

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, 5th DEC., 1822.

[No. 75.

She reigns unarm'd, a queen without a crown,
Alike to please me, her accomplish'd hand
The harp, and homely needle, can command;
Neat for my presence, as if princes came,
And modest, e'en to me, with bridal shame;
A friend, a playmate, as my wishes call,
A ready nurse, tho' summon'd from a ball.

BARRETT.

*Perii, interii, iccidi.—quo occurram, non curram,
Tene, tene, quem? quit nescio—nihil video.*

PLAUTUS.

I'm gone, I'm dead, I'm kill'd—O! whither shall I scamper?
Who holds my hand! what devil does it hamper?
To resurrection-men, thus rat-trap was a damper.

Fidiculas laxavit.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS.

He broke the fiddle-string.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

WOMAN.

*A paraphrase from the Economy of Human Life, humbly inscribed
to the fair readers of the Scribbler.*

Daughter of love! give ear! 'tis prudence calls:
She asks thee to attend to her instructions:
Then let her precepts sink deep in thy heart,
And there deposit thou the words of truth:
So shall the charms that dignify thy mind,
Add lustre to thy form; and like the rose,
Thy beauty shall retain its sweetness, when
Its bloom is wither'd. In the spring of life,
The morning of thy days, when all thy charms
Conspire to draw the gaze of men upon thee,
Whose eager eyes enkindle with desire,
And nature prompts the meaning of their looks.
Ah! hear with caution their seducing words;
Guard well thy heart nor listen to the tongue,
That drops the pleasant manna of persuasion.
Remember thou art made—not for the slave
Of passions vehement and base, to yield
To all th' incitements of unlawful love;
But for the nearest bosom friend of man,
His dear companion, to assist him in
The rugged ways of life, to soothe him with
Thy tenderness, and recompense his cares
With all the soft endearments of affection.

O, who is she that wins the heart of man,
Subdues to love, and reigns within his breast?
Lo! yonder, she in maiden sweetness walks,
In all the blooming loveliness of youth,
With innocence the inmate of her bosom

with innocence the inmate of her bosom,
 And "downcast modesty" upon her cheek.
 At home, her thrifty hand employment finds;
 Her foot delighteth not to gad abroad:
 Her mantle, neatness, o'er her shoulders throws,
 And temperance, her daily table spreads:
 Humility and meekness, as a crown
 Of glory, circle and adorn her head:
 Her voice is melody, and from her lips
 Drop the mild answers of ingenuous truth:
 Submission and obedience are the lessons
 Of all her actions;^[1] peace and happiness
 Are her reward, before her, walketh prudence,
 And handmaid virtue, at her right, attends;
 Her eye, beams softness, gentleness, and love;
 Discretion, plants her sceptre on her brow;
 And in her presence, the licentious tongue
 Is mute with reverence, and dumb with awe,
 When busy scandal marks his victim, if
 Goodnatured charity guide not her speech,
 The seal of silence watches on her lip:
 Her breast, the mansion is of goodness, whence
 Her generous heart suspects no ill of others.
 Happy the man, that shall possess thy love!
 Happy the child, to whom thou shalt be mother!
 She rules her house, therefore therein is peace:
 Commands with judgment, and she is obey'd:
 Domestic cares engross her whole attention,
 In which her mind is actively employed;
 While elegance join'd with frugality,
 Display her prudent management: her husband
 Sees himself honour'd in his house, and hears
 Her praises with ineffable delight:
 Her children's minds bend to her wise direction:
 She moulds their manners, by her own example;
 Her word informs them in the paths of duty;
 Her eye directs, and, joyful, they obey:
 She speaks—her servants fly; commands—'tis done;
 Because, deep in their hearts, she writes the law
 Of love, which addeth wings unto their feet:
 She bears prosperity with equal mind;
 She healeth sorrow, with the balm of patience;
 She binds misfortune with the words of love;
 While her fond husband trusts to her his heart,
 And hides his secrets in her faithful bosom.
 Happy the man, that hath made her his wife!
 Happy the child, that calleth her his mother!

ERIEUS.

