

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, 7th Nov., 1822.

[No. 71.]

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*Bonos in aliis tabulis exscriptos habet.* PLAUTUS.

Good deeds are written on another page.

*Non mihi si lingua centum sint, oraque centum,  
Ferreæ von, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas,  
Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina passim.* VIRGIL.

But hundred mouths with hundred tongued rage,  
A brazen voice, and pens innumerable,  
Millions of reams, an inkstand like a table,  
Would all too little be, nor half suffice,  
Open to lay men's follies, crimes, and vice.

—*Obscuris vera involvens.* VIRGIL.

Hence, from behind a cloud our aim is taken;  
Stand clear then, fools, or you'll not save your bacon.

I shall be happy if, with the assistance of my worthy correspondent, with whose letter I begin this number, I may be able to devote to the object he recommends, a rather larger proportion of my space than that occupied by a similar subject in the grand work mentioned in No. 50, where, in a "Syllabus of a course of lectures on intellectual philosophy," an account was proposed to be given, of "The history of Human Failings," in ninety-nine volumes imperial folio, with a slight sketch of human virtues and merits, *on the margin of the last page* of that stupendous work. When I receive his promised sketches, which I shall probably be able to group with two or three of the same kind that I have collected, I shall be glad to exhibit them to the public; tho' the whole, I am afraid, will scarcely make more than a miniature-cabinet-picture.

L. L. M.

*Quebec, 14th Oct. 1822.*

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

Mankind are certainly more apt to look at the unfavourable, than the pleasing, aspects of society. I believe that scarcely any other reason can be assigned for it than the following; namely, that the moral appearance of mankind has more of the first than of the last, and what presses most upon the view is most apt to engage the attention. You will pardon me for thinking, that, as the first has pressed more upon your view, and has, of late years, been more sensibly felt by you, these circumstances form the

reason why the Scribbler contains in its pages more of the foibles, infirmities, and vices of man and womankind, than of their excellencies or virtues. I am aware that you give encouragement to your correspondents to communicate also to you the beauties of character that may present themselves to their observation in their various neighbourhoods; but, whether it arises from the scarcity of the article, or from the perverted taste of your contributors, which incites them to seek out, and “prey on garbage,” rather than feed on dainties, I can not say; but certainly the Scribbler dwells lightly and seldom on the virtues of the human race, and appears all powerful on its errors and follies. I am far from thinking that the Scribbler is wrong in exercising its knotted lash on the vices, or its attic wit, on the foibles, of the human race, as, although the satire should not produce reformation, it at least, will operate as a preventative.—It already has done so in several instances; when any thing has been in contemplation that was either outré or vicious, it has been remarked, “this will be an excellent subject for the Scribbler,” and it may be depended on that the observation has operated as a damper. But I should like to see the Scribbler have the character of a magistrate, as it is given in a certain book that is studied too little. “A terror to evil doers, but a praise to them that do well.” This would produce a sort of balance in the public mind, in the view it entertains of the author, and if a department in its pages were kept for the record and eulogium of those virtues that (God be thanked,) appear in both public and private charters in the Canadas, it would give the Scribbler something more of a resemblance to the statue of “even-handed justice,” than it has hitherto possessed. It would then not only hold the sword to punish vice and folly, but the balance to weigh what was the punishment adequate to crime or offence, and to proportion the rewards of excellence and virtue to their merits, in the various departments of society in which they are found.—There ought to appear in every literary work, that is meant to delineate general character, at least an ounce of gold to a hundred weight of lead—a vial of the balm of Gilead, to a puncheon of Leeward. As I see you have some *biting* correspondents from Quebec, who generally take the dark side of the question, (*perhaps justly*.) I mean, (should you give this preface a place) to take the light side, and, from time to time, to give a few light shades to the picture of the Quebec character, which has hitherto appeared in very sombre colours in your miscellany, and (although it is a city as sinful as many) prove that it has its zealots, its Dorcas’s, its Socrates’, and Demosthenes’ &c. I shall endeavour to fill a page or two with *worthies* every month at least, if this appears and is encouraged.

I am your obed’t. servant,  
FAIR DEALING.

