

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, 21st Nov.,
1822.

[No. 73.

*Mella jubes Hyblæa tibi, vel Hymettia nasci
Et thyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api.*

MARTIAL.

Alas my friend, you try in vain
Impossibilities to gain:
No bee from Corsica's rank juice
Hyblean honey can produce.

LEWIS.

*Primus omnium instituit, ut tam senatus quam populi diurna acta
conficerentur et publicarentur.*

SUETONIUS.

He was the first who caused the daily actions both of the great and the little to be collected and published.

Quebec, Oct. 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Among the numerous personages who have attracted your attention, it appears to me that the sons of Esculapius have been comparatively neglected;^[1] this is to be lamented, as man is naturally ambitious, and if he finds his efforts to obtain celebrity slighted, by those who make it a duty to admire as well as to censure, there is too much reason to dread that those talents will remain dormant, and that light hid under a bushel, which might have given fame to the possessor, and illumination to the world. The subjects of my present letter, Sir, are not altogether regardless of public approbation, although, under the thin garb of philosophy, they may want to convince us that they are above the insignificant applause of the vulgar. Without further preface, therefore, I will come to my heroes, saying, in the words of a French writer,

*Agreaté qu'aver uno moto
Pro toto remercimento
Randam gratiam corpori tam docto.*

^[1] I think my correspondent is not justified in this idea, witness Balaam's ass, the petition of Death, Junius, Gratiano, and others.

The first is one whom I should term the lord Goddamnhim of Government City, were it not that the gentlefolks of this place have already, very appropriately, named him, Old Bachelor Tom the Milksop. This gentleman, Sir, in his younger days, was a celebrated debauchee, and, if I am rightly informed, the collegiates of a certain university, a little distant from the place you reside in, have preserved inviolate the edifying history of the carnival he there passed. Since his return, however, to his native country, he has had the good luck, in common with a great many other hypocrites, to impose upon a certain number, by renouncing “the devil, and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, and the carnal desires of the flesh.” No longer does the familiar nod of the courtesan recognize, or the inviting courtesy welcome, Old Tom, formerly looked on as the friend and protector of the whole race; pomp and vanity, with lust, lewdness, and dissipation, are banished from his dwelling, and, though some stray harlots may remain so as not to leave the demesne wholly unstocked with game, we are in justice bound to say that the lord of the manor is indulgent to poachers, and never found fault with the ladies for letting out their leisure-hours to the officers of the garrison, some of whom reside opposite to bachelor’s hermitage.

It was when he was no longer able to indulge in his former debaucheries, and when he was under the disagreeable necessity of abstaining from all food or liquor that might cause an irritation of the blood, that he, like the fox of old, who had lost his tail, being himself incapable of participating in the pleasures of the world, loudly recommended temperance and chastity, as the sole means of attaining old age. Tom, having lost his relish for most things, hates all poets and poetry, and wishes all lawyers at the devil (in which, by the bye, he is by no means singular;) as to brutes, he has an antipathy to oxen, swine, &c. but makes an honourable exception in favour of *asses*, in whose preservation the *milksop* finds himself deeply interested. Indeed, it is generally remarked that he visits them much more frequently than he does his patients, which when he condescends to do, his salutation is pretty nearly in these polite words, “God damn you, how are you to day? you sent for me last night, God damn you; and did you think I was going to kill myself to save you? damn you.” Such, Sir, is his conduct to those who address themselves to him for professional assistance. Take an instance of his humane consideration for his patients. After for some time attending an unfortunate Catholic priest, of Charlestown, whose situation was more likely, in any other man, to have excited compassion at seeing a fellow-creature reduced to so deplorable a state, our hermit, in a tone of voice fully imparting his inward sentiments, told the unhappy sufferer that he could do no more for him, and declined attending him in future. Was it because a disease baffled your professional skill that you were to allow a fellow-creature to linger out his few remaining days, on a bed of torture? Was it not, or rather ought it not to have been, an additional reason to

continue your attendance?^[2] But it is time to stop, and I will abruptly pass to another of the same tribe.

