

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 13th March, 1823. [No. 89

——— *Varias audit voces* ———

VIRGIL.

——— Every nameless name,  
All crowd who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.

POPE.

——— *Atque intet pocula lati  
Mollibus in pratis unctus saliere per utres.*

OVID.

Gay in the mazy dance some take delight ;  
And some in drinking, waste the noisy night,  
Tumbling 'mongst bowls and skins in greasy plight.

*Visæque canes ululare per umbras.*

VIRGIL.

Hark, how the dogs howl through the dusky gloom.

It will be seen that I have been under the necessity of issuing a proclamation, for the suppression of a revolt that has broken out against my authority, in the town of Three Rivers, and subjecting that district to martial law, until my power is re-established there. In consequence hereof, and of other circumstances, I purpose making a circuit-progress, through my dominions, in the course of the spring, and holding sessions of oyer and terminer, either in person or by deputy, at the principal places thereunto appertaining, in order that all enormities may be enquired into, and all grievances within my jurisdiction, remedied as far as possible. Referring, therefore, to the advertisement to that effect, which will be found, either in this or the following number, according as room will permit, I will take up and decide upon a few of the memorials

that are before me, somewhat in geographical order, that I may abridge my labours at a future day.

Next to my present head quarters, and passing by my neighbours south of line 45°, who, though put off, are not forgotten, I find a representation made to me in the following terms, from

*Coldspring Manor, 15th Feb.*

DEAR SIR,

It is but a few days ago, I had the pleasure to see a few of your interesting pamphlets, which afford a fund of amusing and instructive matter. If you deem this worthy of insertion, I promise to be a constant and faithful correspondent of your's.

Within a few leagues, more or less, of a great building erected for the destruction of man, but now in a desolate and abandoned state, there resides a *Camel*, the first beast of the kind I ever knew to vend goods of every description. "It is easier," says the Scripture, "for a camel to go through the eye of a *needle*, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven;" by frequently threading, however, the eye of a needle, this camel, came first to carry on his shoulders an extensive store of assorted calicoes, tape, thread, pins, and needles, and so, going through several gradations from a beast of burthen upwards, he has at length acquired that qualification that will render his entrance into the kingdom of heaven pretty difficult. Nevertheless, under the assumption of a sanctified appearance, and proud of his opulence, he treats all around him with impertinence, and his domestics, with tyranny, not excepting his she-camel, who is one of the most humble slaves in existence.—The poor, who are compelled to deal in traffic or barter, for the haberdashery of his store, and the

contents of his double stomach, (for you know all camels have pouches or bags within themselves, that serve for reservoirs,) are imposed on, and ground down fine, as they are obliged to supplicate for a longer or a shorter credit, on account of the scarcity of cash. I have to beg you will exhort him to alter his manner for the ultimate good of himself and those to whom he has to look for custom. I am, &c.

TELL TRUTH.

*The aforesaid Camel is not in future to go beyond the line of an useful beast ; is to comport himself, with condescension towards his equals, and consideration towards the poor ; and is not to use religion only as a Sunday suit.*

L. L. M.

By some accident on the road, I did not receive till last week a report, dated

*Laprairie, 9th Jan.*

It would be against all Scriblerean etiquette, not to give you some account of a grand turnout, a few evenings ago, at *Fort Toulon-jo* ; which, though excellent in its kind, was but thinly attended. Doctor Dearmud, Capt. Johnny Pettur, and his little warbler, Daddy Dull, Reek Perdu, and the amiable Pettypatty, were the gentlemen, who escorted nine ladies to the scene of action, where dancing was kept up, until, alas ! the gentlemen's heads began to turn round, not from the effects of waltzing, but from potations deep and quick ; and then all rational amusement, and real merriment ceased, and gave place to a scene that ought to be exposed. On this memorable occasion, in cutting some bacchanalian caper, Reek Perdu fell against a table, and broke every glass upon it, which happened unfortunately, to be all there were in the house ;

