

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Timarchum de impudicitia graviter accusavit.

AULUS GELLIUS.

He was most heavily accused of all kinds of debauchery.

Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus.

PLAUTUS.

Pregnant with sweets and bitters are love's fruits.

Jus summum, summa saepe est malitia.

TERENCE.

Excess of injustice often lurks under the appearance of strict justice.

Montreal, 7th Jan.

L. L. MACCULLOH Esq.

I wonder whether amongst those most respectable and deserving characters in the community which the Grand Jury at Quebec have told us are pourtrayed in odious and *unmerited* characters in the Scribbler, they meant to include lord Goddamnhim. It is possible they did, for his lordship, notwithstanding his audacious profligacy, and disgusting blasphemy, is not only tolerated but absolutely his company is courted by the great folks here; and ladies, even ladies, shame be to them, will even sit in the same room with him! what must we think of such ladies, and such gentlemen? I am, however, told that something like an indictment is talked of, of his lordship, for seduction, and I don't know what else; but I prophecy it will all be got over, by the aid of a few banknotes. To continue to expose him therefore is the only way. He does not scruple to make bargains almost in public

with Mrs. S.—a notorious procuress, to bring him country girls that call on her for employment, and it is not long since I witnessed the following. Mrs. S. had brought a young female to him, and his lordship put a number of questions to her, respecting her age, and habits of life, &c. whilst Mrs. S. made herself useful in this business by praising his lordship as being one of the finest men in the country. His lordship desired the girl to walk into the back room, but she declined to stop, and he put a ten dollar bill into her hand, and desired her to call the next morning at ten o'clock. The poor girl told her friends what an excellent servant's place she had got, with so generous a master; and went the next morning, expecting to be installed in her situation; when his lordship—in short the girl is now under the doctor's hands for—you know what.

A. B. M. G.

The following articles were shut out of the *Supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer*, last week, for want of room.

ADDITION TO REPORTED NUPTIALS, &c.

The young Earl of Derby, it is reported, means to put on the *riocet* of wedlock.

Mr. Bobbishaw, wishes very much to make a bold push for Miss Betsey Aer, but is conscious of a little too much impudence to step forward; and so fears he will be cut out; but it is all the same, says he, "I am sure of one of the princesses at the castle."

Accounts from the south state, that Mr. Forest of Moulinville, who has for some time been desirous of obtaining the hand of Miss Negre (who belies her name, for she is one of the fairest of the fair, and wittiest of the witty) of Cumberland, made a hole in his manners, by going to visit the father of the lady, in order to obtain his consent, with his courage screwed to the very staggering point by the potent aid of brandy; in consequence of which, the match has been postponed *sine die*.

Mr. Peat-reek is suspected of an amour with his protégée Miss MacEron. It is true so dirty a bundle as Mrs. P. may sometimes compel Mr. P. to resort to a little fresh air; but there are complaisant young ladies enough in Mount Royal, without having recourse to seduction.

Those all important young fellows, who get a bit of paper in one hand, and swagger along the streets, with all the airs of men of business, would do well not to throw their arms quite so much about, nor drop their important documents, lest it should be discovered that they are unpaid tavernbills.

Mr. Gossip will please to accept the thanks of the community for having caused an account of the Voyageur's fund down to Nov. 1821, to be published in the Spectateur Canadien, (for without the sharp rowels of his spurs it probably would have never seen the light;) and it is recommended to him, to cause the other accounts in arrear to follow, and an enquiry to be made as to what is to become of the large balance, now that there will be few or no superannuated voyageurs or their families, to be provided for. Suggestions as to what ought to be done with that balance will be thankfully received by

A DISABLED VOYAGEUR.

Mr. John Piscator sen. alias Uncle John, has long, it is reported, been working for a touch in the Scribbler. Mr. Macculloh always entertained a particular esteem for the old gentleman, but since he chooses to damn the book, like a covenant, for an obscene, profane, and blasphemous work, and says as much as that "he wouldn't care a damn, if he were to be rattled from the beginning to the end of a whole number," he is now gratified with a nook in it.

N. B. A correspondent observes that this groggy old firebrand will want another shop to sponge liquor at, since lady Shetland has returned to live at her father's; as she can't abide him, and is much inclined to slam the door in his face.

Ladies of Mount Royal who wish the world to believe they are thoroughbred methodists, because they wear no bows in their bonnets, should not allow bachelors to take them by the arm after divine service on

Sabbath nights, and conduct them to bachelor's hall, to spend an hour or so, tete-à-tete, for it looks as if they were backsliders to whom the word profiteth not.

