

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, 26th SEPT.,
1822.

[No. 65.

*Non voce quæ paucorum ad aures
Perveniet*—— BUCHANAN.

Not with a voice that to few ears resounds.

*Qui falsas lites, falsis testimoniis
Petunt.* PLAUTUS.

Who with false witnesses, false charges try to prove.

*Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem.* JUVENAL.

From Godmanchester's western bounds, and Ott'wa's turbid waves,
East to St. Ann's, & to the shores lake Memphramagog laves.

Montreal, 30th August.

DEAR SCRIB,

Ille ego qui quondam——

My taciturnity is but too proverbial. You know I do not resemble my fellow-creatures (the big folks of this place) much, as I seldom speak without having something to say, but if you will have the goodness to give publicity to the following narrative, they will see that I can still speak when occasion requires. My present master, who shall be nameless, but who is sometimes quite as perverse as my old master, Balaam, being invited to dine with Lord Goddamahim, had me, his ass, saddled, and proceeded to that nobleman's mansion at rather an earlier hour than he was expected; for when we arrived, and my master dismounted, he was shewn into an anti-chamber, there to await his lordship's arrival, who had taken a step into the suburbs for the good of his health. I was ushered into the stable, where I had not been many minutes, when in bounced his lordship with a brace of virgins, telling them that this was the temple of Venus, in which he was accustomed to pay his daily devotions. The doxies praised his fine linen, the neatness of his plated frill, and the elegant economy of his pantaloons; his lordship in return, admired their fine white skins, (although there was scarcely a ray of light,) their red cheeks, and raven hair, and was proceeding to take some innocent liberties with their persons, when, no longer able to endure the heat and effluvia of the place, I bolted out, stumbled over a pack of furs that lay in the way, and hit my

head most violently against an empty puncheon which barricaded the door, which made me feel quite queerish. You know the first question that is put to a sick ass is, "what doctor attends you," so that I might be provided with a fashionable answer, I made use of one of my old master's enchantments which fell to my lot after he was put to the sword by the Israelites, and, transforming myself into a human shape, I posted away to Dr. Drugwell. His connubial dear met me in the passage, acquainting that she was herself indisposed, and that she and the doctor were about to retire to bed, but that if I would call again in an hour, he would be at my service. This was poor consolation for one in distress, so I jogged on to his neighbour, Dr. Drawblood, who kindly felt my pulse, and said, or was going to say — but his wife interrupted him by demanding his breeches, which she was determined to wear till bed-time. The doctor retired, recommending me to his colleague, Dr. Marrowbones, who was just then busily engaged in a chemical process, by which he intended to illumine Montreal with carbonic acid gas, and as an expeditious remedy for my bruised head applied the red hot retort to it, telling me it was better than a dozen clinical lectures. I was glad to escape from him, and next called upon Dr. McRobert; he received me very kindly, asking my name, my age, my complaint, and whether I had any money; to the latter query I replied negatively, upon which he wrote a prescription for me, advising me to put some money in my pocket, as a preliminary measure towards getting cured. I now betook myself to the house of Charity, where the sober monk-parson lives: I found him engaged in a *lengthy* calculation, and could distinguish the words, "interest—mortgage—6 per cent.—£1300—etc." When he had done, he recommended me to the Hot-spittal, in the suburbs, with a line to his friend Dr. Snuff-tobacco. I stared—the suburbs? says I—yes; says he, the suburbs; the directors very considerably built it there, as their seraglios are most in that neighbourhood; they can therefore, as *visiting members*, kill two birds with one stone. Very true, says I; so off I scampered to Dr. Snuff-tobacco. He too was busy; he was drawing up an indenture for his brother, who, at the age of twenty-five years, was being bound apprentice to a pastry-cook, preferring, it seems, cakes, puffs, trifles and sugar-plums, to the goose and cabbage, which his former trade abounded in. The doctor told me he had two patients at the point of death, whom he intended dispatching before dinner, as he stood in need of some money to pay for his new drab-coat, but desired me to proceed by myself. So off I marched to the noble pile; where I was introduced to an old woman, styled Nurse, and who, I was informed, was resident physician and visiting member, pro tempore, and could perform any operation, from tooth-drawing to cutting for the stone. Very well, says I, but I would rather prefer a man-doctor. Pugh! you fool! said she, the doctors that attend this institution do not trouble their heads with common patients; and so saying, she emptied a full pot of distilled water about my ears. The virtues of this aspersion immediately lengthened them to their natural size, and, regaining my pristine form, I was forced to return to my master, with my

bruised head unplastered. He was just getting up from table, after having punished the tenth bottle with his lordship, to whom, getting on my back, he bade goo-good ni-good-ni-night, and departed; and good night to you too, Dear Scrib. Your's truly,

BALAAM'S ASS.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.
THE ARGENTEUIL TOPIC.

