

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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Title: The Scribbler 1822-12-26 Volume 2, Issue 78

Date of first publication: 1822

Author: Samuel Hull Wilcocke 1766-1833 (Editor)

Date first posted: Oct. 28, 2022

Date last updated: Oct. 28, 2022

Faded Page eBook #20221053

This eBook was produced by: Marcia Brooks, Cindy Beyer & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <https://www.pgdpCanada.net>

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. II.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 26th Dec.,
1822.

[No. 78.

Heu, vereor ne quid Andria apportet mali!

TERENCE.

Ah! much I fear, St. Andrew brought no good.

—*Tanta est rerum discordia in ævo,
Et subtentata malis bona sunt, lacrymæque sequuntur
Vota, nec in cunctis servat fortuna tenorem,
Usque adeo permixta fluit, nec permanet unquam.*

MANILIUS.

—Hence there springs
That various discord that is seen in things;
In one continued stream no fortune flows
Joy mixes grief, and pleasure's urged by woes.

CREECH.

Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jure maritis.

HORACE.

Promiscuous procreation to prohibit;
And matrimonial manners to exhibit.

MR. MAC,

Preparatory to entering upon a campaign, it is the part of a good general, to review the troops that are to be engaged, and to require his subordinate officers to give in their returns and muster-rolls, that he may be acquainted with the effective strength of each corps. To render you some assistance, therefore, in your career this winter, I transmit to you a general statement of the militia that are to assemble in this frontier-town of Backbite, for the purpose of taking the field against ennui and cold weather.

In the first place the Rev. Mr. Proser M'Glutherem, notwithstanding his clerical character, took the lead in proposing and organizing the assembly, which he says must be held in the large house near Steeple-field, at present occupied by Frank Kennedy, but it is stated that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Kennedy, will be allowed to be one of the party, as Proser fears they will give information of his capers, to that prating rascal the Scribbler. The assemblies are to be on a very saving plan, as his reverence, and Sir John Footatt are to be the providers and managers, of all preparations and decorations. The Footatt family are expected to be at the head of the bon

ton, as they are regularly furnished from Government-City with all second-hand articles of clothing suitable for balls and routs, by their relations, the Knock-downs: and in very truth the lasses have improved very much these last two years, both in pride and in feathers. The next in succession is Squire M'Scrape and his lady, who you know formerly belonged to the old rat-catching company. Then comes Mr. Clearly and Miss Orange, who, you would think, were brother and sister; and of course Alexander the great, with his spouse Mrs. Cotty O'Giggle, belong to the party. Mr. Tapborer is admitted, with the two Miss Commons; Mr. Jeune Bois, & the two Miss Bigmans, one of whom is very likely soon to be led to the altar of Hymen, whilst the other is in some dread of dying an old maid, as our sparks are by no means very forward in gallantry, and think more of dollars and cents, than of smiles and graces. They will not allow the Marchalongs to join, as they say one of them sold stale currants, to Sir John, and the other, rotten cheese to the reverend. There are some others who are blackballed; but the deficiency will be made up from the Isle of Bullfrogs, and Shambly. From the latter place, general Fleabite and his handsome young wife, Honesty Hooper and ditto, Col. Thunder, &c. The reverend Mr. Nick Rap, intends to gallant lady Macbeth who was always fond of a change. From the Isle of Bullfrogs, we shall have the Hon. Mr. Tottington and lady, the Clerk, and the Miller, and, if they can be conveyed free of expense, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Flat, as he has not yet retrieved his losses by the fire in January last, and is obliged to sport a pinchbeck watch, purchased of a brother officer, for D12, instead of the grand gold (or gilt) one he lost. Col. Dash-at-all must not be forgotten, and the son of Job will bring his spouse and pretty blackeyed daughter. The lass of Patty's mill, and her husband, are blackballed on account of a runaway match with a sergeant, that took place in the family. Mr. and Mrs. Congreve will be there, but he will be requested not to bring any rockets, lest an explosion should take place, and the sconces get broke.

So you see Mr. Mac, we muster tolerably strong, and with the aid of whist, carrioling, and scandal, we shall be able to get through the winter with some eclat.

Yours,

BEAU NASH.

Laprairie, 10th Dec.

