

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,
Which dost, in every country, change thy shape ;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white ;
Who hast no certain what or where,
But variest still, and dost thyself declare,
Inconstant as thy she professors are.

COWLEY.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.

VIRGIL.

Before the admiring eyes of crowds be placed,
All light, fantastic, things, with humour graced.

Qui non vetat peccare cum possit, jubet.

SENECA.

Who does not prevent a crime, when it is in his power,
commands it.

The modes and materials of female dress, in the various parts of the world, and the different ages of human society, have always been interesting topics, with the community at large, with men of pleasure and men of research, with philosophers and courtiers, and with women of all ranks, and at all periods of their lives.

Addison, Steele, Johnson, and generally all the essayists, have with more or less freedom, censured or praised the various fashions and dresses of their days, and from the unwieldy hoop-petticoated belle of the *ancienne cour*, down to the slender half-transparent muslin-enveloped form of a modern miss, almost every species of female apparel, or ornament, have passed in review before them.

A great admirer of the unequalled symmetry of the female

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figure, I was always, at the same time an advocate for every species of embellishment that tended to set off, or augment, the beauties of the form and face of woman: and have occasionally extracted such descriptions or particulars on this subject as either appeared curious, or struck my fancy. Without therefore attempting any studied essay on this prolific topic, I propose; by way of *entremets*, to serve up a few of those extracts, promiscuously, as they occur in my common place-book.

I begin with the following minute description of the dress of Mary Queen of Scots, from Brantome, written in 1579, which is referred to in the *Causes Celebres*, as being the dress she wore when executed.

“She wore“says the historian”a veil of white crape which covered her from her head to the feet, and dragged along the ground. A cap of the same material such as she had been accustomed to wear, when in full dress. A full gown, (*manteau*.) of black satin, trimmed with martin skins of great value, and black taffety flounces. Long hanging sleeves, and the collar *a l’Italienne*. A bodice (*pourpoint*.) of black satin, a petticoat of dark brown crimson velvet, an under petticoat (*vasquine*.) of twilled silk, blue stuff drawers (*calçons*.) blue silk stockings, silk garters, and morocco shoes, (*escarpins*.)”

As a counterpart to the above heavy and mournful dress of one of the most beautiful and accomplished princesses on record, I next hit upon the description of a Bridal dress, at Lima, from Davis’s letters. 1820.

“To begin with her chemise, (for all the component parts of her dress were distinctly visible,) it was of the finest cambric, the bottom of which was trimmed with very broad point lace of about 20 guineas a yard, but the cambric reached no farther than the top of of the knee; silk stockings of a pale blush, embroidered with small rosebuds of silver; her slippers, or rather sandals, were of silver tissue, embroidered with red rosebuds, banded round the instep and ankle after the Indian manner; but instead of ribband they

were of pearl and emeralds, and served to display to the greatest advantage a beautiful formed foot and ankle. The stockings were fastened at the top with the celebrated Indian garters, which contained a talisman, the value of which is highly rated as it is supposed to warn the wearer of every good or evil that is to befall them; and no lady, I am told, would be seen in company without them, being considered as the most essential part of their dress. They may be worn either round the leg or on the upper part of the arm, and are invariably of one shape; that of the flat garter with springs, but covered with the most costly materials, according to the fortune or caprice of the wearer. The lady's in question were of satin, set on each side with alternate pearl and emerald, in the centre of each garter was an opening in the form of a lozenge which contains the talisman. This also was set round with the same costly materials; and is clasped on the outside of the leg with an emerald from which depended two tassels of oriental pearls. I must own this part of the dress pleased me much; as there appeared to be so much real taste displayed in the arrangement of it. A close vest of silver tissue formed the shape, to which was fastened with pearls a drapery of point lace reaching as low as where the cambric ended. This drapery was bordered at the bottom with a fringe about three inches deep of the same intermixture of jewelry as the sandal. The neck, bosom, and arms were decorated in the same manner with a profusion of pearls, but they had no covering except a fall of fine point lace from the sleeve of the chemise. The hair, of which the ladies here have a great quantity, was banded and looped with pearls, and on one side was a large bunch of white roses composed of pearl with leaves of emerald."

This description is defective inasmuch as we are not told whether the lady gartered above or below the knee, a most material point as connected with the preservation or disfigurement of the symmetry of the leg and knee

Ladia Venetia Digby was, says the author of *Courtly Anecdotes*: "justly esteemed one of the most beautiful women of her time. Sir Kenelm Digby, reckoned a model of romantic virtue: married her at a period of life, which raises our wonder at the silly arts he continually caused this lovely woman to adhere to, in order to preserve, and, if possible to add to, her outward attractions. He frequently, though her

own light hair was uncommonly fine, would cause her to wear headdresses composed of hair of different colours, and to colour her eyebrows with various shades, to see which best became her; but he not only sought to improve her beauty, but to preserve her health, by a strange variety of experiments. Amongst other curious remedies, he fed her frequently with capons, fattened with the flesh of vipers; and the Great Snail, which is so often found in the woods near Godhurst, in Buckinghamshire, is an exotic, introduced into the country, by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for his lady. To improve her complexion, he was continually inventing new cosmetics, and most probably she fell a victim to these arts, for she was found dead in her bed, on the 1st of May, 1633, in the thirty-third year of her age. No body even had a greater number of portraits taken of her than lady Venetia: certainly both she and her husband were the finest subjects for a painter that could be imagined. The late lord Orford was in possession of several exquisite miniatures of this lady; the most valuable was in a gold case, where she is represented with her husband; lord Orford had another, painted after she was dead; and four others in water colours."

As late as 1745, the preposterous and immodest fashion of hoop-petticoats was prevalent in England, not only at court, but in fashionable parties. The exposure of almost every thing that was underneath the ample circumference of this strange garment was frequently inevitable, by the slightest turn or movement of the wearer. In that year, however, some epigrammatic verses had a great effect in abolishing them. At the same time ladies wore flapped hats or bonnets that hid their faces. The following are the verses, with some alterations of expressions, which do not suit my *chaste* pages, although, at that period, there was so little fastidiousness in that respect, that the whole was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, for June, 1745, where the curious reader may read the original. The alterations are marked in Italics.