Hattrol, who knows not Hattroll? stains the bed
Of that kind friend who first bestowed him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord through the land.
Breaks every public, every private, band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son.

"Let him hang, drown, or starve, on dung-hill rot,
By all detested live, and die forgot—
Let him to dust return, in every breath,
Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death."

Is now the general cry we all pursue;
Let interest change, and Hattroll changes too,
For such vile characters may well be said
To give their honour for a crust of bread.

But now to prove the facts, we have related,
We give a subject much of late debated.

*Scene, Dr. Justice's parlour. Present, Parson Malice,
and Purser Hattroll.*

The cloth removed, the lady too withdrawn,
The doctor in a trice began to yawn,
And, lolling backwards in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of vacant stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals, demands,
"Hattroll, my friend, now what are your commands
You've my best wishes, but I really fear,
Lest my decisions should be too severe,
For many a thing in open court is spoke
That the rude breath of satire may provoke—
Yet still I shall our settled course pursue,
Because long Joe is foe to both of you."
"Doctor, your fears are just, I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of course,
Because our cloth is always kept in awe
By the keen eyes of elders and of law,"
Replied the parson, and with warmth began
To set his friends upon the proper plan,
To bring long Joseph into foul disgrace,
And put the starving purser in his place,
(For Joseph was sworn foe to parson Malice,
Since he first trod the floor of Manor-palace.)
"Hattroll, in all your dealings can you find
The tenderest feelings of long Joseph's mind?
Where best to hit him hard, and stain his fame
And bring his family to public shame.
If you succeed, and proper proof can bring,
You get the agency—a handsome thing."
"The best of proof," says Hattroll, "with an oath;
I have the means to blast their honour both.
Should kind fortune favour, and grant my desire.
And give me this station, which I so admire,
When placed above you, and calling in lawyer

when placed above want, and roving in clover,
 The fear of a dun, or a bailiff, is over:
 The income is ample, and then my fine garden
 Will be all at your service, sans paying a farthing
 But now to our purpose, and I have no fear
 But old mother Rogers will make it appear.
 We prove the possession, and then, sirs, we can
 Trace the pork from the cellar e'en into the pan.
 And this we shall prove, as a most easy task,
 To be the same pork that was stol'n from my cask.
 And then mother Rogers, you know, will be taught
 By me what to say when to court she is brought.
 She will swear that she saw in the pan as it fried,
 Two slices of pork, with my mark on the side:
 And which she can do as a positive fact:
 So now, Doctor Justice, you know how to act:
 Then pray, my dear friend, I wish you to grant,
 To answer our object, a legal warrant,
 To take madam Joseph, for stealing my pork.
 As the grounds of the plan on which we shall work."
 Thus the matter concluded; the parties were pleased;
 The warrant was issued; the lady was seized,
 And brought up a prisoner by Robbins with speed,
 Before Dr. Justice her cause for to plead:—
 Where, repelling with scorn the infamous charge;
 The evidence call'd, and questioned at large;—
 First Hattroll appear'd, with his little white hat,
 And gave to the Justice his story so pat,
 That all seem'd to join in his eager complaint,
 And Justice and Joseph were near like to faint.
 Mother Rogers was next brought up to the bench,
 And begg'd she might tell them her story in French.
 She swore that she saw, as she came from her work,
 In the pan at Joe's fire, two slices of pork;
 "My master then shew'd me the mark he had made,
 And of course I believ'd what my master had said;
 So that's all that I know of the matter in question,
 And this, Doctor Justice, is the truth, you may rest on."
 The doctor closed the evidence, and then demanded bail,
 But Joseph and his lady, they chose to go to jail.
 And being lodged in jail, a hearing soon is given,
 The evidence it fails, and their innocence is proven
 To all honest men,—So the suit it is dismiss'd,
 And from court madam Rogers and Hattroll they are hiss'd;
 Whilst an action of damages is brought by long Joe,
 Against Justice, and Parson, and Purser, and Co.

St. Andrews, 2d September.

