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"The man who lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom't were gross flattery to call a coward."

TOBIN—*Honeymoon.*

Una loquitur, altera scribit, tertia filia ducit.

SERVIUS.

One lady speaks, another writes,
The third winds bobbin, or knits stockings,
Saints in the day, sinners at nights—
And of their neighbours, all cry—shocking!

—O maxime noctis

Arbiter.—

CLAUDIAN.

O, thou, of happy nights the sovereign prince,

—Amor, quid non mortalia pectore cogis?

VIRGIL.

Great love! what mortal breast does not evince
Thy powerful sway o'er body and o'er sense.

MR. McCULLOH,

IF man has a right to exercise authority and dominion over the creatures that are supposed to be subjected to his power, it does not follow that he bears a commission from Heaven, to treat them as he may feel disposed from the dictates of wantonness, cruelty, or caprice. How much more contrary is it then, to the equitable laws of nature, to imagine any man invested with a prerogative over beings like himself, that he may behave towards them with harshness, insolence, and tyranny. As my mind was lately busied in