Port Talbot, U. C.

[1]

Start not, my fair one, woman lovely is,
 But in meek, unassuming, loveliness.
 ERIEUS.

As Mr. *Sneer* has been a little more successful in his verses to Delia, than before, and the lady may perhaps *smile* upon him in consequence, I willingly insert these, were it with no other object, than that of encouraging young men to make love in poetry, and young ladies to prefer a lover that can pen a sonnet, to one that can—measure a yard of tape;

besides, periodical writers have, time out of mind, been accredited go-betweens to the lads and lasses, that are learning their letters in “nature’s good old school.”

DEAR MAC,

Contrary to the advice you have been pleased to give me, I have been raving between love and madness, endeavouring for nearly two hours, to

“Whip my dull muse into an amorous mood,”

that I might sing something in praise of my charming Delia. Whether I have accomplished my purpose so as to please on both sides, I do not know, and you and she will judge. If I have not, I shall resume my devotions to Momus, and supplicate him to punish you Mr. Scrib, the charming Delia herself, “cet hymen horrible,” and all the rest.

TO MISS B***

O hither, ye numbers, that flow soft and smooth,
For a wreath to my Delia, combine;
Think not that I court ye, my passion to soothe,
Or the bounds of that passion define.

No! love is unbounded, when so gently pure
As that to my charmer I bear:
Tho’ Cupid, in chains, may affect to demur;
O give me not, love, to despair.

Unlike those dull souls, who know nothing of love.
But what they have heard of the name;
In sympathy join’d, its sweets we should prove,
And kindling, re-kindle its flame.

O! let me, my love, rest on that breast of thine,
And there all my raptures unfold;
And to kiss those sweet lips—might such bliss be mine,
I would laugh at that *scribbling old scold*.

SOLOMON SNEER.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

I have for a long time, incognito, been accused of plagiarism; whether justly or unjustly, I shall not myself, pretend to say, but will leave it to a more impartial ordeal. As those pieces which have elicited such an accusation have appeared in the Scribbler, I beg, through the same medium, earnestly to request those gentlemen, who lay that literary crime to my charge, to prove it, and whenever they discover me tripping to expose me, and put me to the blush, by pointing out the authors, or writings, from which they conceive I have borrowed. If they can not do so, they had better not prattle about what they are ignorant of, and remember that it does not become them to say that such and such persons can not write, merely because they can not write themselves.

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

The following notice was intended to be inserted in last number, before I served up the “roasted post-master,” but there was no room.

Germanicus having, in my 73d number, taken the field against Sempronius, my anonymous correspondent, (whose hand-writing I recognize as the same with that of another communication that I have inserted,) must excuse me for suppressing his, which would be nearly going over the same ground; and as I have received a hint, that the animosity created on this occasion, amongst a certain genus irritabile, who can not take a joke, may produce an attempt at the use of flagrorum, or even a singulare certamen, if not restrained and prevented, by my authority, this is therefore to ORDER AND DECLARE, that no weapons will be allowed in contests that may arise in consequence of any thing that may have appeared in the Scribbler; excepting pens, nor any thing permitted to be spilt but ink; and those who can not use pen and ink—must go to school and learn to write.

In like manner do I forbid all such arguments to be used as are hinted at in the following notice; which will infallibly subject the applier of them to be more severely handled, and more publicly exposed.

Witness my hand this 28th day of November, 1822.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

NOTICE. Would it not be as well for the young gentleman who was strongly hinted at in No. 70 of the Scribbler, as a “rosy cheeked hard-ware merchant’s clerk,” to find out to a certainty the author of the communication before “digesting the venom of his spleen,” upon, and threatening with *knock-down* arguments, a young man who knew nothing of the affair, until he saw it in print,^[2] lest he should subject himself to more ridicule than he is at present aware of.

NO FICTION.

