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THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

THURSDAY, 30th AUGUST, 1821.

No. X.

*Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit*———ANDR. NAUGERIUS.

Her milky bosom heaves with love maternal.

*Agnes arrive en une hotellerie
De Jean Chandos prend la culotte, et passe
Les cuissés entre, et l'aiguillette lace.* VOLTAIRE.

*Si felix annos regnes per mille ; quid inde?
Si rota fortuna se tollit ad astra ; quid inde?
Tam cito, tamque cito fugiunt hæc, ut nihil inde.*
INSCRIPTION AT BOLOGNA.

What tho' Imperial sway for years was thine,
What tho' ambition and thy fortune raised
Thy might to front yon star-bespangled sky ;
Quick all is past, and nought remains but dust.

A FAIR correspondent, who has honoured me with her commendation of the ballad inserted in No. 8, in terms too flattering to allow of my repeating them to the public, though highly gratifying to my self-love, adds, however, a delicate, but not a pointless, censure upon what she considers as too great a levity in the general tone of other poetic trifles that have appeared in the Scribbler; and, with graceful politeness, thanking me for my apparent devotion to her sex, hopes I will make the virtues of the female mind, their maternal, filial, and conjugal excellencies, as much, if not more, my theme than the at-

traction of their beauty, and the symmetry of their shape. It is not for want of a due estimation of the mental qualities that form the most valuable portion of female merit, that I have hitherto appeared to have more devoted my attention to the outward charms of women; for well and long have I been acquainted with them, tried and faithful have I found them. There is not a virtue that man arrogates to himself that woman is not possessed of in a higher, a more sublime, but at the same time, in a more amiable, and softened degree. In every relation of human life they are pre-eminent. In imperial sway, what vain man will rise up to rival an Elizabeth or a Catherine? In fortitude, in heroic constancy, in persevering affection, who claims rank before Margaret of Anjou, and Jacqueline of Hainault? In humble life, the fireside, the midnight twirling distaff, the sick-bed, the prison-grate, the cradle, and the coffin, the alms house, and the palace, bear witness to their unexampled and inestimable devotion to the active virtues of benevolence.

In the course of my long and chequered life, I can not charge my memory that I ever met with one woman, and I have been in contact with those who are called both the first and the last of their sex, who deceived or wilfully injured me, nor can I recollect that I ever had any connection with any man more than as a common acquaintance, who did not do one or the other. I may have been a dupe on both sides, not conscious of deception on one hand, and too credulous on the other; but, as Sterne somewhere says, a man ought always to have a certain portion of honest *cullibility* about him, and I believe I have had my full share.—But I feel that I am deviating too much into egotism, for after all, who cares for Lewis Luke Maccul-

loh, Esquire? Although the decided and liberal patronage I have experienced makes me believe that the *Scribbler* is not entirely divested of friends, or unworthy of encouragement.

My space to-day will not permit me to expatiate much on the virtues of the female character, but, in deference to my amiable correspondent, M— D—, who, I feel intuitively convinced, is a fond and worthy mother, I will proceed, though more briefly, and faintly, than the subject deserves, to the contemplation of woman as the sacred source of life and nourishment for the whole human race. Woman, in the endearing state of maternity. Maternity! the idea of which is so twined round our hearts that they must cease to throb ere it can be forgotten. It is our first love, it is the first object of unconscious religious adoration. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it: we cling to it in manhood; and venerate it in age. Behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty, nourished by the tide of life that flows through her generous veins. And she too, delighted and softened, with her glistening eyes; she lays the child to her breast, and after nourishing it into light with the marrow of her own existence, supports its little life with the balmiest food from the unfailing fountains which providence has bestowed upon her loving sex; for well did God in heaven know when he created woman with powers to give life, and breasts of celestial beauty and fragrance to support it, that her soul would be delighted with these offices of solicitude, affection, and kindness, which are required at the hands of maternal care. Or view the fond parent, having lulled her offspring to sleep, see her hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, see the

mother in every line of her countenance, in the admiration of her eye, in the becoming swell of her bosom, in her half-shut mouth, and gently extended arm.—Oh! for the pencil of *Carlo Dolce!*

To resume a livelier strain, as a tribute to the general worth of the sex, I almost envy the reverend Mr. Bishop for being the author of the following lines, published many years ago, amongst a small collection of his poems, and which I have slightly altered, to suit some particulars relative to myself;

LINES WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE,

“ A Knife, dear girl, cuts love, they say;
 Mere modish love perhaps it may,
 For any tool of any kind
 Can separate what was never join'd.
 The Knife that cuts our love in two
 Will have much tougher work to do;
 Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit,
 Down to the vulgar size and merit;
 To level your's with modern taste,
 Must cut a world of sense to waste;
 And from your single beauty's store,
 Clip what would dizen out a score.
 The selfsame blade from me must sever
 Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever;
 All memory of endearments past,
 All hope of comforts long to last,
 All that makes sixteen years with you,
 A summer, and a short one too,
 All that affection feels and fears,
 When hours without you seem like years;
 Till that be done, and I'd as soon
 Believe this Knife will chip the moon,
 Accept my present underr'd,
 And leave their proverb to the herd,

If in a kiss, unclaying treat !
 Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
 Love, fond of such delicious fare,
 And proud to play the glutton there,
 All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
 Save only *Cut and come again.*"

Whilst M..... D:, seems desirous I should be a little more grave, Georgy Bustle, wishes for more vivacity and variety in my lucubrations, and commends the publication of the letters of my correspondents. I am sorry I can not take the hint, as regards his own, until he learns to spell a little more correctly; but as he seems a young man of promise, I will endeavour to comply with his desire, (a similar one having been expressed from other quarters,) and dish up an olio this week to suit various palates.