DEAR SCRIB,

After a short consideration I have made up my mind to send you a few particulars of a ball given by Mr. Jemmy Harry last month, in honour of Miss Lilly Harry's birth day. About seven the ball-room looked like the sky on a starry night, and what with the lights and what with the ladies, the dazzling sparklers formed a brilliant galaxy. The country-dances were led off by little Mr. Woodpecker, and his charmer, the heroine of the evening: At twelve, the company were summoned to partake of a supper upstairs, which, it must be allowed, was the best ever witnessed on such an occasion. A custom was, however, followed which I think, Mr Scrib, you should stigmatize, and try to break; the ladies all got by themselves, and did not permit the gentlemen to sit intermixed with them at the supper-table. Now I would wish you would let the dear creatures know that, besides the unsocial appearance it has, and the inconvenience to themselves in not having beaux by their sides to help them, it gives occasion for the surmise that they do so for the sake of indulging in a little scandal. The highplumed and turbaned widow glittered like the radiant Iris of Virgil

Mille irahens varios adverso sole colores,

With thousand varicus hues shining in light; and seemed in the most perfect good humour with herself, the company, her host, and his supper. Mrs. Womanson shone out like a summer-day in heavenly blue. N. B. Elastic garters with clasps, are always best for ladies to wear when dancing, as they preclude the necessity of retiring

to tie them up. Mr. Spell, and a very tall Will-o-the-Smithy, who favoured the company with songs, toasts, &c. acted as presidents; and Messieurs Woodpecker and Billson as vices; they both were, however, at times, rather dull, owing perhaps to the former not being able to be tied to the apronstring of his love all the evening, (and when he was, poor John Stone looked dull in his turn,) and to the latter revolving in his mind the delights and cares of his then approaching, and since consummated, union with Miss Nancy Flat, who was not present. Johnny Garps seemed quite at home alongside Old Harry, who kept most hospitably toasting away till all departed from the suppertable and resumed dancing. Mr. Nabson was very inquisitive to know if any of the company were old soldiers, by frequently asking—"were you ever in the army." This gentleman is a great punster, and is fond of *giving* jokes, but is one that can not *take* them.* Dancing was kept up till the following morning; and the guests retired highly pleased with the genuine pleasure they had enjoyed.

Mem. Mr. John Stone should not sing his songs quite so often; and when Mr. Woodpecker sings "Auld langsyne," next time, he ought to be half seas over, as without that he makes nothing of it.

Truly yours,

BLUE PETER.

DEAR SIR,

The quotation which you added to the piece signed Paris, which appeared in your Scribbler of

*We shall see that—I expect he will send in his name as a subscriber to the Scribbler as soon as he sees this number, which will be the best way to turn the joke upon Mr. Blue Peter.
L. L. M.

of the 30th December, would have answered very well, had it been written on a married lady; but as that was not the case, I think the quotation is misapplied, which I hope the following lines will prove. Allow me to add that had the former ones been written by Tom Tan, you might have had every reason to suppose that he was longing for forbidden fruit,† but as I am not so base a character, as he is, I hope you will insert my vindication.

For no forbidden fruit did I e'er long,
 Which I will prove by this my candid song;
 And when you've read it, you, with me, will say,
 I am not, like Tom Tan, a castaway.
 Well then, my friend, to prove what I have said,
 Let it be known that there's a certain maid,
 Whose name, I beg, you will not ask to know,
 Who ere to sleep she every night doth go,
 Takes a small portrait from her heaving breast,
 Kisses, and talks to it, then goes to rest.
 Now you'll allow, great censor of the age,
 And let it be recorded in your page,
 That 'fore two lovers are by Hymen led
 To the celestial fane, it can't be said
 That it's a crime to wish; nay, to supplant
 The favour'd lover, and his belle gallant.
 In love and war all stratagem's fair play,
 So pictures plead for those who are away,
 But if that picture's influence I can kill,
 And gain the fair myself, pray where's the ill?
 It is a pleasure to contend for beauty,
 And taking all advantage is love's duty;
 And that I'll do, as long as maids are single,
 But when they're married, I'll not with them mingle.

PARIS.

TO ALTHEA.

To love for the sake of the butterfly charms
 That play round the bosom and face of the fair,
 Is to give one's affections to ribbands and lace,

†Not particularly, for all is fish that comes to his net.

L. L. M.

To sigh for a phantom that sports in the air.

To love where the virtues have fix'd their abode,
 And endearing affections have builded their nest,
 Is to love for the stuff out of which life is made,
 Which sense and philosophy teach as the best.

But, who can resist when the charms of the mind,
 With all that exalts and enobles the soul,
 Are with the externals of beauty combined,
 To captivate man, and his senses controul.