MR. L. L. MACCULLOH,

Saint Andrew, with his wintery robes, has been so ill received by his Mount-Royal children,^[1] that he has deigned to honour this place with a visit on his natal day. A select party of his would-be sons assembled at Mr. Campbell's to indulge in the pleasures of national partiality, and to criticise wiser and better men than themselves, as well as to partake of the comforts of the feast. The room was decorated with numerous transparencies and emblems of the "native soil." (I can not say whether

they had a *fiddle*;) and the whole, the dinner particularly, did great credit to the landlord. When it was on table, the hoarse tones of a hoarse bagpipe, summoned the party to the gorge. The gathering of the clans, seemed however, rather out of place, when the native countries of the guests are considered, and a Dutch medley might have been better. The gallant *Old Buck* presided, and filled the chair with the consequential dignity of a feudal chieftain, though he did not seem to be so much at home as when acting the quack-doctor before a dozen squaws in an Indian wigwam.—Daddy *Dull*, who makes his scholars *smart*, was the nightingale of the day, and, occasionally giving a stave or two of the pathetic, made himself more agreeable, than when reciting his Sunday prayer, with his covenanting whine. Mr. *Billytap* was also one of the select, and, as usual, put too much brandy in his water: at his earnest request, the pleasure of his company was soon dispensed with, and (as the president did shortly after) he walked into the street, and laid himself comfortably down on a pile of wood near the door, where he slept for two hours, in a heavy rain, until he was as completely drenched without as he was within. Mr. *Shortleg Donaldson*, shewed his wit by his manners, but, being young and thoughtless, it is not surprising he should behave a little foolishly. Another genius *marshall*-ed the decanters in a truly bacchanalian style, and displayed his soaking qualities so wonderfully, that one would have thought him a sponge. The rest were well *Dunn* up, and looked as *Dow*-dy as you please. Another distinguished guest had been invited, but to the great uneasiness of the party, did not make his appearance in due time: it appeared that, having set off in high spirits, the grocer found when he got almost within smell of the haggis, that he had put an old coat on, by mistake, so he thought it behoved *Mac* to *lean* towards home again to change it, and crossed the St. Lawrence for the purpose.

[1] I never before knew St. Andrews day pass in Montreal, without two or more public dinners. It has been said that the chief persons of note of the Scotch nation, being all conspicuous unionists, and having been stigmatised at a *Scotch faction*, determined on discouraging a meeting on St. Andrews day, alledging that it would add to the popular opinion of their caballing together, and confirm that party-designation, by which they are now generally known. The paltry and *wulgar* pride that prevented a ball taking place that evening, is exposed in the sequel; and well do such thorough *beggarly* sentiments deserve exposure.

L. L. M.

After dinner, the jovial cup passed and repassed in flowing bumpers, to the numerous toasts which had been prepared for the occasion? and certainly most of them were the worse for wear, and may easily be traced by looking over old newspapers; that, however is nothing, and is perfectly excusable, as the whole party could not have made them of their own, without pilfering. But, Mr. Scribbler, here comes the rub. I should not have thought it worth my, or your while, to have given you an account of a dinner, attended by eight or nine persons, and those almost entirely insignificant characters; had this party not been puffed in the Montreal

Herald, where it occupied full half a column; and why? Because in the plenitude of their folly, these cacklers, wanting to have something to distinguish themselves by, gave amongst their toasts, one in favour of the union of the two provinces, and stigmatising the opposers of that measure as illiberal, designing and ignorant. Ignorant, indeed! but fools always think themselves wise men: the lord have pity upon these uneducated ninnies! But, it is right that every man should have and maintain, his own opinion, but, in social meetings, party questions should never be introduced. However, without this, these eight or nine blockheads would neither have made a figure in the Herald, nor have been, by reaction, immortalized in the Scribbler.

As to the second part of the *fete*, suffice is to say that, *its etoient tous fous naturellement*, and as Sawney says, by the frequent tasting “the joys of the shell,” *they were a’ fou*. Burns’s much admired song on Bannockburn, was sung by the whole party, but the following parody, will better describe the finish.

Scots let’s nae gang yet to bed,
Till grog has filled each empty head,
Till a’ our senses far hae fled,
Till we nae mair can see.

