

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Whatever may be the kind of abuse in which persons in power may be tempted to indulge themselves, they are convinced that their irregularities will be immediately divulged.
DELOLME—*Constitution of England.*

The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflamed my soul, and still inspires my wit.
DRYDEN.

*Conserve bien ta friponne de mine;
Garde toi bien de perdre tes défauts;
Sois toujours belle, et toujours bien coquette.*

DE PARNEY

Varia veste exornatus.

TERENCE.

In variegated vestment clad.

I am led, by a recent circumstance, in which the malignant spirit of hostility which actuates DANIEL SUTHERLAND, Esquire, the so-called deputy postmaster-general of British North America, towards the Scribbler, or rather his personal malice towards me, has been exemplified, and which I will take another opportunity of exposing, to revert to the question I have formerly agitated, both in the Scribbler,* and the Free Press,† of the constitutionality, or legal right, of that *imperium in imperio*, that political anomaly, the existence of

* *Vide*, Indexes to vols II & III, of the Scribbler.

† *Vide*, Nos. 20, 21, 22, 23, & 24, of Free Press.

a post-office department in Canada, independent of, and uncontrollable by, either the provincial government, or even the king's immediate representative, the governor in chief.

I perceive, with great satisfaction, that the reformation of abuses of this kind, has already been taken up in Upper Canada: and, as the parliament of Lower Canada, will meet again in June, I sincerely trust they also will take up the question; and, under the liberal and enlightened policy of the present truly worthy representative of Majesty, Sir Francis Burton, be sanctioned in their endeavours to remedy the evils that exist in that respect, by his cordial co-operation.

It may be supposed and alleged that the discussion of such a question, appertains more to a political writer, than to the literary and satiric nature of the Scribbler. This objection, I would obviate, in the first place, by arguing that the abuses, difficulties, and oppressions, which affect the circulation of periodicals of every description, through the Canadian post-offices, form essentially, an object of literary complaint, and consequently one of literary interest; affecting not only the interests of the editor of the Scribbler, but the convenience, satisfaction, and rights, of all who subscribe to, or peruse, it. Next as an object of general utility, it is certainly as proper to be introduced into a *miscellaneous* work, as the abuses of law trials for libel, representations respecting the gaol of Montreal, imprisonment for debt, and other matters of serious import which have been occasionally descanted on, and respecting which I have received frequent and unequivocal testimonies of both public and private approbation. Besides, as I have not yet had it in my power to resume the regular publication of the Free Press, the Scribbler is, just now, the only vehicle through which I can convey my sentiments on all subjects, to the public.

Much of the report made by the committee of the House of Assembly, of Upper Canada, to whom were referred "certain abuses, said to exist in the post-office department," of

that province, is equally, or more forcibly applicable, to that of Lower Canada.

The above report is signed, as chairman, by the truly patriotic, and indefatigable member of that house, col. J. Mathews; and states:

That it is in evidence that great abuses do exist in the post-office department, which ought to be remedied.

That the post office department of the province, ought to be under the supervision and controul of the parliament thereof.

That the deputy postmasters, not being under the controul of the provincial parliament, have been, at times, very regardless of their duties, and inattentive to complaints made to, and of, them, from a knowledge of the difficulties that exist in bringing them to justice.

That the complaints made to the deputy-post-master-general, of letters and papers missent, and opened and inspected, and of other irregularities, have not received attention.

That to compel editors of newspapers to pay, in advance, the postage of their papers to their subscribers, is a great injury to them, as they are paying for a service not always performed, and are, in many cases, not repaid: and it is recommended that the postage of newspapers should be charged and collected as the postage of letters now is, from the persons who receive them: also that all letters on the public service, should, (as in England,) be free of postage.

Also that all communications by post, to and from members of parliament, (while in session,) and not exceeding one oz. in weight, should be free of postage.

That, if any surplus revenue is received from the post-office in the province, the proceeds should be expended on the public roads, bridges, &c.

Some other items of local abuses, of supercilious inattention, and improper charges, are enumerated in the report, which concludes: as follows:

And, on a review of the whole and of the abuses said to exist, and the difficulties under the present system of correct-

ing them, it is the opinion of your committee that it would be attended with manifest advantage to the community, to take the entire management of the post-office department in this province under the immediate controul of its legislature, even though some trifling temporary expense should thereby be incurred, but which is not anticipated, and which your committee confidently anticipates could not, under good regulations be either heavy or of long continuance

Your committee therefore recommends to your honourable house that the steps necessary for the accomplishment of these objects should be adopted."

This important subject, however, does not appear to have been acted on, by the house of assembly in Upper Canada; and, on account of the rather premature prorogation of parliament in that province, lies over till another session. Should, in consequence of my calling the public attention towards it, the matter be taken up in the ensuing session of the Lower Canada parliament, it will be a feather in the cap of the popular members, if they gain the start of their brethren in the Upper Province, in the patriotic race of remedying evils and abuses.

As the Upper Canada report contains all the objects I have in view, in this respect, I will take them in the order in which they occur, in the preceding abstract.

First, as to the opinion that the post-office, ought to be under the direct controul of the provincial legislature: and the right implied by that opinion, of the provincial parliaments, to vary or repeal certain British acts of parliament: (for it must be kept in mind that the general post-office in London, grounds its pretensions to extend its authority into the colonies, upon British acts of parliament alone, namely those of 9 Ann. cap. 10,—3 Geo. I. cap. 7,—& Geo. III, cap. 34.) On this head, it is necessary to revert to the act 31 Geo. III, cap 31, commonly called in Canada "the constitutional act," where, sect. 46, says, that that act shall not affect any law that hath been, or shall be, made by the parliament of

Great Britain, "for establishing regulations or provisions, or for imposing, levying, or collecting duties for the regulation of navigation, or for the regulation of commerce between the two provinces, or between either of them or any other foreign state, &c.; nor shall give to the provincial parliament any power to vary or repeal any such laws, or any part thereof." Whence it follows, that the provincial parliament have power to vary or repeal, all other laws of the British parliament, bearing upon the colonies, excepting alone such as are thus specially excepted. Now, altho' the post-office laws, are undoubtedly revenue acts, yet they are, by no means, such as have any thing to do with navigation, or the external commerce of the country; and are therefore liable to be varied or repealed, at the pleasure of the provincial legislature.

