

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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Nos. 53 to 78.  
From 4th July, to 26th December 1822.

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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Vol. II.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 12th SEPT.,  
1822.

[No. 63.

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*Palam prostare nudam in nebula linea.*      PUBLIUS SYRIUS.

Nought but a linen cloud her naked beauty hides.

Lo! Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,  
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.      POPE.

———*Currit ad Indos*  
*Pauperiem fugiens.*———

Nay e'en to distant Canada he goes  
Rather than stay at home and eat kail-brose.

I shall, as in last number, commence with a few of the favours of my correspondents. And first, my poet in ordinary, who, by the bye, is an idle chap, and will never do any thing but when the maggot bites, having just brought me his version of my narrative alluded to in No. 55, I am enabled to fulfill my promise to Mr. Tinker.

MR. MACCULLOH,

In sending you this precious morceau, I am led to suppose that some of your fair readers, with the curiosity natural to their sex, will probably feel an inclination to know who its author is.—I do not hesitate to disclose my name; but, by keeping them in the dark as to my residence, a few of them may possibly set out upon dreaming excursions; and as in these days we have professed interpreters of dreams, visions, etc.<sup>[1]</sup> the expounding of them may afford no small fund of amusement.

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<sup>[1]</sup> Vide the Records of the Philological Society.

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A DREAM.

As I lay wrapt in balmy sleep,  
And silence did her vigils keep,  
Methought I heard the gentle breeze,  
Wafting along with softest ease,  
Heave the white muslin of a maid,  
Who in transparent robe array'd,  
Near me appear'd, with blushing mien;  
(How fraught with extacy the scene!)  
Her snowy bosom, light and fair,  
The falling ringlets of her hair,  
The beauty of her rosy cheek,  
One more than mortal seem'd to speak.  
I gazed in wild confusion round,  
Her brightness did my sense confound;  
Her witching smiles entranced my heart;  
Remembrance ne'er will thence depart:  
And while I thus in rapture lay,  
She nigh advanced, with visage gay,  
Then to my ruddy cheek she prest  
Her cheek, and to my breast her breast,  
And whispering, "bade me dream the rest."  
Then round she turn'd with foot-step coy,  
(My heart exulting, beat with joy,)  
And said, "Adieu 't is morning light";  
So vanish'd quickly from my sight.

SAM TINKER.<sup>[2]</sup>

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<sup>[2]</sup> My correspondent has rather an unfortunate name I think, as the ladies seldom like *tinkering*.

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To which I subjoin the following, as a companion, forming a couple of cabinet-pictures, adapted for a *boudoir*.

#### AN APPARITION.

The candle lent a blue and glimmering ray;  
At midnight's fearful hour in bed I lay,  
With curtains half undrawn; the ticking clock  
Scarce broke the awful silence, that might shock  
Each mind, on dismal yawning graves that dwelt,  
Or spectres ever saw, or clammy terrors felt.—  
It was that hour when ghosts and phantoms glide,  
Sprites, nightmares, imps, and thousand forms beside,  
That haunt the church-yard, or through mid-air ride.  
A sudden creaking noise disturb'd my ear,  
And to the opening door I look'd with fear,  
For there a female apparition enter'd,  
On which my fetter'd senses wildly center'd—  
Tall, slender, pale, array'd in purest white,  
Half-hesitating, seem'd the wandering sprite.  
Its long dark hair, dishevelled, flow'd adown,  
And by the falling shroud, its bosom's snow was shewn,  
Still whiter than the linen was that breast,  
And wide apart two crimson spots confest,  
Shew'd like two wounds by murderers point imprest.  
With large and glistening eyes it pierced my soul,  
And flashing fire seem'd from their orbs to roll;  
No clanking chains, nor sulph'rous flames arose,  
But odours, fragrant as the budding rose,  
Seem'd rather to bespeak a heavenly guest  
Than earthly spectre, reft of grave and rest—  
One hand a taper held, the other drew  
Its garment closer, and then, full in view,  
It gently glided, with pit-patting feet,  
Appearing like the ghost of maiden sweet,  
Of lover's perjuries come to tell, and wail  
Her virgin-flower, cropt, lost, in yonder dale,—  
Then, as if listening for the matin-crow,  
Its long, thin, finger up it lifted, slow,  
Next laid it on its lips, as if it said  
“In secret silence must be done the deed.”—  
Then its bare feet again pit-pat I heard,  
And to my bed the fluttering phantom near'd—  
Within my curtains there it stood at length—  
When for th'encounter strait I summon'd strength—  
To speak, my faltering tongue did make essay;  
But—“Hush! for thy life”—I heard the vision say:—  
Desperate I then stretch'd forth my hand to clasp  
Its airy form—Ye gods! what met my grasp!  
Glowing with life and love, the spirit proved to be,  
And, panting,—in her shift,—slipt into bed to me.

