

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, 12th DEC.,
1822.

[No. 76.

—*Inania bella gerentem.*

SILIUS ITALICUS.

Waging a wordy war in vain;

*Pudet me et miseret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,
Monuisse frustra.*—

TERENCE.

Not to reform you, gives me pain.

Quod sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non.

HORACE.

But still to all I will declare,
What's bad or good, or foul, or fair.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute, is a saying, the truth of which, I almost always experimentally feel, when sitting down to write a number of the Scribbler. Generally bewildered amidst a heap of letters, and a multiplicity of subjects, more time is taken up in endeavouring to make a proper selection, and put my matters in rank and file order, than is requisite for the penning of an elaborate essay; and I have frequently found myself more happy in the execution of my work, when I have rushed slap-dash into it, than when I have been putting on, and putting off, my considering cap, a dozen times. So, gentlefolks, although I have been nearly the whole morning, revolving and re-revolving the subjects which presented themselves to my attention, without being able to arrange any systematic plan, or rather having arranged three or four different ones, without being able to make choice of one; I will dash headlong on, and

Primo: give you the postscript of Jeremy Tickler's letter, in my last, and a couple of notes upon his epistle, all which, were omitted for want of room.

P. S. I looked in the other evening, on a sparring club, lately established in this city, with the intention of sketching a few of its leading members, but their insignificance, (being a medley of taylor and counter-hoppers) determined me not to notice them, as being not worthy of the trouble, and much less of a place in your miscellany.^[1]

J. T.

To the Hudibrastic verse, quoted in his letter, I had appended the note^[2] at foot.

^[1] The savage and blackguard practice of boxing, which is a disgrace to the English nation, deserves to be hooted, and exposed, wherever even symptoms of it appear. The only argument in its favour, that has the least shadow of reason, namely, that it enables a gentleman to defend himself against the attacks of a ruffian, is so far baseless, as no *gentleman* can, by any possibility I can conceive ever put himself in the way of bring so attacked, but I must take more scope for this subject another time. In the mean while I am glad to see the Montreal papers have abstained, since my public reproof on the subject, from copying into their columns any more of those shameful narrations of boxing matches, that too often disgrace the English papers; I regret, however, to see the pages of the Albion, (which tho' a New-York paper, is one that, from its plan, may be considered as a British one,) still too often foully prostituted to record such conflicts. I will take occasion here, on the other hand, to express my satisfaction that the *manly, gentlemanly and useful* art of fencing, is now taught in Montreal, by Mr. JER. LAWLOR, at *Pointe à Calliere* where, by his advertisement, the sword exercises and the use of both the small, and broad sword, can be acquired, as well as the arts of single-stick and cudgel-play.

^[2] Whence this often quoted distich is taken, has been the subject of dispute; it has been currently attributed to Butler, but is not to be found in any edition of Hudibras, that I have seen. All that resembles it is in Canto III. pt. 3.

"For those who fly may fight again,
Which he can never do, that's slain."

I have some recollection, however, that it is to be met with in an early edition of Hudibras, and was afterwards altered by the author. It has by others been attributed to Sir John Mennes, who published a small volume of poems, 1656 under the title of *Musarum Deliciæ*. A ludicrous and very appropriate amplification of it appeared on the occasion of Sir John Murray's disgraceful failure at Tarragona in 1812, which is worth preserving.

One warrior said, and who'll gainsay,
That, "he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;"
But bold, Sir John he doth surpass,
The valiant hero Hudibras;
For Murray holds that it is right
To run away *before* you fight,
Since he who doth the battle stay,
May never *live to run away*.

L. L. M.

Next, I must do an act of justice in publishing the following letter.

Quebec, St. Lewis-Street 10th. Nov.

L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.,

Since it has devolved upon Junius (amongst others) to dilate upon facts and other subjects, which your late correspondent Gratiano tacitly avows himself to be inadequate to, he has again taken up his two-edged sword^[3] to animadvert on the feeble efforts of a writer, who has, I trust, failed to depreciate, and prejudice the readers of your miscellany against, so able a competitor, as the person he has so grossly misrepresented; the more so, as his pen is devoted not against literary merits, but against unmerited misfortune.

^[3] Junius has for some time been so much indisposed as to prevent the labours of his pen from reaching Mr. Macculloh.

