

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, 19th DEC.,
1822.

[No. 77.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagement, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

POPE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XVI.

(Continued.)

The young gentleman residing near the old market, who thinks he has a great *field* for walking so stiff with his cane, would do well to fulfil his repeated promises, to return to the owner the articles he received some time ago for safekeeping. Some other circumstances besides that of his receiving these things at a time when he was under a matrimonial engagement to the owner, and afterwards breaking it off, but keeping her furniture in use for more than a year, may be disclosed, if he can not take this hint;

'Tis honesty that makes the man, the want of it, the fellow;
And all the rest, as Pope observes, is *leather* and *prunella*.

WANTED; *Half a dozen horns, (that is, bugles, other horns being plentiful,) for the Driving-club, this season, those of last year having been so much cracked and bruised by the pellets discharged at them by the Scribbler; that it is feared they can not be used again.* N. B. Captain Hornblow is rubbing up his brass, in order to sound his bugle again, but is afraid he will want a little more of the æs triplex, the triple brass, of Horace, and will be glad if any gentleman, or any blackguard, can accommodate him with such of theirs as they have to spare. Mem.—He applied to Jocky Flat, but as he means to figure in the BLACK LIST, he had none to spare.

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 into his bed-chamber, lest he should be again discovered and exposed.

MR. GOSSIP.

In answer to your arithmetical query, in the supplement to No. 14 of the Intelligencer: If the Montreal Bank saves £300 per annum, in postage, in the way mentioned, the general post-office, in London, loses £270, and the deputy-post-master-general, at Quebec, loses his 10 per cent. on the £300.—But what their Cashier at Quebec gains, remains between himself, his conscience, and the Bank. Query; however, ought not the whole surplusage of postages beyond the expenses of the establishment in Canada, to be appropriated to the use of the province according to the spirit of the act 31 Geo. III. c. 31?^[1]

^[1] This is a political question, which I refer for decision, to my friend the Editor of the Free Press.

DICKY GOSSIP.

COMMERCIAL CHANGES IN MOUNT ROYAL.

The lady-admiral is to advance £10,000—out of the orphans' fund, to her hubby, to procure him a share in the concern of Messrs. M'Hum-haw, & Co. in order that he may, from the profits thereof, be enabled to receive company, which his present salary and perquisites will not allow him to do. He is now taking lessons in book-keeping, to qualify himself for his new business, and correct the custom he has of putting the cart before the horse, in making out accounts-current: vide his account as treasurer of the Union-school-society. The name of the new firm is not yet known.

The firm of Mogul and Co. is to be dissolved. Mr. Mogul, is to join the two young Jerry Sneaks, backed by their father, under the new firm of Mogul and Jerry Sneaks. Mr. Mogul's present partner, is to join Mr. Prophet Piscator, on condition of his espousing Miss Wasp, who is dying for him. All this is made up by the lady-admiral.

The term of the "Copartnery to do the devil's business without mentioning his name in the firm," viz. M'Ravish, M'Killaway & Co. having expired, (we caution the public not to be over joyful, for it is only the partnership, that has expired, not the partners.) Harry Mac Hairry, Esquire, the bum-bailiff, has been kicked out of the concern, and sent to graze along with Mr. M'Slaughterem. The M'Killaways and Tom Tan have thus at length succeeded in ousting all their old *friends*, and securing to themselves the whole of the rat-catching business, which they are hereafter to carry on in the same admirable manner, in which the late Sir Alexander's concerns have been managed by Mr. Tan, for the last ten or dozen years. Harry is said to be damnably vexed, (tho' he does not shew it) at not having made a better use of the power Sir Alexander put into his hands, and at being thus, first cajoled to do their dirty work, and then sent adrift to lick himself clean. Let the M'Killaways themselves too beware, *latet anguis in herba*.

POET'S CORNER.

An excuse for Pluramorism.