^[2] The subject was requested to be noticed by an *elderly friend* of the young gentleman in question, and who has his welfare much at heart, and was put into the shape in which it appeared, by

L. L. M.

Montreal 6th Nov.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Pursuing my intention of giving you an account of such incidents as occur here, as are deserving of being recorded in your miscellany, I now give you one of a serio-comical description, that will awaken in some minds, horror at the sacrilegious practice it exposes, and in others mirth, at the ludicrous termination of the adventure. Not long ago, Mr. Surgeon Snuff-tobacco, in company with some worthies of the same cloth, went by moonlight, with a horse and cart to the new burying-ground, for the laudable purpose of stealing and conveying away a few poor harmless

bodies, which had been recently interred.—That they had before but too well succeeded in similar expeditions, had become evident; and it was only the ludicrous result of the one I am relating, that discovered who the perpetrators were. Mr. Snuff-tobacco, having, it appears, had the best information where a young man had been buried that day, resolved upon uncasing the body himself, and the moment the lid of the coffin was ripped off, with the most characteristic eagerness, in went his hand; in an instant it was seized hold of by something that appeared to his bewildered senses, to be nothing less than the devil himself: courage, philosophy, experience, all were shaken; his hand, practised as it was to feel all kinds of bodies, and grope in all places, had never been so rudely attacked, or so tenaciously grasped: out he jumped—away he ran—over the fence—down the road—as if the devil was riding him—when, just turning the corner, he came bang up, against a cart, that was passing by at a brisk rate, the wheel of which, in a most friendly manner, eased him of the supposed devil: finding himself at liberty, he continued his course, and left the completion of the work to his astonished and affrighted companions. The carter, very naturally thinking the man was mad, and hearing something fall, stopped his horse, and was not long in discovering the true cause of all the alarm. The mystery is this; information had been given of the removal of the bodies from the ground; and it was thought prudent to act with caution, in the hope of making some discovery; the body of the last man that was buried, was therefore carefully lashed to the bottom of the coffin, and before the lid was screwed on, three large rat-traps were set on the corpse, one of which, proved to be Mr. Snuff-tobacco's devil!

Other anecdotes shortly, from

PLATO.

Montreal, 7th Nov.

DEAR MAC,

On Monday evening last, the inhabitants of this city were alarmed by the cry of Fire! On going out to see whence it originated, I perceived the chimney of an old house, belonging to the water-plug magistrate, on fire; and on repairing to the scene, I beheld your *friend*, Mr. Tommy Changeling, in the midst of the crowd, playing the *Scotch fiddle* with great agility on his stern, and his mouth open, gazing at the flames. Suddenly I heard a female voice, and looking round, I perceived, at the door of that gentleman's abode, Miss Annee, surrounded by her younger sisters: she entered into conversation with her father; but on account of the delicacy of her voice, or the fear of straining her lungs, (for she never speaks louder than to be heard at the distance of twenty yards,) I could not rightly hear the whole, but as the old gentleman continued scraping his violin, and there was so much noise with the *pots and kettles* in the passage, that it spoilt his music, it concluded with his saying to the girls, "get agone, inta' house, and take care of your things, you know they were nearly burnt

before!” The young ladies immediately obeyed, and went in; but whether they took proper care of their things, is a problem too hard for me to solve. In the mean time the father remained scratching his fiddle, till he broke the fiddle-string, the report of which, made such an echo through the street, that every one thought the chimney was falling down; and Mr. Tommy retired into his habitation, quite chop-fallen, and amidst a roar of laughter.

AQUAFORTIS.

“To shew vice its own image—
The very age and body of the times,
Its form and pressure.”

Clarencetown, Nov. 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

In the same proportion as respect is due to the sacerdotal function, and to real religious characters, who are an ornament to it, ought those who fill that station unworthily, to be reprobated and exposed. You have not hesitated to do so, when such men came in your way; and as you have already given one wiper to the character that is a prominent figure in the groups I am about presenting to your readers, some further amusement will be afforded to them, and another warning given, to those reverend gentlemen, who seem to think themselves above being scrutinized by the public.