This is the boozing hour of night;
Drink till a’ our eyes are white
Noise must be when fools unite,
Sae noisy let us be.

Wha wadna’ swill till roarin fou,
The beer that yon mon there doth brew?
And so we’ll a’ be drunk enow,
Then push about the bree.

Wha for Aundra loud wull ca’?
Wha for Bacchus gies hurra?
Like toppers sup, like toppers fa’,
Then tak a dram wi’ me.

By rum, brandy, wine and gin,
By all the liquids, thick and thin,
We will drink till day peeps in,
For we shall not, shall not flee.

This bold resolution, however, was soon laid aside, when they were informed that it was Sunday morning, and that no singing or drinking would be allowed after twelve on Saturday night. They then reeled off singing,

Bid McKay na’ longer blow,
Lay the noisy piper low,
To bed let us a’reelin go,
Nid noddin a’ are we.

Your’s faithfully,
NICODEMUS WATCH-EM.

Montreal, 2d Dec.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

It is really disgusting to see the dunghill upstarts in this place, turning up their noses at one another, and pretending to a gentility and rank, which their vulgar arrogance shews that they have not the slightest idea of. I should not, however, have interrupted them in their sublime *ipse dixit* respectability, if a circumstance had not lately occurred, by which poor St. Andrew has been slighted and neglected, a number of young ladies disappointed, and many gentlemen disgusted; which, I hope, will call forth from you a public reproof. A subscription for a St. Andrews' ball, was set on foot, by a few gentlemen of this place, and a long list of subscribers procured. Dr. Charlatan-noddy, who has for some years, been noseleader to the *un*Social parties here, had the list, and was entrusted to digest and arrange the plan, and all seemed going on very well; the hearts of the young girls were fluttering with expectations of tripping it on the light fantastic toe; even matrons began to rub up their quadrille-memories; the gentlemen were all agog; and tailors, and fancy-dress-makers, in a state of permanent requisition; when the consequential vulgarity of a few married women, (I can not call them ladies,) the pert airs of certain *mulatto* girls, and the two-penny-half-penny pride of some grocers and retailers, destroyed all these anticipations. Miss Charlatan-noddy being told that Mrs. Bigdoors was not going, declared (bless her *fair* skin,) "that she could not think of going neither;" and when it was reported that Mrs. Such-a-one said that she was too good to go into the company of such a mean set, then Mrs. T'otherthing, and Miss Grave-airs, became all of a sudden too good too. A very respectable family, who, though they can afford to ride in their carriage better than many others, are generally *walkers*, were objected to, because the company of retailers daughters did not *shoot* that of marchant's wives! Oh, the pot and the kettle, how often shall we hear ye call each other over? Dr. Charlatan-noddy, who is very indulgent to the ladies of his family, allowed them to scrawl out as many respectable names as they chose, but the subscription list began to look so like a *black-list* (in which the doctor is afraid of figuring as a *borrower*,) that he even burnt it; and so there was an end of it. All the poor girls were set a crying, and the young men a damning; Mrs. Mason, the high-priestess of fashion, received orders from all quarters, to discontinue the ball-dresses, and all the tailors' geese got a holiday. But not so to be satisfied, have been some old maiden aunts, who were no less anxious than their nieces, to figure at the ball (knowing how short their time is) and they set about holding a solemn tea-party, to enquire into the pretensions all these good folks had, to wear so much buckram. Dr. Charlatan-noddy, (who, by the bye, finding some of the subscribers extremely indignant, hoped to pacify them, by asking most of the committee to a dinner on Friday, to drink in St. Andrews' morning) was first cut up. Pray, who the devil is he? said Miss Nidditynod; didn't his mother keep a public-house at Three Rivers, and wasn't she as great a billingsgate as ever sold *fish*; and his sister-in-law, pray, isn't she as great a—no better than she should

be—as ever was a customer to the doctor; and don't she visit them, and don't he introduce *her* to respectable people, foh! And there are his daughters, said Miss Sourface, what can such chits know of fashion and rank? let 'em get bank-clerks for husbands, they're quite good enough for them. As for Mrs. Bigdoors, said little Miss Prim, when her husband can write a common card of invitation, without blundering, then let *her* prate. And so they went on; but they did not forget to declare it was a shame that Jock o' the Smithy, who would be kicked out of a society of weavers, should talk of his respectability; and that Miss Kitty Squintum, flying as high as she did now, should recollect when they used to sell a pen'orth of ribbon, or a quarter of a yard of *flannelle rouge*, out of their *boutique*, to the market-apple-women.