The anomaly of the existence in a country, having a legislature of its own, of a power and a privilege that operate for the sole benefit of the revenue in another country, a power too, that is unquestionable, unalterable, uncontrollable, and unpunishable, in case of malversation or abuse, by that legislature, or by any authority within the country, (for the governor in chief himself has no power to appoint or displace even a letter-carrier,) is a state of things that must strike every one with the conviction of its mischievous tendency.

This leads me to the next consequent proposition, namely that all complaints relative to the post-office are treated with brazen impudence, or shameful neglect; arising, of course, from the consciousness that there is no authority, or tribunal, in the colonies, before which such complaints are anywise cognizable.

Here the inefficacy and inapplicability of the British post-office acts, as relates to Canada, as well as their partial operation, will most strongly appear. Being made to extend to the colonies, they enact that the penalties incurred by those persons who infringe upon the privileges granted to the post-office, shall be recoverable "in any of his majesty's courts of

record ;" whilst such penalties as are imposed upon persons in the service of the post-office for misconduct, are alone recoverable "in the courts at Westminster or Edinburgh:" consequently trespassers against the rights of the public, can only be prosecuted in the courts at home, whilst it would seem that trespassers against such enactments as are in favour of the post-office, are punishable in this country ;* although that is so doubtful a matter, from the ambiguity of the law, that I question much whether the deputy-post-master-general would venture to commence any proceedings of the kind.

This therefore acts as a warrant of impunity in favour of all who are employed in the department, as long as they retain the good graces of their chief. No wonder, therefore, that they laugh at all idea of responsibility, or duty, due to the public. It is time the provincial legislatures should teach them better.

The above reasoning applies with equal force to the succeeding complaint, of the missending, opening and inspecting of letters and newspapers; practices that are notoriously common in Canada: and persevered in from a knowledge that no justice can be obtained against them.

* Sect. 19 of the 9 Ann, directs the recovery generally of the penalties imposed by it, "in any of her majesty's courts of record;" yet, as by sect. 29, (the only one in which any penalty is specially imposed upon any offence committed in America.) the penalty of ferrymen, for obstructing or delaying the mail is recoverable, "in any court of record in the colonies," it may be fairly argued that all other penalties can only be prosecuted in the courts of record at home; especially when it is considered that sects. 40 & 44 limit the prosecution of offences committed by the post-office people to the courts of Westminster, and Edinburgh. There are, I believe subsequent and late acts of the British parliament that make some other arrangements in this respect, but I have not thought it worth while to consult them, as, by the constitutional act, no acts of the British parliament, subsequent to the year 1791, can be made binding upon Canada, save only such as relate to the regulation of navigation, and trade.

I come now to the subject of the charge of postage upon periodical publications, sent through the post-office.
(To be continued.)



ANNE OF WIRTEMBERG,

A German historical tale.

CHAPTER II.*

Rodolph of Wirtemberg was the third prince of his house who had enjoyed the sovereignty of that territory. His ancestor had been invested with it by the duke of Suabia, in guerdon of his valour in rescuing him from the hands of the infidels, before the walls of Ptolemais in the holyland, (praise be to our blessed saviour, and his holy virgin mother!) during the first crusade. They were a race of warriors, and claimed descent from the celebrated Herman,† the liberator, whom the Roman historians call Arminius. The blood of ancient days flowed in their veins, and the daring chivalry of the age prompted them to be lavish of it, in the cause of God, of beauty, and of rapine, the three divinities which, even in these latter times, are worshipped in Suabia. Rodolph had attained glory in the well fought fields of Clagenfurt, of Presburgh, and of Modena, battles the fame of which

* The original is not regularly divided, though there are many breaks. For the convenience of myself, and my readers, I have thrown it into a capitular form.

† Herman is, literally, *Man. the lord*: probably the German patronymic of the Arminius so celebrated as the opposer of Germanicus in the Roman history. Tacitus bears testimony to the universal veneration in which this hero was held by his countrymen long after his death.

will descend to the latest posterity, and riches from the plunder of the Lombard provinces after the conquest of the valley of the Po.† He had had sons and daughters, but all had perished in infancy or early youth, save the lady Anne, the youngest, the most favourite of his children. He had no male heir to inherit the sovereignty of Wirtemberg. To beauty unparalalled, therefore, were added, in Anne of Wirtemberg, the splendid attractions of inheritance,—the inheritance of extended territorial dominion, of ancestral renown, and of the warrior's wealth. Alas! how tarnished, sullied, and destroyed, by the reigning vice that ruled her heart, and prostituted her body! Yet, fair and blooming, like the apples of the Asphaltic lake, she always seemed, and most in that season of youth and hilarity, as innocent as gay, as virtuous as attractive——

Attractive and gay too, was the whole face of nature, when I, Walter the peasant's son, sped my way, on foot, on the morrow after the memorable event my pen has just recorded, towards lord Rodolph's castle. Shall I attempt to describe the exaltation of my spirits, the dreams of happiness, and honour, that warmed my vivid imagination,—how often I kissed that dear ring, that dearer buskin?—No—the fervour of youth will conceive it, and the memory of age find glowing comparisons in the events of early days.