not at all dismayed, he brought bowls as substitutes, and, with a decanter in each hand, poured out a mixture of *vin rouge* and peppermint, (a most agreeable *melange*,) in bumpers, till both his friends and himself, could dance no more.— Capt. Petitur's dandy fur-cap, which resembles a butter-tinet turned upside down, lying on the floor, was mistaken for a certain vase not unlike it, and was crushed out of all shape by the unlucky Reek, to the no small mortification of the Captain. Daddy Dull\* in this instance, as in several others, derogated in no small measure, from the rules of temperance and sobriety, which he sometimes preaches, by his near approach to that disgusting state in which our old friend Billitap always is, when in company. Dr. Dearmud was quite transported, "an *ef jamais je reviens à to a bal* like dis, I hope I neve get a ma license. I hope de ladee neve look *à mon bon visage* again : Af de medical plank, vat you call—ah, *peut être* board, have no I did go to dis party, *je n'aurois jamais ma permission* to draw de toose, or to draw de blood,—*eh! quoi, un boucher* is better as me, *car il tue sans permission* ; but me, I can not go for kill any no body *sans de sanction* of de *grands personages*, who ave *exterminé* more dan de *boucher, ah! oui, plus, beaucoup plus.*" Of the ladies of the party I will only say that they were fair as the day, knew better than their partners how to behave, and were very well dressed, with the exception of Miss Waday Perdu, who would have looked more to advantage had she been shaved. I have no other news worth communicating,

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\*Daddy Dull is warned against borrowing the Scribbler, from St. Peter, the notary ; and the saint is warned against lending it to him, and so many others, lest they should all appear in the Blacklist of lenders and borrowers.

excepting that Old Buck appears to have some matrimonial object in view : he is certainly in some degree, *non compos* ; for he seems in his pride, to have entirely forgot the time when he tended sheep in the "laggan at hame in the lan o' cakes :" he has also lately bought a superb chain of gold, no doubt to bind the fair and precious object of his affections more closely to his breast: silly mortal, to offer gold where brass will buy ! but he loves travelled roads, and is one of the turnpike characters.

This is all I have been able to descry

From my sentry-box, the day and month  
afore written

NICODEMUS WATCH-EM.

P. S. It does not argue much for the gallantry of the gentlemen at the party in question, that one of the handsomest ladies there, was forced to hire her own carriole, no one being polite enough either to do that for her, or offer her a seat in his.

*Gentlemen, gentlemen, do forbear that abominable practice of drinking to excess at dancing-parties !*

L. L. M.

Next I take two or three from the pigeon-hole  
labelled

*Mountroyal, February 1823.*

DEAR SCRIB, &c. &c.

In my last I promised to furnish you with particulars of some of the balls this winter ; and now, to shew you that what I said was not "all talk & no cyder," I will make a second feeble attempt, and say something of one at which good humour and sociability abounded ; and it would be doing injustice to the managers, as well as to the landlord, to suffer it to lie in oblivion. It took place

at a short distance from town, at Mr. Paring's British hotel. Dancing commenced at an early hour, and lasted till as early a one. The supper was really sumptuous, and would have done credit to Aunt Martin herself. The greatest part of the company consisted of those who were at Joe King's, New Market; the greatest harmony prevailed, and all seemed content and happy, save one or two, who met with some of those little rubs which serve to variegate the scene of all happiness terrestrial. Mrs. LeBlanc had the misfortune to lose her cap, one which she considered of greater importance, than the loss which occasioned a most melancholy dejection in a young gentleman whose *rooted* affection for one of our most celebrated belles, (no other than the delighting and delighted Miss Stout,) was frostbitten by her disappointing him of her company, after he had got a sleigh and pair prepared to escort her to the ball; though doubtless she thought she was doing *right*, when she accepted of a seat in another. I can not avoid adding that I think Mrs. Huggs ought not to have run down the New Market ball, or have called them all Canadian—piggy-wiggys—(I must not use the gross term she used;) for those who have any knowledge of what real propriety of behaviour and good breeding are, must, on the contrary, acknowledge that the native Canadians possess more true gentility, than has been imported since the conquest, at the port of Quebec. Nor ought Mrs. H. to have bragged that she danced at the ball with no one but lawyer Terrossi, for few females would covet that honour, although he did, *par un hazard fortuné*, sport nine half-eagles to mark his game at whist, when at the nine-hole.