Had Gratiano but perused the many publications emanating from the pen of the gentleman, whose name he has attempted to expose to public ridicule, he would be convinced, that neither Junius, Tom Brown, nor your readers in general, would countenance malice, unadorned with a shadow of wit, common sense, or truth^[4]; in a word the person designated under the appellation of *Von Doctor*, I am informed, is the one represented by you, as “the knight-errant against the quacks and empirics, those great desolators of the human race.”

[4] I feel regret to have put it into any persons power, to reproach me with having added to the poignancy of undeserved misfortune, by insult; nor should the circumstance alluded to, have found a place, had it not been accompanied by the accusation of the unwarrantable assumption of a merit that belonged to another; for that the anecdote from Ste. Marie Nouvelle Beauce, had both merit and humour, no one can deny; nor is the last letter from Gratiano destitute of humour, which is, however, certainly not justifiable if exercised at the expense of *truth*, as Junius alledges; and if it be not founded in truth, I willingly apologise to the doctor, and beg his pardon for having been misled.

L. L. M.

Away with such an idle waste of time, but Gratiano, beware of
JUNIOUS.

I have observed in the Quebec Mercury, of the 19th ult. two anecdotes, copied from No. 50 of the Scribbler, without acknowledgment; now, having borrowed them myself, (though I defy the editor of the Mercury, to point out, in any reasonable time, whence they were taken,) I should have considered them as fair game for any newspaper to *avail of* (not *avail itself of*, which is a barbarism, in the English language, which ought to be exploded,) had not one of them been of an indelicate description, the introduction of a few of which, became the occasion of the watch-yelp, with which the little curs once pestered the heels of my Pegasus. The editor of the Mercury, in his own attacks upon my paper, in May last, laid great stress on the alledged obscenity, impurity, and indelicacy of my writings, and now copies one of the most indelicate articles into his own columns. To be sure it is not very obscene, but then I contend it is one of the most so that can be found in the Scribbler, and comes with a very bad grace from the writer of the editorial paragraph of the Mercury, of the 7th May last. So much so, that it gives me a fair occasion of retorting upon him his own quotation from Cicero.

Qui sui hoc sumere ut mos corrigere alius, ac peccatum reprehendere, quis hic ignoscere, si quis in res ipse ab officium declinare.

“He that has taken this upon himself to correct the manners of others, and reprove sins, who would pardon him, if he himself should deviate from his duty in any thing?”

He did me the honour, on that occasion to liken me to Cleland, the reputed author of the *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, a book which few of my readers have not either heard of or seen: I doubt very much, the

truth of the story as to Mr. Cleland, having received £100—per annum from government, in order to keep him from the necessity of again having recourse to similar means, in order to maintain himself, tho' I have seen it recorded somewhere: but I have not at present any book at hand, in which that circumstance is related, and can not, therefore, either confirm or refute it. If he be the same Cleland, as the gentleman mentioned in the short biographical notice, added to his preface to the fourth edition of Pope's Dunciad, which the reader may see below,^[5] it is evidently a very unlikely circumstance. As to the book itself, of which he is the supposed writer, the opinion that was given of it by the monthly reviewers, on its first publication, may from its being completely contradictory to the general sentiments relative to it, be considered as a literary curiosity. I copy it (in a note^[6]) from the 2d vol. of the Monthly Review, old series, page, 431. What would the society for the suppression of vice, of the present day say, if a character half as favourable were to be given to a publication half as lascivious as that is, by any modern critic?

^[5] William Cleland, was bred at the university of Utrecht, with the earl of Mar. He served in Spain, under earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then a commissioner of taxes in England; in which, having for twenty years, shewn himself a diligent, punctual, and *incorruptible* servant of the public, although without any other income to depend upon, he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for a friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

^[6] "*Memoirs of Fanny Hill*.—This is a work of the novel kind, thrown into the form of letters from a reformed woman of the town, to her friend, containing memoirs of her past life, and describing the steps by which she was led into the paths of vice and infamy. It does not appear to us that this performance has any thing more offensive to decency, or delicacy of sentiment, and expression, than our novels, and books of entertainment in general have; for, in truth, they are most of them but too faulty in this respect. The author of Fanny Hill, does not seem to have expressed any thing with a view to countenance the practice of any immoralities, but merely to exhibit truth and nature to the world, and to lay open those mysteries of iniquity, that, in our opinion, need only to be exposed to view, in order to their being abhorred and shunned, by those who might otherwise, unwarily fall into them. As to the step lately taken to suppress this book, we really are at a loss to account for it. The newspapers inform us that the History of Tom Jones has been suppressed in France, as an immoral work."