In one of your early numbers you gave a sort of half-promise, that you would write an essay in defence of nick-naming; and, trusting therefore, that you have arguments in store for the purpose, I will first inform you that the clergyman who distinguished himself at the Quebec auction, as recorded by you, is called by the wits and wags of this place, by the various cognomina of “the cloven-footed parson,” “limping Jack,” “the Boxer,” and sundry other courtly and decent names. A critical and historical dissertation, on those appellations, will not, I conceive, be an unacceptable morceau, with which therefore, I shall proceed. It has not, I believe, been precisely ascertained whether he actually has *a cloven foot* or not, but it is evidently a *lusus naturæ*, whether cleft in the centre, or armed with a corneous substance, (about the *forehead* I will say nothing for the present.) or not: but altho’ the first designation I have quoted, certainly bears an allusion to this circumstance, commentators, who search deeper into causes and effects, are more willing to ascribe it to a striking resemblance in disposition, to the king of the sooty regions, whom poets, painters, divines, and old women, unanimously describe as cloven-footed; I am inclined to think it the offspring of both; whilst the appellation of “limping Jack,” tho’ evidently derived from the same source, has been equally considered, as denoting a relationship to the *diable boiteux* of Le Sage. With regard to the title of “the Boxer,” the most authentic record I have been able to discover, is in a tattered manuscript, which begins thus, “It is said, (for of the matter we have no personal knowledge,) that in an

obsolete book, it is enjoined “Thou shalt not steal,” now it happened in those days, that a certain pastor, carried the rich soil from out of the garden of a knight of the thimble, to put on his own, which, being a mere sand-bank, he was, it appears, swayed by the charitable motive of “lothing the naked;” Mr. Thimble expostulated, and a battle of fisticuffs ensued; but the parson (afterwards known by the title of the Boxer) and his son, after an heroic resistance, were repulsed, with some loss of reputation.” The manuscript then goes on to detail something about “removing neighbours land-marks,” but is too torn, and indistinct, to be clearly made out.

But it is reported that a biographical memoir is in preparation, in which the origin of the reverend gentleman’s promotion will be detailed, and how he came to till the glebe-land after it was detached from the *mountain*, &c. So I will pass on to the spiritual conclave, occasionally assembled, by his reverence for the good government of this favoured place. Next after himself in importance, is Mr. Awl, who, from having been a mender of *soles*, has become a guardian of *souls*, being, by the influence of the parson, made church-warden *inspector of academies* and *examiner of government schools*, offices for which he is peculiarly qualified, from his great literary acquirements, said even to extend to being able to read English, without much spelling, and to signing his name, almost legibly, after a days practice. Should he, however, labour under any little deficiencies, in the a, b, c, way, he has fortunately got a friend at his elbow, who having married his daughter, has, in virtue thereof, been admitted into the conclave, and with more learning and less pride, is a good pedagogue, and no bad painter, though rather too starch and sanctimonious for either. Messrs. Psalmist and Bellweather, are also of the synod. The first, in the emphatic language of the clerical gentleman, is the very first responder in Canada; a nonpareil, because he abundantly crams his master’s craving stomach for flattery, with the most nauseous praise. Bellweather, is tolerable in his way, and only a little noisy on Sundays. One of great importance in this groupe, but whom I place last in the scale of these dignitaries, because of his difference of faith in church-matters, although in other things he agrees admirably with the parson, is Joan Keepwell, Esquire, alias Jack Swell, agent of Mr. King’s manor. This gentle-something, for whether male, female, hermaphrodite or mule, is not certain, or as Ausonius has it,

*Dum dubitat natura marem faceretne puellam,
Factus est, oh pulcher, pæne puella, puer.*

Nature, nor midwife, could its gender tell,
Some said it was a boy, and some, a girl,
But mammy breech’d it—so, ’twas Jacky Swell.

It is evident, by its delicate voice, fine fingers, and large hips, that it was not intended for an Achilles. It is not partial to the ladies, nor are they to him; but it is very fond of birds, puppies, kittens, and other such masculine playthings; and it is said the thing has a doll-house, properly furnished, in

one of his back-rooms, but for the truth of this, I can not vouch. However, he also, is an inspector of academies!