S. H. W.

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

*To Lucy, on bidding her good night.*

Good night my love! yet, ere we part,  
I fain would teach your tender heart  
To feel for one, whose form can prove  
"His life has been a task of love;"  
Of love for you, and well you know it,  
Tho' you will ne'er pretend to shew it.  
Yes, love for you, and you alone,  
Has worn me down to skin and bone,  
And made me, (poor love-stricken elf,)  
The shadow of my former self.  
What between grief and late hours' keeping,  
Wasting my precious eyes with weeping,  
At your unkindness—Curse on Cupid!—  
I'm nearly grown deaf, blind, and stupid:  
But I do solemnly declare it,  
I will, nor can no longer bear it;  
Nor longer on your caprice tarry,  
So plainly ask you—will you marry?  
Answer me—Lord! you yawn, I see—  
Good night, my love, go dream of me.

SKIMMERHORN.

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SENTIMENT. A little while since, passing rather hastily through the street, a horse stood close to that part of the road appropriated to pedestrians, the horse, at the moment I approached, turned his head suddenly round towards me, which I not expecting, by that means came in contact with his nose which at that time was none of the cleanest I had ever seen—the arm of my coat in consequence curiously bedaubed—"dirty beast!" exclaimed I involuntarily. After wiping off the foul offence, it is probable little more would have been thought of this matter, had not a little urchin, who stood in my way a few feet farther on, been suddenly arrested by a female, I suppose its mother, with the exclamation, "dirty beast."—The cause of this epithet I could not discover—but it led me to think of what I had said just before;—poor beast, thought I, no harm was intended thee, for surely at that moment thou deservedst rebuke—nay, thought I again, I will do thee justice—thou wert unconscious of the fault;—the blame be mine alone—

"May I govern my passions with absolute sway,  
And grow wiser and better, as life wears away."

C—s.

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*Montreal, August 1822.*

DEAR SCRIB.

Your excellent little book has certainly contributed much towards the reduction of vice and folly in this place, one of their emporia. The Scribbler has had much effect in reforming both manners and individuals, but there are some characters that are perfectly incorrigible, and as callous and insensible both to reproach and ridicule as a piece of brick is to the magnetic power of the loadstone. There is one in particular, the byeword of the place, who, notwithstanding your frequent lashings, continues as

inveterate as ever in all his vices, and in none more so than in that disgusting, disgraceful, and inexcusable one of blaspheming and swearing at every third word. It is almost unnecessary to add that I mean that notorious mass of corruption Tom Tan. To prove it, the following is literally the fact. I paid him a visit the other day, being necessitated to do so, from the nature of my business. We entered into a general discussion of the topics of the day, when I remarked that his name was frequently mentioned in the Scribbler, and that always in terms of reproach; he immediately spluttered out this verbatim answer “yes, yes, goddamnhim, my name, goddamnhim, what does he want with me? goddamnhim; his Scribbler, goddamnhim, if he does not let me alone, goddamnhim, I wish his Scribbler in hell, goddamnhim, goddamnhim, the rascal, goddamnhim!!!”<sup>[3]</sup> And this is the chief managing partner of an extensive commercial company, this is a member of our legislature, (tho’ I believe he has never once attended his duty since his election,) this is a companion of all our great men, nay even a favourite of some ladies. Alas! degraded Montreal!

M.