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*Quebec, 13th Oct.*

SIR,

Your correspondent Junius, after dissecting, or rather *hacking* up, one of the pretenders to the science of medicine in this city, appears to have abandoned the task. He can not want materials; and to stimulate him to further exertion, permit me to relate an anecdote or two of *von* doctor (as the gentleman would say) who *if land* of his own be wanting will encroach upon that of others; for, being lately arrived from Ste. Marie Nouvelle Beauce (whence I had the pleasure of sending you a communication which you had the goodness to insert,) I was introduced to the Esculapius in question, who, when you do not know him, at first appears to be a man of instruction and intelligence. In the course of some conversation with him on the subject of the Scribbler, I observed that he wished me to consider him as occupying your pages with his productions; nor do I know but I should have given him full credit for his pretensions, had he not unluckily asked me “have you seen that piece upon old Pozer”<sup>[1]</sup> I said “yes.” “Well,” said he, taking me by the button of my coat, and giving a significant wink, “Who do you think wrote it? Don’t tell any one, mind,—it was me who sent that letter to the Scribbler.”

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<sup>[1]</sup> The recent death of the individual here alluded to in Quebec, who, notwithstanding the points of ridicule there were about him and his unfitness for being a magistrate, was a very worthy member of society, and deservedly respected *in his line* has rendered another slight touch at one of his foibles, which I had by me, inadmissible.

L. L. M.

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I had before that, passing one day through the marketplace of the Lower Town, and observing a crowd collected round an auctioneer, pushed amongst them; where I found that, amongst other things, the property of the learned doctor in question, a gold medal was put up, which had been presented to him a few years ago by about half a dozen of his students or pupils. I afterwards learnt that, on his first arrival from England, he had offered to give a few lessons upon anatomy &c. &c. to a few students; and, in the course of his lectures, had caused it to be indirectly hinted to his pupils that they ought to make him some recompence for his trouble. Accordingly they resolved upon offering him a gold medal, which was ordered, and was presented to the lecturer. Its value I am told was about £15,—but it was sold at the auction for eleven dollars.

I say no more, I only furnish facts, and I leave to writers better qualified than myself, to Junius, Tom Brown, and Sempronius, to dilate upon them; remaining

Yours &c.

GRATIANO.

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“Interest will sometimes blind the wise,  
’Tis sure to make the fool a villain.”

*Quebec, 28th September.*

MR. SCRIB,

I congratulate you on your lucubrations having found another medium of visiting the good city of Quebec, than through the post, even although Squire Northland should grin and fret a little at the circumstance. It will teach that gentleman, and his employers, that every illegal method taken to stop the *freedom of the press*, must end in the confusion and disappointment of those who attempt it. As long as the public possess the powerful check to its licentiousness, that a libel on the government, or on a public or private character, may be prosecuted, “let the galled jade wince,” he “whose withers are unwrung,” will be glad when folly is laughed at, vice is lashed, or public misconduct held up to detestation.

Although I could easily entertain you with numerous anecdotes, illustrative of the interested meanness which daily occurs in this emporium of trick and deceit, of a more recent date than the one I am going to give you, yet, as it might slip from my memory, and thereby prevent vice and hypocrisy from being exposed as they merit, here you have it.—If you give it a place—good—if not, you may light your pipe with it, and welcome.<sup>[2]</sup>

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<sup>[2]</sup> As I am, in respect to that pernicious weed, Tobacco, of King James’ creed, and make use of it in no way whatever, I must perforce print Castigator’s letter; which, if I did not, to tell the truth, I should deserve a castigation myself.

L. L. M.

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The subject of the following tale, is a tall, cadaverous-looking lad, from “the Heart of Mid-Lothian,” who has, for several years past, annually visited Quebec and Montreal, from the land o’ cakes, with large assortments of second hand jewellery? and (would-be) gold and silver trinkets of all descriptions, and who has jewed it away at a great rate for the last two seasons. In the summer of last year, a gentleman who was lately a respectable merchant in England, but who had suffered in his circumstances there, came out to Quebec, with a choice assortment of jewellery and hardware, to endeavour to retrieve his losses. Some mistake having occurred respecting the entry of the goods at the custom-house at home, he was apprehensive of being brought into trouble here about it. He sent for the *gentleman* first mentioned in these remarks, (with whom he had been formerly acquainted) justly thinking that, from his having traded several years to this place in the same line, he was fully qualified to give him such advice as would extricate him from any difficulty. As was requested, he stated matters simply as they stood, to his adviser, who made light of the affair, and gave him such advice as he thought proper. Returning home, however, the *gentleman* began to think a little on the matter. Should my friend get out of this difficulty, thought he, and expose his articles to sale, their superior value will soon destroy my hopes as regards the sale of my own. The result was, that this conscientious friend