You say my attachment exists but in rhyme,
And ask, "Can *he* love, who courts three at a time?"—
That it is sincere, I devoutly attest
Each pulse of affection that throbs in my breast;
And, as to your question, protest, that 'tis you
Are the actual cause that I court th' other two.
The merchant, experienced in trade, must expect
His vessel, like others, perchance may be wreck'd;
And as 'twould be sad, should his fortune be lost
At once, after all the exertion it cost,
He prudently, therefore, commits to the sea
His capital, not in *one* bottom, but *three*.
Thus I, who could never be able to bear
The loss of your hand, but should die of despair,
To find, of my cares, a conclusion so hard,
Distribute 'mongst three lovely girls, my regard,
That one, at the least, may remain to distil,
A balm for the wound that would otherwise kill.

WILL-O-THE-WISP.

Gentlemen who frequent the coffee-house, will be good enough not to put on such long legs, or else not to stretch them out so, so as to occupy the whole stove. They will be pleased also not to pile up their caps, hats, and gloves, quite so high on the tables, as they obstruct the light of the candles, as may be proved by experiment at home, by any gentleman who doubts it.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY. *Fifty pill-drivers, to parade about the streets of Mount Royal, for the purpose of procuring patients, either by kidnapping,* ^[2] *or otherwise. None need apply, unless they can produce good testimonials of their skill in this most essential part of their profession. For particulars inquire of*

HIPPOCRATES JUNIOR.

^[2] Kidnapping is the artfully getting away of each other's patients; a very common practice with many of the M. D.'s here.

To be raffled for at the GOSSIP-ROOM, as soon as there may be a sufficient number of subscribers.

The Hon. Tory Loverule's loyalty; which since he has been unmasked, he has no more occasion for, valued at

Sir Frederick Brute's humanity,	2 coppers. 1 fig.
Mr. Moral Police's politeness, which he finds does not procure him so many dinners as formerly.	1 damn.
Tom Tan's obscenity, of no use to him now he is going to be married.	50 oaths.
Mr. Drybrains' astrology,	1 Zero.
Granny M'Rope's justice, and knowledge of law, the little which she had, not being in use,	10 less than 0
Peter Mogul Le Grand's consequence, which he has left behind him, as it wouldn't do in England.	1 brass farthing.
Count Oldjoseph's condescension and affability, in an invisible tweezer-case.	1 feather.
Mr. Spasm's elegance of diction, correctness of metaphor, and accuracy of grammar, all in a nutshell; with 5000 yards of vanity, and all his venality and servility, which, since he has got an editorship, he thinks he can do without forming the grand prize, and entirely	invaluable.

Apply to Tommy Changeling, Esquire, at the sign of the Turn-Coat.

Billy Pelt, who is rich enough to subscribe to the Scribbler, should not condemn the work, and then go behind the parlour-door to read it.

Ingratitude. The young lady whose piteous case was reported in the Domestic Intelligencer No. XV, as being inconsolable on a certain account, should not have exclaimed, "damn the fellow, what does he put me in the Scribbler for," as, besides shewing an ungrateful disposition, it was not very pretty language for a lady.

Gentlemen who orders dinners at coffee-houses, calls for segars, and gin and brandy-sling, will please in future to remember not to come for to go away without paying the bill, and not to put the landlord no more off with the old saying if "call again tomorrow."

Major Ringlow fancied, no doubt, he was at the head of his *brigade*, and entitled to exercise martial authority, when he sent Dick Hard the Jackal, *without any warrant*, to look for his boy, who had run away, in the house of an unprotected female. But the Mount Royal administration of police-justice, is so near akin to military despotism, that he probably thought it was all the same.

MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Mr. Hop-the-gutter, the little bank-runner, will speedily be joined in wedlock to the amiable Miss Harriet Haggis. The father of the lady intends, by way of marriage-portion, to bestow on his son-in-law, a pair of inexpressibles, he being miserably deficient in that item of his wardrobe.

