceas'd to range
Amidst past scenes, nor fail'd to dwell
Upon the theme it lov'd so well;
A theme 'twill love till life forsake,
And e'en this carpet can awake.

WILL O' THE WISP.

MR. MACCULLOH,

The conclusion of a delightful tour of several weeks, finds your faithful purveyor of District Intelligence once more, a casual sojourner in

the delectable town of Backbite. Pending your happy transit from “bars and bolts” to “life, liberty and love,” certain communications of mine suffered purloination; otherwise you had not given to the public the garbled and incorrect statement of the sensation created amongst the Backbiters, by the publication of the masquerade affair. What! the Rev. Proser McGlutherem “swear and bounce about”? ridiculous! Unless on his knees to the fair goddess of his idolatry, (for the time being,) the worthy reverend “swears not at all”; then, as to the bouncing part of the business; maugre the gratuitous information relative to his bibulating, capering and other propensities, given to the “motley groupe,” by his dear friend Foot-att, we believe it would be difficult to disturb the calm cool current of the pious pastor’s blood, by any matters less important than the enforced disbursement of a *sept sous* piece to clear his gate of a sturdy beggar, the lamentable occurrence of rising five shillings minus from the card-table, or the hilarious excitement of a *vice versa* result. Assuming the purely editorial style, *We* will correctly report, the interesting debate which took place at a meeting of the chopfallen masqueraders on the motion of Mr. Jack Foot-att, “that it was fit and proper to ferret out the scoundrel Trip, by hook or by crook.” We give this as the spirit, confessing our reluctance to render the exact letter of the resolution; the metaphoric elegance and delicacy of this gentleman’s language bidding defiance to the ingenuity of any reporter, alive to the decorums of society, or regardless of the blushes of the softer sex. It was ably seconded by Mr. McTickletrail, who seized the opportunity of introducing a long quotation from an old torn manuscript under his left arm, to prove Juvenal, an ass, and Dryden, Swift, Pope, &c. &c. severally guilty of *scandalum magnatum* according to the statute in that case made and provided.—Mr. Foot-att resumed; spiritedly volunteering the services of his family “Mercury,” (a classic allusion to his footman) to take observations, and fire off popguns at intervals; (*loud cheering*.) The “Man of Physic” next took the floor, (as honest neighbour Jonathan says,) proposing that the sink of slander should be forthwith raked for intelligence, i. e. the general town-rendezvous of dissatisfied, eavesdropping, and discharged menials; recommending the measure, “on his sacred word of honour,” as *probatum est*. The little gentleman sat down, while a simultaneous waving of white handkerchiefs from the ladies’-gallery gave token of unqualified approbation. The “Man of War,” fully agreed to the proposition, offering, however, as an amendment, their friend Padreen Priest being instructed and appointed to pump vigorously such demi-sober tavern-loungers as he might find more loquacious and inventive than himself. Both resolutions were agreed to, and passed *nem. com.* and the meeting about to dissolve when, as if smitten by an evil spirit, Mr. Foot-att, suddenly starting on his legs, denounced two young merchants, jointly and conjunctly, the delinquent Trip. Considerable opposition ensued. Messrs. McGlutherem and McScrape loudly declared the worthy member out of order, inasmuch as broad sweeping accusation, without other basis than surmise, was contrary to fair debate or just

conclusion. (We record this as highly honourable to the dissentient members, the one proving by a manly defence of accused and absent parties, he sometimes does more than merely ‘cleanse the outside of the platter,’ the other that, in one instance at least, he left the character of the “double,” for a scene in that of the “plain dealer.”) Mr. Foot-att rejoined in a key, to which the bellowings of an overfed, incensed, Leicestershire bull were as the soul-stealing harmonies of an Eolian harp. Some filthy allusions unhappily dropping from the tongue of the accomplished orator in the sequel of his harangue, caused poor Mrs. Sandy Flat, with a few other sensitive ladies, to faint, revive, fall into graceful hysterics, and after some capital shewing off; *Exeunt Omnes*. The meeting broke up as wise as when convened. Trip, an invisible eye- and ear-witness, slyly laughing in his sleeve, then, and still, eluding discovery, whilst your resuscitative No. 58 fully acquitted the young merchants.