I had made a memorandum for to-day's Scribbler, to take the opportunity of fully replying to the whole of the attack, that was made on me in the Mercury of that date; but as I shall have occasion to take up the subject again, in defending, as I mean to do, in the preface to the present volume, (which will be completed after two more numbers,) the system of personal satire, I have resorted to; and as other objects call for my attention, I for the present take leave of Mr. Cary.

I am pleased to observe the dawnings of scientific research, appearing in Montreal, first, by the advertisement of the directors of the Montreal library, by which they acquaint the gentlemen at whose instance they

undertook to receive into the library, donations for the formation of a PUBLIC CITY MUSEUM, that their arrangements are ready for the reception of articles of curiosity, that the public are willing to bestow, for so laudable a purpose, which may remain in the library, until a more suitable place of deposit can be provided for them. And secondly, by Mr. THO. DEL VECCHIO's advertisement of his intention of opening a museum of curiosities, shortly, (at No. 4, old market,) where he will purchase every curious article worthy of a place in his collection.

These are indeed laudable efforts to establish those auxiliaries of science, which are almost indispensable to the studies of natural history, geology, mineralogy, and history; & for which a most abundant harvest may be reaped, in the Canadas.

A botanic garden is the next desideratum for the benefit of colonial, agricultural, and domestic economy, as well as of science. If any gentleman, or society of gentlemen, should be inclined to propose an institution of that kind, the next spring, I beg leave to say, that I have a copy of the plan and rules of the Botanic Garden, at Liverpool, one of the best in England, and to the first establishment of which, I contributed, whilst resident there, which I am ready to communicate upon being applied to by letter.

L. L. M.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

In making a few cursory observations on the characteristics of the times, and the society we live in, I give vent to the feelings that my experience, young as I am, and my observation, confined as it has been, have awakened. Arrogance, and insolence, which are the constant attendants upon riches, when combined with ignorance, and the overbearing conduct of the lofty and the rich, towards the unassuming and the poor, are to be combated on every side. Whether in public, or in private, no well regulated system, of conduct, will exempt any person from suffering by the tongue of slander, and the obloquy endeavoured to be thrown upon him, by the envious. If animated by a just and laudable ambition of shining in public life, then will the floodgates of the foulest calumny be let loose, and the most absurd, as well as the vilest, insinuations propagated against him. If, less aspiring, he is contented to remain in obscurity, he must suffer all those indignities, and insults, which such as wish to lord it over the creation in virtue of their wealth, or supposed rank, are in the habit of loading upon those whom they consider as their inferiors. In church or state, in law or physic, in civil court or party meeting, amongst legislators or religionists, all seem chiefly actuated by motives of self-interest,^[7] biassed by low prejudices, led astray by misrepresentations, and, what is worst of all, blinded by the most wilful ignorance.^[8] In a word, it may be said that justice is expelled the land. These evils you have, for a considerable time, faithfully endeavoured to

stigmatise, holding the persons in whom they are exemplified, up to public ridicule, in hopes of being thereby able to bring about a reformation.— But, my dear sir, once nor twice, exposing such characters, will not accomplish an object, so devoutly to be wished for. No, it will require long and unceasing vigilance; it will require menace after menace, reprobation after reprobation; and even then, I fear, the attempt will prove fruitless, but fruitless as it may appear, we must always hope for the best. THOSE WHO CAN NOT TAKE A JOKE, MUST HAVE A KICK. There is a maxim in the political world, and I believe it a very just one too, that “if you draw your sword against your sovereign, you must throw away the scabbard;” this maxim, I apprehend, equally applies to the moral satirist; and it is one, by the bye, to which you have pretty closely adhered, in contending with the wealthy and the wicked.

[7] “Hence,” says Hume, “the benefit of that experience acquired by a long life, and a variety of business and company, in order to instruct as in the principles of human nature, and regulate our future conduct, as well as speculation. By means of this guide, we mount up to the knowledge of men’s inclinations and motives, from their actions, expressions, and even gestures; and again descend to the interpretation of their actions from our knowledge of their motives and inclinations. The general observations, treasured up by a course of experience, give us the clue of human nature, and teach us to unravel all its intricacies. Pretexts and appearances no longer deceive us. Public declarations pass for the specious colourings of a cause. And though virtue and honour be allowed their proper weight and authority, *that perfect disinterestedness, so often pretended to, is never expected in multitudes and parties; seldom in their leaders; and scarcely even in individuals of any rank or station.*” Hume on the Human Understanding, Sect. 8.