"Our grannams of old were so piously nice,
That to shew their shoe-ties was reckon'd a vice:

But lord ! could they now peep out of the ground,
 And see the fine fashions their daughters have found,
 How their steps they reveal, and oblige the lewd eye,
 With their leg's pretty turn, and their delicate thigh;
 For the modern free hoops, so ample and wide,
 Uplift *all their clothes*, with an impudent pride,
 And betray the sweet graces they chastely should hide }
 But how wanton is beauty ! how capricious the fair ! }
 Their hats are all flapp'd, with so modest an air,
 Each woman you meet, a veil'd vestal you'd swear.
 In propriety strange, how witt' the extremes !
 How the hats suit the hoops, just like water and flames !
 What whimsies are these ? what comical farces ?
 They hide all their faces, and shew us *what worse is*.
 But from hence an excuse for the ladies may rise,
 For, when conscious their nethermost charms meet our-
 eyes.

Perhaps they may blush ; 't is a sign of some grace,
 When *such sights* are exposed, to cover the face."

On the subject of old fashions, and preposterous tastes and opinions, I can not resist the temptation of transcribing from a treatise "*De l'occupation des saints dans le ciel*, by LE PERE HENRIQUEZ, Jesuite, some of his ideas on that subject; which, however, are so singularly expressed that I must leave them in the language in which they appear in *La morale physique*, tome I. p. 174, the work in which I found them.

"Il dit dans son livre 'de l'occupation des saints dans le ciel, qu'il y aura un souverain plaisir a baiser et embrasser les corps des bienheureux. Qu'on se baignera a la vue des uns des autres. Qu'il y aura pour cela des bains tres agreables, ou l'on nagera comme des poissons. Que les saints chanteront aussi agreablement que les calandres et les rossignols. Que les anges s'habilleront en femmes, et qu'ils paroîtront aux saints avec des cheveux frises, des jupes a vertugadins, et du linge le plus riche. Que les hommes et les femmes se rejouiront avec des mascarades, des festins, et des ballets. Que les femmes chanteront plus agreablement que les hommes, afin que le plaisir soit plus grand. Qu'elles ressusciteront avec des cheveux plus longs, et qu'elles se pareront avec des rubans, et des coeuvres, comme on fait dans le monde."

L. L. M.

THE SLIP :

A FARCE.

ACT III, SCENE I.

Continued from last number.

Lady.—The prologue's pretty, is n't it ma'am ?

Gent.—And went off well.

Sir Geo.—Aye that's the wit of it, when they go off well.

Lady.—But where's miss Maria ? she should be of the party.

Sir Geo.—Oh, she's one in the play—you'll see her soon—But where are these fellows ? I think they stay very long.

Gent.—Oh, you must have a little patience sir, they have many shifts to make,

Sir Geo.—Shifts do you call them ? they're droll things.

Re-enter Jack, in confusion.

Jack.—Damnation—A pox on such fortune—the plot's betrayed—all will come out; yonder they come, taken up on suspicion, and brought back by a constable. What's to be done ? I shall be shamed forever; Hell and furies—Damn it, I have it—I'm the Justice—Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter, (*takes an arm-chair and puts on the spectacles*) so so.

Sir Geo.—Oh, are you come ? I was almost sending for you,

Gent.—How gloomy he looks. What does he act now ?

Sir Geo.—A justice, a justice—don't you know the wig ?

Jack.—Unfortunate Justice ! in thy kin unfortunate ;
Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion
Of having stolen away a rich man's heiress,
Brought by a constable before thee. His vile associates
with him;
But so disguised none knows him but myself.

Twice have I set him free from officers fangs,
 And, for his sake, his fellows, let him look to 't——
 My conscience will permit but one wink more.

Sir Geo.—So we shall take Justice winking, hey.

Jack.—For this time I have bethought a means to work
 his freedom though hazarding myself; should the law seize
 him,

Being kin to me, 't would blemish much my name,
 No, I'd rather lean to danger, than to shame.

*Enter a constable, with Lurcher, Wildbrain, Maria,
 and Tom.*

Const.—Thank you, good neighbours; let me alone with
 them now.

Lurch.—Zounds, who's yonder?

Wildbr.—Dare he sit there?

Jack.—How now, constable, what news with thee?

Const.—(to *Sir George*,) May it please your worship, sir,
 here are a company of auspicious fellows.

Sir Geo.—To me! puh!—turn to the justice, you
 whores-son hobby-horse! this is some new player now;
 they all put their fools in the constable's places.

Jack.—What's the matter, constable, what's the mat-
 ter?

Const.—I have nothing to say to your worship, (to *Sir
 George*,) They were all riding away on horseback, with the
 young lady in the midst of e'm, an't please your worship.

Sir Geo.—Yet again, a pox of all asses, I say——

Jack.—Why sure the fellow's drunk.

Lurch.—We spied that weakness in him long ago, sir;
 your worship must bear with him; the man's much in liquor;
 only in respect to his office we obeyed him, both to appear
 conformable to law, and clear of all offence; for I protest
 all he can lay to our charge was that we were on horseback.

Const.—What you were not all riding away then?

Lurch.—'S blood! being on horseback that must needs
 follow.

Jack.—Why, true, sir; How, sirrah, do you bring gen-

lemen before us for riding away? what would you have them stand still when they're mounted, like the jockey on your own signpost? are you crazy? I'll make you an example for all foolish constables. Here bind him to this chair.

Sir Geo.—Well said justice, he helps his nephew well.

Const.—Hey! bind him, what?

(*Lurcher and Tom bind him.*)

Jack.— Bind him fast.

Const.—Help, help, gentleman---murder!

Jack.—A gag will help all this, make less noise rascal.

Const.—Oh, help, rescue the constable, oh, O.

(*they gag him.*)

Sir Geo.—Ho, ho, ho! ha, ha ha!

Jack.—Well, gentlemen what prevents you now? You may ride away quietly— I'll take horse myself, and see you on your way, I've nothing else to do. (*Exeunt.*)

Const.—Aw—aw—aw!