WE, LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, by the grace of the public, and
 our own act, SCRIBBLER THE FIRST, Inspector-General, Censor, and
 Recorder, into, over, and of, all characters, manners, persons, and actions,
 in the province of Lower Canada; premier Essayist, Reviewer, and
 Satarist, etc. etc. etc. To all our loving readers and others, SEND
 GREETING. WHEREAS sundry of our deputy-inspectors, and reporters,
 have neglected their duty, or have provided us scanty reports and faulty
 intelligence, and whereas it is expedient, especially in the present critical
 situation of the commonwealth of letters in this province, that a trust-
 worthy, diligent, and intelligent deputy inspector-general should be
 appointed within certain limits, for the collection, arrangement, and
 transmission of all matters appertaining to our jurisdiction as aforesaid;

and whereas our trusty and well beloved subject and contributor, JEREMY TICKLER, Esquire, hath well and faithfully served us as a volunteer, nearly from the commencement of our reign; NOW KNOW YE that in consideration thereof, and of the benefit to be derived to the public and to ourselves, from his constant and unremitting exertions, we have appointed the said Jeremy Tickler, Esq. and do hereby appoint him, to be our deputy Inspector-General, Censor, and Reporter, in and over all manner of persons and things, appertaining unto, and subject to, our jurisdiction as aforesaid, situated and being between the boundary line of Lower and Upper Canada, and the line that divides the district of Three Rivers from that of Quebec; upon condition nevertheless of his doing and observing all the matters and things contained in the *Instructions* hereunto annexed.

Given under our hand this fifth day of September, 1822.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

Duly registered, recorded, and sealed,
in the office of the Scribbler.

A. L. *Secretary and Treasurer.*

INSTRUCTIONS.

In all reports made to this office, truth must be strictly attended to; nor must they be received, except with the utmost caution, from enemies to the parties they concern, nor from such as have had any dispute or difference with them; and the deputy inspector, must, as to all second-hand reports, trace and authenticate them as much as in his power.

All personal allusions must be explained by a key transmitted at the same time, indicating the characters and circumstances.

No personal defects or blemishes are to be noticed, unless accompanied by such particular vices or follies, as render them especially conspicuous.

Obscurity of birth, or meanness of origin, in persons who have attained wealth, or reputation, not to be hinted at in any other manner than as rather enhancing the merit of the party than detracting from it, excepting where overbearing pride, inordinate arrogance, or groundless pretensions, allow of the foundations upon which they are built being closely examined into; and unless the parties deny and are ashamed of their low origin.

Poverty of itself never to be made the subject of ridicule, even when owing to the imprudence, folly, or faults of the party, unless accompanied by incorrigibility in those causes that have produced it.

The reputation of all ladies to be at least as carefully guarded as they do themselves, nor any inuendoes indulged in that may tarnish it, unless to be justified by notorious misconduct.^[A]

No respect to be paid to persons, or places, in animadverting upon the conduct of such as appear to deserve it; excepting that in all cases *cæteris*

paribus, less indulgence must be shewn to the high, the powerful, and the rich, than to those in the middle and lower classes of society.

Persons and matters that deserve praise to be as much the subject of notice, as those which merit blame.

Nothing within the whole range of intellectual observation is withheld from being the subject of the deputy-inspector's reports, save such objects as are merely political, and such as relate to religious controversy.

Scribbler-Office, 5th September, 1822.

A true copy from the Scribbler Records,

A. L. Secretary.

[A] It is not intended by this to restrain the deputy-inspector in reporting whatever is connected with the important objects of flirtation, courtship, marriage, &c. or with the amiable gaiety, and frank and easy manners, which it were to be wished, were more prevalent amongst the ladies in this province than they are; for a walk in a wood, or a country excursion with a gentleman; leaning on his arm in the streets; a lounge on a sofa; a ride in a caleche or sleigh; and a thousand other things which tabbies call indecorums, ought never to have any effect upon character, and are only indications of that kind of disposition which in this country requires more to encouraged than depressed.

L. L. M.

Head-Quarters, Mount-Royal, 10th Sept.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

Be pleased to accept my warmest thanks for the favour conferred on me, in my appointment to the office of deputy Inspector-General and reporter to the Scribbler, and I trust no exertion will be found wanting on my part to evince the gratitude I feel for this mark of confidence, and to prove myself, to the utmost of my slender ability, worthy of it.