L. L. M.

[8] In a note at this place, my young correspondent adds, “We have a palpable and strong proof of this, in a case not long since, at St. Andrews, where after the court (that is a bench of magistrates) had met, finding that *a lawyer* was to appear before them, they were so completely confused, fearing that they might be obliged to do justice, that they immediately adjourned the session until the following Saturday-a week, by which time they reckoned he would be obliged to be in town; and they even went so far as to tell him that he had no business to appear before them.”

I question whether it would in the least impugn either the discretion or the wisdom of the magistrates in question, to decline having any thing to do with *a lawyer*. The less these intermeddle in simple questions, such as are generally brought before country-magistrates, the better; and there can not be any doubt that men of sound sense and impartiality, (but alas! how few such are to be met with amongst our magistrates, either in town or country,) can investigate and decide all causes within their legal competency, far better without, than with, the aid of any lawyer. They have an admirable custom in the administration of Turkish jurisprudence, that in all civil cases, or cases of pecuniary damage, the plaintiff and defendant are shut up together in a room, without any person, *not even a lawyer*, being permitted to speak to them, for an hour together, before they are allowed to retain a lawyer, or bring the case before the Cadi. They are interdicted from touching each other, but, if so minded, may abuse each other as much as any lawyer could do for them, or, if they are inclined to make up the quarrel, they can do to, *which is what no lawyer could or would do for them.*

L. L. M.

If these desultory remarks are of any service to you, it will be a satisfaction to

Yours &c.

HUGOLINUS.

MR. MACCULLOH,

As your book is in such high repute as to be quoted even by the honourables, and all seem ready to obey the dictates therein laid down, I know of no better way than to address myself to you in the present instance. What I wish to lay before you, is the practice of borrowing books, and purposely forgetting to return them again, or rather, a polite manner of stealing them, which I find to be very much in vogue, in this place.—It is an evil, and a growing one; a practice so prevalent, Mr. Scribbler, that it is extremely difficult, and almost impossible, if you have any thing of a number of friends, to keep a few books; and you must either be content to lose many of your books, or most of your friends.—If you can devise any plausible method to remedy this evil, or pass an act to that effect, in your *Edictum perpetuum*, you will infinitely gratify, not a few of your most loyal adherents, and amongst others,

Yours truly,
SAM TINKER,
on behalf of himself and friends.

The above is an evil of universal extent, and immemorial existence, in the literary world.—Any edict, or order, on the subject, would be nothing but a *brutum fulmen*. The only plan that suggests itself to me, is this. That whoever possesses any books he is anxious to preserve, should, on lending them out, make an entry in a memorandum-book, of the time when, and person to whom lent, (for without such entry, the memory may be in error, both as to the person, and the book,) and, if not returned within a reasonable time, after three applications, I will, at the request of the lender, insert a gentle hint to the lendee, which if he does not, in another reasonable time, attend to, I will, if requested so to do by the lender, print the lendee's name at length, in order to warn his other friends from also becoming the dupes of their good nature.

To begin,

The gentleman who borrowed from the Editor of the Scribbler, Le Pornographe, par Retif de-la-Bretonne, will oblige him by sending it in a parcel, carriage-paid, to him at Burlington, Vermont, by the mail-stage.

L. L. M.

Montreal Nov. 1822.

MR. MACCULLOH,

By giving publicity to the following skeleton of a lecture, delivered at the General Hospital here, by the truly learned and enlightened Dr. M'Stephen, you will oblige, your constant reader,

PHILO-JONAH.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas. VIRGIL.

Happy are they who causes can define
And foggy days with foggy heads combine.