Sir Geo.—Ha, ha, ha! Faith, 't is the maddest piece of justice, gentlemen, that ever was committed.

Gent.—I'll be sworn for the madness of it.

Sir Geo.—I am deceived if this prove not a merry play.

Gent.—Alas poor constable! his mouth, s open, and ne'er a wise word comes out of it

Sir Geo.—Why, he's wisest now; when he gapes and says nothing. Ha, ha, he turns to tell his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride to the devil for what I care.

Greg.—But, what follows all this while sir? methinks, some one should pass by, before this time, and pity the constable.

Sir Geo.—Zounds, you say true, son. Here William, John, step in. I think they've forgot themselves—the fellows are out.

Const.—Aw, aw, aw!

Sir Geo.—The constable says aye!—they are out. I'm sure you were out, you numskull.

Gent.—He thinks the time long, Sir George.

Sir Geo. (to a servant, entering.) How now! when are they coming?

Serv.—Lord, sir, an't please your honour, there's not one to be found.

Sir Geo.—How, what! none to be found?

Gent.—What does the fellow say?

Serv.—Neither man nor woman, sir.

Sir Geo.—Body o' me, you lie, you dog—it can't be.

Serv.—They went off through the garden, and rode away full gallop, an't please your worship.

Sir Geo.—Please me! you rascal! Blood and 'ouns!—cheated and defeated! Ungag that scoundrel. I'll hang him for his fellows. I'll make him bring 'em out.

Const.—Did I not tell your worship before?—brought 'em before you for respected persons—made signs that my very jaw-bones ache? Your worship would not hear me; called me ass—saving your worship's presence—laughed at me and hooted me.

Sir Geo.—Hey, what?

Gent.—I begin to smell a rat.

Sir Geo.—Give me leave—give me leave. Why art not thou the constable in the piece?

Const.—Yes, an't please your worship; I am constable to keep the peace.

Sir Geo.—Pooh, psha! I say, art not thou the constable in the play?

Const.—In play! Noa, I'm constable in arnest—constable in the town, your worship. I'm Jock the farrier, and serves for Tom Grubbins, that's gone to be married.

Sir Geo.—I'm gulled—I'm gulled. What, and have they taken away Maria? Why, Gregory, your bride's gone.

Greg.—Doubtless-ly she will return, sir.

Sir Geo.—Return? Zounds! I am afraid she went away

willingly. But we 'll after them. I 'll raise the country. I 'll pursue them. Zounds, I 'll have them, alive or dead. Here, all of you, John and all—saddle my horses. Ladies and gentlemen, excuse me.—I 'm beside myself. Which way did they go? Away, away! Get all ready—and tell Suckpen he must go too, for I 'll commit them to gaol, the villains, whenever I catch them. Gentlemen, let me beg a favour of you,

Gent.—Certainly, Sir George; what is it?

Sir Geo.—Do not laugh at me for seven years to come.

Gent.—We should laugh at ourselves then, sir, for none of us but was deceived as well as you.

Sir Geo.—Faith, that 's some comfort. By jingo! 't was neatly done, though,—to make fools of us before our faces, and we sit still, and laugh at ourselves.

Greg.—They are vagrants under the act against—

Sir Geo.—Why they confessed they were—told us they would cheat us—said they 'd give us the slip—they are men of their words. Vengeance slip them.

(Enter Servants.)

Sir Geo.—Hey! is all ready? Let 's be off then.

(Exit omnes.)

Scene the last. The Inn.

Enter Jack, Lurcher, Wildbrain, and Tom, in their own dresses; with Maria and Lucy.

Jack—Well all is over; thanks to fortune.

Lurch.—And thy brazen face.

Jack.—And my sweet Maria is mine.

Maria.—To have and to hold—

Enter Sir George, Gregory, Suckpen, and Servants.

Sir Geo.—We've traced them to this house—the rogues can't be far off.

Jack.—Hist! here they are, in full cry—Dear Maria

step aside, if you please, for a moment; (advances.)
 Sir Geo. — What! Jack here! What does he do here?

What do you want, Scapegrace? two hundred a year, hey?
 Jack. — No, sir: I have fortunately, a better revenue;
 my wits.

Sir Geo. — Your wits? hey! what you still think you
 can out-wit a grey head? eh!

Jack. — I do not positively affirm that, sir, but I think that
 you may have met with some heads that have proved too
 hard for you.

Sir Geo. — What! the rogue knows it, does he? He'll
 make a jest of me too. Zounds! I shall be the laughing
 stock of the whole country.

Jack. — For instance, sir; There are beggars some-
 times, sir, scholars and soldiers, sir—and bountiful gentle-
 men who shew good examples, sir, and give guineas instead
 of shillings—*ecce signum*—This now was but a whet, a
 breakfast-cheat.

Sir Geo. — The devil! and that damned generous ras-
 cal was you, was it?

Jack. — Identical me, sir. Then sir, a word in your
 ear—you know Kitty.

Sir Geo. — Kitty! what, you dog! and it was you set
 her on to rob me?

Jack. — O, no, sir, *she* did not rob you: but somebody in
 her likeness did it.

Sir Geo. — 'Twas the devil, then—
 Jack. — No, sir, identical me again—a pretty casket
 this, (*shows it*), and as to its contents, you probably know
 what they are, and so do I, sir, too, for I have a master key;
 then there was a windfall too of fifty pieces; purse and all,
 from your worship (*to Suckpen*),—mum---

Suck. — Oh! Oh! mum!

Sir Geo. — What the deuce, you rogue you, I begin to re-
 pent, I begin to think you're a chip of the old block; I
 could hog you for these tricks, if you hadn't been putting
 them upon me.

Jack.—But when you, sir, turned me out and told me to live by my wits.

Sir Geo.—Well, well, *Jack*, we'll be friends again, if you will but help us in searching after *Maria*. A set of vagabond, strolling rascals have carried her off; and here's *Gregory* ready to go distracted for his loss.

Greg.—(taking snuff,) Indeed; I am quite uneasy for the poor girl.

Jack.—Oh, be under no apprehensions, brother; she's found.