Arrived at the mansion, I found that lord Rodolph, with the nobles, his visitors, had rode out to trace the lair of a wild boar they intended to hunt on the following day. I presented the ring to the warder, who instantly bade me follow him, as the lady Anne had apprised him of my coming. He left me in a small antichamber, and presently a page, a young man with looks of piercing curiosity, desired me to accompany him to the lady of Wirtemberg. She sat with her foot on a cushioned stool: a female attendant was busied in

† So far from the fame of these exploits descending to the latest posterity, scarcely any traces can be found of them in authentic history.

adjusting the dark glossy locks that flowed over her more than half-opened bosom. "Welcome, Sir Walter of Hirschfeld:" said she:—the page looked with scorn upon my peasant's garb:—and, half rising, she took the ring, which I respectfully held out, placed it on her finger, and, drawing another off, rich with bedded jewels, said, "take this in lieu, a slight reward for thy timely service, Walter. This little effort had wrung her ankle, and she sunk back on her seat; the attendant female offered her aid; "no, no, thou canst not do it so tenderly as Silvester." The youth flew to her, and on his knees, gently removed the bandage, from her foot, and bathed it with a liquid that had been prepared. My looks probably spoke the sentiment that flashed through my mind. "My friend," said she, "Silvester is the son of the count of Altdorff, and though base born, is entitled, by his descent, to the honour of knighthood:—none but a knight, you know:—and she finished the sentence with a speaking glance and smile, that bade me recollect her promise, of the day before.

In a few minutes after, the horn of lord Rodolph sounded at the portal: and he returned, accompanied by his noble and knightly companions. These were mostly suitors for the hand of the lady Anne. There were, prince Otho, the nephew of Frederic,* the sovereign prince of Nieuwald, the count of Zell, and the lords of Zeichingen, Constanz, and Unterwalden; there too was the heir of Lotharingen's† dukedom, and Zevenbergen's‡ chief. Wide had rumour spread the fame of Anne of Wirtemberg's beauty, and wider still had ambition sounded the wealth and power she would bring

* The want of punctuation in the original renders it uncertain whether prince Otho, was the nephew of the emperor Frederic, or of a prince of Nieuwald of that name.

† Lorrain.

‡ Transsylvania, anciently called Zevenbergen, from the seven ridges of mountains that traverse it.

in dower to her husband: But Ulm was not there,—the almost regal duke of Ulm:—he who was blessed and cursed by the possession of this matchless woman, this matchless —O, no! I love her memory still too much, to give her that degrading title that was about to blot my parchment.*—The old duke of Ulm was Rodolph's companion in arms, his friend,—as far as friendship exists amongst the high and mighty of the earth:—and all these suitors sued in vain.—Rodolph had destined Anne to become the bride of the son of his old friend. But, something more of the character of lord Rodolph of Wirtemberg; for, with the clinging partiality of sexual affection, I fain would find palliation for the errors and crimes of the mistress of my senses, in extraneous circumstances, and parental example, or neglect.

Reared in times of turbulence and rapine, Rodolph, as soon as he became possessor of Wirtemberg's domain, ravaged the territory of Lichtenau, upon some pretext of encroachment upon his forest-land, and hunting-grounds. The old and infirm lord of Lichtenau, propitiated the ravager by the sacrifice of his daughter, Gunahilde, the mother of the lady Anne. Thus Lichtenau and Wirtemberg became united at the old lord's death. Gunahilde was never other to Rodolph, than the convenient medium of quenching his animal desire, when others were not by. And Rodolph, assuming the privilege of German sovereigns, took in left-handed marriage, † more than one plebeian dame, and revelled with

* An exquisite feeling, simply, but most naturally, expressed in Southey's *Madoc*, when Caradoc is asked the name of the girl he inveighs against, which he refuses to tell;

“Quoth he, the poet loved her still too well
To couple it with shame——”

† The original has *bey-schlaftung*, a word equivalent to concubinage; but I have preferred to express it by “left-hand marriage,” that being, from time immemorial, and still continuing, the term in Germany, for that species of sexual connexion. It is neither considered as any disgrace to either party, nor as contrary to morality or religion. At the reformation, Martin Luther sanctioned it, by giving to Philip, land-

licentiousness, whenever his martial spirit allowed of intervals of repose, in the fulsome delights of the Paphian Venus. Gunahilde was a compulsory witness to many of his orgies and, after giving birth to six other infants, died in the pangs of child-wife,* in her twentyfifth year, when the lady Anne,

grave of Hesse, his solemn permission to take, in that way, Margaret de Saal, in addition to his wife, Christina of Saxe-Hesse. In that case, which has governed all subsequent ones, the opinion of six other eminent doctors of the protestant religion, coincided with Luther's: indeed there is but one solid and tenable argument, reasoning either from the lights of nature or the precepts of religion, against polygamy, and that is, its almost general political inexpediency.

It may gratify curiosity to see the laws in actual existence on this subject in the Prussian dominions. By the code, framed in 1791, for that kingdom:—

“*Left-hand marriages* are allowed only to noblemen, king's counsellors, and persons of the same rank.

The left-hand wife is not to assume the name of her husband, nor be even called spouse; but must be contented to be called housekeeper.

The children by such marriages are legitimate, but the father is not obliged to give them an education suitable to his own rank, and they can not inherit his real property, unless there are no children, or relations, by a right-hand marriage.

Every young woman seduced, against whom it is not proved that she is a common prostitute, shall be juridically married to her seducer, as wife by the right hand, if she be of the same rank, and by the left hand, if she be of inferior rank.

The marriage of a noble with a peasant, which was formerly prohibited, is now allowed, provided the king, or three of the husband's family, consent to it.”

* The original is *einer kind-frau*, a term that is literally translated by *child wife*, which last is an old English word, that, amongst other authorities, may be found in the introduction to Harris's voyages, folio, 1712, and is so expressive and appropriate, for a pregnant woman or a woman in labour, (in both which senses it is used,) that it is worthy of being recovered into the language, instead of the circumlocutions we now employ.

(who, as I have before said, was the only survivor of them all,) was born.