In pursuance of the duty appertaining to the high vocation to which I am called, I left head-quarters some days ago, to visit the villages of La Prairie and Chambly. At the former place I found the far-famed Larry Goat, strutting about in all the pomp of state, displaying his new beaver and navy-blue surtout, (the fruits, it is whispered, of a successful speculation in smoked herrings,) to the gaze of a "wondering yet envious world." The report concerning the tender connection between Mrs. Gravedigger and the small-beer-man, is wrong in the assertion of the lady having been caught in the fact, she being too old a soldier, not to provide against such a casualty. Mr. Gravedigger, wishing to imitate his beloved spouse in a little of her by-play, and thinking of course that "turn about is fair play," made some advances to a pretty grisette at the west end of the village, but being rather more amorous than circumspect in his professions, the idol of his soul, in all the pride of offended virtue, set the house-dog upon him, and he was obliged to effect a retreat, leaving the best half of his breeches in the fangs of his canine assailant, which the fair one will no doubt keep as a memento of her own impregnable virtue, and her admirer's concupiscence. The subscribers to the new race-course are in high dudgeon at the Montreal races not being transferred to their side of

the water as was expected; and I hold it my bounden duty to caution certain stewards of certain races to be on their guard, should their ill stars conduct them to the “dung-hill of these crowing cocks;” tarring and feathering being the mildest threat uttered by these desperadoes.

The dispute between the rival knights of the lancet, doctors Lion-nose and Leo-pard, has caused some stir among the peaceful folks of Chambly. Lion-nose, it is rumoured, carries pistols in his pockets, and vows he will shed blood; and poor Leo-pard, being in great bodily fear, talks of warrants, and laws, etc. meaning thereby to intimidate his sanguinary foe, and in the mean time carries lint & plaister about him, in case of accident. Honesty Hooper, & old Major Ravine, had a dust last week about a rotten cheese which the former wanted to palm on the old veteran, whose cholera being raised, he formally challenged Honesty to a bout at sharps; which the latter very modestly declined, assigning as a reason, the squeamish state of his better half, (she having been troubled with breeding pains for the last eighteen months,) an excuse which old Ravine tried to gulp down, but could not swallow. The old gentleman and Sammy Kettles got royally drunk last Sunday, for which they received a severe reprimand the next morning from the Rev. Mr. Nick Rap, who thundered in their ears the heinousness of immoderate drinking on the Sabbath day; and quoted himself by way of example, it being well known that he seldom takes more than his bottle on that or any other day.

I returned to head-quarters yesterday, where I shall remain stationary till the races are over, concerning which you may expect a full budget from

Your most obedient,

JEREMY TICKLER.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XIII.

The Rev. Mr. Mortgage has lately communicated to his congregation his intention of repairing the old wall that surrounds the church-ground, stating as an apology for the neglect with which he has treated the affairs of the church, “that he had enough to do to mind the building of his new house, that to love our neighbours as ourselves, was certainly a good maxim, but altogether concerned the laity alone.” Like many others, Mr. Mortgage is an excellent castle-builder; but he likewise builds with solid brick and stone; which Mr. Ilium can testify, and that without having any money to build with. A sample of his skill exists in the magnificent monument erected at Willstown, on which there is a Scotch inscription, importing that it is more noble than any Egyptian pyramid. Should he continue thus, it may be feared

“That Troy, and Troy’s whole race thou wouldst confound
And yon fair structures level with the ground.”^[B]

Mr. Ilium has got the principal contract for inverting the stores of the late Rat-catching company of this place into dwelling-houses. Query, who is to reside there? Perhaps an abess and her nuns for the greater convenience of Lord Goddamnhim. His lordship does not like any one should—catch rabbits—besides himself; and, it is said, has soundly rated Mr. Ilium for paying so much attention to the pretty housekeeper at the hospital, which is indeed productive of an evil that Mr. I. does not dream of; for he often prevents the clerk of the hospital from getting his plate of soup regularly at twelve o'clock, ordered by the directors.

Lord Goddamnhim has seized upon the house of his late good friend and partner, McRob'em McKill'em M'Slaughter'em Esquire, who having been kicked out of the united Rat-catching concern, has been obliged to leave his spoils and tail behind him. The house is to be sold by the Sheriff on the 25th instant.