Sir Geo.—What! eh! found? what, you found her, did you? oh, I smell a rat. Rascal, you sha'n't have her, you can't have her; she's *Gregory's* bride, I say.

Jack.—Can't I Sir? I'll try though. You have had some players at your house I understand.

Sir Geo.—Oh, yes, damned sons of whores; What you set them on, I suppose?

Jack.—No, sir, I brought them off. Your honour recollects *Mr. Squib*, alias *Jack Woodcock*. The gold rims of these spectacles now, I think, may be worth some fifty shillings, that's a dozen of *Madeira*, dad! then I've a pretty gold trinket here, somewhat better than a potatoe, your honour. As to the wig, I'll give that to *Suckpen* there, to make up for his disappointment. (takes the wig from Tom and throws it at *Suckpen*.)

Sir Geo.—Eh, Eh! damned clever.

Jack.—But the trick that crowns all, dear father, is this: (leads *Maria* out,) Your blessing, sir!

Sir Geo.—How! what? married? you're a clever dog, you deserve her. But how could you consent, you baggage?

Maria.—Why, nuncle, I could n't help it, as I was carried off. A woman must consent, you know, when she's forced.

Sir Geo.—Well, I forgive you. I must, I see; and d'ye hear, *Jack*, it 'll be cheaper, I believe, for me to give you five hundred a year, than as much as this every day.

Jack.—I believe it will, sir; but I will make restitution of most. Tom see the casket safely conveyed to my father's house, and here, sir, is your watch, and your spectacles. you'll see clearer through them another time, won't you sir,? and there, there's your leather purse, (*throws the purse to Suckpen.*) you won't part with it so easily again, I suppose.

Suck.—Dear sweet purse, are you come home again?

Jack.—Of my acquisitions you will give me leave, sir, to keep the writings of your ward's estate; I will take leave to keep this lovely girl, and I must beg my brother's pardon for keeping the ring which has made us happy.

Greg.—As you have got the Estate, sir, you may keep both the lady and her ring, till you are tired of both.

Maria.—And I am happy; for I have your heart, my dear Jack, and your forgiveness dear uncle, and (*addressing the audience,*)

If you will also pardon Slips like these,
 Maria's joyful heart will be at ease;
 Her hopes fulfilled, her wishes all complete
 To give you grateful thanks she feels is sweet.
 FINIS.

Quebec, 17th December, 1824.

THE MARRIAGE ANNIVERSARY.

1

Mark, hark! the loud echo convulsively breaks
 Of endless and wild roaring laughter,
 Where Sir Jolly his revels nocturnally wakes,
 With the pleasures which sorrow comes after.
 The tables are spread, and the rich viands smoke,
 The decanters blush deeply with wine,
 The guests are assembled, gay Bacchus invoke,
 While Sir Jolly announces each toast with a stroke,
 Till the glasses shrink back, lest their noses be broke,
 Before the good company dine.

2
The dinner comes in; O ye gods! what a treat
 Before them inviting is laid!
 Upon this side a turkey, so plump and so neat,
 And on that a roast goose is display'd:
 The head of the table is graced with the tom
 Of a fine, juicy, brown, little pig,
 The foot has a sirloin, so fit and so warm,
 While the centre appears like a vision of charm,
 And of smoking hot odours each nose snuffs the beam,
 From the dishes so tempting and big.

3
There 's the man who takes care to distribute th news;
 And mine host of the tavern, so handy
 For sailors to lounge in,—whose wife will refuse
 Every potion but Cogniac brandy.
 There are methodist preachers, with guts lank and thin,
 But with mouths that the devil should throttle;
 For, whoever has let the hungry herd in
 Will hear nothing else now but stories of sin,
 And see all their saintships a filling their skin
 With the best of each dish and each bottle.

4
But look, there 's the beautiful heiress, whose love
 One would think must by witchcraft be stolen,
 And John, with his accents as mild as a dove,
 And old Dowse, with his wisdom cajoling,
 There 's both father and son, and Jack Shatter-brain,
 And others whose names are a riddle,
 While ship-captains join in the deafening strain.
 "Boys, here 's to our loves, may we meet here again,
 Full of pleasures like these, and forgotten all pain,
 With our bonny-faced host in the middle."

5
Yon goddess see smiling bewitchingly soft,
 Her eye such mild lustre conveys,
 She tosses her beautiful ringlets aloft,
 As she moves the bright object of praise.—
Now the cards are brought out, and the merriment's hush'd,
 Save a half serious hint of the game,
 Each cheek with the tint of anxiety flush'd—
 Yet still the high stream of festivity rush'd
 Thro' each bosom as punch in the bright goblets gush'd,
 Enliven'd by whiskey's pure flame.

6

But who is that happy faced wight smiling there,
 With a fanciful lass by his side ?
 Did ever ambition such fine amours dare
 To cut thus the buck with his bride ?
 That lady fantastic, with bonnet so queer,
 Lifts her sweet little face with a smile,
 While the mouth and the hands of the husband appear,
 By turns, with a fowl and a tankard of beer,
 While he whispers, "ye Pats, O were ye but here,
 To partake of this feasting awhile."

7

And who is that long, lazy, oval-faced boy ?
 Is this sweet little lady his wife ?
 What a pity his labours should frustrate his joy,
 Thro' his anxious endeavours in life !
 Here one sits in a corner, her head like a rug,
 And her chaps like the beef she was eating.—
 Each mouthful sufficient a mortar to plug—
 And one swig of the fluid soon empties the jug—
 Oh, the kit of her ! just like a blood-bloated bug !
 Yet how freely that kit she is treating !

8

But mark how the meek, smiling, dapper, Philoan
 To the thick-waisted Helen inclines :
 Perhaps he 's afraid she may finish too soon,
 Ere his Wesleyan reverence dines :
 But take care, my brave Cantwell, be's there on the watch,
 He 'll perceive you in talk with his spouse.—
 If he does, what a racket he 'll raise in the batch !
 Your methodist hair rather roughly he 'll scratch,
 And your fine paper-skull will need a good patch,
 To be charged to the bill of the house.