In thus sketching a few figures of one groupe, if you will admit it into your extensive gallery of paintings, *connoisseurs*, I hope, will allow that I have preserved the lights and shades of the characters composing it, tolerably well for a beginner, And should it be approved of, I may possibly transmit you a few more drawings taken from life, for which, there is good scope in this place; as its population is a motley mixture of half-breed Canadians, Irish, Germans, and others; some half-pay gentlemen, pensioners, and would-be pensioners, visitors of vice-royalty and hangers-on, of all kinds. It has been celebrated, time out of mind, for drunken voyageurs, and is noted for scandalous tales, faux-pas, old maids, jealousy, and idleness; all which afford good subjects for the

PENCIL.

Mount-Royal, Nov. 1822.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Agreeably to the intention I hinted at in my last, I paid a short visit to Berthier. I had not leisure to dip deep into the village-politics of the place; but was much amused with the following occurrence, which, though one of no great delicacy, may raise a laugh, and, notwithstanding the *demoralizing* effects which the society for the suppression of laughter, so feelingly deplore, will shew the utter inefficiency of rules, regulations, and resolutions on the subject, even although enforced with all the grace, dignity, and elocution of the Hon. Tory Loverule himself.

A few 'cute fellows of Yankees, lately brought a considerable quantity of smuggled tea and tobacco, to Berthier; of which the vigilant comptroller of the customs, Mr. Kildare, soon got scent, and forthwith repaired to his friend, a store-keeper in town, to pick up some intelligence concerning the rogues—now luck would have it that the said store-keeper, being one of those who had entered into the solemn league of the ninety-nine, against smuggling, had just before, *comme de droit*, purchased the said tea and tobacco, which was then in the act of being stowed away. With admirable dexterity however, he contrived to amuse the comptroller, till all was snug, and then told him a cock and a bull story, that the smugglers were off to Sorel. Away starts Mr. K. hot upon the scent, but comes back with his tail between his legs. While he was gone, however, some wags, determined to put a hoax upon Mr. Comptroller, and having got a tea-chest, and a tobacco-keg, filled them with a certain fragrant commodity, that shall be nameless. About eight, P. M. on the day he returned, the Yankees, with a great appearance of secrecy, taking care, however, not to want observers, deposited their contraband goods under a bank by the river-side. Our gentleman was then cracking his nuts, and drinking his wine, after dinner, at the table of an honourable gentleman of the place; but no sooner had his trusty informers flown to him with the intelligence that the hiding-place of

these notorious smugglers had been discovered, than down dropped the nutcrackers, and even leaving his wine-glass, it is said, half full, with scarcely an apology to his entertainer, away ran Mr. Comptroller, and after a good deal of sham-resistance from the Yankees, succeeded in making a seizure of the golden spoils. Elated with his victory, and inspirited with the generous wine he had not spared, he forthwith issued his orders, in his Majesty's name, to Mr. Narrowface, to open his house in order to deposit therein the precious prize; and calling a number of the principal inhabitants, that he could collect, to witness the transaction, he did, even his own noble self, break open the chest of delicate hyson, and quickly thrusting in his hand to ascertain the quality, grasped a handful of the *aurum stercoreum*;—to give you any idea of the oaths and execrations that followed, would require the eloquence of Lord Goddamnhim himself. The contrivers of the trick have not been discovered, but, whoever they were, it is certain that the comptroller himself *had a hand in it*.

It is said that Mr. Narrowface, who is fond of flinging dirt about, is not displeased with thus having a stock provided for him to soil his neighbours characters with; but he may be assured there is an eye upon him, and some rods in pickle for him, should he continue to be as prodigal as he has been, in misrepresenting the characters of those who never injured him.