went immediately to a deputy custom-house searcher, stated all his friend had communicated, and advised the searcher to make a seizure of the goods, rightly judging that, if ever they got out of the hands of the harpies, it would be a month or two before they could be recovered, by which time his own goods would find a market, and then he cared not—*his end was served*. The goods were accordingly seized, (value about £2,000,) but Mr. Deputy Searcher, being a novice, neglected to take informant's affidavit, and, upon making enquiry his superior, found he had acted with too much precipitancy. He therefore called on the informer, and requested him to make oath to the information. "Na mon," said he, "ye wad hae been wise to hae gotten it at first, but noo, ye're rather o' the latest, as aw my eends are answered, but if ye ca' me to the coort, I'll gie my evidence i' the maiter." Mr. Deputy, (Scotchman as he too is,) was gravelled—he thought a gliff—went to the owner of the goods,—said "he wad be laith to act wi' rigour against ony gentleman, and for ony *kything* o' an acknowledgment, he wad na gang ony farther wi' the maiter." The object of the merchant was to be quit of this business, and get his goods to market as soon as possible, a present of an excellent gold watch, chain, and seals, and a number of ladies trinkets, amounting to about £90—sterling, satisfied the deputy. The goods were restored; the informer was disappointed, and, as in this case, "the rogues fell out, the honest man got his own again," with the deduction only of the deputy's *kything*.

CASTIGATOR.

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I have been trying, and contriving, and endeavouring to make up a holiday suit, for APE O' MINE OWN DAYS, to appear in public, and have cut and spoilt many a fair yard of—paper; and many a needleful—I mean a penful—of ink, but can not make it fit. He is such a hop-skip-and-jump fellow, I could get no jacket to suit him.—So Mr. Pug must make his appearance in his own fashion. I dare say his shrugs, grins and hints will be well enough understood by those who think he is making mouths at them.

*Kebec, — — — 1822.*

DEAR SCRIB.

There are certain people in this here town call'd Tornadoes or Torpedoes, that deal plums, sugar, *allspice*, and other combustibles,—forestall all that comes in their way—stagnate all the trade—are going to get an exclusive right to the St. Lawrence, for supplying *grog* to the natives—so look out for mopolists—cosmopolites perhaps.—Am told as how they bring down leaves.—they call 'em tea—and, dang it, I 'stands it pays no duty—but they call it *farine*, and the officer not 'standing English, he says, go on, as you knows 'em better nor I—If you think proper, give it a slapper—nine barrels of something—but it was the fault of the officer that tended, not mine.

"Thou canst not say I did it!  
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."

They came, they saw, they vanished. I could Write volumes if I had time to masticate and inwardly digest such materials as are fitting your Ostrich-like maw, such as would raise the rising visibility of ridicule even in the gravest phizzes. But, as I told some of our would-be great men, they have tried to hurl the thunder, alas! with a withered arm;—cramp the press, say they you be damned, says you—You've given it 'em. This is something like English spirit, bravo, &c. I hears as how you knows McRavish Razor & Co. in Lunnun; am told they put you in the Mansion-house Mount Royal. Dang it, it were no soft place for you. Howsomdever he must have a rub, that is flat. We have a *Razor* here too, *Donald* is stampt on the blade.—Shaves, cuts, and scrapes like a new one; a vile one however; wanted to ruin the *Rose* garden; beautiful *rose*-buds and all I heard as how Lucy was well in one of your last—bless her pretty eyes—but I did not think that was her name—how many alias's has she got? Several dirty tricks in embryo. Since writing the foregoing a Mr. Fip, or Fil, or Fillip, or some such name, has turned informer—a thriving trade that, they say—but he is J. P. viz. several sailors (they came from on board the Bonny Meg) were summoned to the police-office to bear witness against one M'Bobby, and one Mr. Mist; the first came from the land o' cakes, so he got clear; but Paddy Mist got fined, for when the sons of Neptune refused to swear they had paid for their grog, the J P. asked leave to quit the bench; (*tant mieux* thought a spectator,) but lo and behold ye! Goliath J. P.—believe it not in Gath or Gotham,—entered, and much to the surprise of all present—declared he had played peeping Tom of Coventry—saw them drink, and pay—fine him of course, *nem. diss.* What! a Just-ass an informer!