9

Now tables, and sofas, and chairs are removed ;
 The light music rises so sweet ;
 For mirth, the fantastical spirit beloved
 In dancing engages their feet,
 They maze it, and wind it, till whiskey, now warm
 In their whirligig noddles, assumes
 The wild hazy phantoms of luxury's form,
 By turns, the gay sunshine, or shuffling storms

Till they mingle bewilder'd, a sensitive swarm,
In tobacco* and whiskey's mix'd fumes.

10

O, ghosts of our grandfathers ! see what a group
Of staggering ladies appear ! (2)
See the Lords of Creation unable to stoop,
Lest they fall as they bend from their chair.
O, Pleasure ! see here, what a beautiful end
Is giv'n to your festival night—
Insensibly sluggish, there friend lies by friend,
No speech can their foaming lips clearly expend,
Till disgust and heart-sickness all staggering send
To their homes at the first dawn of light.

DEVILSKIN.

† This must be a mistake, Mr. Devilskin, that noisome and vulgar practice of smoking tobacco could not have been tolerated in any civilized society, where ladies were present.

L. L. M.

(2) O this is worse, and now I believe the tobacco.

L. L. M.

Quebec, 19th December, 1824.

**CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF A SON
AND HEIR ; at a SUPPER given to the friends of the parties.**——“We are happy to hear,” says the communication inclosing these verses, “that the lady is fast recovering ; but the delicate appearance of this her first-born, has induced her medical adviser strictly to caution her against the false idea of a beautiful form, which she seemed to have entertained, by screwing up her little body like a wasp, and too much a la *Dandizette*.”

1

Each now takes his seat,
At the glorious fete,
Which to hail the new-born is given,
And eat till they 're foil'd
Of the roasted and boil'd,
That you 'd think quite in two they 'd be riven.

2

Each dandy then prays
 For relief from his stays,
 And, writhing, makes pitiful features;
 That, between you and me,
 You never did see
 Such frightful—such horrible creatures!

3

The goblet goes round,
 With a ring-a-ting sound,
 And Johnny seems crown'd with delight;
 So dashes away,
 Without fear or delay,
 Each bowl that there sparkles so bright.

4

But who is that there,
 With sorrowing air?
 Why, sure it is Jamy Le Brun,
 Who still feels the smart
 Of his love-deceived heart,
 And yet her soft presence can't shun.

5

O! 'tis simple and vain,
 Thus to sigh and complain,
 For the loss of a *pulchra amata*;
 Then dry up each tear,
 And partake of the cheer,
 Being thankful to thee she's not *data*.

6

And now every guest
 Puts the wine to the test,
 Whilst a good health is drank round to all:
 Thus off goes the toast,
 At the heels of the roast,
 And then for a song loudly call.

7

Silence then reigns,
 Till each one complains
 Of his cold, and hopes you'll excuse him:
 But the god of the vine
 Their spirits incline,
 And surely they can not refuse him.

8

And now, all agog,
 By the vapours of grog.

Forgot for the moment all care,
 Sure every soul
 Seems drown'd in a bowl
 Of strong brandy-punch which they share.

9

The night is thus spent
 In wild merriment,
 Till the mellowing fumes round arise,
 'Tis at papa's expence
 They all lose their sense,
 Bowls, glasses, all, float in their eyes.

10

Alas! what a state
 Ferny use to relate!
 Forbear, and spare but the women:
 Let modesty then,
 Put a stop to my pen,
 Nor venture to treat all so common.

11

Don't believe it, I pray,
 What Propertius does say,—
Potæ non satis unus erit.—
 In English, each gipsy,
 When once she is tipsey,
 With more lovers than one will not fear it.

12

At length, off, in pairs,
 They tumble down stairs,
 While the servants attend with their lights,
 And the men for their lives,
 Do n't know their own wives,
 And the women wo'n't set them to rights.

13

But we'll draw a screen,
 O'er what happen'd between,
 Such chance friends of contrary sexes,
 As met there that night,—
 Tho' to them 't was delight—
 To be hornified some men sore vexes.

SPRICKLYBAG.

Quebec, 1st February 1825.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER.

“Oh! how do you do? why don't you call and see me? —I'm no longer a teacher;” sneavelled out one of Pharaoh's lean kine, stopping a moment to speak to a quondam friend, as he pushed on, with a great deal of self-sufficient velocity, through John street, the other day. “Teaching is not respectable enough; I have got a *comission* in the custom house, and am high in favour with the honourable Mr. Very-civil —The number of my friends is now extremely limited, and there are but few, of whom I intend, for the future, to take much notice. You have heard I have got married, I suppose—well I prefer my own country-women to all others, and, though she is only a mantua-maker, she once had a fine shop in Dublin, and her brother keeps an umbrella-manufactory in Belfast; Besides some of the highest ladies in town were originally mantua-makers:—for instance, there is Major Hell-is-hot's lady, and ”—Here his friend, not feeling, perhaps, so pleased or interested in the tale as himself desired to be excused, and bade him good morning, smiling, as he went his way, at the wonderful effects of a little fancied elevation on a weak head, and a narrow understanding. Enquiring, moreover, a little more minutely into the history of the *soi-disant* gentleman custom-house-officer, he found that his love for the fair of his own country, had not arisen from the preference he pretended, but that it was the consequence of the universal rejection and contempt of a host of Canadian ladies, whom he had been formerly in the habit of addressing. Although a complete compound of cunning and hypocrisy, he could never succeed in making his company acceptable to them; and some say this was principally on account of a most insufferable current of mephitic air, which he continually pours out when speaking, and which most sensibly and deleteriously affects the inhalent powers of those he addresses. There are, besides, a number of little contemptible apings of greatness about him;

such as arranging china vases on his chimney-piece, in a most out-of-the-way fashion, and telling his visitors that Judge Stitch-well's is exactly the same. But the subject is too insignificant to follow further, and the chief reason for noticing it at all, is that Mr. Scrib may enlarge, if he deems it fit, upon the old proverb of, "set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil."

DEVILSKIN.

Mount Royal, 14th February.