^[2] It appears to me that the physician ought rather to receive praise than blame, who has the candour to state that he can be of no further assistance, and the discretion to avoid running up a long bill for medicines and attendance, that he knows would be useless.

L. L. M.

In 1810, Sir, the politician Dr. Blanket, was

“Pour ses méfaits dans la géole encagé”

but, in consequence of bowing and stooping, and retracting his former heretical opinions, he was let out of the cage. Rumour now, with her hundred tongues, has since spread abroad his fame, and, it is said, that an envoy extraordinary is daily expected from the mother-country, to call our hero to the *foot* of the throne, in order to make part of the new administration. In truth, should he prove as good a hand in putting down the radicals, as he has in putting his patients down, (under the earth, that is,) Great Britain will be indebted to Canada for a statesman, “after Lord Londonderry’s own heart.” Should this take place, there will be a few ladies, who will greatly regret his departure, as they have found that, in the absence of their better halves, the doctor has always done the needful.

Before taking leave of this gentleman, I must not omit a late accident, which, no doubt, interests the whole community. Having too unwarily kissed the *Big Book*, another medical gentleman of this city, thought the fittest punishment that could be inflicted would be such a dose of *hot bread*, as would prove indigestible to the politician: it was accordingly administered, in the shape of a letter, and having the desired effect, our hero instantly sent a long and elaborate communication to the printer’s, justifying his conduct, and threatening his adversary with immediate punishment: a few days after he sallied out in search of his enemy, and placing himself in ambuscade, in a house-porch, soon cast his eyes on the *hot bread* which lay so heavy on his stomach, and flying upon it, would have reduced it to its original dough, had it not been for the inter-position of Dr. Mercy, who parted the combatants, and so ended the fray. I am, Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

MARCUS TULLIUS.

Quebec, 16th, October.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Permit me, although confessing my incapability of writing so as to afford much pleasure or instruction, to contribute my mite towards the advancement of a publication which seems to be admired by all our great folks, and to communicate to you an abuse which I think well deserves your castigation.

A short time past, having to travel down the country, I was compelled by bad weather, to take up my night's lodging at the house of a poor, but respectable *habitant*, where I was refreshed with a frugal, but most welcome, repast. About half an hour after I came in, my host informed me that another stranger had just arrived, and expressed himself highly delighted to have it in his power to entertain me with the conversation of a man he considered so much superior to himself. The stranger was accordingly introduced, bearing on his shoulders a trunk of no very extraordinary size, containing what the good people called *de la marchandise*, and which some represented as the remnants of Madame Lizette's deserted shop. The first glance I cast upon him inclined me to believe he was a German juggler who imposed upon the known simplicity of our country folks. But, judge of my surprise, when I was told that *Monsieur* was an *etudiant en droit de Quebec*; and, from the time he entered the room till the use of a certain beverage had entirely lulled him to rest, I could not enjoy one moment's respite from his insupportable pedantry. At one time he wished to discuss certain theological propositions with which he seemed as well acquainted as myself; at others, he imparted his intention of publishing *un traité fort savant sur la loi de Canada*, composed by our *etudiant* a few years before he had ever seen a court-house. All this, sir, you may well suppose did not pique my curiosity so much as something hitherto kept a secret; I mean the name of my *savant*. This I could not obtain till supper-time, when, asking him if he would taste a little of the *salmon* our good host had so kindly prepared for us, I took the liberty of requesting him to favour me with his name. Instantly answering that he would willingly partake of the same dish as myself, he told me he had very often been jeered on account of the name his good father bore, intimating that it was rather similar to that of the fish which then engrossed our attention. Since that period I have been puzzling myself to account of the conduct of some gentlemen of the bar, who allow the students of the profession thus publicly to carry on one of the meanest trades imaginable, namely that of a pedlar. The fact, sir, is not altogether so indifferent as superficial observers may suppose. Our property, our honour, nay our very existence, may be sometimes placed in the hands of these gentlemen, and with what confidence can we rely upon men, who, instead of applying themselves to so noble a study as that of the law, prefer the exercise of a traffic so abject as that just mentioned. For my part, should I hereafter be under the necessity of appearing before a court of justice, either as plaintiff or defendant, I shall be vain enough to prefer my own talents, to those of tinkers, cobblers, and pedlars.