All the managers of the intended ball, excepting the doctor and Mr. Shoot-her, were Scotchmen, and how they came to suffer the matter to drop, and thus put a slight upon their tutelar saint, I can not tell. If I had been one of them, I should have shewn them that I am

A FRIEND TO ST. ANDREW.

BILL EAVESDROPPER SON'S
CHAMBLY JOURNAL, No. IV.

Oct. 9th. Important removal of Capt. Greatgun, and the true blues, to St. Nelly's Island.—N. B. send all your accounts over the river.—Report says, that some grand folks, on St. Nelly's Island, see no company, nor have seen any while residing in other places.

15th. Eventful arrival of the Royal mechanical company. We shall all make fortunes, that's certain.

17th. A few loadstones wanted, for the purpose of attraction; no matter what colour. Apply at Canton-heights—purchasers not a few.

22d. A correct writer who won't spoil printed pay lists, wanted. Apply to commissary Dyer, Clarencetown. What a pity we can't take half the schoolmasters in the place to settle down the river.

A grand party at general Fleabite's a few nights since, of the nonesuches of the place; 26 in number; amongst whom were Dr. Syntax, and spouse, Old Shylock and spouse, Lieuts. Morelong, Stab, and Spell, with their ladies, in short all our military fashionables, excepting Lieut. Jeo-pardy, who had not recovered from a severe cold he caught, by stopping a night in Mount-Royal. Mrs. Jalap proved herself a very dexterous hand at pope-joan. Mem. Pope-Joan is a necessary qualification for young divines. It's rather surprising that Dr. Syntax and Mrs. Shylock, had such a pleasant tête-à-tête, especially when we reflect that old Shylock and Mrs. Syntax never changed words.

Mrs. Morelong complimented Col. Thunder in very high terms, on the peculiar cleanness of the street, in front of his mansion; affirming that

there was something magical in it, which never failed to metamorphose shoes into half-boots.

Leetil Chew Tafet is annoyed through the night with the continual bursts of laughter, squalling, &c. kept up till a late hour; he says, "I vould have suppose dey vere catching de womans by de heel, or playing plind mands puff and te tevil knows vat."

Mr. Owen-ap-Davies-ap-Morgan-ap-Griffin-ap-Jones returns home t'other night, quite steady.

Nov. 20th. Rev. Nick Rap making great progress in building; has bought two houses, and paid off the interest for one year, in advance.

Dr. Perdu found again.

Odeiany's system of business, or the barrack-masters guide, to be published, price one shilling.

General Fleabite upset in the scrape with the tavern-keeper.

Dr. Lionnose dismissed as family-surgeon, at Mr. Upstart's resignation.

Honesty Hooper's *cold bath* off his wharf completed. The steam-boat detained by some of Northland's eastern breezes.

25th. Steam-boat debts begun to be paid off this morning; the first and most important was a cartridge of gunpowder, due to the countess of Northland, the non-payment of which in Sept. last, was the reason of her being disappointed in her intended water-journey; but this morning it has been paid with interest, cent per cent.

26th. Dr. Lionnose in a great rage at hearing Honesty Hooper has read the last Scribbler.

27th. General Fleabite, having got the Scribbler by heart, attempts to convey some of the most interesting articles of that vile paper into the ears of Dr. Syntax, but the latter refuses to hear him, and shears off.

Old Shylock expects to get no more contracts, as the present commissary has no interest in vexing the original contractors.

Reports in circulation of Shylock's intention to build a fine house, all contradicted, as the old cock knows a better way to keep off the military and other fashionables.

A Dyer so grim, with a nose like a kite,
And a lady from government-shire,
Had to make stolen marches, at dead of the night,
Each other to see, and sometimes for to write,
To blindfold Lord *Northland* her sire.

“And now,” said the dyer, “tomorrow I must
Go launch myself out of this house,
Perhaps get a better, perhaps get a worse,
Perhaps I’ll get none; but I’ll think myself curst,
If you won’t become my dear spouse.”