MR. MACCULLOW,

I assure you your last Scribbler, on its arrival here, gave all your friends great satisfaction, to find you were again at your post, and exercising your arduous duties as the great Censor of Canadian manners, and the reprover of vice and folly.

My purpose, at present, however, is only to give you an account of a ball and supper at Mr. Camel's inn at the Cur. rent, to dance in the new-year; and as there were several things to condemn in the arrangements, I will proceed to give you a detail of the ball. In the first place, the room was but indifferently lighted, and the waiter who came to snuff the candles, appeared in a stable dress without coat or jacket, with dirty shirt-sleeves, and shoes heavy with hobnails. I arrived early; and found two of the managers in attendance, Mr. Camel junior; and Robert Spot, who, to do them justice, acquitted themselves respectably. The other two managers, who were Mr. Sparrowcock, and Mr. Dennitt had not then made their appearance. We understood the ladies had arrived in good numbers, and were shortly to be ushered into the room. This was a moment of great anxiety to me, for I have a susceptible heart, and was afraid of losing it, amidst the attractive charms of the dear creatures we were expecting. In a short time the doors opened, and in march-

ed the little loves, and took their seats. The gentlemen were all seated at the other end of the room; the ladies looked at the gentlemen, and then at each other, which was repeated and repeated, still not one gentleman had the courage to approach. Mr. Denshed was endeavouring to induce Mr. Scaldar and Mr. Behine, to join him in the fearful encounter, but it proved fruitless, and the ladies actually sat many minutes before one gentleman had gallantry enough to approach them; at length, the ladies, by smiles and nods to those they were acquainted with, gave them courage; and it seemed as if the whole advanced to the charge by signal; partners were soon reciprocally engaged, the music struck up, and then in a few minutes the company, according to the true quotation, were "tripping it on the light fan, tastic toe."

Amongst the ladies present were, the Misses Hugs, lady Warwick, and Miss Warwick, Mrs. Right, madam Vast, madam Rag, the beautiful miss Lark, miss Sparrowcock, madam Le Roux, Mrs. T. Big, with a splendid plume of ostrich-feathers, &c. The company expressed regret that Mr. Johnny Sprig and lady were not there, but he was excused on account of some business in which he was concerned between Charley Rivieres, and his friend lieutenant Old deil.

At a proper season supper was announced; and it proved in very deed a supper. Such a profusion! and all smoking hot from one end of the table to the other, in fact the room was actually steamed with it. Both the gentlemen and the ladies appeared to play a good knife and fork, as the saying is; the wines, however, was very indifferent, no Port, nothing but black strap, and the white wine scarcely drinkable. Brandy was not forgotten by the gentlemen and after it had operated a little upon their hilarity, Mr. Camel senior volunteered a song; one was also given by that lover of mirth and fun Rob Spot, and another by Mr. Grunt. One circumstance I must mention: on our return to the ball room

we found about a dozen poor devils who were waiting their turns for supper, there not being room for them at the tables which, thought I, is not the thing when a man pays 15s. for his ticket.

Besides the gentlemen mentioned there were, Mr LeRou, Lord Warwick, Mr. Leaf, Mr. Woolley, Messrs Dunn, Dow & Co. and the principal of the firm as full of beer as one of his own butts, Mr. Hillhard, Mr. Rednurse, Mr. Sack, etc.

Upon the whole, thought I, if a man must go to a ball, our old friend, Aunt Martin, does these things infinitely better than any one else.

Apropos, the managers who came late, have both, since then, *coupe le baion*.

Your's ever,

✓VERITAS

FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

I am happy to find, from the result of some late trials in Montreal, and the proper spirit with which the House of Assembly appear to be inclined to take up the subject, that the apathy, or rather the criminal connivance of the Bench in the abuses practiced in the law of debtor and creditor, have begun to be dispelled. Public detestation has long been felt at the false oaths, the gross injustice and oppression, the wilful blindness of the judges, and the shameful disregard of the real principles of the civil law under which all in Canada are bound to act, which have been exemplified in nine cases out of ten of imprisoned debtors.

I can not now, or here, afford either room or time, to enter at large on this momentous and interesting topic; but I can not resist the temptation of publishing a few remarks on

the recently reported case of HUNTER *versus* DONEGAN, in which the Jury brought in a verdict for 1550,—for false imprisonment. The charge made by the Judge to the Jury, on the occasion seems like the sturdy oppressor, bending, at length, compulsively and with a very bad grace, to the current of public opinion, and the enlarging views of common sense, common right, and common law, which time is imperceptibly effecting. It assumes and still maintains, several false principles and positions; amongst which the most notorious, and that which is the root of all the evil, is that the Court can not, or ought not, to interfere in the granting of a *caipias* provided the oath be duly taken. Now this is false and wrong both in law, and in fact. It ought to be the bounden duty of the Judge, before whom the oath is taken, to be satisfied that that oath is, at least, not a wilfully false one. The ordinance of 1785 requires that the Judge *shall be satisfied** that the debtor is about to abscond; which is in perfect conformity with the original benevolent, humane, and Christian principle of the French law, which every where, (and particularly in the ordinance of Louis XIV, the basis upon which the whole law of debtor and creditor is built in Canada,) says that no person shall ever be imprisoned for

* It is not in Canada alone that such provisions in statutes are disregarded or evaded. It often proves to be nothing but a farce, which the accommodating consciences of the judges called upon to exercise their discretion in that respect, allow them to be actors in, along with the prosecutors. I could adduce an instance, in the northern part of the state of New York, in which an *honourable* and *honest* judge, a second DANIEL, issued a warrant to bring a person, (identical me, as Jack Woodcock says, in the play,) before him, to answer to an alleged fabricated debt, upon a false oath, which the *righteous* Judge *knew positively at the time to be a false oath*, that that person was about to leave the state, a circumstance which the law, in that case made and provided, says shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Judge. But more of this *honest* and *honourable* Daniel another time.

debt alone, with the sole exemption of *absconding and fraudulent* debtors, that is, those who are actually taken in the act of absconding for the express purpose of defrauding their creditors. Every other interpretation of the law I unhesitatingly pronounce to be a bold and barefaced perversion of it in favour of power, wealth, avarice, and revenge.