But they are all, all, honourable men;  
Let justice have its course,—and for a curse;  
Let all informers meet with Dr. Chopit  
To cure their babbling tongues, by putting out their eyes.

*Apropos*, (if Latin may be spoke) the Tornadoes kick up a pretty breeze sometimes. This summer they made a party in the *Kettle*—in a steam-boat—there was Jack and Jill, Brown, White, and Black, with their wives, and little pigs, hodge-podge, would-be-marchants, carters, weavers, and ploughmen, who having arrived at the rank of grocers and blacking makers, have assumed the consequence of the devil, and think there is no society in this here town, fit enough company for them—but mum—pray can you tell who was the small black *crow* that escorted the ladies from Big's hotel, with blue jacket and white trowsers, *à la mode des matelots*—damn his impudence. More anon,—See 'em again.

Yours,

APE O' MINE OWN DAYS.

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*Montreal Oct. 12.*

DEAR SIR,



There are, as you must be convinced of, many persons here, who wish an end put to the Scribbler, and on the other hand many who think very differently, and of course intend to support it. It certainly gives an opportunity to many young men to exercise their talents in composition, which the very narrow principles upon which the other public prints are carried on would not afford: but there are also many, who wish to figure in your paper, but are deterred from so doing by the probability of discovery. I am indeed one of that number. Various are the incidents that come under my observation, deserving of exposure, but the disclosure of the channel through which they were communicated, might be followed by very serious consequences. You pretend to most honourable secrecy, but do you not fyle the hands, or otherwise dispose of them, so that they could easily be discovered by your successors? for you must not forget that we are all mortal; and I hope you possess more charity, and regard for your present friends, than to have your *bunch of keys* at any time exposed.<sup>[3]</sup> Until I have a little more security I must decline doing any thing beyond furnishing a few minor remarks.

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<sup>[3]</sup> It was in reply to this correspondent that I explained, at the close of my last number, that all *Keys* and communications in which *real names* are introduced, as well as all letters *requested to be destroyed*, are invariably burnt; others are kept for reference, or to be returned to the writers, if ever they apply for them. In this I follow the practice of the publishers of all periodical works in London. But there is one species of security in mine, that is not to be met with in any other. Nothing whatsoever goes to the press in any hand-writing but my own. I re write every thing, even down to the advertisements for the covers. I am sorry the word *pretend* has been made use of, but my explanations, I am sure, will occasion its retraction, for I perfectly know that my single assertion will be taken throughout Canada, as undeniable proof. I confess there is some reason in what it said about the common lot of mortality, but I trust I have sufficient prudence and *experience* to put matters upon such a footing that private papers shall not be exposed; and as to sudden death, if mankind were bound to guard against possibilities, life would be a torment, the utmost prudence, utter folly. Against other contingencies I profess myself to be upon my guard, and dear bought experience has taught me not to suffer myself to be swindled or robbed of private papers again in the audacious, and atrocious manner in which the agents of the North West Company did, two years ago; when they first trepanned, and afterwards plundered me of every written paper in my possession, the great bulk of which they still, *in defiance of all right, law, and COMMON HONESTY* retain; and have moreover made the most villainous and unprincipled use of them. Nay, the courts of Justice in Montreal even countenance them in their robbery, by suffering papers procured by felony and piracy to remain on their fyles, and be produced as evidence in the suits that are still pending. But they will not catch me *now* without my loaded pistols, which I shall not hesitate to use as Mr. H. did his last year, in defence of his person, against one of their mercenary ruffians, one of the same gang by whom I was kidnapped. No, I part with no more papers but with my life.