From that time, till she was fourteen, when, by the death of the last of her three brothers, the lady Anne became the heiress of Wirtemberg, she was totally neglected by her father, suffered to roam about, wild as the fawn of the forest, to associate with the menials of the household, and too often to witness the vile debaucheries, with which lord Rodolph, whenever he returned from warfare or the chase, defiled the hall of his ancestors. Truly does the learned Spaniard* exclaim:

*Utinam liberorum nostrorum mores, non ipsi perderemus!—
Nec mirum; nos docuimus, ex nobis audierunt; nostras amicas,
nostros concubinos vident. Omne convivium obscænis canticis
strepunt; pudenda dictu spectantur. Fit ex his consuetudo, de-
inde natura. Discunt hæc miseri antequam sciant vilis est.*

But 't was Lydia of Bologna, a famous Italian courtesan, who made—and marred—the lady Anne. The most accomplished, and most abandoned, woman of her time, she too truly thought she saw in the young beauty that strolled through the court of lord Rodolph, the germs of her own character. Some say Lydia of Bologna, was in league with the prince of darkness, (the holy angels guard us from the power of Satan! †) and hence, perhaps, she attained that ascendancy over the mind of Anne, that swayed her future, her eternal, destiny. With Godefridus Pius, however, I think, that, in that soul where the arch-fiend has not gained a footing by its natural depravity, not sorcery, nor influence, nor spells, can operate. But, whither do my reflections wander. Had sorcery or spell aught to do with the lady

* Quintilian.

† Wherever these ejaculations occur in the original, they are accompanied by the sign of the cross, sometimes twice, and in this instance, thrice, repeated.

Anne, save the sorcery of her smiles, the spell of the unrivalled beauties of her matchless person?

By Lydia of Bologna, however, she was taught things that, at her tender age, were the pernicious seeds of unbounded lust. But, versed in every feminine accomplishment, and acquainted with the poets, and philosophers, of Italy, and of ancient times, Lydia equally instilled into her ready pupil a taste for other acquirements; so that when I, Sir Walter of Hirschfeld, had the delightful task assigned to me, of instructing the lady Anne in those liberal sciences, which it became the heiress of a sovereign prince of the holy Roman empire to be acquainted with, I found that her early cultivated mind, teeming as it was with weeds of noxious quality, and enormous growth, equally displayed some of the rarest, and most inestimable productions of philosophy and ingenuity. It was a wilderness, in which the deadly nightshade, and the poisonous hemlock, were intermingled with every beautiful flowering shrub, and grateful herb.

When all hopes became extinct, of having a male successor to his dignities, Rodolph, with eager zeal, transferred every care, and every affection, to the hitherto neglected Anne. His heart glowed when he beheld the opening of incomparable beauty in his now only child; and his pride strode with double complacency, when he perceived that, notwithstanding the wayward mode in which she had been brought up, she possessed a dignity of mien, and even a congenial haughtiness of manner, that became the heiress of the three united domains that now constituted lord Rodolph's sovereignty, (for he had recently possessed himself, by purchase, of the hereditary castellany of Hirschfeld.) He pierced not, however, through the veil of duplicity, with which Lydia of Bologna, had taught her pupil to disguise her vicious propensities, and premature indulgence in forbidden desires. But proud as he was of his daughter, it was more the hereditary pride of family than the affection of a parent, that impelled

him to glory in the lady Anne, to invest her with every splendour, and indulgence, and to be anxious to make her the mistress of every perfection that became her sex, her station, and the times.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

Imitation of De Parney's

ALCIBIADE A GLYCERE.

Thou hast deceitful arts—well! still deceive,
For from thy arts of pleasing I receive
Such bliss as far that evil overweighs,
And love with pleasure thy deceit o'erpays.
Why! love's a cheat, and in the amorous strife,
To be well cheated, is the happiest life.
Pay homage, dear Glyceria, to the shrine
Of wanton Cupid, for that form of thine,
For those voluptuous graces that still shoot,
Desire from every part, from head to foot,
And from that tiny foot do upwards rise.
Pay homage to young Love, for those sweet eyes,
Those large, dark, wicked eyes, that speak so plain,
And say "Ah! when, my love, shall we again?"
Pay homage for that long, silk, glossy hair,
That roseate cheek, and skin so dazzling fair;
That dimpled smile, that mouth so luscious lipp'd,
For those white swelling globes, with strawberries tipp'd—
But chief, Glyceria, homage pay to Love,
For gifts thou hast, all others far above!
All blandishments, all witcheries, all wiles,
Blushes, and tears, glances, and wanton smiles.

The fond caress, feign'd anger, heaving sighs,
 And all th' artillery of murderous eyes.*
 That nought should wanting be in thee, Glyceria,
 Cupid, to make thee to thy lovers dearer,
 Blended the modest coyness of a maid,
 With the wild luxury of Phryne's trade.

Yes, I do know, thou art deceitful, lewd,
 Inconstant, and debauched; yet, by the rood,
 If I but call to mind thy sweet caresses,
 Precious delights that thy possession blesses:—
 So much I love the memory of those hours,
 I've spent with thee in joy's most fragrant bowers:
 I would not have thee learn how to refuse,
 As I might then, in turn, your favours lose:
 But keep good habits up; be free, and grant
 To twenty whom you like, all they may want.
 And when a dozen times a day you've play'd
 Me false, be not, Glyceria, then afraid
 With those sweet lying lips, to swear thou'rt true,
 And love but only me, as I love you.
 Against conviction I will then believe thee,
 And beg that thou thus ever may'st deceive me.
 But never lose those roguish tricks of thine:
 To me thy faults like excellencies shine;
 Keep but thy beauty, wit, and pleasing art,
 Thou'lt ever rule my senses and my heart:
 A perfect woman, and a playful child,
 Arch, witty, wicked, wanton, fond, and wild.

MAURICE MASK.

* Mr. Mask reminds me of Otway in his Atheist, where a lady is described, "with two, triumphant, rolling, unobscuring eyes, that swear at you every time you look upon her."
 L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

On seeing a butterfly wet with dew.

Say, gaudy flutterer, has the cold
Night dew benumb'd your wings of gold,
Those brilliant pinions, studded o'er
With gems that mock all India's store.

Aforetime you, from day to day,
When nursed by Sol's meridian ray,
Wanton'd about, on sportive wing,
And sipp'd the choicest sweets of spring.

The lily, pure as virgin snows,
The incense of the blushing rose,
In gay profusion, spread the feast,
And call'd you their delights to taste.

How changed the scene!—Now cold you lie,
Exposed to an inclement sky;
In dust your gorgeous robes despoil'd,
Misfortune's poor, deserted child!

Thus shall the proud, the haughty, be,
Poor butterfly, forlorn like thee;—
The debt of nature pay they must,
And sink, unheeded, in the dust.