That the Judges in Canada will grant any *capias* without in the least enquiring into, or caring for, the merits of the case, is well known. It was in a flagrant manner exemplified in my own case, in November, 1821, when, being about to be wholly released from the false and infamous criminal charges brought against me by the agents of the North West Company, and consequently discharged from prison, the Judges knowing from my having appeared before them in Court and been remanded to prison, that I was actually behind the bars of the felon's ward in the goal, and consequently utterly unable, even if I were inclined, to leave the country, admitted the false oath of the swearer general to the said company, that I was about to leave the province, in order that his employers might obtain a *capias*, not to put me but to keep me, in prison. I pronounce it a shameful dereliction of the duty of the Judges, when they do not satisfy themselves that there are at least probable grounds for the affidavits made before them, before they grant a document that shall deprive a man of his liberty, and leave him, *for life*, at the mercy of the malignant passions of a perjured and merciless persecutor; and it is a still greater perversion of justice and sense to allege, that, upon application, such as was made in the case in question, backed by the production of fifteen affidavits that Hunter could not have had any intention of leaving the country, the Court must not interfere, but having done wrong in the first instance, must maintain it, own wrong, and refuse that redress which was notoriously due, leaving the complainant, forsooth, to his remedy of an action at law, to obtain his liberation. The wicked ab-

surdity of such a rule of conduct in the court is too glaring, to require argument.

To return, therefore, to the report of the trial. A false idea seems to prevail amongst the gentlemen of the bar at Montreal, that it is necessary, in actions for false imprisonment, that the party aggrieved should be, or have been, actually in gaol: but they ought to know that the forcible detention of a man, even in the open street, by the button of his coat, for any given time, is as much, in law, and in the sound sense to be attached to the meaning of the words, false imprisonment, as lying for years in a dungeon; the only difference is in the quantum of constraint or suffering, which is an object for the consideration of the jury in awarding damages. This, however, by the bye, as it does not bear on this question.

In the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, he admitted that, if a creditor swears directly that a debtor is about to leave the province, a *capias* must be granted. This I deny, and affirm that it rests with the judge to determine whether he is *satisfied*, not only that the party swearing believes what he swears, but likewise that what he swears is probably true. Next, Mr. Sewell stated that, if evidence sufficient be produced that the debtor is not about to leave the country, he *may* be discharged: this too is wrong: in that case the matter is imperative; he *must* be discharged.

Other matters now, however, claim my attention, and I must defer my further remarks till another opportunity.

L. L. M.

(To be continued.)

MR McCULLOH,

February, 1825.

I was going to give you an account of Mr. Bingham's GRAND FANCY-BALE, which took place on the 14th, when I found that the newspapers of this city had anticipated

me. My account could therefore be little more than a repetition of the encomiums bestowed by them on the splendour, the novelty, and the spirit of the entertainment, and the munificence, the assiduity, and the *savoir vivre* of the host and his accomplished consort; and I know your repugnance to make up your book out of any thing that has been published before. I shall therefore chiefly confine myself to generals, and assure you that it exceeded any thing of the kind that has hitherto been produced in Mount Royal; and has afforded to many a wondering eye a glimpse of what real high life is at home. The decorations, the refreshments, the music, were admirable; every thing was well arranged, and not only delightful and luxurious, but what is more, commodious and comfortable. A critic in natural history might perhaps object to the introduction of melons, pumpkins, and other creeping esculents, which appeared in profusion amongst the evergreens with which the centre arch in the ball-room was decorated overhead.

The characters were naturally much mixed, and certainly in point of dress, presented a very splendid and variegated *comp. d'art*: there were, however, too many Turks, and Spaniards; an observation which, however, may be made on almost every fancy-ball, as the splendour, and dramatic effect, of their national costume, generally tempts all such as are fond of showy appearances to assume it. Our new solicitor-general appeared, in appropriate costume, as an old wife, Mr. Hugs, from the North-west, as an Indian, the only character, say those who are acquainted with him, he was able properly to personify. The Indian colonel was piper to the highland groupe who under Major general Mac Hairy, appeared in the native garb of their mountains. I did not hear of any lady fainting at the sight of their kilts. Miss Jarret appeared really bewitching as a flower-girl. There were very few characters very ably sustained; but as those who felt their incompetency to the task, contented

themselves with shewing off their dresses in dumb shew, there were not many incongruities or absurdities visible.

I would have enlarged, but am just told another, and more detailed, account is sent to you,* so I conclude,

Mr. Macculloh, Yours faithfully,

COLLECTOR.

*This has not yet been the case, which I am sorry for. I wonder much that, this fancy-ball having been given on St. Valentine's day, no person thought of assuming either the character of that Saint, or that of a post-man delivering valentines to the ladies; both of which would have afforded an ample scope for wit and humour.

L. L. M.

Mount-Royal, 4th February.

DEAR SIR,

During the absence of your castigating blue book, the rubbish began to shew themselves. We have, however, just got rid of a visitor to this city, who called himself F. Mac Carthy, Esquire, a man of more cunning than cash, and some say a picker-up of trinkets that belong to other people. This gentleman had indeed a good many friends to call on him, but they were such as visit more for the sake of a glass than for friendship. I wish you would write an essay on gentlemen who are fond of spunging, and on modest whores, who take the bread out of the mouths of the professed ladies of pleasure, by taking their ten dollars for a night's lodging when they can get it, or admitting a bed-fellow for the satisfaction of their own desires, when they can't. The Royal city abounds in both characters. Do you know the knight of St. Patrick? It seems he took Mc. Carthy to a certain flesh shop in the suburbs, but somehow the cash was not forthcoming to pay for the refreshments obtained; and a coat was pounded on the occasion. Their good friends in the suburbs have made this public, with some oth-

er circumstances that I suppress. I wish Mr. Scribbler, that you would please tell the knight of St. Patrick to send home the things that were found in McCarthy's trunk, when it was searched; or, if he does not, he may expect to hear something more from me.