L. L. M.

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A strange accident happened lately, the occurrence of which has surprised the knowing-ones; and has indeed created a change in what they say about the Scribbler. A package which formed part of the private, and, no doubt, the most costly, baggage, of a certain dragoon, (who had previously sold off all the trash,) whilst conveying to the boat, (it being bound for Europe, viâ Quebec,) rolled off the waggon, and burst open. Out bounced a small case of books, which was stove asunder. Will you believe

it that in replacing the books, the *first volume of the Scribbler* was discovered, *richly bound in calf!*

O! for a muse of fire that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, monarchs to act,  
And princes to behold, the solemn scene!

It would have baffled the theatrical powers of a Kean, or a Matthews, to have delineated the countenances of those concerned, who were present. One, however, of the horror-struck party, gave utterance to his emotions, 'Twas Lord Goddamnhim. He exclaimed, "We're found out, by God!"

PLATO.

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*St. Andrews, 12th Oct.*

DEAR MACCULLOH,

Seeing the favourable reception my former communication met with, I am induced, from the multiplicity of food that offers for the pen of the satirist, to attempt a second time "to make vice himself his dirty face display," and paint in true colours the people of this place. I find others as well as myself, begin to take notice of the misdeeds that, though the actors of them think they will shun the day in this unfamed corner of Canada, yet burst into open light when they least expect it; witness the *Argenteuil* Topic, that appeared in one of your late numbers.

The consternation of the characters who tasted *the ginger*, upon the appearance of your paper amongst them, was very great; and I will tell you what its effects then were, and what I expect they will be. The parson, as before, claims precedence. When he read his character pourtrayed with so much verity, his eyes flashed fire, portending something direful to poor Sam,

"He tries to speak but rage his voice confounds,  
And words were lost in undistinguish'd sounds;  
He stamp'd, he foam'd; at length his speech found way—  
Damn, damn, the *author*, and *publisher*, I say."

But one of his maxims being "damn the lanthorn, but follow the light," he has taken the matter into serious consideration; has determined to reform; "resolves and re-resolves," but I fear will "die the same." The Rev. Mr. M'Redhen, for his part, immediately set about doing good, and gave, as his first act of charity—a confounded beating to one of his scholars; and instead of suffering one of his congregation who happened to pass, to go unregarded, he, with much sympathy, took great notice of—a fine leg of veal that was in his basket. Little Richard Plantagenet next comes storming on the carpet, with all the vehemence of his rhetoric, but with very little logic, against poor Sam, who gets more curses than coppers to buy cakes with, for his good intentions. At first he talked of prosecutions, and actions, and cudgellings, and other phantasmata,

"Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire,"

but, hearing the cattle low, which he bought one evening after dark, he desisted; and he even (I mention it as a matter of fact) absolutely composed, a prayer against temptation on the following Sunday. Nay he talks loudly of resigning his situation as postmaster, because the mail leaves on Sunday; but I am rather inclined to think this is a hoax, as he would then have to pay the immense sum of sixpence a piece for his letters which he now saves, and which can not fail of outweighing his scruples. But, my good fellow, I will tell you too that there were some who seemed to wear rather a sour aspect because they were omitted by me, for they think it, “better to stand in the pillory than not be noticed at all,” amongst whom there are justices, and petty justices, commissioners and doctors, colonels and captains, and I don’t know who. Col. Lequel said, “it was part of the matter” he complained of that he was totally neglected; and Dr. Duris, a good easy man, but fond of figuring in the metropolis of Bangall, [4] would willingly have lost a patient or two rather than be passed by so. As I have, however, already spun my story to a good length, I trust they will wait patiently till they hear a third time from, your faithful servant.

SAM GINGER.

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[4] The first and most appropriate name for this place.

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

*Un sot savant est sot, plus qu'un sot ignorant.*      MOLIERE.

“How dull and how insensible a beast  
Is man, who yet would lord it o’er the rest!”

DRYDEN.