'T was such I did find you, when first, my Althea,
 Love's fervent emotion beat strong in my heart ;
 And still you're the same, tho' years have roll'd o'er us ;
 Your charms and your virtues bear equal their part.

The rude hand of time falls innocuous upon you :
 'T is in vain he hath stolen your first bloom away :
 A soft, rich, deep, lustre your beauty o'erspreads,
 As mellow September succeeds to young May.

And to me, who have tasted the first blushing blossoms
 That clustered your charms with a fragrance how dear !
 To me 't is the soul cheering gift of Pomona,
 To pluck the full fruits of your life's golden year.

But rich is the mine, unexhausted that breast,
 Where goodness and worth unexampled I find ;—
 Oh rich is the treasure, and large is the measure,
 That flows from that spring, your affectionate mind.

When dark persecution, with venom assail'd me,
 And threaten'd to plunge me in ruin profound,
 Althea stood by me—her smile never fail'd me :—
 She stemm'd the rude torrent that thunder'd around.

She sooth'd me ; she bless'd me ; she kindly sustain'd me,
 When fainting, I bow'd to the rackings of pain,
 She watch'd by my pillow at morn, noon, and midnight—
 To be cherish'd so kindly, I'd sick be again.

No office of love was too much for her kindness,
 She cheated the hours as they linger'd away ;
 No bars had the prison, no pain the sick-couch,
 Bars, pains, and all evils she conjured away.

Ah! how, for my sake, hath her constancy suffer'd
 The insults of vengeance, and ruffian despite,
 Firm, faithful, and meek, she bore all oppression,
 With courage, with smiles, steady, peerless, and bright.

Oh! can I e'er cancel the deep obligations,
 By which I am holden for all she hath done?
 O! no, I, a bankrupt, can only be grateful,
 In love, truest love, till my last sand is run.

And e'en after death, when the soul seeks the mansions
 Of life, peace, and joy, I shall hope to behold
 Althea immortal, and with her keep steadfast
 Th' affection of angels to ages untold.

PHILASTER.

LETTER VII.

FROM PULO PENANG.

(Continued from Vol. II. No 66. p. 218.)

March, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On my return to this settlement from the voyage I apprised you in the latter end of the year before last I was going to undertake to Manila, I have found your several letters that have been addressed to me here in the interval. That voyage has lasted much longer than I expected, and in the course of it I visited not only the Philippine and Molucca islands, with most of those that form the vast assemblage which we call the Eastern Archipelago, but also New Guinea, and the Gulph of Carpentaria, to the south, and the Caroline and Ladrone islands to the east,—Beyond the last mentioned, we discovered several islands, which had escaped the researches of former navigators, peopled by peculiar races of men, with very singular customs and manners, an account of which I will prepare from the rough notes I made, and transmit to you hereaf-

ter. One of the islands, and where we made the longest stay, is called by the natives *Nacada*, it is the chief of a large groupe, but is a dependency of a distant country which we did not explore, and which they called *Bional*, but which I am inclined to believe is the empire of Japan.—I am, you see, like other travellers, prone to run on in a narrative style about myself and the countries I have visited, if the least occasion presents itself; but I will stop in my career, and take up your letters. As I perceive you take much interest in the story of the injured and persecuted Louisa A——I will devote this letter to that subject.

You inform me that by a singular chance you have met in England with some of her near relations, and that they expressed the most affectionate regard for her, and the most anxious desire for her return to her native country, to their homes, to their firesides, and to the kind welcome they wish to greet her with. She longs as much as they do, for the resumption of that felicity, that is to be found in the domestic circles in middle life in England, that land of *comfort*, a word that no other language knows, and scarcely any other country can boast of. But, although S—— has nearly got through his troubles, has triumphantly discomfited all the vile manœuvres of the honourable the East India Company, and has defeated the attempts of the honourable assassins who endeavoured to *murder* him by due course of law; yet, still detained in prison, in this most righteous settlement, (although the persevering efforts of the Birman government, to obtain his liberation, are now, it is firmly believed, upon the point of being crowned with deserved success,) he derives his only solace, his only aid, from the kind Louisa's daily visits, and her per-

severing exertions. Depend on it, my friend, Louisa's heart is not moulded in that frame, which would induce her to leave any one struggling with adversity, to his fate, much less one, her very sufferings for whom, have added to the undeviating affection that is mutually woven round the heartstrings of both. She shewed me the other day, a letter from home, of which she permitted me to take an extract; and, sighing when she thought of England dear, and all the sweets of domestic intercourse, and family-love, which she was invited to partake, yet firmly expressed her constant resolution to abide by S— in all his fortunes, and, added that, there was a secret relative to that, which she would divulge in due time.