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<sup>[3]</sup> I can bear witness to the correctness of this report of the language used by the party alluded to, whom I have hundreds of times heard utter similar and worse execrations, without provocation, and from mere superfluity of venom. Not that he ever swore *at* me; he is, like all bullies, too good a judge to bluster to those whom he knows will not bear it, but when speaking of absent persons, he will vomit out a black torrent of oaths, no matter who is present, and execrate all his partners, and those he treats when present as his best friends, without cause and without measure. Of all things, what most surprised me in Montreal was, that in a civilized community, such a man could have escaped being kicked, or having his nose pulled, ten times a day; but he is a privileged person, has an uncontroled and measureless command of money, *and is the nephew of His Majesty the king of Montreal.*

L. L. M.

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*La Prairie, a leet ees of de shursh.*

Monsieur LE SCRIPLEUR,

You do not no me, eh!—*hé bien*, I will tell a you farst what I do dress you for; you must be *informé*, dat de oder day in de ebening, I ave go to Mr. Cammell’s ouse, for see a *malade*, what you call one sick man. When I was got dere, I ave see, seven or ate young mans round de bar, who was laff very much, at one very droll story in a leet book, *avec un couvert bleu*, and juss when I cum in, monsieur Haleine have say, “speek of de devil, and he will appear”—*hé bien*, I ask for tell me what dey was all laff at, den dey all begin and laff more wurs den *auparavant*.—*Ventrebleu!* what dat can meen, I have tink, *à moi même*. At lass one young man ave tell me, it was one take-hoff bout *un docteur* in dis place; I den ask *lequel que c’etoit*, he tell me de name was Dearmud. I do not no any *docteur* of dis name—*mais vous allez voir*—de nex day, I was *informé* dad it meen for me, *et que*, it was make menshun dat I nevair got any *malade*, *excepté* one grumphie, and dat I ave went too late to save his life. Well, Mons. le Scripleur, dat iss not true, for good many of my sick peepel’s frens have

had *l'idée* dat *supposé* I have not call at all, dere frens would yet be alive. Oh, dis iss one ver wicket wurl, for *supposez* dat *un docteur* go see *un malade*, and de *malade* should go dead, den his frens not content, unless he leave *bien de l'argent et des terres*, to his childrens; and *supposez* de *malade* get well, why he will not pay, and he will say, it was nuff for be sick, *sans payer* for to get well. What you tink of it, Mons. le Scribeur. But I ave got one *pensée* who it was ave rote dat lettair to you. I do tink, I beleef, it was one man who ave carry one *habit rouge* in de war-timpes. I do not recollec if he was one quart-mast or not, and I beleef I tink he ave got promotade to be one *capitaine*, *mais*, if I do fine it hiss im who do rite dat lettair, I will tell you *un histoire plus drole* about sum pork-barrels (full ones) dat ave been put in one *docteur's* sellar; (*ce que nous apellons une cave*.) Nex week I will dress you agen, and I will tell a you how I ave learn to dixsec de youman boday. I ave take some lessons *avec* de celebrate *docteur* Slé. He cuts em up like de ver devil.

*Votre Serviteur*

UN DOCTEUR.

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L. L. MACCULLOH, ESQ.

The following I received some time ago, which you will oblige me by inserting in your valuable publication. It may be the means of reforming the characters alluded to.

A SUBSCRIBER.

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*Quebec 25th July, 1822.*

DEAR JAMIE,

This comes to let ye ken, that I cam oot in the Glenbervie, last Thursday, frae the land o' cakes; and to tell ye the even down truth, I wish I had ne'er left it. This kintra is na what I thought it was awa and one o' the reasons I hae for no liking it is, because I find the maist o' my auld acquaintance sae prude that they'l scarce luck at a body. I brought oot letters wi' me to the —, —, —, wha I kent weel enough at hame: twa o' them keep stores as they ca' them here, or grocer's shops as I wad say they were. I first ane I ca'd on was the young ane, wha I spiered giff he was weel, but ye may guess how he made me grice, the clatty brat, when he glow'd as he ne'er had kent me. I then spiered for his brither Tam, wha they say is an unco rich mon in Montreal, but was meikle mair astonished to hear him say he did na ken siccan a mon; an unco thing, by my faith, when he was the vera mon that did maist for him. I left his shop in perfect scummer at him, and gaed straught o'er to Wills. I ga'ed him the letters, wha received me meikle mair civilly, spiering how lang it was sin I left Scotland, and sic like questions, but aye in sae mony high-flown words that I scarce could make out what he said: he crackit awhile wi' me an telt me he had been in Scotland no lang syne, (altho' he did na think it wordy his while to ca' on me,) and at Lunnin tae, where he saw mony a