It is astonishing, what treacherous memories commission, merchants & exchange-brokers have: none of them can recollect the time when they lived only on crackers and cheese, and had nothing but horse-blankets to cover themselves with, in their holes under counters and in garrets.

You may expect something more soon from

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. LII.

DEAR GOSSIP,

The letter, of which the following is a translation, was lately picked up in St. Paul street. I will only add that it was addressed to a person who is capable of being a blessing to society, rather than a disgrace to it by his wild and unlimited depravity.

"My dear ———

Pardon your faithful but unhappy Kate, for daring to trouble you once more, which, were it not for a *starving mother*, whose only means of subsistence is myself, whom your falsehood and cruelty have nearly torn from her, I would not presume to do what you have forbidden. You ungenerously accuse me of inconstancy, which is your only excuse for your neglect, but God knows me innocent of every crime that has not you for its author! I do not beg for myself, but for a parent on the brink of the grave, where you have placed her. She it is for whom I beg, and who is to accept your pittance from a polluted daughter's hands—polluted by the man who refuses now to feed her! May God pardon you, as
does

Your most miserable and abandoned.

CATHERINE ———

The friends and cronies of the walking philosopher well known in our pedestrian world, as Sir Philip Beat-the-hoof, say that he hopes ere long to walk into a fortune, along with an accomplished lady; but it is reported that a clause in the legacy, by which the fortune was bequeathed by a deceased relative, sets forth that the legatee shall not unite her fair person, upon pain of forfeiting the property, to any one who is not of, or will not embrace, the mosaic faith. Now, as is very natural in such cases, the lady objects to the performance of an operation, established by the mosaic creed, on her dear Beat-the-hoof, being unwilling to be deprived of any part of those connubial enjoyments which form the legitimate object of matrimony, and for which, certainly, the lady appears, on her part, to possess eminent capabilities. It is said the Hebrew scriptures have been consulted on the occasion, but that the scruples of the lady are not overcome as to taking a little from what she fears may not be over big. The enamoured bachelor, however, appears much more reconciled to undergo the operation; for he, very wisely and consistently, calculates upon the principle of Profit and Loss, and says that by parting with a useless bit of skin, he will obtain a delicious bedfellow, and a good fortune.

SCRUTATOR the Second.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Government City Advertiser.—We understand that John Runninghand, Esquire, son of major Runninghand, of the honourable East India Company's *aerial service*, is soon to lead to Hymen's altar the beautiful and accomplished miss Soonwill. Thus is Mr. Runninghand about to take his leave of the field of Bachelors, in which he has so long distinguished himself by his great power over female hearts. We are also informed that miss Lignum-vitæ, miss Blackamore, and several others, have gone into deep mourning, in consequence of this irreparable loss. The fascinating tongue and elegant manners of Mr. R., together with his genteel and manly form soon pushed their way to the fine feelings of every heart, rendering him the brightest object of female admiration. Nor should we be forgetful of the hill and dale of his rosy cheek, the graceful swell of his large grey eye, and a breath so odourous, that you would fancy yourself breathing the balmy zephyrs of Arabia.

From the Caldwell Manorial Register. 16th Feb.—It is now definitively settled that Sir Hildebrand Oakes will shortly lead the beautiful and accomplished miss C. Barley to the hymeneal altar. The knight is extremely fortunate amongst the lasses, having made several conquests at Coldspring Manor. Many of the fair damsels are quite disconsolate, and miss H. McCome-again, it is feared, will not easily recover from her love fit, and feels quite shocked at the scurrilous epithets bestowed by her papa on the dear handsome young man; indeed she so far forgot herself as to say "what a pity he is not a gentleman." Uncle George is in great glee on the subject, and his better half is not a little vain of her abilities and success in match-making. Several artists are in requisition at Point Pleasant, making the necessary arrangements for the reception of the bride, amongst the articles of furniture was noticed a "celestial bed," with wire springs, a delightful article for the wars of Venus.

From the Smuggle Port Recorder.—DIED, on the 17th instant, at this place, after a ricketty existence of four weeks that unfortunate bantling *Frontier Observer*. This child which was begotten by the conscript fathers of the Bucktail faction at this place, proved so wayward and untractable, that its parents neglected to provide it with food, and actually starved it to death for want of support. The former boy these conscript fathers begot, was suffered to live a year; but they then knocked it on the head, stunned it, and hoped that they had murdered it; yet its nurse says it is only a case of suspended animation. As the crime of infanticide, it appears, is now to be rigidly punished with death, it is to be hoped that these inhuman fathers will meet with condign punishment. As to the "birth-strangled babe," recently deceased, as it is irrevocably gone down the stream of oblivion, and has only left four dirty clouts behind it, we will follow uncle Toby's advice, and "wipe it up, and say no more about it."

We had marked several other passages for selection from the Smuggle-Port Recorder, particularly the festivals, hilarities, gymnastic exercises, etc. that took place in honour of the nuptials of Mr. Smallbeer; but want of room occasions them to be postponed, together with various other matters intended for this Domestic Intelligencer.

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

To SUBSCRIBERS and CORRESPONDENTS.

Apology is again necessary for the delay of the appearance of the Scribbler beyond its date; the quarter, however, is always reckoned by numbers and not by dates; and he hopes the Secretary and Treasurer, who is now in Montreal, on her accustomed visit for collection, will neither meet with disappointment nor delay; as it is only by punctual payments beforehand that the work can go on.

Correspondents do not sufficiently attend to the sending of full keys. Full postage too of all communications sent by mail, must be paid, or they will not be retired. One of the favours of DEVILSKIN has been omitted; it is too much of a good thing. BLOW-UP is exceedingly welcome, but requires consideration and condensation. SIMON PURE from Chambly, ditto. TIMOTHY, and WILL WIMBLE, from Bull-frog-island will be attended to. H.'s reply to ODIN will appear also in part, the explanatory statement in answer to VERITAS. The verses by NEMO, are far too incorrect.

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N. B. The caution is again repeated that there is no person, either at Quebec, or Three Rivers, authorized to receive money for the Scribbler.

Lenders and borrowers are again reminded that they are guilty of literary petty larceny, and will be dealt with accordingly, when detected.

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