“La! what are you saying!” the lady then said,
With a nose much the shape of his own,
“I’m sure where you are, you are very well paid,
At some future time, with more prudence we’ll wed,
When we can keep house of our own.”

“No, damn me,” said Tommy, “but now is the time
That must crown me with joy or with grief,
We’ll always find something whereon for to dine,
And we will drink water, if we have no wine,
With my rations of pork and of beef.

“Should I leave you, you’d do as your mammy has done
With your dad, I mean, crown me with horns,
You must go with me now, such a thing is no fun,
MacRavish did after the old lady run
Before Mrs. *Squallwell* was born.”

“You fool,” said the fair-one, “you’re out of your head,
Such talk isn’t fit for our parrot;
I never once wish for a comrade in bed,
For difference there’s none between single or wed,
Whilst the garden produces a carrot.”

How it e’er came about I’m sure I can’t see,
How persuade her with him for to go;
Or how that he came to be commissary;
For at that time I lived in the town of Chamblly,
But I know of his origin low.

Still that is no reason he should be remark’d,
Or laugh’d at, were he not grown proud,
And long before he from this place had embark’d,
His character here there are many have mark’d,
And spoke of his conduct aloud.

BILL EAVESDROPPER.

A passage in Cæsar’s commentaries construed by one of the scholars
at the Chamblly-Academy, according to the new version.

*Extremum oppidum Allobrogum proximumque Helvetiarum finibus est
Geneva.*

Geneva, gin, *extremum oppidum est*, is the last refuge, *Allobrogum* of
all old rogues and whores, *proximumque*, and is next door, *Helvetiarum
finibus*, to Hell-fire which is the finish.

L. L. MACCULLOH Esq.

The Parisians are celebrated as the most accommodating husbands, but it seems to me that some of our *Quebeccoises* may be quoted as equally accommodating wives: a proof of which I bring from our neighbourhood.

[2] Whether this communication has been so long on the way, or has been antedated I can not say.

L. L. M.

In June or July 1820, a certain little great man, short, dark, and *bourgonné*, possessed of great talents, (excuse me for laughing, ha! ha! he!) wished to shew off on the parliamentary stage, by playing a part not much above that of a mute. On his return home, dame Fortune, no doubt to recompense him for his patriotic zeal, by a kind of miracle, and repay him for seven sterile years of fruitless labour, during which he had exerted himself with “the sweat of his brows” in his domestic circle, (not to reckon the labours of others;) poured forth connubial blessings upon his family by tripling it. But, my dear sir, how human happiness is constantly chequered by adversity! Certain envious and malicious gossips took it into their heads to ascribe this miracle to a great, black, ugly fellow, who had himself lately returned, with eager hunger in his frame, from an anti-ministerial mission to Dorchester. Now you might see our new little papa yielding himself a prey to doubts and suspicions, and you expect, I dare say, to hear of daggers, blood, and all the other concomitants of Othellian torment. But soft! our philosophic legislator, always keeping in mind his patriotic duty, and that population is the main source of prosperity to a colony, bethought himself of a better, an easier, and more profitable, not to say pleasurable, way of proving whether he might not put in as fair a claim to paternity as the other. At one bound he descended from the parlour to the kitchen, a transition as delicate as it was easy, considering that the scullion-wench, though perhaps a little high-scented, was easy, and, as in duty bound, complaisant to her master. Here then our miracle-monger set again to work,

And used the best endeavours he was able,
In kitchen, garret, cellar, store and stable;

arguing with logical nicety, “If I succeed here, *ergo*, it was I alone who succeeded there; but, if I do not succeed here, *ergo*, it was that damned ugly black fellow there.” O cruel state of doubt and suspense! But hush! mark what followed. Both kitchen and parlour expanded equally in rotundity! Here was a double source of triumph, and our bantam crowed most lustily, cock-a-doodle-doo! Entranced with the joys of his double paternity, papa sung and danced, and made all his household dance, dogs and cats, chairs and tables, and even the big ugly black fellow himself, whom the fortunate result of this philosophically legislative experiment had completely exonerated from suspicion. I say nothing of the many