Dr. McStephen, addressing his pupils. Good morrow, my good students. This day has the appearance of being a very fine one; the atmosphere, however, continues cloudy. In sultry weather, my spirits are very much depressed, but that, you know, is easily accounted for, as it is indicated by the condensed (*query whether the orator did not mean expanded,*) state of the air. When I lectured on *Tristomania*, I had occasion to mention the various symptoms of that awful disease. *Hypochondriasis* is nothing more than condensed *spiritus*, as the learned call it: the *spiritus* is at all times seated in the attic regions of the *caput*; in misty weather it is condensed, and in fine weather it becomes more rarefied, and escapes through the perforations of the *pericranium*, leaving the head as empty as a base-viol. In misty weather, the *capital* membrane is considerably contracted, even so as not to permit the symptoms of risibility in a single muscle; the *spiritus* being thus confined within the limited precincts of the *caput* is forced *volare per ora*, sometimes to the great disgrace of the speaker. However, it acts very differently upon me, but I am an exception to the general rule. My head is at all times surrounded with such a quantity of hair, that it is impossible for the atmospheric air to affect my senses; and when I parade the streets, I generally keep stroking my head; sometimes turning it round to see if every one sees me; and these reiterated motions are partly a specific antidote against the attacks of that lamentable disease. I used to illustrate these things formerly upon the body of a louse, *id est* a body louse; but since my brother Charley, has left off the profession in which such insects abound, I am unable to explain myself so fully as I could wish. However, I expect to receive the *corpus* of the poor fellow that is shortly to be hung, and I shall then be able to perform wonders. I have been told that Dr. Carriole intends to apply for it, but I would as lief see Dr. Slack dissect his goose, or Dr. Spink his wooden leg; for as to anatomical ignorance, I am the man for it, I mean, that is to say, in the art of dissection, if he can slay, I can carve; but I have got rather too much into the profound; so all I will say is, that if do get this body, I will cut it up as neatly as if it were a pie of my brother's making, and you Dr. O'Dodge shall certainly have the bladder for a bag pipe.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

FAREWELL TO ZAIDA.

*Supposed to be addressed by a soldier to his mistress.
The drum beating to arms.*

Zaida farewell! The signal's beating
That bids me part, my life, from thee,
And scarce allows this last sad meeting,
Fraught with such heart-felt agony.

We part,—alas! perhaps for ever;
Soon must I meet th'embattled foe;
Yet while this heart with life beats, never
One thought of thee shall it forego.

Weep not,—both honour, duty, call me;
Think but on this, and cease to mourn;—
Doubt not, for, let what will befall me,
To thee my fondest thoughts will turn.

Zaida, farewell!—Thy sorrowing lover
Leaves thee in tears, his spirits sunk
And when the dreadful task is over,
Thy soldier will—*get roaring drunk.*

SKIMMERHORN.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XVI.

Report says, that the calf-corps-adjutant, Mr. Jeo-pardy, is about establishing a singing school, at Chambly: from the specimen he gave last week in the episcopal church, he may be considered as peculiarly qualified for such an undertaking. N. B. He must beware of straining his voice as he did some nights ago, on his way home from mother Hellfire's, as it may prove prejudicial to him in his new calling.

A correspondent from La Chine observes that, as clever as Sir Noodle M'Doodle thinks himself, as an engineer, and high as his talents are rated by the public, it is a matter of astonishment to many, that, after so long a siege, he has not as yet, obtained possession of the widow's heart: it is whispered that he intends shortly, to try the effect of a coup-de-main.

The La Chine poet-laureate, having had an affair of honour, with a horsewhip lately, means to distribute a printed poetical address, among his numerous admiring friends, setting forth the hardships of his case, in not being allowed to lampoon a lady with impunity.

Communicated.—MODERN MOUNT-ROYAL GALLANTRY. One of those new-created gentry, called bank-tellers did, on Saturday the 16th Nov. with that vulgar assumption of consequence that is every day to be seen in his phiz, behind the bank-counter, stop a young lady of one of the most respectable Canadian families in this place, in a caleche drove by a child: and turned the horse round, to lead them to the police-office, without assigning any reason to the lady, for so doing, or enquiring her name. Having seized the horse by the bridle, and taking the caleche on the way to the police, the good sense of a menial whispered better manners in his ear, and the lady gave him her name, which she was very ready to have done, without the unmanly threats with which he insisted upon knowing it.

Query; had the caleche been driven by a man, would he have dared to show such impudence? I say

N. O.

FASHIONS FOR THE LADIES CARD-CLUB. Light blue pelisses, trimmed with broad ribbon to match, round blue cloth turbands with a sweeping plume; tight laced corsets, and very small shoes to pinch the feet. This is all according to Hoyle.