wunder nae doubt, an learned to blabber the big words he was aye deavin me wi'. Still he was gay decent, till I was just cummin awa, when he spiered giff I did na want a bottle o' real Conec brandy, (as he ca'd it I think,) to comfort me on my way up the kintra: I said I had nae objections, expectin a' the time to get it for naething; but what do ye think of the world's worm? he made me pay for the drink and sax bawbees for the bottle and cork to the bargain! Nae wonder they are rich, when they are sae grippin. Weel, thinks I, is this a' I get by my letters, sae aff I cam till my gude-brither, wha kens a' about them, since I am cam out and keepit a wee change-house about Quebec. Things gaed well in thae days, quoth he, and he soon made siller, and brought out his ither brithers, ane frae the loom, anither frae the cart-wheel, and the youngest frae the schule. Now, says he, they are a' on aneanither's taps, an like to cut aneanither's throats for naething but siller. But the warst doing e'er they did was to bring out their puir mither to see naething but fighting an quarreling amang them. It's weel for them they're no in Scotland, or they wad hae them set in the repentin stool. The auldest has got an unco brae house whilk they ca' Castle Folly, where he has a big family of sonsy lasses. He has got twa o' them aff his hans; ane, (the flower o' the flock) to Rab the Ranter; an anither to Jamie Lard. A' this I dare say ye ken well eneugh yersel. But I was sae nettled at that I could na help telling ye aboot it: an ye think a body could do aught weel where ye are, write me, an I will gae up without loss o' time. I am, dear Jamie, your's truly

CALLUM BEG.

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*Montreal, August 1822.*

MR. SCRIBBLER,

*Noris quam elegans formarum spectator siem.*      TERENCE.

You shall see how fine a judge of beauty I am.

I have just returned from Quebec, whence I took my passage in the beautiful steam-boat ——, Captain ——, to whose civility and attention I feel very much indebted: the neatness of the cabin, the cleanliness of the births, the wellspread table, furnished with the best of viands and choicest of fruit, together with most excellent wines, richly deserve the preference of persons travelling to or from Quebec, whether on business or pleasure. While on the passage down, a curious circumstance occurred not undeserving of your notice. Amongst the ladies was one whose beauty and accomplishments, rendered her the general loadstone, and attracted the polite attention of the gentlemen on board. Foremost in the croud of her admirers I particularly noticed that great North-West character, Sir Plausible Pompous McKillaway, who not only paid the most devoted attention to this fair Helen, but proffered his person, his property, his all, declaring that his future days would be rendered most dolorously miserable, should she not return his love, nor accept the offers he was

impelled to make by those amorous sensations he felt so forcibly that he could not explain them; mingling the whole with due doses of encomium upon her most beauteous form, her enchanting air, and her whole *je ne sais quoi*. But, alas! notwithstanding these fond protestations, and all this rhapsody of love, the charming fair-one, would you believe it, Mr. Scribbler, turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of this love-lorn ratcatcher; and was afterwards heard to say that she would far prefer the person of his valet for a partner through life were she disposed to change her condition. This coming to the ears of the Knight of the trap, it so enraged him to suppose that his servant should be considered preferable to himself, that, in a manner perfectly characteristic of the man, and the clan, he dismissed the poor fellow from his service, as soon as he arrived in Montreal.

Your's very respectfully,

AMYNTOR.

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*Ste. Marie Nouvelle Beauce.*

MR. SCRIBBLER,

An occurrence that lately happened in this parish I think is not unworthy of being recorded in the pages of your paper, as illustrative of the unrivalled sagacity, and no-where-else-in-world-to-be-heard-of ideas of comparative justice, entertained by the distributors of that commodity in this happy country. I must premise that a statement of the fact I am going to relate was sent to a Canadian paper, and refused insertion; your's is, however, from your fearlessness and independence, a resource, when others flinch from their duty, in exposing men of wealth and authority, who abuse the one, and are unfit for the other. A gentleman (whose name, being a German one and very difficult to recollect, is a *poser*;) whose principal qualification for filling a magisterial chair is to be found in his riches, acquired certainly by laudable industry and enterprise in Quebec, having been appointed as one of the Commissioners for this parish,<sup>[4]</sup> did, upon the demand of a certain young lady, issue his summons to a certain young man to answer to a charge of having dishonoured her. The court being met to try this important matter, the lady opened her own case, and with a volubility of tongue, which carried conviction with it, submitted her narrative of the when, the where, the how, to the judge, whose gravity, amidst the risibility of the audience, was exemplary; the defendant next urged what he had to say in his defence, but could not deny the fact, and relied chiefly on his allegation that he was the courtier and not the courter. After a long and boisterous war of words, the judge applied to his "fidelis Achates," one Mr. Nanny, (formerly of Quebec, and a manufacturer of pocket rotatory timedesignators, who acts as a kind of prothonotary here, and who lays down the law to the natives,) for his advice, what damages it would be proper to allow the lady. Mr. Nanny told that one dollar with costs, would be sufficient, and judgement was given accordingly. But the lady was by no means so to be satisfied, telling the court it was not