From the Manlius Republican.—"A young lady was escorted through this village, on Monday, by professor Tipstaff, on her way to the county gaol; for what offence, or upon what authority, we have not learnt. The only crime that we have heard charged, was, that the maiden had cast off her calicoes, her crapes, and her leghorns, and assumed the cossack pantaloons, the starched cravat, the dandy coat, and the sugar loaf hat. Nor do we see any thing worthy of bonds or punishment in all this. The damsel has an unquestionable right to flirt in gauze or silks, or strut in buckram or boots, as best suits her fancy. We should like to be informed under what statute the squire acted in committing the nymph. It is believed the doughty magistrate has stretched the "little brief authority," wherewithal he is cloth-

ed. If *all* the ladies who are in the habit of *wearing the breeches* must be jostled off to prison in this manner, it behooves our good matrons to keep an eye to windward."

Wearing the breeches is not, I believe, a very prevalent disorder amongst the ladies of this place; but as it is one that creeps upon a woman insensibly, and is very often not suspected by her husband who verily believes all the time that he has got his own small clothes on; the following are some infallible symptoms, which I publish to put both parties on their guard. When the husband goes out to his business in the morning, the lady will sometimes pout, and want him to stay at home; will insist upon his coming home, perhaps a distance of more than a mile, at the most inconvenient hour, to attend her to take a walk; will frequently enquire into the particulars of his business, especially if it be such as leads him to have any communication with others of her sex; will receive and open his letters; will fall into hysterics with or without any apparent cause; and having got him thus fairly tied to her apron-string, will domineer *sans misericorde*. Now, if it should happen, that the members of our most superabundantly enlightened police, should take it into their sagacious noddles, that such a wearing of the breeches, is an indictable offence, (and scarcely any thing, is too ridiculous for them not to fly at, like owls upon mice,) woe betide the unlucky lady that falls into their unhallowed clutches.—*Verbum sat*.

MONTREAL ANECDOTE.—In an account of the expenses incurred at the public dinner that was lately given at Lachine, on the occasion of the opening of the canal, an item appears, "for re-

pairing the Grand Carver—8s." Those who saw the gentleman who officiated in that capacity, will admit that *he* could not want any repairs, whatever the knife might.

The important event of the death of the emperor NAPOLEON, on the 6th of May last, at St. Helena, is one that will call forth a few pieces of merit both in prose and poetry, much solid reflection, and more common-place and trite remark, with an inundation of unmeaning and inane productions of such as, in the words of Regnier:

“ S'ils font quelque chose.

C'est prosier de la rime, et rimer de la prose.”

In order not to be one of this herd, I will content myself with exhibiting, for the gratification of a laudable curiosity, which makes all men anxious to see any memorials of great men and well known characters, the annexed autographs of the signatures of Napoleon, and of his brother-in-law, Murat. They were taken by myself from the originals, and have been engraven by myself for this work.

No. 1, is Napoleon's signature to a license, under the Berlin and Milan Decrees, dated at his Camp at Schoenbrunn.

No. 2, is one taken from a license, dated “ au Palais de St. Cloud, 2d July, 1811.

No. 3, is the signature of Joachim Napoleon, (Murat,) King of Naples, from a license, dated 22d February, 1811.

I once also possessed fac-similes of Napoleon's signature when he was a republican general, and wrote his name *Buonaparte*, and when, as first Consul, he signed *Bonaparte*, having then drop-

ped the *u*, in order to cause his Corsican origin to be lost sight of as much as possible; but these have been lost, or wrested from me, during the turbulent scenes I have occasionally witnessed, and in the course of which, I have been pillaged by banditti of various kinds, both in the old and the new world.

L. L. M.

All communications for the *Scribbler*, are requested to be addressed to Mr. Macculloh, either at Mr. Lane's, or at the Post-Office, Montreal, and not to any other supposed editor, or author, of the work.

Erratum in No. 8. *In the advertisement of the Prompter, for York, U. C. read Kingston, U. C.*

HOME, from the pen of Erius is received; its merit will entitle it to the earliest possible insertion.

N. B. *The plate with the fac similes of Napoleon's and Joachim's signatures may be had separately, price 3d each.*

For sale at Messrs. Nickless and Macdonell's, five views of the Falls of Niagara, by Thos. H. Wentworth, price 6s. 3d.

The *SCRIBBLER* is published every Thursday by JAMES LANE, St. Paul Street, MONTREAL, price 6d per No. or 6s. per quarter, 11s. 6d. for six months, or 22s. per annum, and sent postage free to any part of the British American dominions.