Now, Mr. Macculloch, to convince you that I do not consider my appointment as a sinecure, I will give you another story. It is a strange trait in the dispositions of some individuals that they should feel pleasure in wantonly offending, and provoking to retaliation, others more peaceably inclined, for no other purpose than that of “kicking up a row,” as it is genteelly termed. On my return to head-quarters, having occasion to visit St. Laurent, I was, on my way, overtaken by a violent shower of rain, that compelled me to take shelter in a small cabaret or public house by the road-side. The only persons in the house when I entered it, were, the landlord and his wife, and two middle-aged Canadian farmers, respectable looking men for their situation in life, and who were quietly smoking their pipes. I had not been seated many minutes, when three well dressed young men drove up to the door, likewise seeking a refuge from the storm. They had scarcely entered when they began playing off a number of *high-flying touches*; and after a short time had elapsed, during which I was much amused, on the one hand, by the grand airs of these would-be gentry, (who were in fact three counter-jumpers,) and on the other, by the silent astonishment of the staring Canadians, who, no doubt, conceived them to be *des gros messieurs*; I observed the hopeful trio in deep consultation at one end of the room, in the course of which I heard, “kicking up a row,” “damned good fun,” “three to two,” and so forth, repeatedly mentioned, the meaning of which phrases I was at a loss to devise, till one of them strutting up to one of the Canadians, exclaimed, with an ironical emphasis, “*bon jour, dos blanc*”^[3]; the man smiled on receiving the salutation, (whether in contempt, or good nature, I can not pretend to determine,) and

took no farther notice; but my gentleman, wishing to bring matters to a quicker bearing, turned to the other, and, *sans ceremonie*, pulled his *bonnet rouge* off, and slapped it across his face; but he, being of a more sanguine temperament than his companion, instantly revenged the insult, by a blow in the offender's stomach that laid him sprawling on his back.—The third of these lads of mettle, coming to the assistance of his comrade, was caught by the lusty peasant, and pinned against the wall, with such a gentle pressure on his throat, that, had I not interfered, would probably soon have done his business, as the saying is. The projector of the frolic, who had remained passive during this skirmish, seeing how matters turned out, and doubtless thinking with the poet that he

——“who runs away
May live to fight another day.”

took French leave with very little ceremony, leaving his companions to get off the best way they could; so true is it that those who are most forward in giving offence, when they think they can do so with impunity, are the greatest cowards in the end.

[3] A term of derision amongst the Canadians.

These three blades it seems had taken lessons from a celebrated professor & intended to “shew off,” as they call it, on the unoffending Canadians, but the result proved they were egregiously mistaken; and I trust it will be a warning to such amateurs of the blackguard art as may be similarly inclined to be cautious in their choice of subjects for “polishing,” as some of them may prove so rough as to cut their fingers in the attempt.

Yours, &c.

JEREMY TICKLER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS and SUBSCRIBERS. It is earnestly requested that the friends of the Scribbler, at the different places in the Lower Province, as well as in Upper-Canada, where it is not regularly received, will transmit to the Editor, (Post-office, Montreal,) their suggestions as to the best method of forwarding it during the winter, with such addresses and information as may be necessary for the purpose; and in particular the names of the present post-masters at the various post-towns whither it is, or ought to be, sent, which are wanted *for particular reasons*. JUNIUS is welcomed again with great satisfaction; and will appear in next number. Some communications, including one signed BLISTER, are missing. PHILO-JONAH, received and will appear; but JONAH himself has not arrived. I have reason to suspect there is some foul play in the post-office in Quebec: if I find any out, it shall be visited in every possible way, by legal prosecution, public exposure, and *parliamentary enquiry*; with respect to the Montreal post-office, I have not the slightest suspicion, or doubt, as to

the integrity of the persons employed in it; but there are too many people, clerks, editors, &c. admitted into the office while the letters are sorting, by whom letters may be secreted, without the knowledge of the post-master, or his clerks: he will do well in future to keep them out. APPIUS, received, but the reasons why his piece can not appear, he will easily comprehend. TOM-COME-TICKLE-ME, as soon as possible. JUNIUS from Chambly will be welcome. No's. 1 & 2 of Chambly Journal are now received; and will appear in part, if not *in toto*. HARRY-GO-NIMBLE, MARPLOT, N. O. ICHABOD, CUT-UP, ME, and others, referred to Mr. Gossip. TIMOTHY WHIPEMUP, under consideration. An article from the *Clarencetown Mirror* requires a key.

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 1822-12-05 Volume 2, Issue 75* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]