DARIUS.

Reddi Cæsari que sunt Cæsaris—

Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars.

Hoye, 7th Oct.

SIR,

There appeared in the 66th number of the Scribbler, a communication under the signature of Sempronius, which appears to be much relished by a number of coxcombs, with whose taste I will not quarrel as *de gustibus non est disputandum*; but for my own part I must say that it contains but little salt and no sense; and the celebrated Rousseau tells us

*Raison sans sel est fade nourriture:
Sel sans raison n'est solide pature:
De tous les deux se forme esprit parfait;
De l'un sans l'autre, un monstre contrefait.*

The learned writer of that letter says only two things that are true, namely that the object of the meeting was to debate upon questions of law, and that the gestures of the speakers were ridiculous. Let us give him our thanks for so far condescending to confine himself to the truth; for by that he has enabled me to expose in one glance the absurdity of his making that meeting in object of his ridicule. What would be said of that pedant who, with dogmatical gravity, were to hold language like the following to the pupil or emulator of some learned author, or scientific professor: “you want to learn the art of writing, but your essays are uncouth and imperfect; think not of such a thing, recollect that nature sometimes requires an entire age to produce a genius like the one you have taken for your model or preceptor; take my advice, abandon your project, don’t try to learn any thing, for you never can acquire his excellence?” What would the ingenuous pupil say in answer? “I neither expect to equal nor to surpass my instructor; but am anxious to possess a little of his knowledge, a small portion of his learning and genius.” Just such must the reply be to Sempronius. The intention of the meeting was neither to equal, nor to surpass, those great models of antiquity which he cites, but simply to endeavour to follow, at humble distance, their glorious footsteps; and to improve our intellectual faculties, be it in ever so small a degree. We had not the childish presumption to suppose that we were adepts in the art of rhetoric, we knew beforehand that we should fall into great faults in that respect, but we flattered ourselves, that by dint of perseverance and exercise, we might perhaps be able at least to express ourselves in a way that might at least be tolerable: our aim was no higher. As to law questions, such were the properest for us to discuss, and the most likely for us to be conversant with; in this we endeavoured to follow the advice of Boileau.

*“Ce que l’on conçoit bien, s’enonce clairement:
Et les mots pour le dire arrivent aisement.”*

Besides, we knew we had no Sempronius amongst us, we stood not in awe of each other’s powers, nor dreaded the censures of this great orator and critic, whom, if ever I have the pleasure of hearing hereafter at the bar, I shall no doubt bow to his talents and erudition with as much admiration and honour as I do now. Let us now take up another feature of his

production, and which appears to be the fruit of no common ingenuity.—Sempronius makes us employ the most ridiculous language, and so completely travesties it, that it is not possible to discover the truth under the thick veil of his misrepresentations. Having thus given a loose to his imagination, he dresses up the actors in his drama according to his own liking, so that we can not know ourselves in the disguise he makes us wear. He does not deserve a medal, however, as the inventor of this manœuvre, for he but copies the example of the masters of every puppet-show. But, in fact, I do not know but what he might be still better compared to the harpies in Virgil? who

——*tactuque omnia fœdunt*
Immundo——

With filthy claws defile whate'er they touch.

Or perhaps he rather thinks he belongs to the train of king Midas, who, blessed with asses ears, changed all he touched into gold. But what am I doing? a pygmy attacking a giant; however, resuming my courage, I ask myself, with La Fontaine,

“Quel esprit ne bat la campagne.”

And there is a maxim which may gain my cause, *actus non facit reum, nisi mens sit rea*. If, however, this won't do, and I must make an *amende honorable*, be it so—I am ready to acknowledge that Sempronius unites the ingenuity, and the graces of La Fontaine, to the measured thoughts and chosen expressions of Phædrus; as a satirist, we find in him the elegance of Horace, and the noble sentiments of Persius: what shall I say of the strength of his argument? and the eloquence of his language? Seneca and Cicero united; and here I exclaim with Pope

“In praise so just let every voice be join'd
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bard triumphant!——
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.
Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found.
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own.”