For nature no distinction knows
Amongst her children:—straight she goes
Along the the course of time, and death
Demands from all the vital breath.

ERNESTUS.

SONNET.

TO JULIA

Why, Julia! hangs the tear upon thy cheek?
 Why flows the liquid chrystal from thine eye?
 'T is pity draws it—'t is compassion speaks,
 In lucid pearl, and in the gentle sigh.
 How sweet the sigh! how beautiful the tear!
 That virtue breathes—that pitying virtue sheds!
 Dearer than gems, than Indian pearls more dear—
 Than all the plumes that wave round honour's head.
 Then, Julia, weep!—so lovely art thou not
 As when the tear of pity fills thine eye:—
 I saw thy tears—I traced the cause—I caught
 The sweet contagion,—and, for thee I sigh.
 Thy virtue charms me:—let me then be bless'd,
 And, sighing, clasp thee, Julia, to my breast.
 MENALCAS.

As this is the last number of my SIXTH VOLUME, I find, on looking over the preceding numbers, that my accustomed

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

has not been continued since No. 129, in Vol. V. Some arrears have consequently accrued; and particularly by the completion of

The Canadian Magazine, and Literary Repository, Vol. III, from July to December, 1824;

Whilst already four numbers of the succeeding volume have made their appearance.

I am inclined to think that, what with the occasional critiques that have been given upon Canadian literary productions in the *Magazine*; and those reviews that have, now and then appeared in the *Quebec Mercury*, and to which, generally, I must, in candour, ascribe considerable merit; whilst to these perhaps may hereafter be added the feeble attempts at criticism of the editor of the (misnamed) *Canadian Review*, for, in course of time, when he has divested himself of his intolerable conceit, and has become convinced of his comparative incompetency, he may, if the publication be continued, aspire to be considered as a kind of inferior judge in literary matters: — upon considering these things, I say, I believe I shall, ere long, have it in my power to resign to those writers who follow me in that pursuit, my critic's chair, and leave to them the drudgery of reading and commenting upon, whatever of a literary nature, issues from the Canadian press. That time, is, however, not yet fully arrived; and I shall therefore proceed in taking a review of the abovementioned third volume of the *Canadian Magazine*.

In the first place, I will treat my readers with a favourable specimen of the original matter, by selecting from No. 18

“THE ARRIVAL AND SURPRISE.”

“It was in a beautiful evening in the month of September, that sweet season in the climate of Canada, when the scorching rays of the summer sun yield to the more refreshing but still genial temperature of the autumn, the following incident occurred. Three travellers fatigued, not with rough roads, nor the jolting of of a crazy vehicle, but the dull monotony of a long voyage in an open boat upon one of those noble rivers with which the country abounds, arrived at an Inn in a newly formed village in the centre of the woods in Canada. Of the trio who composed this groupe, one was a little, middle aged, man, whose acquaintance with the world had superinduced upon the habits of early green youth, a

manner which bespoke him at home wherever he went.— He had, besides, a fearless air which seemed to say he had met with some hard rubs in the thorny path of life: and intimated, with equal precision, that he had borne them in short he was one of those who would rather meet an enemy “in vengeful ire” than a friend to solicit a boon from. Another of the travellers was a dark swarthy man whose visage had it received the stamp of prevalent violent passions, would have marked decision, firmness, and even determined action, at any moment: as it was, it showed he had floated down the stream of life to his present day (aged perhaps 50) in scenes of tranquillity and success.—His flat round contour manifested he had endured no vigils—and suffered no privations either for conscience sake, or in acquiescence with any prescribed formula. His laughing and pleased countenance evinced a heart at ease, a conscience at peace with his God, and a mind satisfied with what he had done in the scenes of life in which he had moved. The third and the last of the party was a young girl not exceeding 18 years of age, and of a highly interesting appearance, her countenance, from the fatigue and tedious nature of their journey, was pale, which, when contrasted with the deep and broad flash of a full dark eye, was displayed with additional effect. Her form had that light and sylphlike air common to her age: her face was beauties of the present day, but such as a painter would have at once set down as belonging to a Grecian class.— The party now approached the banks of the lake, at the point where they designed to repose for the night. The village had been commenced only a year or two preceding the time they arrived; but still there were in some of those marks of permanency and grandeur already begun. The situation was chosen with all the attention to taste and prosperity which foresight could dictate. It was placed on the banks of one of the finest rivers on this vast continent, and at a point where it spread out into a wide expanse, forming a beautiful lake. The scite was on the gentle declivity which shelved down to the water’s edge; while rushing through it was a small rivulet, which fell, in beautiful natural cascades, as if impatient to mingle its waters in the larger lake; while the impetuosity with which it hurried on made it applicable, when the time should come, to assist the labours of man in driving hydraulic machinery; and at the present moment it conveyed a cheering and enlivening effect to the scene. But few buildings were yet erected: for this village was only the

child of yesterday; amongst these stood one, the most conspicuous, and by far the most welcome to the eyes of our travellers,—it was the Inn or Tavern, as denoted by a high gibbet looking pole which stood at the door, with a board swung from a cross beam at the top, and which, vibrating with the breeze, seemed to fan the passengers towards the house.