Yes, and how impudent an ape will grow,  
When fool’d and dandled at some paltry show!  
Give him tobacco, snuff, or what you will,  
He’ll smile and snarl, and kiss, and bite you still.  
Just so the pedant, if you seek to please,  
Will cry or laugh, as best may suit his ease;  
And, with an empty shew of wit and knowledge,  
He’ll tell about his tours thro’ school and college,  
His learned speeches, and his noble odes,  
With mighty epigrams, and episodes:  
In fact he’ll lead you on by mystic ways,  
And talk of Johnson’s works and Shakespeare’s plays,  
Of Virgil, Tully, or of Horace, speak,  
This bull in Latin, or that fault in Greek;  
Lafontaine, Boileau, and perchance Rousseau;  
Of German authors next, a motley row,  
Fifteen or twenty, parrot like, call’d o’er,  
On good or bad, alike doth censure pour,  
Till breath is gone—exhausted all his store.  
And if some fool that’s dull in nice discerning,  
Mistakes this mighty bustle all for learning,  
His noisy puffs, for sound and solid sense,  
And owns him skill’d in all he makes pretence,  
He toad like, swells, more self-conceited grows;  
Again his quackery profusely flows.  
Or if some sneering wit shou’d own the ass  
To be more humourous far than Hudibras;  
He’ll turn, and flatter him without delay,  
And with some borrowed scrap the debt repay.  
But tell him only, he’s an arrant pedant,  
(Which is the whole truth, let what will be said on’t)  
Then with his blazing passions, all on fire,  
E’en his buffoonry kindling into ire,  
With dreadful rage, he swells beyond all rules,  
And proves at once that pedants are but fools.

SOLOMON SNEER.<sup>[5]</sup>

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<sup>[5]</sup> Mr. Sneer’s verses to Delia are so very inferior to his sarcastic productions, that I advise him to continue a devotee of Momus, rather than to be penning any more

——“woeful ballads  
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow.”

L. L. M.

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FRAILITY EXCUSED.

Tho' Nancy's charms I oft have sung,  
The darling theme of pen and tongue.  
New praises still remain;  
Beauty like her's may well infuse  
New flights, and be my fancy's muse,  
To heighten every strain.

'Tis not her form alone I prize,  
Which every fool that has but eyes  
As well as I can see;  
To say she's fair, is but to say,  
When the sun shines at noon 'tis day,  
Which none need learn of me.

But I'm in love with Nancy's mind,  
Where every virtue is combined  
That can adorn the fair;  
Excepting one, in lieu of which,  
In joys, and bliss, and love, she's rich;  
Nor needs that virtue there.

She who possesses all the rest,  
Must sure excell the prude whose breast  
That virtue shares alone.  
To seek perfection is a jest,  
They who have fewest faults are best;  
And Nancy has but one.

LE CHEVALIER BORRI.<sup>[6]</sup>

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<sup>[6]</sup> Vide *Livres Cabalistique*.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. My correspondent, (I need not name him) who has sent me some remarks on the circumstance of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Montreal not appearing amongst the contributors to the general hospital, defending the liberality of the system pursued in that institution, and accusing the Catholics of inhumanity and want of attention even to their own unhappy sick and afflicted paupers, will please to observe that I have, on the other hand, received a strong letter of censure, reprobating the conduct pursued at the general hospital, asserting that no French Catholics are admitted there, and eulogizing both for liberality and humanity the hospital at the nunnery. I am desirous of taking up the question, but wish to have good grounds to go upon, and should like to know whether and what description of catholic patients are admitted at the general hospital; and vice versa, whether protestants are received into the infirmary at the *Hotel Dieu*. A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK, and FIRELOCK are received and will partly, if not fully, be availed of. YOU COMPREHEND, is both incomprehensible and inadmissible.

L. L. M.

*At the intercession of the Secretary and Treasurer, who possesses rather too much of the 'milk of human kindness,' the BLACK LIST is again*

*deferred, and it is hoped the delinquents will render themselves deserving of the long suffering lenity that has been exercised towards them.*

*Borrowers of the Scribbler, who can afford to pay for it, are again warned, that they too will figure in the Black List, if they don't reform, and subscribe.*

## 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 1822-11-07 Volume 2, Issue 71* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]