We understand a certain little chair-maker has been severely nipped by the *Frost*, on the first appearance of snow, and is determined to take out the smart by a warm nap in the bed of Hymen.

Miss Care, of the Place of Arms, is about to register her vows at the hymeneal altar in favour of Mr. McNothing of the house of Loverule, Foresight & Co. Preparatory to this union the cabinet-makers have received orders to manufacture a bedstead on a new construction, and of more than ordinary strength, as it is feared that Mr. McN. will be rather violent during the honey-moon.

Symptoms of coming together appear between
Miss Courtesy at Zabdiel's and Mr. Merchandize.
Mr. Cameronian Snip, and Miss E. Heel.
Mr. Hugthing and Miss Allrosy.

MR. GOSSIP,

I expected that no one would have ventured to expose my friend Lieut. Oldeil's modesty to the public any more thro' that paper called the Scribbler, after my remonstrance to Ginger last winter; and I am much surprised at your announcing his nuptials with a person whom the gallant lieutenant never once spoke to on the subject of matrimony, and particularly a widow. The lieutenant is fond of a tit-bit, and his extraordinary perseverance has secured him the fair hand of the blooming Miss McPhergus, who has yielded to his gallant solicitations after a hard struggle of six years duration. The lady when she gets into her *menage* will have reason to approve of his *prevoyance*, as she will find ready cut "ya big hole for hersel an her mon, an three wee yones for the bairns."—Were I in your place I would certainly dismiss such a reporter, for not attending better to his duty, and furnishing you with such ridiculous stories, which, besides putting people out of humour, will injure you, and discredit your paper.

MARPLOT.

There are particular reasons why the communications of Cut-up of 11th & 18th Nov. are suppressed; his or her continued favours will, however, be always acceptable, and made use of, whenever practicable.

SELECTIONS FROM COUNTRY-PAPERS.

From the Point Claire Newsletter. Dr. Hill, need not pay so much attention to a certain shop-keeper's wife, when he can have kinder looks and words, nearer home by applying to any of the three Misses Street. N. B. Old Street will be out of the way, whenever the thing is hinted. No dependence to be placed on a countersign out of a garret-window.

From the Argenteuil Evening-post. Wanted immediately—Husbands for thirteen old maids; Wives for eleven old bachelors: Honesty by a justice of the peace: Divinity by a parson, who never had any: Fair-dealing among the smuggling part of the community; and a little more punctuality in the payment of debts.

From an old Mount Royal Chronicle, of the year 1809. A circumstance highly deserving of the particular attention of natural philosophers, physicians, and accoucheurs, has lately occurred here, a report of which is intended to be sent home for insertion in the

Philosophical Transactions. Mr. Tommy Tan, having had an amour with Mrs. Turnabout, a very pretty housekeeper of his friend, Mr. Jacky Foresight, the lady in due course of time, displayed such symptoms of protuberance, that it became necessary to provide a place of concealment, where she might “warble her strains” in secret. Accordingly two handsome rooms were hired, near the Mountain, at Mr. Charley Gardener’s, and every thing prepared in a liberal and elegant manner. But to the dismay of Mrs. T. the utter discomfiture of every hypothesis arising from cause and effect, and the confusion of Tommy, a mulatto child has appeared to claim his paternal benediction. No cause, whatever, can be assigned for this wonderful phenomenon, excepting the mere force of imagination, by the lady having constantly had before her eyes, a very fine looking negro, who was her fellow-servant, at Mr. Foresight’s. It is certain, however, that Mr. Tan was not satisfied with this only natural explanation, but actually procured the black fellow to be dismissed,^[3] and turned off the lady herself, tho’ he is otherwise philosopher enough to say with Peter Pindar,

“A form like thine can never cloy,
And lo! thy graces what a plenty!
Then tell me, why should one enjoy
The beauties that suffice for twenty?”

And is not unused to have mulatto children. But the truth is, he was too much laughed at, on the occasion, so could not keep that sweet temper for which he is so proverbial.