GERMANICUS.

Montreal, Nov. 1822.

MAISTER MACCULLOH,

Or whatever else they ca' you, I have something I wad like to tell you, an by ma faith! I will do it in as guid braid Scotch as I am capable of writing. But man, ye maun ken, sin I came to this countrie, an grew big, I speak partly Scots and partly English, an ye'll think I can write neither, but

ilka ane is no sae well learnt as you, and I pass for a clever fellow wi' ma ane countrymen.

Ye maun ken then that me an my Scots braethren here ha' grown unco holy of late; an though we could do naething better, (out o' the abundance we possess) than subscribe a few pounds a year, at the request of the reverend and worthy maister Moral Police, (that's fat ye ca' him) to get a gentleman to edecate our bairns a' the week and to preach to the auld fokes a sunday evening.

An this ye maun own was praise-worthy, and we procured our man. Him mine eyes have seen, but mine ears could na hear him, an yet he has preached twice to us. I should ha' said, read; for confoun the chield gin he can look aff his paper ava'. But it gars my vera bluid boil to think of him when he began to pray. Here you'll hardly believe me, but by my sooth its true. He read his prayer: an there were five leaves of it. I could na' let it pass; so gin ye will just gi' this a wie bit room in your blue book, the chield will see that we are angry at him; an' gin he were to get his prayer by heart it wad look a little mair decent. But stop ye, may be I'm wrong for findin fault wi' him for reading his prayer; it's lang sin I left Scotland, an it may be the ministers now read their prayers there, and that the rules of the kirk of Scotland, again sic papistry usages are changed. Gin it be so I ax the reverend gentleman's pardon, an hope he will excuse his countryman and

MONITOR.

P. S. A worthy friend o' mine, now by me, says he'll be at the expense of getting his pew lined with cushins, so as he may take a nap, gin they dinna speak up better. This will be a terrable expense, but what can we do; we maun gang to the kirk.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XV.

CONTINUATION OF EXPECTED NUPTIALS, &c.

After all Miss Sewell has, it seems, rejected Mr. Boreas. The gentleman has become rather callous to refusals; formerly when Miss Northland preferred a paper-stainer to him, the barrister was in a manner inconsolable, and seemed quite an Orlando furioso, when the news of her inconstancy reached him at Sault Ste. Marie, whither he had accompanied a detachment of lord Sellchurch's Red River troops; but now, he puts a better face on the matter, and forthwith determined upon offering his hand to Miss Tyler; this young lady is only fifty years of age, and Mr. Boreas having to pay her an annuity of £300 a year, and conceiving she might easily live thirty years longer, wisely concluded that the shortest way of getting rid of that burthen, was to take an additional one.

The knight of the Skilelah, has now, it is said, fixed on the widow Louisa Spark, and intends to have the ceremony performed before the next

new moon, so that his *dry brains* may not be in danger.

At Government City; Sir Herbanic Kline, Baronet, to the widow of the late Mr. Meunier; this gentleman's acknowledged attachment to the young widow, arose from her partiality to his favourite dishes, hams and pork.

They write from Government City, that at a late auction there, a reverend gentleman from Clarendon, distinguished himself by the alacrity and judgment with which he made a great variety of purchases, wines of different kinds, several dozen of umbrellas, rings, broaches, battledores and shuttlecocks, &c. &c. Repeated applauses from the audience, accompanied the rap of the auctioneer's hammer each time the parson became a purchaser, who, having evidently had more than a good dinner, seemed capable of digesting every thing, when at length he retired towards the staircase, and from the top stair, liberally showered down upon the ascending and descending multitude, the overplus of his meat and drink—literally the umbrellas he had been purchasing would have been highly serviceable at that instant to the crowd beneath him.

(Joking apart, who is most reprehensible, the clergyman who could appear in a state of intoxication in an auction-room, the thoughtless friends who accompanied and encouraged him, or the crafty auctioneer who took advantage of the circumstance, to run off fifty or sixty pounds worth of his unmerchable goods?)