pretty conjugal jigs that were danced, whilst his better half, who, having been, *ah! certes, bien élevée chez papa*, was not very proud of seeing an impudent servant-wench rivalling herself, if not in exuberance of dress, at least in protuberance of shape. Good coaxing on one side procured, however, this eyesore to be removed; and plenty of *bouffantes*, and other little *brinborions*, and *colifichets*, on the other, the matter to be forgotten. Now you would suppose, good Mr. Scrib, that all was as it should be, but the mutability of all sublunary things again caused the evil star of our poor papa to predominate, and a clever little fellow of a footman, but not cunning enough not to be found out, was discovered to have been imitating the experiment of the kitchen, in the parlour. Here again the door was thrown open, and in rushed all manner of doubts and suspicions; our maid Marian, has been taken back again by her master, or rather his accommodating lady has taken her back again; the clever little footman has been dismissed, and our philosopher has begun afresh *tout son seul* a new experiment which will, no doubt, succeed to a hair, unless *le Fleuri*, the clerk, should put his finger in the pie again. In expectation, however, of the result of this new trial, it is always

ANGELUS VENIT.

Having now completed my second volume, I have to renew my warmest thanks to my numerous subscribers, patrons, and correspondents, for their liberal support, and valuable assistance, by which I have been enabled to prosecute the work thus far with increasing success and augmented reputation. The arbitrary measures put in practice against the Scribbler, are well known; and with respect to the malicious opposition, and want of common honesty, I have experienced at the hands of the deputy post-master-general, I have only to refer to Nos. 65, 69, 73 & 74, where my disputes with the post-office are detailed. But my readers will be astonished when I inform them that Mr. Sutherland, has moreover gone the length of causing his agents to intimidate the stage-drivers who carry the mails, and to endeavour to prevent them from conveying any parcels not only containing Scribblers, *but all such as are directed to me, or persons known or supposed to be my correspondents, whatever such parcels may contain*. Some stage-owners, and stage-drivers have been so slavishly pusillanimous as, in consequence, to refuse to take such parcels; particularly on the road between Montreal and Quebec, so that, new delays, difficulties, and expenses have arisen. But Mr. Sutherland had better beware, he is only heaping coals of fire on his own head; some he is now smarting under, and there are plenty behind in my furnace. Besides, when will the fools find out that by making my writings of such vast consequence, they are only adding to my fame, and absolutely forcing me more and more into notice, and my book more into circulation? But to return: I solicit from such subscribers as particularly interest themselves in the Scribbler, to co-operate with me in remedying this; and in exposing

and punishing, if possible, the persons who thus obstruct the freedom of individual discussion, and the rights of the community. Let them but reflect that they are thus presumptuously dictated to, as to what they shall read, and what not. If any gentleman will try the question, I will send to him *by post from the United States, in the same manner as all other printed papers are sent in*, a number of the SCRIBBLER, and let the post-office stop, or decline to deliver it, *if they dare*; whilst, if on delivery they charge a postage upon it, *as for a letter*, I then conceive there will be sufficient ground for an action for extortion. I recommend this to the consideration of any gentleman, that will take up the cause; and as I have no less than seven members of the legislative and executive councils, and fifteen members of the assembly, who honour me by receiving my papers, and who are thus controuled and interdicted, as to what they shall peruse, by the arbitrary will of an individual. I should hope some of them will take up the question in a serious light, and aid me in my efforts to resist official tyranny, and subaltern oppression. With respect to stage-proprietors and drivers, and all others, who allow themselves to be cajoled or threatened into being thus made the abettors of spite and meanness, I hereby give them notice, that I shall make diligent enquiry as to who and what they are, and will *print their names in large capitals, as COWARDLY SLAVES OF ARBITRARY POWER*.

A title-page, preface, and index, for the present volume shall be prepared as soon as possible, to be delivered gratis to those who have had it from No. 53.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c. The Supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer, announced last week, will be incorporated into the next number of that paper. NEMO, INSPECTOR JUN. and AN ADMIRER, all belong to that department.—SOLOMON SNEER, and SAM TINKER, as soon as possible.—BON, &c. &c. &c. will not appear, for reasons. What has become of FAIR DEALING?

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 1822-12-26 Volume 2, Issue 78* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]