^[3] We have even in our time, been shewn a comely black man beating the big drum of the 100th regiment, who was pointed out to us as the father of T. T’s. child. *Note by the Editor.*

From the Circuit-Intelligencer, of 1820. During the last tourn  e an extrajudicial decision, of an honourable justice, shewed him to be a very good judge of all matters, brought before him. At an extra sitting at Nouvelle Beauce, his honour pronounced the liquor to be true Irish punch, and, doing great justice to it himself, condemned the opposite party, *Mons. l’Avocat* Ettenib, in costs of suit, for declaring his throat was not sufficiently coated with iron to swallow it. On rising from the table, although scarcely able to stand, the sound judgment of his honour was again perceptible, in his kissing the good looking landlady, madam Eaudan, who, declared she had some difficulty in keeping the judge from entering the case upon record.

From the Backbite Mercury, of 24th Nov. Mr. Savoury Foot-att, having recovered from the effects of the blackeye, and bloodynose, given him in his late duel, with a flat-iron, seconded by an Hibernian maid-servant, is shortly to lead to the altar, the amiable Miss M’Glutherem: though old Mr. M’G. won’t part with any of the ready at present, he has bought a jack-ass for Savoury to ride on, and a mule for his daughter.

Since Squire M'Scrape has appropriated his large drawing-room for a card-club and card parties have come in vogue, although the town has improved in *haut ton*, one great inconvenience attends it, namely, that we can not have regular service in our church; for, notwithstanding the hint we have before given, our parson has cheated us for the two last Sundays out of service, text, and sermon altogether. On Saturday the 16th he played at cards, at Mount Sunk Hulk, until a late hour, and, being very unwell the next morning, could not attend at church. On the 23d, at Squire M'Scrape's till Sunday morning, and of course was again sick, although he was so far recovered early on Monday morning, as to be one of the first who paraded the streets of Backbite, with his friend Sir John, in pursuit of turkies, geese, partridges, &c. for as the reverend Proser says "the early bird finds the early worm." It is remarkable, however, that tho' passionately fond of cards, Mr. M'G. never desires to have the party held at his house; he excuses himself for the want of servants, children troublesome, Mrs. M'G. does not like company &c.

Dec. 1. No church today—cards late these two nights—the bell-ringer going round—what's the matter, says a parishioner—the parson's sick-a-bed—has taken an emetic;—parishioner shakes his head—this won't do.

Mr. Godfrey Hardiron (by the grace of the parson) churchwarden, commissioner for building the schoolhouse, inspector of government-school, stable-keeper, &c. &c. &c. hereby gives notice that he carries nobody about the country for half price, excepting his reverend patron and his family. Can provide his customers with good smuggled Hyson as usual; for the quality refers to the Rev. Mr. M'Glutherem, who praises it because it comes cheap, and to Mrs. M'G. who likes it for a better reason, viz. because it is good.

Mr. Godfrey Hardiron is to be spoken with on Sunday, after service, at the Red Cow (and that's a bull,) where he plays at shuffle board for grog to wash down the sermon.

From the Shambly Repertory, of last October. Accounts speak well of the surprising progress of our Fishing Company at Grave-yard-Creek. This company was formed last spring and is composed of Capt. Great-gun, and seven or eight true blues, who are changed as occasion may require. They have an exclusive right of fishery, and the captain has the privilege of culling and choosing the best, or if there are few, to claim the whole. N. B. No demand for butcher's meat. Captain Great-gun t'other day refused the fishing-net when requested to lend it to search for an unfortunate man that had been drowned. Mem. The last report says, we have caught few fish these two days past; working hours from 6 A. M. till 6 P. M.