Bravo! bravissimo! Mr. Trip! How in the name of Fortune did you manage so cleverly? Know, esteemed querist, that the dexter crutch of the cripple Asmodeus is an heir-loom in my family. We descend lineally from the Salamancian student who broke the phial and freed the good-humoured devil from the yoke of necromancy. ’Twas the gift of gratitude, and its virtues yet remain unimpaired. Astride on it, I am able, not only to perch aloft on their chimney-tops, but to penetrate at pleasure into their very *sanctum sanctorums*. Luxuriating lately over my iced Madeira at the “Springs of Saratoga,” I made one, in the twinkling of an eye, in the picnic excursion of the Sandy Flats, O’Giggles, and brass visored Foot-atts to “Scotch Mountain.” On a close inspection of our vehicle, a dashing post-coach, I found it was then returning the friendly compliment to good old farmer George’s broad-bottomed batteaux, for divers services “by the faint moon’s watery beam.” From the “Pavillion at the Falls of Niagara,” I literally flew to be present at the revival of private theatricals by the gentlemen of a certain department in Backbite last season. *The Midnight hour, Up all night or the Smuggler’s Cave, Much ado about nothing, &c.* had their run, to the cruel fatigue of the minor performers. The campaign opened last month with the *Rival Candidates, Agreeable Surprise, and Merry Mourners*. Mr. Frank Kennedy, (whose exquisite *Busy-body* will not soon be forgotten,) insisted on the liberty of stultifying the audience with his eternal glee “A boat, a boat comes o’er the ferry,” and the song of “Turn out the guard.” Mrs. Frank Kennedy’s varied efforts to amuse her friends deserve notice. *The Poor Gentleman, with A Midsummer-night’s Dream*, were in rehearsal for enactment by juvenile performers; but, the lady’s sentiments approximating the Hindoo-creed, being unable to collect a full corps dramatique, she became apprehensive of the young Kennedy’s losing caste by vulgar association, so the plan has been abandoned, and *O tempora, O mores!* the intended theatre at Castle Tumbledown became the alternate resort for conventiclers, field preachers, bible-subscription-gatherers, and wrangling lawyers, to hold forth in.

Since the memorable meeting, Padreen Priest chuckles, rubs his hands and looks knowing; he boasts every where of his admission to the honours of a sitting among the magnates; which will serve him (like Claud Halcro's pinch from Dryden's snuff-box) years to come, with or without embellishment from his store of daydreams, as a devilish good story to amuse future subs condemned to the ennui of country-quarters. Mr. McTickletail has ready for the press, a masterly satire on the "Scribbler, its correspondents and readers;" and is moreover busily engaged in writing an elegy on a fine brindled cow who came to her death by an overfeed of rank grass in privileged pasture; the church-yard of Backbite, concluding with a pathetic invocatory address to the funereal deities in behalf of his own pigs!

Being on the wing—I beg pardon, crutch,—to "breathe the air of courts," I take leave for the present of the little world of Backbite.

Your's, TRIP.

My space has prevented the insertion in this number, of a curious description of a pantomimical interlude, said to have been lately got up and performed, to the great satisfaction of the actors, at the Hon. Tory Loverule's. It is entitled the OLYMPIC BANQUET, and the actors are the deities of the ancients; Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Pluto, Minerva, Venus, &c. &c. being ably sustained by the great characters present. I have thought fit to give a hint of this superb entertainment, to make the mouths of my readers water for next weeks number, in which that most delectable morceau will appear, with the songs and chorusses in character.

I beg again particularly to solicit of TOM BROWN, an address, no matter under what initials, or at what post-office, by which a note from me may reach him: I beg to assure him that this is indispensably necessary for the future insertion of his communications.

I perceive by the Courant of 7th inst. that a writer, Y. Y. has sent to that paper something against the Scribbler, which has been declined admission. I beg to inform Y. Y. and any other who is desirous of breaking a lance with me, that if they can not get admission elsewhere, if they will send their letters to myself, I will publish them (if not too long) word for word in the Scribbler, that I may have the pleasure of answering them, than which I desire no better sport.

Extract from the NOYEAU RECORDER, EDITORIAL TUITION, and other articles, reserved for the Domestic Intelligencer. FLORA's rebus is not in the least like one, perhaps it is a riddle, but whether rebus or riddle, nothing of that kind can appear in the Scribbler. JON TIPTON's epigrams, and PINDUS, rejected. TOUJOURS PRET requires mature consideration. TIM BOBBIN's second favour from Clarencetown is just received.

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 1822-08-22 Volume 2, Issue 60* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]