At a little distance from this stood the blacksmith's shop, where, in the darkening of the twilight, the workmen still busied at the forge, might have conveyed to the passing traveller the idea of the workshop of Cyclops, while their brawney forms passed and repassed their fires—shining brilliant amidst the contrasted gloom of the surrounding woods. The shoemaker, that highly important individual in every village establishment, had not yet obtained "a local habitation," and was, for the present, accommodated with a corner in the kitchen or great hall of the Inn, where he hammered lustily in his vocation. The tailor in those embryo cities is not so essential an appendage—for while the merchant, (called in the phraseology of the country, "the store-keeper,") could bring to the spot "ready made clothes to sell," every industrious female helpmate was adequate to repair the breaches of tear and wear in her own family. A little higher up the ascent, and placed on a more commanding and conspicuous position stood the house of 'the captain,' the first man in the village—who by virtue of his rank in life, which gave him a right to command, and clothed with a commission as a justice of the peace, which gave the sanction of law to his orders—was considered as the premier, president, director, adviser and supreme judge, over this infant settlement. = A few other habitations, erected on scattered lots, by individuals, some living by the milk of their cows—some by the cabbages their little gardens produced—and some by the means of daily labour, constituted the whole of this nucleus, which may in time become an extensive, rich, and flourishing city. Our travellers, quitting their boat, soon made their way to the Inn, and on reaching it found the usual evening coterie assembled round the blazing hearth. There were no guests, for the weekly return of the boat, in a country where no roads are opened through the forest, was the only conveyance by which travellers could easily reach this remote spot. Still the group assembled here was not devoid of interest. In one corner sat the son of Crispin, formerly mentioned: who still plied his hammer and awl—and in the intervals between each peg and stitch, joined in the conversation. Next to him was the store-keeper, who having

'shut up shop' for the day, was lol'ing carelessly on his chair, having pois'd it on the two back legs, while the key of his shop, dangling from the two middle fingers of one hand, was beating time to the tune a young girl sung to hush a baby to sleep. The landlord, with another little cherub on his knee—whose efforts were directed to "rubbing sleep from its eyes," sat poring on the blazing fire, either cogitating on the ways and means to provide for his family, or perhaps arguing in his mind some new scheme, more likely to bring him an independance, or increase his wealth, than that in which he was then embarked. His wife "with frugal care," was putting aside the relics of the evening repast they had just finished. Several other personages, of more or less note, occupied their station in this circle; but these it is unnecessary to describe. Our party having entered, were respectfully and kindly received. The host, depositing his little charge—rose and handed chairs, while the landlady, with equal assiduity, attended to the young female, procuring a candle and conducting her to another room.

"Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his weary steps have been,
May sigh to think, he always found
The warmest welcome at an Inn."

Supper was ordered and soon made its appearance. It was with equal celerity dispatched and the party retired to repose for the night. But as the sweet bard has express'd it

"Linden saw another sight—
When the drums beat at the dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light,
The darkness of her scenery."

There was sufficient interest in the scene they had witnessed to awaken reflection in the minds of our travellers had they been in a mood for it; but the influence of the air had that effect upon them which has been felt by all who have been exposed to it. They were but a short time in bed "when all were steep'd in nature's sweet repose." But what a contrast, did the confusion ensuing in a few hours

present to the tranquility of the evening's scene. At the dead hour of midnight the whole inhabitants were aroused by the appalling cry of "Fire." It had originated from some imperfection in the chimney in the roof of the Inn. All the buildings were of wood: and at this season of the year perfectly dry as tinder. There were no engines, but few hands to carry water, and, even before they had been discovered, the flames had made such progress as to be completely beyond the power of all their efforts to check. In the short space of one minute the whole house was one huge mass of flame. The inmates, with our travellers among them, having barely time to escape with their lives. The jostling, crowding, and confusion, spoiled the best efforts to render any assistance. Every man was bustling in his neighbour's way. The women were shrieking, amidst the alarm; and clasping their children as their dearest treasures to their naked bosoms. While the attention of all were directed to the Inn, now reduced to a heap of living coals, a cry was set up from another quarter; another house had caught fire, belonging to one of the poorest but most industrious and numerous families in the place. Suddenly all the exertions of the villagers were directed to it, and in time to save a few articles of furniture, some of the cloathes of the family, but too late to rescue the building from the merciless element. Thus in one short hour were two large families torn from a state of happiness, where contentment smiled upon their lot, and plunged deep in misery and distress. Their little all was almost gone. The fathers bore their loss with deep anguish; the mothers, by their sobs and tears, evinced their distress: and the younger children struck dumb with terror, looked on the scene with half averted eyes, while their little hands clung to their weeping mothers as their only support in this dread calamity. Our travellers suffered the loss of their baggage—but escaped with part of their cloathes on their backs. This to them, however, was nothing, they could replenish at the next town they came to, and the deep affliction which they witnessed in others, made them think nothing of their own losses. It was a gratifying sequel to this disastrous scene to observe, the anxious exertions of their neighbours to help the sufferers. They were soon carried from the spot and sheltered in the surrounding houses where every means the kindest hearts could employ, were used to supply their present wants and alleviate their misery. In this, all selfish feeling appeared to be forgotten; one kind soul was observed stripping the handkerchief from her

own neck to wrap it round that of a sufferer—another parted with her cloak for the same purpose: and a third followed the same example; so that in a few minutes to a passing observer, those whose property had escaped unharmed would, from their half naked state, have been mistaken for the sufferers, in this disaster.

“The Captain” who had been early on the ground and witnessed the whole scene, was not backward in contributing his portion to the relief of such as had lost their property. He also politely asked the travellers to share the hospitality of his own house: an invitation they gladly accepted of; letting the bustle and hurry with which they had left their last lodgings apologise for the uncouth and half dressed condition in which they appeared before the captain’s lady. The latter politely equipped the young female from her own wardrobe, while the gentlemen were supplied with shoes by the Captain. It was not long before day dawned, soon after which our travellers embarked. The scenes they had witnessed within the last few hours affording them subject for reflection and conversation during the remainder of their journey.”

In this extract I have corrected some typographical errors, as well as the punctuation, which has, throughout the volume, been too little attended to.

As helping to afford, along with the last article, some traits of a picture of the present state of Canada, I likewise make an extract from an account of the

Origin, rise, and progress, of the NEW GLASGOW SETTLEMENT, in the district of Montreal; in No. 16.