The Rev. Nick Rap, it is said, is busy fitting up a dram-shop, or what is generally called a whiskey-forge, meaning, in addition to his other trades of parson and bum-tickler, to become the superintendent of a grogshop, although his name may not be the first in the firm. It is also currently reported that in the same mansion, which he purchased from the well

known Billy Tellit, his reverence, assisted by Mrs. Tellit, is to have under his immediate direction a few young ladies from Mount Royal to perfect their education. Mrs. T. can not fail to be admirably adapted to fill such a situation, having formerly lived in those places of elegant resort, Wapping, Gosport, and Portsmouth.

Mr. Morelong would confer a favour on the ladies whose tea-tables he is in the habit of frequenting by leaving his spurs at home. As a witty wag observed, it seems as if the noble lieutenant was going among a parcel of *Flanders mares*.

NOTICE. *A subscription is shortly to be set on foot, for the purpose of presenting a Murray's grammar to a certain editor in St. Paul-street, in order thereby, to save him the trouble of visiting a certain pedagogue in Notre Dame-street, every day previous to the days of publication.*

JACK.

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

A supplement to this number of the Domestic Intelligencer, will appear next week, to include sundry articles shut out for want of room.

MISERIES OF A WALK DOWN St. PAUL-STREET.

1. Walking hastily along, you meet with a modest-looking pretty-faced girl; whilst earnestly gazing at her, with the whole of your faculties absorbed in admiration, you chance to place your foot on a slippery spot, which immediately brings your stern-post in contact with the frozen ground, and, like an electric shock, "drives the fond dream of bliss away." N. B. as you rise from the ground, you have the exquisite pleasure, of hearing Miss Modesty-face enjoy a hearty laugh at your misfortune.

2. Having occasion to purchase some trifling article or other, you step into a shop to effect it, and produce in payment a bank-note, which, after going the round from hand to hand through all the shop-boys in the house, is pronounced to be a bad one: in confusion, you present another, which also, unfortunately, proves to be no better. Vext to the soul, both at the circumstance of losing your money, and fearful of being taken for an utterer of forged notes, you leave the place, but not before hearing a youngster whisper to his mate behind the counter, that you are "a damned suspicious looking fellow."

3. As you stand staring in at the window of a print-shop, a passing stranger, of the canine race, attracted, no doubt, by the beautiful appearance of your trowsers, bestows upon them, by way of evincing his admiration, whatever superfluity of moisture he has about him, to the no small ease of himself, and amusement of the lookers-on, whose shouts of laughter, quickly make you sensible of this foul breach of decorum. In a tremendous rage, and determined to revenge the horrible disgrace, you make a kick at honest stray, but, missing your aim, fall upon your face into

a cahot full of snow-water and filth. Mem. Going to dine out, with your best bib and tucker on.

4. Seeing before you a man whom you take to be one of your intimate acquaintance, you run up, and familiarly slapping him on the shoulder, ask after the health of his wife; he, turning round, and answering you, with a “what’s that to you, and be damned to you,” you discover him to be a person you never saw before.

5. Having, through carelessness, knocked your shins against the corner of a stone step, and swearing and limping along, at a hell of a rate, to mend the matter, one of your particular friends, who has the misfortune to be lame, comes jumping along at the moment; and, thinking you are mocking him, does not like either the time, or the manner of the joke, and furiously demands an explanation, which is cut short by an avalanche of snow from the roof of a house, which knocks him down, and obliges you to seek safety in a precipitate retreat.

6. As you are scrambling and scrawling for a passage, over, under, and among, the old market-women, American sleighs, and Canadian trains, at the bottom of the New Market, you suddenly lose your equilibrium, to save your neck from dislocation, are obliged to throw a somerset over a barrow of potatoes, and finish the manœuvre by sliding post-haste, on your tenderest part, down to the Fish-market, amidst the shouts and applauses of every blackguard who has witnessed your extraordinary performance.

All which, is most respectfully submitted.

JEREMY TICKLER.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

“Can there be found a wretch on earth so poor,
To turn a crippled veteran from his door,
Or think a tear of gratitude too much,
I grieve that sailors ever bled for such.”