The gentleman-clerk in the back store (he knows where) is advised when he goes to another ball with the servants, at a house not a great way from St. Mary's foundry, to be cautious how he scales the walls on getting in to his bed chamber, lest he should be again discovered and exposed.

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION on the Wednesday, after the next fire, at the bottom of the New Market, A QUANTITY OF LIVE STOCK, AND OTHER ARTICLES, viz—

28 Students-at-law (these will go cheap, as the market is over stocked.)

A number of medical-students, who are tired of the profession; they will suit any trade in which thick skulls are useful.

18 rejected candidates for the editorship of the Mount Royal Gazette; they are generally speaking in good condition, bating their being a little ragged, but which is of no consequence.

A flock of between two and three hundred clerks, shop boys, and apprentices; some old hands, others newly imported, in varieties to suit all customers; persons desirous of supplying themselves for the winter will do well to attend. They will be sold a great bargain, in a lump, to any register office, to retail out.

A few old maids; which are sold for fear their noses should drop off by the frost during the winter. They are excellent for tea-parties, and card-tables.

The cork-screws and wine-glasses belonging to a certain regimental mess; the members of which consider them as superfluities, as in these hard times they can barely make out *salt to their porridge*, let alone *black strap* for the decency of the thing.

The *genteel demeanour* of a certain dandy-apothecary, who, having got a little above the world and himself, declares he has no further occasion for it.

Mr. Strutt's consistency and patriotism, as he has provided himself with mock-articles of that description, that are much glossier than the true, at the store of Messrs. Loverule, Jarrett & Co.

With a great variety of other articles that will be detailed in future hand-bills.

HARRY-GO-NIMBLE, Auctioneer & Broker.

Continuation of the Domestic Intelligencer, in next No.

I now have to make an *amende honorable* for a very vexatious oversight, I find I committed in No. 45, (last volume). It is but very lately that I have been informed of a misconstruction that has unfortunately, and most unintentionally on my part, been applied to a part of the Report of the Quebec Agricultural Society, inserted in that number; which I should otherwise have instantly endeavoured to remove. In the communication of that report, there is the following passage, speaking of the pigs exhibited; “The third was *ready* for any body’s knife, of Irish breed, imported by one of the few emigrants from the Emerald isle, that have improved their condition here, *and which is rather astonishing, considering his love for the crater.*” The part in Italics, considering it as not very applicable to the gentleman in question, I left out, and thereby gave occasion to the phrase being supposed to allude to a lady instead of a gentleman; and to a lady too, whose unimpeachable propriety of conduct, rendered it incalculably worse: fortunately, however, this very circumstance has wholly destroyed the sting of such an inuendo, as every one who knew the lady became instantly sensible that it was as undeserved, as it would have been flagitious, had it been wilful. I know that nothing that I can say can be a proper atonement, yet as far as this explanation goes, I have been desirous of expressing my contrition, and making the best and only apology in my power.

L. L. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. NO FICTION, was already printed before it was countermanded. BELZEBUTH, and ENTENDEZ-VOUS, are received, and will partly be availed of; the want of a complete key will, however, cause their communications to be curtailed. Chambly Journal, No. 4. to hand, and will appear. The parody of Alonzo and Imogene also. CUT-UP, PATRICK, and SANCHE, referred to Mr. Gossip. RUTH will be noticed, but there are some doubts as to the correctness of her statement.

BLACK LIST, No. II.

PERSONS WHO BORROW THE SCRIBBLER, *and constantly peruse it, but who are either too mean, too timid, or too prejudiced, to become subscribers, altho’ they are so situated in life as to be able very well to afford it.*

THOMAS THAIN, *Esquire.*

THOMAS A. TURNER, *proprietor of the Montreal Gazette*, who, when he came into the management of that paper, contumeliously refused to continue the exchange which before regularly took place between Mr. Brown and the editor of the Scribbler, yet is a constant reader of it.—N.B. All the other papers in Montreal, exchange with the Scribbler.

JOHN ASHWORTH, *Esquire*, D. A. C. G. formerly a subscriber; but who, notwithstanding his unceasing exclamations against it, now eagerly

borrowed it from the editor of the Herald, who receives it in exchange; and who regularly transmits it to his colleagues in the beef and pork-office.

N. B. *I shall have no mercy upon subscribers who discontinue, and afterwards borrow it.*

(To be continued.)

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 1822-12-12 Volume 2, Issue 76* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]