enough, “*moi qui ait perdu ma naissance, cela ne vaut pas le peine.*”—The prothonotary, however, having the ear of the judge, said, “Sir, it is impossible to give more than a dollar, *because you know it is the common price of the thing in town.*” The judge therefore addressed the plaintiff, “*ma pauvre fille, ce’st moi etre bien faché de ne pouvoir accorder plus de cinq chelins, car c’est vous connoitre qu’une piastre est le prix de la ville;* A DOLLAR IS THE REGULAR CITY PRICE.”

“A second Daniel come to judgement.”

GRATIANO.

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[4] Meaning no doubt, one of the commissioners for trying small causes in the country-parishes.

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I have to beg my correspondent’s excuse for not noticing at an earlier period, his account of a glaring breach of decorum, to call it by its mildest title. I had laid it by as scarcely credible, and requiring confirmation, but being reminded of it, here it is “with all its imperfections on its head.” There is such a mixture of the serious and the burlesque in it, that I must leave it entirely to the neighbours to judge which is which.

*Chamblee 1 July.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

I do not believe that such a complaint as this has been laid before you, since your useful publication commenced. Yesterday (Sunday) we were visited by a tremendous storm of hail, which broke all our windows, and destroyed the greatest part of our melons. As soon as the storm had passed over, Sir Isaac, our learned astronomer ordered out his new achromatic telescope to the garden, and immediately took an observation: in a few minutes, he exclaimed in a thundering voice, that the devil had actually attacked the Almighty, and had got the better of him, whilst in the scuffle Aquarius, (the water-holder) was upset, and that thence arose the fall of such a quantity of rain and hail. Sir Isaac got on horseback, and rode through the village proclaiming the victory in favour of the devil. The people were all alarmed, and followed Sir Isaac in crouds, until they came to the Hon. Col. Thunder’s, who appeased them, and sent them to their homes. On Sir Isaac being asked by a gentleman how many panes of glass were broke in his premises, he swore a vehement oath there were a thousand: the gentleman replied he thought more of the damage done to the poor farmers’ wheat, than of all the glass in the country. Sir Isaac damned all the wheat that was growing, and wished the storm had cut it all to pieces—it was too cheap—the millers could not live.—Now, when the *habitans* heard of his good wishes towards them, they said they would carry their wheat to be ground at the devil’s mills.

I mean to send you a geneological account of the noble family of Sir Isaac, and should you think a few plates would be an embellishment to it, I here give you a sketch of what they would represent; No. 1, Pol Thomas

on her knees, presenting two love-children to Sir Isaac, and begging he would marry her, and not let her children be lost to society; No. 2, Sir Isaac shewing the white feather from behind a barn at the battle of Queenstown; No. 3, Sir Isaac discovered in the garden with Miss Scratch, in which the attitudes are beautiful. There are several others, but I shall probably suppress them provided he behaves well to his tenants, and not be retrieving their lots, and making underhand bargains before he takes the land from the poor people. It never could be the original intention that such people should buy land to sell again.

To be continued at the end of six months.

PROVISO.