I wish to acquaint the public, (if you don’t think as how my yarn is too long,) that a few evenings ago, being homeward bound, I came up with an old sailor, and running alongside, hailed him, “What cheer, what cheer, brother.” He looked at me, and I saw a big tear roll down his furrowed cheek, “Oh, sir,” said he, “I never thought that I should come to such a pass as this,” “Why,” says I, “what’s the matter?” He replied, “I only axed the gemman, that lives in yon house, as he was standing at his door, to befriend me with as much as would get me a lodging tonight. He axed me who I was, where I came from, where I was going, and how I got my living; I told him I came from Scotland, and last from New-York, where I had arrived about three weeks ago, second mate of a brig; that I had been in the king’s service the greater part of my life, and had served with Rodney, Howe, Duncan, and Nelson, and that I had got two bad wounds, and that on account of these wounds breaking out afresh, occasioned by the brig I sailed in having met with a heavy gale, off the shoals of

Barnygatt, which lasted upwards of ninety hours, and before that, we had boisterous weather from the time we left England, and being but poorly manned, I was obliged to be continually on deck, and exerted myself beyond my strength, so my wounds opened afresh; and because I could not, as an honest sailor, go home in the brig, being as how so disabled, the captain turned me adrift, and would not pay me a single hog. Yon gemman said as how he was continually pestered with such vagrants as I, and if I did not take myself off, he would send me to the house of correction." I heard this brave old sailor's story with deep concern, and asked him in what ship it was that he sailed with Rodney; he answered "The old Sandwich, sir," (Oh, Mr. Scribbler, how my heart throbbed that moment,) I then asked him the year, he said, 1780. "Where did you sail from?" Answer "Spithead." "What time of the year?" Answer, "About christmass." "Did you find the enemy?" "Yes, sir, we did." "What time did you fall in with them?" "Early in January, '81." "What were they?" Answer "The Carracca-fleet, consisting of twenty-two merchantmen, convoyed by seven fighting ships, one of which was a sixty-four." "What followed?" "Why we only took the whole of them, that's all." "And what did you meet with next?" "Why, off St. Vincents, we came up with the Spanish fleet, under Don Juan de Langara; the engagement was in the night, on an enemy's lee-shore, and a perfect storm; one of their line-of-battle-ships blew up, after she had surrendered; we took the Phoenix, an eighty-gun ship, which was their admiral, and three seventy gun ships, and drove two other line-of-battle-ships plump ashore. I was with Sir George, after that, in America, and I was with him in the West-Indies, in April '82, when he took Count de Grasse in the Ville de Paris, 130 gun ship, the Cæsar blew up, and the Diadem was sunk, and we took also, six sail of the line, and two large frigates, and knocked the rest of their fleet to the devil; so, sir, your honour will see, I was fighting for my king and country, upwards of forty years ago, and therefore you see as how I don't stand in need of correction." Finding the brave old seaman, correct in the main points of his story, I could not help saying, "Don't mind the land-lubber that lives there; how should he know any thing about humanity? He never had the honour of serving His Majesty; he is nothing but a North-West rat-catching savage, make the best of him; he is generally known as the Prince of Fornication; *our English game-cock* has styled him Lord Goddamnhim, and I wish him joy of his title." So I gave the veteran something to keep him from foundering, and piloted him into a safe harbour; upon which he tried to speak, but his brave British heart was too full, and he could not utter a word. I sent for a doctor, when he said, deeply affected, "God almighty bless you, sir, for ever, may you have a wind right aft, all the days of your life, and that's my sincere prayer." I then enquired where he was bound to, when he got better.—He said that if he could get to Quebec, he would try to get a passage to old England, and as he had testimonials of character and service, he hoped to get admitted into Greenwich hospital, and there end his days in peace. I told him I would give him a letter to Sir

Sidney Smith, and was well assured he would help him. He looked at me shrewdly and said, "Ah, sir, I fancy you know what sailing is pretty well;" I told him I knew the stem from the stern of a ship. "I dare say you do, I dare say you do," and eyed me from head to foot, with great earnestness. I advised him, when he got to Quebec, to make application to the Governor, who was a brave soldier, and a magnanimous nobleman, and would probably order him a passage in one of the government-ships, as he delighted in acts of benevolence and clemency. Pondering upon all this, I can not, Mr. Scribbler, refrain from reflecting upon the unkindness of the world in general, and that scoundrels and cowards, have often more success in life than the brave and honest.—I hope you will agree with me in the sentiment prefixed to my letter; and believe me your friend, &c.