Some letters that Louisa had written home, it appears, had miscarried, (perhaps intercepted by the honourable the East India Company's band of scoundrel interceptors) for the one in question, begins with expressing:

“Our anxiety to hear from you has not been the less, because we have not written before; on the contrary, we have indulged in daily hopes of hearing from you; but hope has almost turned to despair, from the great length of time that has elapsed. Your last letter left us in the most anxious solicitude, and doubt, and as there was a hint in it, that you might ere long, return to your native country, we have been in almost daily expectation of seeing you. Nay, we hope that you may not receive this in the East, but be at home, and under our own roof, before it gets to its destination. Oh dear Louisa, how happy should we all be if that day had arrived when you had fixed your shelter under our roof, never more to wander in foreign climes, or even from our humble society. How many anxious days, ah! and

nights, might be spared your affectionate sister ; how much trouble, and distress of mind might you not avoid yourself. Oh, Louisa ! your sister dares hardly hope for such happiness, but still we have a merciful friend on high, who, when he thinks meet, will put an end to your wanderings. Your nieces would largely participate in the pleasure of your presence. You must remember Caroline, Sophy, Mary-ann, Louisa, and Catherine; Amelia, the emblem of sweetness, you can scarce recollect ; and there is besides Miss Newcome, who is to be christened on your arrival home. So be sure to come."

"We do sincerely hope that the excessive trouble of mind you have undergone, has not affected your health; that is God's greatest blessing, but it is too frequently little valued by those who possess it uninterruptedly : it is those who enjoy but little of it that prize it at its true worth. May you enjoy that and every further blessing your situation is capable of."

I have given you this extract, because there is something most affecting in the artless and genuine effusion of private family-letters, that give them an interest which is not to be met with in the laboured compositions of men of letters, or the pompous declamations of orators and poets. Besides it shews that, although the honourable the agents of the East India Company here, have, by every mean art, endeavoured to represent Louisa as being an outcast even from her family and friends, yet thus they fondly cherish the recollection of her society, warmly invite her home, and anticipate even a blessing upon that child for whom she is destined to answer at the font. This is indeed not to be wondered at, for you, who

knew comparatively little of her, yet know that Spencer's line was never more applicable to any woman ;

"For every one her liked, and every one her loved."

If I mistake not, my last on this subject left Louisa just reinstated in the possession of her dwelling. A miserably despoiled one, in which, out of the abundance of comforts and luxuries, which displayed the mutual taste, and affection of the inhabitants, in each apartment,

"Or parlour neat, or bedroom redolent
Of all that love and fancy could invent,"

the mean & grasping rapaciousness of the honourable the East India Company's honourable agents, had left little besides the bare walls. The island laws require that necessaries shall be left for the use of the inmates, in every case of legal seizure. Out of the ample generosity of the honourable gentlemen before mentioned, they left for her use, one bedstead, the meanest servant's bed they could find in the house, and two blankets, no pillow, bolster, coverlid, or sheet, two common rushbottomed chairs, a small table, and a teapot without a handle. This, I believe, completes the inventory of necessaries, they judged at right to leave, in order to follow the letter of the law. It fared with S—— and with Louisa, at this juncture, as it fares with shipwrecked seamen. Saved from utter loss, and clinging to an oar, a spar, or any thing to save their lives, they land on an inhospitable, a dreary, and a barren shore. They think not then of what their future fate may be ; their only present care, is present want ; a biscuit soaked in salt water, an empty chest for chair, and broken barrel for a table, they can eat that bitter morsel with luxury and comfort,

— "What need hath nature
Of silver dishes, or gold chamberpots,
Or perfumed napkins, or a numerous train
Of lazy waiting-men to see her eat."

But it is a prominent qualification of Louisa, that, as she is like the noble countess celebrated by Thomson;

"O, Hertford ! fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected ease, or walk the plain,
With innocence and meditation join'd ;"

so, whether in the brilliant circles of rank and fashion in her native land, or in a hovel, her own cook, servant, household drudge ; the sempstress, attendant, nurse, amanuensis, the sweeper, scourer, scullion, to her friend ; in all she "shines with unaffected ease," and with the dignity of suffering merit, and beauty whose splendour the most abject situation can not dim, seems an incarnate angel, sent to teach mankind that 't is from all stations, and all fortunes, that the choirs of heaven are replenished.