---

*10th August.*

DEAR MR. SCRIBBLER,

If you think the following materials in any way useful to you, they are heartily at your service. My subject is *noble game* and I am sure will afford you great scope, and your admirers in the small town of Quebec, great fun, for the original from which this portrait is taken is to be seen in that place, of which he is at present a resident. You may find his name among the baronets of Nova Scotia, and as I spell it, it runs thus Sir Herbanic Kline; a native of a place from which a very high personage (now deceased) took her title, he is now a *merchant*, though still a *baronet*, and numerous are the occasions on which he takes care to shew his “degree.” He is made up of contraries; impatient of the slightest contradiction, yet he always agrees to what a stranger says; sparing by inclination and habit, he wishes to appear lavish; assuming to have an extensive knowledge of every thing, yet not knowing perhaps how much six and four make<sup>[5]</sup>; suspecting every man, yet every man’s friend: he in general admits that he is of no religion, yet is always disputing about the bible: sometimes a Pain, at others an Addison; considering himself as skilful in language, yet remarkable for a total misapplication of words; he tells a good story, but you find himself generally in the middle of it. From his conversation you would think he could and would load all the ships in Quebec; and frequently brags of his extensive credit; yet all this mercantile consequence is founded on bringing out from the capital of an island in the ocean, west of Britain, a cargo of goods worth £500. There are two things he can never discard “from his mind,” that is to say, two articles he can not get off his hands, viz. “wine and pork;” these edge themselves into all his conversations, and figure along with, “the wretchedness of the markets,” “the poverty of the Canadians,” “the high price of timber,” and “the great expense of a lodging in Quebec.”

It is from a friend at Quebec I have these particulars, and hoping to see Sir H. K. in print, permit me to subscribe myself and my Quebec friend,

Your sincere admirers.

VIS ET VIM.

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[5] This is rather a wonderful degree of ignorance, for the immortal Cocker, and his brother-authors who *figure* in the same line, are universally studied by most men in this country, to the exclusion of almost every other writer.

L. L. M.

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NOTA BENE.

*It was omitted to be stated in the account of the ballet-interlude of the Olympic Banquet, in number 61, that, in the performance, the parts of the goddesses were left out, none of the ladies having graced the stage on that occasion, excepting the squaw; this arose from not having consulted the prompter's book; besides it was obvious that, although their goddessships were not there, they ought to have been.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

*Quebec, 19th August, 1822.*

*At the Police-office, every Thursday, to commence in September, and to be continued till further notice, will be given, lectures upon natural and experimental philosophy, comprehending grog drinking, bull-baiting, ratcatching, snipeshooting, plundering, ravishing, etc. Also a few students at law will be taught the art of making long speeches in very simple cases, the utility of which has never been denied. And, by a blind assistant, well versed in the same, lessons will be given in the art of seduction, and in that of living upon credit, which the said lecturer practiced for the last ten years, with the most flattering success. In case of accident to the gin-reservoir, gentlemen who attend are expected to come provided with some palatable beverage, some parts of the foregoing lectures being very likely to excite thirst in the lecturers.*

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*The commission to Mr. Jeremy Tickler, is delayed, not having yet gone through the forms of office; the secretary and treasurer, whose duty it is to record, and seal the same, being engaged in the ungracious and difficult task of collecting arrears of subscriptions.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAIUS from Quebec, shall have a prominent place in next week's number; I have to apologize to JUNIUS, for the alterations and omissions that were made; I deemed it necessary to soften some of the expressions, and leave out others: but it was with regret I was obliged to omit the case mentioned of Inspector Street, on account of its obscurity; should it be thought worth while to transmit a more explicit report of that case, I do not doubt that it will be found deserving of attention. JUNIUS will also be good enough to observe that I was at that time, laid on a sick-bed, whence I could with difficulty lift up my head for ten minutes together. To WILL O' THE WISP, (whose lines to Azura will receive early insertion,) the same cause will be an excuse for the want of strict attention in the correction of

the proof-sheet of his verses in the same number: to note the errata, as I do below, is but poor consolation, but is the only reparation that can now be made. BALAAM'S ASS hath opened his mouth to some purpose, and shall be heard in his turn, I must, however, repress some of the *ad libitum* fugues in his brayings that may give offence to nice musical ears. PHILO and A MERCHANT from St. Johns, are under consideration: there is more than one version of the transaction they allude to: it will probably be noticed in my next. I am "almost afraid TRISTRAM is inadmissible."

L. L. M.

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ERRATA in No. 60.

Page 122. 6th line from bottom *for* To bring, *read* It brings.

123. 7th line from top *for* seems, *read* scenes.

21st line do. *for* to repay, *read* meant to pay.

## 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 1822-09-12 Volume 2, Issue 63* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]