Of a band of Scotch emigrants, who had arrived in the summer of 1820, with the intention of settling in Canada, it is stated that:—

“While deliberating on this important step, it came to their ears, that the hon. Roderick McKenzie, Seigneur of Terrebonne, had a large tract of land unconceded, lying at a suitable distance from the city of Montreal, the depot and cen-

tre of Canadian commerce. Thither they resolved to move, which being done, they were received by that gentleman, with that blunt and unceremonious, but sincere, kindness which marked the man who drew his first breath on the same soil with themselves. Every facility in his power to give, was freely and frankly extended to forward their wishes. And it deserves to be recorded to the honour of his amiable lady, that nothing was wanting on her part to promote the same object. With that liberality dictated by true humanity, she attended to the various necessities of this infant colony. For their shelter she furnished them with tents — to the sick she supplied medicines, and to those in want of them she gave provisions. Seeds of various kinds were also furnished by her to many who were unable to purchase them, so as to enable them to commence their crops, after the lands were prepared for their reception. But in enumerating her kind attentions, I am outstripping the regular progress of the colony; they are well deserving of being known, and will long live in the grateful recollection of the settlers.

Being now arrived in a body at Terrebonne, it was agreed among them that a few of the young and more athletic should proceed into the woods to examine the lands, and select a tract on which they could settle, while the remainder should wait in their present position till their return. This advanced detachment of explorers, was composed of six men and a guide, who took provisions for one day, and set out on their destined expedition. It was on this business they received a lesson in the hard school of experience they never forgot; for they had not proceeded far into the woods before the guide lost all knowledge of the route, and all idea of the direction they ought to follow. In this dilemma, they wandered about for three days and nights, without food or shelter, and threatening to pick the bones of their guide for his temerity in undertaking a duty he was so incapable of performing. At length they reached an inhabited part of the country, and received directions which enabled them to retrace their steps back to their party.

Soon after this, the whole moved off to the bush* in a body, and in the beginning of August 1820, they settled on the

* *Vide note, p. 367 in last number.*

banks of the Lachigan,† at the termination of the government line of road which leads from Terrebonne. Their condition will be best known at this time from the following account of it by one of the party. "Now here we were," says he, "a motley groupe, composed of all trades, sizes, and sexes—any thing and every thing but wood-cutters; never one of us had felled a tree in our lives—afraid almost of our shadows—no one dared trust himself a perch distance from the river-side for fear of being lost in the forest—some of us had not one shilling remaining, and the small pittance of the greater number was nearly exhausted. This made it necessary to form a sort of community of our provisions.—The season was now far advanced, and as an indispensable necessary for it, huts were erected in the rudest style to shelter us from the weather. The mirth and hardihood of youth's buoyant spirit, aided by the patience of the old and the middle-aged, enabled us to pass over a long inclement winter with tolerable success; while the characteristic independence of our nation supported us without yielding to debasing mendicity,‡ and all passed on. But although these aids enabled us to "while away the time," upon reflection, or to a man capable of estimating our undertaking by our means, there could not perhaps have been presented a more complete Utopian scheme than that of our becoming bush-farmers."

It appears, however, subsequently, that the New Glasgow settlement is actually, (that is, in October, 1824,) in an improving and flourishing state.

"The river Lachigan is now settled on both sides for a distance of about six miles. These settlers consist of seventy-seven householders, having a population of 181 persons.—839 acres of wood are cut down, and 467 acres have been cleared for crops."

(To be continued.)

† This should have been printed *L' Achigan*, it being, properly speaking, the river Achigan, so called from the Canadian name of a fish with which it abounds, commonly called *sheepshead*, by the Anglo-Americans, and which is a species of bream.

‡ How, the devil, could they become beggars, where there was nobody to beg from?—Note by Dicky Gossip.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE. N^o 58.

Goodland, May, 1825.

DICKY GOSSIP, ESQUIRE,

I have never seen you take any notice of the flourishing village of Goodland,* nor of the villagers, either high or low. I open a correspondence with you, therefore, as I think them very far from being undeserving of notice, both in the way of censure, and of praise,

The young ladies of the village are generally very handsome, and well coloured—not artificially, I mean,—but with the roses and lilies of nature; though, to say the truth, there are some of all colours, from the fairskinned light haired lassie, to the nutbrown, or olivecoloured maid of the woods.—By the bye, this last colour puts me in mind of an *Olive Surgeon*, that, like *Hero*, of old, has attracted her *Leander*, to whom this fine fish is to be coupled: only, *Leander*, having been bred in a *seagreen pond*, has, for fear he should get out of his depth, been lately sent by the *old provost*, to *Mount-royal*, to get *modelled* and be finished, fit to be put into the *sturgeon piscatory*.

If this sample pleases you, I will introduce you to the nobility of the place, and to the *Boiteux*, *Husband*, *King*, and *Surgeon* families; as I mean to be, if you please, your
OUTPOST.

* And good reason why.—The blue-book has not one single subscriber there; and if people do n't pay for being blown up, they can't expect Mr. Macculloh to take pains about them.
Edit. Dom. Int.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the *China-bay Flying-post*.—We announced not long ago the approaching nuptials of the gallant captain St. Vin-

gent King: and we have now the satisfaction to add that his brother, little Benjamin, is in a fair way of obtaining the hand, (which, though we can not call it literally a fair hand, yet is a hand that is likely to bestow happiness and pleasure,) of a young lady whom we have before celebrated as the amiable daughter of old Daniel. She will have a numerous assortment of fivepoint blankets, wampum, mocassins, and calumet-pipes, for a marriage-portion; but there are some doubts whether her intended will be able to smoke the calumet of wedlock, according to the true aboriginal fashion, namely, with a very long pipe. The doughty captain, himself, once laid siege to the same lady, but, meeting with a rebuff, retired in good order, without opening the trenches.

Dr. Newcomer has successfully planted the *arbor vita*, in a domestic garden belonging to his house, where two vigorous sprouts have made their appearance. Botanists, however, say they are of a *bastard* genus; and Mrs. N. has been so dissatisfied with her husband's cultivation of that spot, that she has withdrawn herself from his bed and board.

The *lower orders* are held in considerable estimation in these environs, as appears by the wedding between a servant of Miss Grunt, and a servant of Mr. Macduff, being attended by all the fashion and beauty of those distinguished families. It is, however, wrong, even at such parties, to get so drunk as to be kicked out of doors.