Abandoned by all, for the unfortunate have no friends, and in this most holy island in particular, where the smiles and favour of the pretended great alone, are the way to the respect and regard of the inferior classes, they both had both to struggle against tide and torrent, against the tempest of the law, and the storm of influence and wealth, — But early did S—— shew his undaunted and unbroken disposition, by prefixing to one of the little pieces he wrote and got printed whilst in prison, the verse from Hosea, c. viii. v. 7. "For they have sown the wind, & they shall reap the whirlwind." And indeed they are now reaping the whirlwind. It may be right to say something here of these gentlemen, who were so

shamefully implicated in the accusations against S—; for they too, notwithstanding they were victims of the same infamous oppression, made not common cause with him or her, as both their duty and their interest required; but with a pusillanimity, bordering on baseness, left them both to their fate; nor sought them afterwards, except when, at a subsequent period, they needed their testimony in aid of the actions they brought for false imprisonment. Mr. Jameson, whom I mentioned in letter IV. indeed, once went to see Louisa when in prison, and twice he visited S— at the bars of his cell, and seemed more impressed than either of the others, with the horrible injustice that was perpetrating with respect to both. They had all three been constant visitors at S—'s house, and whilst he enjoyed prosperity, and commanded respect—but you know the way of the world—the proverbial abandonment of table-friends, when fortune veers about, is as old as Lucian, and Timon of Athens. Mr. Jungle has occasionally, too, I believe, seen S— whilst in prison, solely however, I conceive, because he found it necessary so to do on account of his lawsuit with the East India Company: he, however, has at least kept up the forms of civility; but the third gentleman, whom I will call Mr. Thing, as most expressive of the pitiful pusillanimity he displayed, although from his literary turn, and placid disposition, he was the greatest favourite both of the lady and of S—, actually, I believe, made a cowardly promise to his employers (for he was engaged in the concerns of a mercantile house here, connected with the East India Company,) that he would not hold any communication in future with either! So much for him—he is put to bed. Whilst I am speaking of these *table-friends*, I will anticipate my story, and

before I give you a picture of the unexampled constancy of affection, and severity of suffering, with which Louisa attended upon, and cheered, the imprisoned friend of her youth, I must state that not only she, but also both Jameson and Jungle, brought actions for the false imprisonment they had undergone.

The lawyers of the island, most unaccountably to me, who do not profess to be conversant in law, beyond the rationale of it, advised the actions to be brought, not against those chief agents of the honourable the East India Company, who made themselves so dishonourably busy on the occasion, but against their understrapper, the Dutch renegado aforesaid, whom they suborned to perjure himself, as being the person upon whose false oaths, the parties were severally committed to prison. The gentlemen of the bar stated that no action would lie against those who instigated, and actually committed, the outrage, but only against their tool; because, it being an action for false *imprisonment*, it was only the person by whose immediate means the *imprisonment* took place that could be answerable. They broached likewise another doctrine, or dictum, namely; that all such actions must be brought within a year after the grievance complained of; now, besides the very gross absurdity, and acme of injustice, which such a restriction involves, because the injured party may be, (and in S—'s individual case it is actually the fact,) kept for more than a year, suffering in confinement, under the effects of the iniquity which forms the subject of complaint, and so the very excess of crime, would ensure its impunity from punishment; I say, besides that consideration, which is of itself sufficient to invalidate such a maxim, did it exist, no one lawyer has yet been able to point out, altho' several have been repeatedly desired to do so, by

S——, by Louisa, and by myself on their behalf, the code, the law, the authority, on which they ground that doctrine. But this is not half so absurd a proposition as that which they maintained, namely that the major-general, and his colleague, Mr. Archibald Dunvegan, who were the actual perpetrators of the infamous outrage, were not liable. But they were both high in station, and distinguished amongst those honourable men, the agents of the honourable the East India Company, and therefore probably considered *de jure Pulo-penangi* unattackable.

I am cut short by being obliged to attend the durbar, and will resume in my next these legal disquisitions; being ever yours, &c.

WOMAN.

“Oh woman—woman—in our softest hours
A lightsome sunbeam in our sky of joy!—
In deep distress and agony of mind,
The star and herald of our earthly hope—
A soul of softness on a wing of fire.”

Editors of papers, in Canada, and elsewhere, who exchange with the Scribblèr, are requested to direct their papers, to Burlington, Vermont, instead of to Montreal where they are often delayed or lost.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Having selected a number of passages from poets and dramatic writers, applicable to characters &c. that have figured, or will figure, in this work, I shall feel obliged by the communication of similar quotations (with their keys,) in order to assist in the formation of a gallery of miniature-likenesses, which I wish to exhibit to the public.—All correspondents are again reminded of the indispensable necessity of sending keys: CAMILLA, and PETRONIUS, are both, for the want of them, inadmissible, till explained.

☞ Please also to remember to pay postage.

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