TOM BOWLING.

Montreal, 6th Dec.

DEAR SCRIBBLER,

The astonishing number of students-at-law, has induced me, on my own account, (as being one) to enquire into the cause of so general an effect. In my humble opinion, it originates in that natural vanity and blind love, with which all parents are prejudiced in favour of their offspring. Every mamma must have one of her dear boys a lawyer, and John, who, after having been at school seven years, does not understand the impropriety of a double negative, is pitched upon to be an honour to the family, and immortalize his name by his persuasive eloquence, and fascinating humour, of which mamma declares she perceives the earnest in the manner in which he recites "the orphan-boy." John, who has been used to have his hair cut according to his mother's fancy, takes every thing she says for gospel, imagines himself, like Don Quixotte, the redresser of wrongs, and protector of the weak, and enters an office. After plodding through five years of daily attendance, with the help of a horse and cariole, and the refreshing contents of Mr. Rasco's shop, he finds he knows no more of law than a dog does of mathematics. Obligated to apply himself, he studies hard for a month, learns the answers to fifteen or sixteen questions, which is all that is necessary for admission, (for you must know that the old gentleman who examines us, has a stated round of questions through which he marches,) and obtains a seat in the court-house. Now, arrived at the pinnacle of his ambition, he expects to rise to fame and wealth by the flood of business that will flow in upon him; but when he finds, at the end of the first year, that the produce of his practice is not sufficient to pay the rent of his office, and that his attempts at public speaking, (if he has made any,) are only laughed at, his eyes are opened, and he finds that the world do not view him in the same light as his mother did. At length, disappointed of that blaze of Ciceronian glory, which he fondly anticipated; and being unable to pay for the wine of which he has drank more bottles than he has shillings in his pocket, he lays himself under an obligation to his heels, for saving him from limbo. Now, Mr. Scribbler, if

students at law continue to flock in in such incredible numbers, the consequence will be that in a very little time there will be but one cause between every two lawyers. I will thank you, therefore, to give our youngsters, or rather their mammas, some wholesome advice, that they may not one day have to lament an empty craw, and an unmoistened throat. *Vale*, your's obsequiously

UNUS ASINORUM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS. THE SCRIBLEROMANIA, a farce, is in rehearsal, and will shortly appear.—A FRIEND TO ST. ANDREW, SOCIALITY, NICODEMUS WATCHEM, JONAH (viz. his second favour, the first not having yet come to hand, whether swallowed by a whale, or intercepted by the Ninevites, being uncertain) No. 5 of CHAMBLY JOURNAL, and the *Dialogue between Reason and Satire*, are received, and will all have places as soon as space will permit; also the substance of the letter from AMICUS CURIÆ. The *Chambly*, *Three Rivers*, *La Prairie*, *St. Matthias*, and *Quebec* articles, are taken *ad notam*; but these correspondents, also ANGELUS VENIT, P. L., OLIVET, and JEAN BAPTISTE D. from Quebec, are not sufficiently explicit in sending keys, without which it is impossible for the editor, properly, to exercise his judgement. THE BELLMAN, writes on a matter rather too insignificant, but may perhaps be employed. CANDIDE and others, referred to Mr. Gossip. MONTEZUMA'S wishes shall be complied with; the versification of the incident he relates will be most welcome. PARACELsus rejected.

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 1822-12-19 Volume 2, Issue 77* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]