So when a band of thieves fall out,
The rogues then prey on one another;
And he that has the sharpest claw,
Tears coat and breeches from his brother.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Paphian Chronicle. A fracas lately occurred in the domestic circle of Mr. Attorney Rednib.—Two ladies, devotees of the queen of Cythera, sisters both by blood and by vocation, being in the habit of paying daily visits to Mr. R. in his office, usually retired into a closet whenever any intruder knocked at the door; now it unfortunately happened that Mrs. R. having occasion to be in the said closet, *unbeknown* (as our correspondent says) to the trio in the office, was tumbled down by the sister-graces when, in their hurry to avoid a client who was bolting in, they rushed into their customary place of concealment. The scene that followed can be easier conceived than described, paper, ink, pens, books, caps, wigs, frills, nay even the leather-covered stools, took part in the fray, and shewed like

“The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

How the row ended, however, “this deponent sayeth not.”

Married men, particularly boot-and-shoe-makers, should not pay their devotions to the Paphian goddess, when under the influence of Bacchus, as it may happen to them as it did to Mr. Rooms, to be seen retiring with their Lais' to their *chambers*, at a time when they themselves can not clearly discern objects close to them.

A series of serious mistakes. One house for another, an old woman for a young Phyrne, a fury rampant for a nymph couchant, a broomstick for an embrace, and a broken arm for a caduceus:^[C] so say the Hay-market poets.

☞ Mercury's golden rod, formed by two serpents connected together in the middle; with this wand, he had the power of bringing souls out of hell, or, in other words, introducing them into heaven, and afterwards setting them fast asleep.

From the Government-City Advertiser. Several sedate and respectable matrons of this city, who, frequent the Caledonian chapel, and are anxious not to have their attention too much drawn off from their devotions, have desired us to request a very gaudy pair of gold spectacles, which never mount their donkey but on Sundays, not to stare so much round the church during divine service.

Col. Borer's wishes to attain celebrity not having been sufficiently gratified by our contemporaries, and as he in particular feels himself neglected by the Scribbler, we will humbly endeavour to make amends, in recording his exploits in having most heroically, been kicked by one officer, and horse-whipped by another, at Royaltown, for refusing to fight; horse-whipped in this place by Mr. Tenrub, and by Mr. Wilful at Mount-Royal, for what they had the impudence to call impudence; with various other daring deeds that will entitle him to a niche in the temple of fame, and along with his well known talent for cutting acquaintances, extend his renown far beyond the thirty-seventh degree of latitude.

Wanted; *during the winter season, half a dozen card-players who will meet with the most flattering encouragement, and besides good living and the manner of behaving in genteel company will be taught to perform the valuable arts of back biting, snarling, etc. N. B. The coppers they play for, will, under the direction of the ghostly father of the club, be applied to charitable purposes.*

The Races at this place were—but, num—we have not paid for puffing them, on account, we are told, of so many of the members of the turf-club having been, *not at home*, when called on for their subscriptions.

From the Shamble Repertory. An indictment was lately about being preferred by the Rev. Nick Rap, against all the agents, subscribers, correspondents, distributors, post-masters, letter-carriers, and others, concerned in the Scriblerian heresy, which the reverend gentleman still most vehemently anathematises, as deistical, atheistical, cabalistical, sophistical, licentious, anti-christian, etc. quoting from Tertullian, *Si forte poetica et pictoria licentia, et tertia jam hæretica*; Talk not of the licentiousness of poets and painters, for heretics are worse. The parson got so much jeered at, however, that it all ended in smoke; and we are told that if he does not rest in peace, the Scribbler means to tell a tale, as how he lately refused to christen a child without a dollar and a half in hand, which the man not being able to pay, he carried the young heretic to the catholic priest, who performed the ceremony, *pour l'amour de dieu*.

From the Gog and Magog Morning Star. At the session of our first Court of Oyer and Terminer, a curious case occurred of three men indicted for stealing a heifer. The principal evidence was an accomplice. These four

gents, being inclined, as the witness said, for a merriment, cast their eyes upon a fat heifer, carried her off, killed, skinned, and cut her up, they then filled their bellies with good roast and boiled beef, till they could eat no more and finding still abundance of provision left, they carried the rest home, (for this rural festival was held in honour of the sylvan deities, amongst o'er-arching woods, and shades "conscious of the theft,") where they salted it, thinking to have another regale, when "winter came to rule the varied year." As this offence appeared to have been committed not with an *animus furandi* but with an *animus devorandi*, they were acquitted, whilst judges, jury, lawyers and audience, licked their lips, at the luscious picture of the fat running down the chins of the culprits, whilst they were enjoying their Homeric repast.