Now, dear Scrib. allow me to advert to my former communication, which tickled and pleased

some, drew forth murmurs, exclamations, and pretended displeasure from others, and caused a great diversity of opinion. The Cavalier took it, (as they all ought to have done,) as an honour, as Monsieur Scrippleur, he said, put none in his paper but gentlemen, and drank a bottle of wine to your health. Some were, or pretended to be, displeased at being in, but many more because they were not: some said, indeed they danced as well as Miss —— and Miss —— and it was very easy to see who were the favourites of that Rod. Random; that their dresses were as becoming as Mrs. Rag's, and Mrs. Riverburn's, and that he might have said something about them; but if I had put down every lady that was well-dressed, I should have been obliged to take a catalogue of all the ladies' names present; and, as for noticing those who were handsome, when I thought of one name, another came into my head, and another, and another, till I got quite bewildered in the blaze. In hopes, however, that my next will please all parties, but particularly the fair sex, until then I remain, DEAR SCRIB, your's and the ladies'

RODERICK RANDOM.

*All ladies are desired to be satisfied with Mr. Random's explanation; and he is to continue his reports, as matter occurs.*

L. L. M.

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BLUE PETER has requested me to present his compliments to those ladies and gentlemen who have done him the honour of laying his child to another father; and begs to assure them, that, although he was present at the party which he has celebrated, he neither took notes on the spot, nor ever had any communication intercepted or exposed. He is now under

*weigh\* and will shortly appear in another latitude.*

L. L. M.

*Mount-Royal, 28th Feb.*

L. L. MACCULLOH Esq.

In looking over the last number of your work, I observed some very opprobrious remarks upon the attendants of the Montreal General Hospital. Now, as I have visited the hospital as often as Mr. Irony says that he has, and therefore have had as good an opportunity of observation, I consider his account to be founded on nothing but malice and envy. There needs no other proof of this than the decision of the patients themselves. Put the question to them whether any operation has ever been performed on any of them, without their free consent; whereas he has affirmed that they have been made the voluntary subjects of experiments, and that their comforts have been made quite a secondary consideration.† He tells us likewise, that he saw an apparatus for trying such experiments in the a.

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\*This phrase is often written, *under way*: which is bad English, and does not convey any nautical idea. *Under weigh* is properly applied only to that period when a vessel has loosened her anchor from the ground and is *weighing* it up to the bows; till then she is *under weigh*, after that she is *under sail*. As, however, many of our sea-terms are borrowed from the Dutch, it has been supposed to be only a literal translation of *onder weg*, on the road, or on the way, but that is never applied by the Dutch seamen in the same sense.

L. L. M.

†It has never been stated that any experiments have been tried on patients *against their will*; and what was said on that subject was a general reflection upon all *public* hospitals, in which, from the known practice for students in the profession *to walk the hospitals*, it is too notorious that the advancement of medical science is considered as the most important object.

L. L. M.

pothecary shop :\* now, I will not take upon myself to say whether there are or are not any instruments which his fruitful *imagination* might have taken as intended for the purpose he mentions, or whether there is as much truth in that sight as in the rest of his story ; but let that be as it may, he could not have seen it, unless he had been peeping *per cavitatem clavem admittentem*, which I did not take the liberty to do, as I do not like to look into people's apartments unasked ; and besides I saw, *en passant*, a paper pasted on the door, intimating that no person was allowed admittance, except the attending physician and his students.†

I now think that enough has been said to shew how little attention ought to be paid to the as-