Gowks are not such bad birds as are supposed; and *martins* build their nests amongst them, with perfect convenience and cordiality. For instance, there is the *widow Bobbyson*, quite a nice sporting widow, who was a *gowk*; and *mother Eve*, the sister-in-law, who, though an old maid, is reported to be in a thriving way, who, so far from pulling caps for their favourite martin, allow it to hop from twig to twig, and please itself in both their bowers. But it's all in the family.

From the Smuggle-port Recorder.—A few more detached parts of the fac-simile mentioned in our last have been decyphered, and as an ingenious antiquarian and linguist is engaged in the work, we have hopes that, in time, the greatest part will be made out. The following sentences are tolera-

bly plain.

— And when these things came to light, there was weeping and wailing in the house of Daniel; yea there was not a dry eye in the family; and the very dogs howled in concert. — * * * * and the first woman lifted up her voice and said, "lo, if you want to keep your husband you may, only let him give back my property, my goods and my chattels, that he got with me for a marriage-portion." But it could not be expected that Daniel would part with one drachm that he ever got hold of — * * * never was there such a crying-match, since potashes were potashes. —

After a considerable space of defaced matter, an entire chapter has been made out, (chap XIII, *Of the education of youth*;) and which is very minutely described, by which it appears that:

Daniel the judge, in latter times, set himself up as a teacher and expounder of the law and of languages. And it happened that few were more ignorant or disregarding of either law or language, than Daniel, — yet, nevertheless, as people knew no better, he took upon himself to occupy the chair of a professor of elocution and education.

And it was in the fifth moon, that an exhibition of the improvements of the grand academy, was to take place; and lo! Daniel the judge, had collected together a number of sayings from school-books, from spelling books, from tutor's assistants, and other erudite works, which, although he knew not much about them, were familiar to the urchins and little girls of the seminary. So he proposed to utter a profound harangue unto them — but he was, fortunately, deterred from doing so by the remonstrances of those around him, who said, "let it not be said, that the sayings of those who said things before us, have been said over here." And Daniel, being thus debarred from stealing other people's language and thoughts, said nothing to the purpose, and the little boys and girls would have laughed at orator Daniel, had they dared; for it proved to be, even as the preacher saith, "vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit."

From the South Cumberland Intelligencer. — **THEATRICALS**
EXTRAORDINARY. Dryden's rhyming play of the *Fall of Man** has been enacted in this place, with considerable eclat. Mr. Morehell, who performed the part of Adam, immediately upon his stepping on the boards (the stage being placed in our great square, in front of Mr. attorney's office,) exhibited to perfection **THE FALL**; and was some time before he could re-

* This play was performed at the court of Charles II. by actors and actres ses, not perfectly in a state of nudity, yet with such close buff dresses, that the critics in the pit declared they could not distinguish which skin was artificial, and which natural.
 L. L. M.

cover from the effects of the obtrusive applause with which he was greeted. His Eve, in the mean time, clad in garments of bridal white, sat snug in an adjacent bower, (a milliner's shop,) apparently unconscious of the electrifying effect.

By all the powers of hell or more,
If more there be! we roundly swore,
So fine a girl ought not to be
Given to a man, who's—— fiddle de dee!

In testimonium veritatis.
A. B. C. D. E. F. &c. down to little W.
former suitors of the lady.

Mr. Editor,—Among the improvements of the age and country, you have forgot to notice that excellent one of using the inside of the hat for a pocket-book. This patriotic and economical practice has been very long in existence, and much might be said in its praise:—it discourages the importation of the manufactured pocket books, from abroad—it saves expense—helps to tear the lining to pieces, by which the hat-manufacturer is benefited—gives opportunity for every one in the room where you chance to lay your hat down, to become acquainted with your concerns—but its greatest merits is that it affords a ready excuse for the performance of any disagreeable thing, such as the payment of a tavern bill, the execution of a commission for a friend, the paying a visit to an old maiden aunt, etc. for what is easier than to say, "O, I lost the memorandum out of the crown of my hat!"—whilst, if you were known to use a pocket-book, (as, it is said, gentlemen should,) such an accident could not occur.

PUGILLARE.

Speedily will be published, in duodecimo, in order that it may be conveniently carried in gentlemen's pockets, and ladies' redicules;

VOL. I OF MOUNT-ROYAL AND GOVERNMENT CITY CHARACTERS.
SPECIMEN.

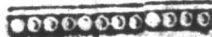
Captain Swagger is a very dangerous man: for he possesses the *suaviter in modo, et fortiter in re*. He carries his point, either by negotiation, or by storm. If the white flag and the palaver fail, he discontinues all diplomatic or warlike conference, and assaults the place, or sits down before it in

form, as he did at a certain inn, and summons the garrison to surrender at discretion. His fair enemy, however, had too much discretion for that: and, after an attack upon her outworks he was beaten off with considerable loss, and completely defeated.

Copy of a torn memorandum, picked up not a hundred miles from Notre Dame Street.

—So soon as it was ended, then it began again—
and all in good time—she found out—so it came to pass—
along the mountain—blue and green—*anemone*—and all
the rest of the fun— **FIND IT OUT.**

*Printed and Published By DICKY GOSSIP,
at the Sign of the TEA-TABLE.*



Want of room has compelled the editor to delay:

*The continuation of the discussion of that interesting subject,
IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT;*

*Report of the trials of the Smuggleport delinquents, announce-
ed for this day in No. 141: and*

THE BLACK LIST.

This is likewise the place to make my customary bow, at the close of a volume, to my subscribers and friends, for their support and assistance, both in a pecuniary and literary point of view. Although both have been latterly afforded more sparingly than in preceding times, I can not but make allowance for the apathy, in those respects, that would naturally arise from the interruptions and irregularities that have occurred in the work, during the last semestre. To promise better, for the future, will be of no avail; performance alone will do;—but, whether or not,—my good friends

now know me sufficiently, and I trust they will bear with me,

“With all my imperfections on my head,”

to the end of the chapter.

My conscience, however, most smites me, for the non-fulfilment of my so frequently repeated engagements to provide the titlepages, indexes, etc. of the fourth and fifth volumes, to which now the sixth is added. As soon as possibility will admit, this shall be attended to.

LEWISLUKE MACCULLOH.

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[END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.]

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