We are sorry to learn that the lively and amiable Miss Caleche, has of late lost much of her winning gaiety, mopes sometimes, and is even occasionally serious. Some say she who—

“mock'd at scars that never felt a wound,”

and laughed at all her lovers, has now fallen in love herself—there would be no harm in that, however:—but others say that she got so dull at her aunt's, that she is actually one of the converted, or elect—which however, heaven forbid, for then she is lost indeed. But the return of the festivities of the winter season, joined to the effects of her frequent jaunts to Quebec, will, it is hoped, make as much a *rattle* of her as ever.

Mrs. Mason would be much obliged to those ladies who do her the honour of turning over all the wares in her show-rooms, admiring the caps, shawls, and dresses, and adjusting them on in the mirrors, if they would have the goodness to lay out each one shilling per week, in order to pay her for sweeping the floor.

(A correspondent observes that the conduct of this lady, is so completely the reverse of that which Amanda complained of at Quebec, that it is not to be wondered at, that her house is overrun with fashionable visitors.)

Capt. Cold-spring is building a superb sleigh; a company of green coats are marched down regularly to assist in its construction. Some people are curious to know how many officers of the garrison subscribe to the Scribbler. Why don't they subscribe themselves?

From the Government City Advertiser. The countess of Northland has given notice that a Black-list is immediately about to be filled up with the names of such ladies and gentlemen as have omitted paying the usual compliment to the accomplished family, lately arrived from Europe, on a visit to her ladyship, and her ladyship, in making known her displeasure, has stated that such defaulters need not expect a tea-party, for a long time to come, it being her ladyship's intention to exclude from her chateau, all such as may not like a *bite*.

Counseller Vanny's delicate half, is informed that it is by no means fashionable for ladies to speak so loud in the streets, and that, in paying visits, it would be much better to leave a card at the houses of persons not at home, than to bellow out that she is in company with *Madame Le Juge Pierot*.

Sweepstakes Races. A foot-race, it is said, is shortly to take place, between the enormous Mr. Mancolt, Mr. Justice Pierot, and the delicate Madame Bisorme. The bets are ten to one, and, strange to say, all in favour of the lady.

From the Backbite Mercury. The Rev. Proser M'Glutherem and his crony Arch'd. M'Tickletail, have at length dissolved partnership, both with regard to the bottle and to all other concerns: it seems that Mrs. M'G. got rather green-eyed, conceiving her spouse paid too much attention to Mrs. M'T. whenever he found poor Archy out of the way; and one day, being rather in high *spirits*, took the poor devil by the neck at the parsonage-house, and ordered him home to mind his wife. Archy lately sued George Common for the sun of five shillings, for doing the parson's duty five years ago, in reading the funeral service over his brother William, who had committed suicide, and, though the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of insanity, the parson would not bury the corpse: but poor Archy got nonsuited here too, for Mr. Justice M'Scrape, being now a favourite with the rev. gentleman, in consequence of playing a good game at whist, told Archy that the parson ought to have kicked him out the church-yard, for meddling with his duty. Much grief has been occasioned in this place by the removal of Mr. Sandy Flatt, to the Isle of Bullfrogs; Sir John Footatt, Alexander the Great, and the reverend Proser, went in a body to Mount Royal, to see if they could not, by a petition to the commandant of the district, get him to remain at Backbite, as Proser states that no man in the world ever played a better hand, and they can not make up their whist-parties this winter for the loss of him. It would not be amiss for the parson, when he sits up at whist till past midnight, on Saturday night, to keep his upper works in order, so as not to be forced to leave the pulpit on Sunday morning, and cut his congregation out of a sermon.

Arrived here on the 1st inst. Miss Olivia from Quebec: her brother-in-law, Mr. M'Scrape, it is said, has got her up upon speculation, expecting to get her spliced to the young comptroller of the customs, (and indeed in

point of beauty on both sides they would be a very good match,) but two of mother Carys' chickens are daily expected, as her rivals, at Sir John Footatt's, where they are to be highly fed with George King's pork, and it is to be hoped they will not, as the sailors say they generally do, bring blustering weather with them.