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\*Nothing like this is to be found in Mr. Irony's letter. It is only stated that curious experiments are tried in the laboratory, affording amusement and instruction ; and I am inclined to believe, that allusion was made to the solution of the *saccharum arundinum* in *aqua decocta* with an addition of *spiritus rum.* and a *quantum suff.* of *tamarind ind.* or perhaps to the infusion of *alkali* into cyder to make it sparkle and hiss like champagne : nay, the mixture of various fluids, producing changes of colour, are frequent matters of sport to young apothecaries ; such as solution of verdigrease, which is green, becomes colourless by spirit of vitriol, then by spirit of sal ammoniac becomes purple ; and by oil of vitriol becomes colourless again ; or spirit of wine and spirit of vitriol, which are both colourless, when mixed together turn red ; or tincture of red roses, red, with spirit of hartshorn, brown, become blue ; *cum multis aliis.* Q. E. D. All of which may be effected without either the apparatus or instruments, which the *imagination* of a citizen, appears to have conjured into Mr. Irony's account without any foundation. L. L. M.

† A citizen, has forgotten the ubiquity, which the Scribbler as censor general possesses *ex officio* ; and which he of course communicates to his initiated reporters ; by which his information is obtained, without the aid of keyholes, or even the Asmodean manœuvre of unroofing. L. L. M.

sertions of Irony, when accompanied by malice, prejudice, and envy.

I remain, yours,

A CITIZEN.

*With respect to the above, Valeat quantum valere potest.*

L. L. M.

I am frequently vexed, Mr. Editor, to find there are many persons who are desirous of figuring in your blue book, (for that's the name now given to your miscellany, in current conversation.) who are never noticed; and this I can only attribute to the want of a sufficient number of reporters. I can assure you that the number of those who are anxious to be inscribed on the Scribblers's roll of fame, is not small, and if they are not, they almost consider themselves as rejected from society. Among them is one, whom I will call Kentucky Woll, to distinguish him from the rest of his namesakes, of whom there are several in this city. Every time the blue book makes its appearance, he damns all to perdition that he is not taken notice of, as he considers he has as good a right to that distinction as lord Goddamhim, or any other of your favourites. In one respect, however, I should be sorry to liken him to such persons; for a better hearted soul never existed; but something must be done to hand his name down to posterity. A greater man for projects and building castles in the air, never was, nor ever will be; but fortunately for him, he is checked in this propensity by his wives, (for you must know he has two,) who keep him down, like dead weights, and prevent him from flying away with the first gust of wind, and ballast him so as to keep his pericranium from saluting his mother earth. These two

ladies, who rule the roast, hinder poor Woll from becoming one of your subscribers, alledging, that they will not have it said, that such a vile, nasty, publication enters his house. Woll, has however, a way to get hold of it; and, notwithstanding your threats to expose the borrowers of your work, as thieves who purloin your literary labours from you, no sooner does the hour come round, when it is supposed to have arrived, but a boy is dispatched to a good friend, with orders to wait till Mr. (shall I name him?) and his lady have done with it. Woll then sits in his shop and reads it at leisure; it is then taken to the ladies, who snatch it, and run behind the door to peruse it in their turn. I hope you will check these enormities, Mr. Editor, by pursuing your plan of putting all borrowers *who can afford to become subscribers*, in that ugly thing called the Blacklist.

I am sorry that the reporter of Aunt Peg's new-year's ball, did not take notice of Woll's first wife. I understand much might have been said; which I can not do, as I was not there, and should be extremely sorry to be discovered in telling a fib.

BILLY BUTTON.

*As the law always considers what is done, by a person in a state of duress, as invalid, I believe I must, upon a similar principle, excuse poor Woll; but I have some thoughts of castigating lenders as well as borrowers, for, as, if there were no receivers there would be no thieves, and if there were no readers there would be no writers, so, if there were no lenders there would be no borrowers.*

L. L. M.

The following are from

Quebec, 20th Feb.