I SAY MASSA GOSSIP,

Now you see dat me no what be what as vel as de best on ye; and dough some a bit plack, me tink dat me made out on as gude durt as any de foks. However, be dat as he may, me get a big chique de uder day; for as usal, massa, me was goin round bout wi de baskit, down long Sant Gabriel street, to sel de tings be call trinkets, dare me see fine ladees, ni de uder cross treet, close by de corner, at de window: dem me spose have great bunch munny. So me cums up, tap softly at de dore: me wait half nour: den me here sometin go pit pat. Zounds! only tink massa, big ladee, fine pritty little ting too, massa, come open it. Den me say, buy fine tings missee. But only tink, tammashun to her pritty eyes, den she slam de dore rite bang in poor Cuffee's face; and he fal down back, and make he face gest as plack as de very debil. So now me hope dat ye vil warn de foks keep way from dose fine ladees; so he plack yer bots sum day for ye.

OLD CUFFEE.

From my cellar, 20th Aug.

*Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP, at the sign
of the Tea-table.*

It is now necessary that I should inform my readers that the Deputy-Post-Master-General at Quebec, (who is under agreement with me for the Scribbler going through the post-office, for a certain stipulated consideration per annum,) has thought proper to direct that it shall not in future be forwarded through the post-office. This is an arbitrary, illegal, and withal impotent, attempt to impede its circulation. It, however, occasions some temporary irregularity and delay, which I trust my subscribers will excuse. The numbers, will be regularly distributed as heretofore in Montreal, every Thursday morning, and will be forwarded from there by the next steam-boat to be distributed in Quebec, on the following Monday, if not before. I will endeavour to adopt the earliest and best possible measures for its reaching the other places where I have subscribers, and in the mean time solicit from my friends in those places their suggestions as to the best and speediest means of conveying the work

to them, now that the post-office is closed against it. I shall send a strong remonstrance to the Deputy-Post-Master-General against this infraction of his agreement, this unavailing measure of spite, intolerance, and proscription, dictated by that system of shackling the press in Canada which is beginning to unfold itself, and of which Mr. Sutherland has allowed himself to be made the tool; but which, as it intimidates not me, so I trust neither will it dishearten my numerous subscribers, well-wishers, and contributors; (whose communications through the Montreal post-office, and the Scribbler-letter-box, can not be interrupted, as any interception of them, I shall cause to be prosecuted with the utmost rigour that the law will allow of;) for I beg they will keep in mind that persecution and attempts at suppression, being almost infallible means for raising the publication to greater eminence, increasing its prosperity, and extending its circulation, rather afford matter for triumph, than reason for dismay. In the words of ST. AUGUSTINE;

Sapiens non metu frangitur, non potestate mutatur, non extollitur prosperis, non tristibus mergitur.

A philosopher is not to be daunted by menace; he is not to be changed by force; he exults not in prosperity, nor is he depressed by adversity.

L. L. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, Compression being necessary, from a superabundance of matter, some (objectionable) parts of the *Argenteuil Topic* have been left out. From the same cause the pros and cons between the *Students at law*, are postponed. A third letter signed OBSERVATOR from Quebec, has come to hand, and will receive insertion: this signature it appears from the following letter has been adopted by more than one writer:

MR MACCULLOH—Will you allow me to remark, through the medium of your paper, the impropriety of different writers adopting the same signature. A communication was lately sent you, I see, by a person signing OBSERVATOR: the consequence of this, if persisted in, will be that I shall be called upon to defend every thing that writer may think proper to assert, which he can not reasonably expect. As I am confident that this has proceeded from inadvertence alone, I conceive it is sufficient barely to have mentioned it, and subscribe myself,

Your humble servant,

OBSERVATOR.

TOM BROWN will please to observe that, along with some minor motives, (none, however, relating to the paltry consideration of postage,) the principal reason for desiring a channel of confidential intercourse, was the necessity felt, from personal as well as other causes, for curtailing, suppressing, or altering, parts of his letters; a liberty, which, with so valuable correspondent, it was wished not to take, without assigning reasons. This liberty, however, will in future be exercised, as occasion may serve, without further apology; and his present communication shall have

a place the very earliest opportunity. So also FIREPROOF vs. PHŒNIX, and NOBODY. The poetical favours of SOLOMON SNEER, NICK, and TYRO, (who must not be entirely rejected) when pruned and trimmed, will probably find places. HALF-GERMAN is requested to transmit a key, part of his figurative note not being understood. CUT-UP too is, this time, not explicit enough to be made use of.

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 1822-09-26 Volume 2, Issue 65* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]