From the Campbelltown Gazette. The grave-digger happened a little while ago at Mount Royal, to meet the small-beer-man and Mrs. G. D. in a caleche, driving through St. Paul street; and, being, he conceived, mocked at by them, as he passed, forthwith 'drew his death-doing sword' from out his cane, and made a thrust at the faithless dame, which, however, the small-beer-man parried, and received it himself in his arm. For this assault the grave-digger has been obliged to give bail, & regrets he ever had any thing to do with so *martial* a character. He is no less unlucky in his endeavours at consolation for the infidelities of his spouse; an unsuccessful attempt, in which he lost the best part of his breeches, has been recorded elsewhere; but he has a virgin, (as he called her) keeping his house, to whom having found a young man paying his addresses, he was upon the point, as her guardian and protector, of giving her away to him, when, lo! the sweet virgin's *husband* arrived from the land of potatoes, and broke up the match, which had been fixed for the very night of his arrival; but now, alas! neither husband nor lover will have any thing to do with her, and she remains on the grave-digger's hands.

From the Shambly Repertory. The re-revived report of the intended nuptials between Dr. Drill, and Miss Drinkwater, it is firmly believed will be confirmed by the knot being speedily tied. As there has been so much *contradiction* beforehand, no doubt there will be none after the ceremony. It is reported that Mr. Mercy-on-us has found out, even before the expiration of the honeymoon that "the *bell* has a clapper." A match in high life, is spoken of, in which Jupiter's *thunder*, and the golden shower of Danae will be blended, and *darkness* become light.

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

An advertisement having appeared in those IMPARTIAL, and INDEPENDENT papers, the Montreal Gazette, and Montreal Herald, signed, James Williams, post-master, relative to a packet of Newspapers put into the post-office in Montreal, directed to me at Burlington; a reply to which, by Mr. Samuel Adams, who is implicated there-in, has been refused to be inserted by the *very liberal and impartial* GENTLEMEN, who conduct those papers; I shall, with leave of my good friend Mr. Macculloh, insert in next weeks Scribbler, the correspondence that has taken place on subject, by which it will appear that Mr. Williams has acted illegally, and improperly, has laid himself open to a prosecution for a heavy penalty, and moreover, if prosecuted, would be rendered incapable of being any longer employed in the post-office; I do not, however, attach

much blame to him, as he has done nothing, I believe, without being directed to do it by the deputy-post-master-general, of Quebec, who, I find, possesses, in addition to the bad faith, the dishonesty, the oppression, and the arrogance, I have before attributed to him, also, a very comfortable degree of ignorance, as to the duties of his office, and of stupidity, in judging of consequences, or he would not lay himself open to be so severely lashed again as he will be on this occasion.

S. H. WILCOCKE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Several articles intended for insertion this week, have been unavoidably postponed. The communications which were inclosed in the packet alluded to in the above letter, have, by the unwarrantable conduct pursued by the post-master at Swanton, in returning them to Montreal, and the still more unjustifiable conduct of the post-master at Montreal, in detaining them, though I now understand he has thought proper to give them up, been delayed, so that I have not yet an opportunity of acknowledging them, but which I trust I shall be able to do next week, as they are on the road to me; I mention this, to account to my correspondents, for my apparent neglect. AMYNTOR'S report of the dialogue, at McKillaway Lodge, will appear in my next. LOOKABOUT just received, I shall re-consider the matter, and probably do what he wishes. CLARINDA calls a dandy Piss-a-bed, O! fie! that won't do for a lady. BILLY CAN RIDE HIM, tho' foolish, gives a hint that may be improved. WATCH-EM can not be admitted. My subscribers at country-places, and in Upper-Canada, are requested to consider of the best means by which the Scribbler can be forwarded to them, *during the winter season*, now that the post-office can not be resorted to and to write me their suggestions; for we must not suffer the deputy-post-master-general, to have the laugh upon us, which we now indulge in at his folly and presumption.

L. L. M.

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 1822-11-21 Volume 2, Issue 73* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]