Oh massa, massa, Cribbler! Me hear bad tings

come to Crib—Plenty great big mans go togeder, and call himself de Grand Jew—and him say it be enough for de great man to be rogue and cuckold, widout de Cribbler for trouble him, and make oder people laugh at him. De Grand Jew no say de Cribbler tell story,\* but den he no want de Cribbler for speak so much trute—and de Grand Jew say he will punish de man dat tell de Cribbler different tings—but you know, mass, we black man say, no ketchy no havy.—Anoder ting he say, de greater de trute, de greater de libel, or bibel, me no understand which—What you call dis? When I little boy in de Guinea country, de white mans tell me to speak trute and shame devilly;—now de Grand Jew tell great lie; him say your little book do no good ting—dat not true—you make poor neger man laughy, and make him fat; and his massa be fraid to get drunk gain in de tavern—and missey fraid to play cock-a-doodle-doo gain, when massa go out. Now, massa, you tell de Grand Jew, mind him own bisness, and you will mind yours and mine.

**BLACK CUDGEE.**

*the Pew opener.*

*Thank you, Cudgee, for your good will; but the Grand Jew, as you call him, has done me more good than harm.*

*L. L. M.*

*Quebec, 20th Feb.*

MR. SCRIB,

I am one of a community of quadrupeds that are more serviceable in this province than in any

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\*Yes, Cudgee, he did; but when he talked of a "series of false and malignant libels," he probably knew no more, poor thing, what the meaning of those words are, than the dish-clout that ought to be pinned to his tail, by the scullions of Apollo, for thrusting his nose into their master's kitchen.

*L. L. M.*

other in the British empire—and I trust that our masters will co-incide in this opinion that it is enough for each of us to work for his own employer and nobody else—but, alas, I am told we are to club our aggregate services to support somebody of whom we know nothing, but that he has friends at court of the feminine gender, and that he has a certain quality about him, of a very extravagant caste, which I am told is called “dignity.” Now to support this transatlantic somebody, his lady-friends, and his dignity, about two thousand of us are to go to hard work, and the rest of us will probably be strangled. As I do not intend to suffer death, nor to overwork myself for any idler, I’ll tell you how far, and no farther, I’ll serve him. If ever I see him hungry, I’ll take my turn to give him my share of bullock’s liver, having no better fare myself, and I am sure he will do very well with that, as he must have plenty of bones to pick. If he refuses my offer he may go to the——horses, and see if they will supply him with any thing better than Hay.

I am, Yours,  
CANINUS BOW-WOW.

*There is much wit in this, no doubt, if a body could but find it out, as the clown says. I take the opportunity, however, of mentioning, that a petition and remonstrance is preparing on behalf of the dogs, throughout Lower Canada, against the unmerciful persecution they are about experiencing at the hands of the legislature. It can not be ready before next week; and in the mean time all dogs, (puppies included.) are to behave in an orderly manner; nor are any to run mad upon pain of being shot. L. L. M.*

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Now for my Three Rivers gentry. For a considerable time I had entertained suspicions that,

not only has my Scriblerian and Censorial authority been set at defiance in that district, but my personal concerns there, have been grossly neglected, and evilly entreated. Rumours and conjectures, and the low murmurings of intended revolt, were, however, all; until, an intimation that a general exposure of the way in which the folks of that town had thought proper to behave towards me, would be made, if they did not "mend their manners," (and which had no direct reference to the person who has taken up the cudgel, but rather to one Neddy Silly,) produced the following most admirable specimen of gentlemanly epistolary composition.

"As relates to certain threats which have been communicated to Mr. Bostwick, he assures the editor of the Scribbler, that he is perfectly aware of his ability and willingness, to assert and publish any thing the most base, scandalous, false, and malicious, which it is possible to invent. But that he feels, and will feel, the greatest indifference about any thing that may appear in the pages of that publication, or of any other edited by a person of his character. His only regret is that he ever contributed by his trifling subscription, to the support of so infamous a paper, and that he should be obliged to have any communication with a person whose character and principles he holds in abhorrence.

For Mr. Bostwick's own satisfaction, however, he will give the information wished for, tho' not without assuring the editor of the Scribbler, that it is not to avoid the consequences of his displeasure.

Some time during last summer, Mr. B. paid 12s. 6d. to a Capt. Douglass, who *pretended* to have been authorised by a Mr. Lane, and produced a receipt of which the following is a copy.

Received of A. D. Bostwick, Esq. twelve shillings and six pence for Scribblers, viz. 4s. 6d. for Nos. 31 to 39. 5s. 6d. for quarter, 2s. 6d. for supplements, (signed) S. H. Wilcocke.

Mr. B. has now only to add, that he will return unopened, any letter which may hereafter be addressed to him by Mr. Wilcocke.

18th Feb. 23."

Ha, Ha, Ha!

## PROCLAMATION.

We LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, by the grace of the public, and our own act, SCRIBBLER THE FIRST, Inspector-general, Censor, and Recorder, into, over, and of, all characters, manners, persons, and actions, in the province of Lower Canada, &c. Premier Essayist, Reviewer, and Satirist, &c. &c. &c. To all our readers and subjects in the district of Three Rivers, and to others whom it may concern, SEND GREETING. WHEREAS the said district of Three Rivers has never been thoroughly subdued, nor has universally recognised our Scriblerian and Censorial authority; but many refractory, and intractable persons have been found therein, who have stirred up those who were disposed quietly, and as of right they ought, to submit to our rule, to acts of insubordination; and whereas divers of our loving readers and subjects in the said district, have, by the machinations of the aforesaid refractory persons, been abridged, and prevented, of their privilege of subscribing to, reading, and profiting by, our hebdomedal lucubrations; and whereas sundry covert acts of a treasonable nature against our pen and dignity, have lately been brought to light, and some overt acts of high treason against the same, have been perpetrated, in the said district; all which are more particularly set forth in our Manifesto of this date; and whereas it is expedient that the said refractory and rebellious spirit should be put down, and our authority re-established, confirmed and extended, in the said district, by the more free circulation and perusal of our works; and the evil-minded and evildoing therein be controuled, checked, and kept in good order, by having the fear of the Scribbler before their eyes; THESE are therefore to will and command all the inhabitants of the said district, who can read English, and

particularly in the town of Three Rivers, where the aforesaid covert and overt acts of treason have been committed, diligently and carefully, to examine into the conduct, behaviour, and conversation of their neighbours, and to cause the same, good or bad, to be reported to us at our head quarters, or to our deputy-inspector-general, JEREMY TICKLER, Esquire; and in particular all persons are enjoined to disclose and declare all conversations, revilings, abuse, or other revolutionary means of annoyance, which may be held, made or bestowed, respecting, of, to, or upon, the Scribbler, and search for and seize upon, for the benefit of whom it may concern, all deposits, and secret hoards, of embezzled or intercepted Scribblers; and we moreover declare the said district to be under the martial law of Satire, namely that all mens ears and eyes shall be employed against all men, and all women's tongues against all women; and all pens, ink, and paper, with the necessary quantity of wafers and sealing wax, shall be put in permanent requisition for the service of the public; until peace, order, good government, and subjection to our authority are re-established in the said district.

Given under our hand this thirteenth day of March, 1823. LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

Registered and Recorded in the Scriblerian Acts,

*A. L. Secretary of State.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The substance of what NUDA VERITAS communicates in reply to L'AMI DE LA VERITE, will appear, but he is more prolix than the subject requires. A FAIR TRADER will see he has been forestalled. Mrs. M'E. and others, referred to Dicky Gossip. SPARTACUS from Quebec, tho' a well written article, is upon a subject (pugilism) too degrading to human nature, even to be satirized. TOM DIDDYMOUSE from Quebec, is thanked for his information; the editor has the means of ascertaining whether the suspicions entertained are well founded, if they are, it will be noticed in the Scribbler, and if not, it will of course be better to suppress them. [PRINTED AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT.]