

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Nititur in vitulum semper, cupimusque negata.*—OVID.

Forbidden wares we always do desire;  
When nymphs deny, 't serves but to raise our fire.

*Unguis in ulcere.*

CICERO.

A nail in the sore:

*Corruptissima republica, plurimæ leges.*

TACITUS.

As the republic becomes corrupted, the laws become  
more numerous.

—*Pol me occidistis amici,  
Non servastis—cui sic extorta voluptas*—

HORACE.

By heavens! you 'll kill me friend,  
To make me laugh so without end.

## THE TRIO, a Tale.

[The explanatory notes by L. L. M.]

(Continued from last number.)

But, as I was about to say,  
Just when, by chance, I got astray,  
That, though this temple of our own  
May not be, as a wonder, known,  
It still possesses gems within  
That might a hermit tempt to sin,

If, kneeling down to worship there,  
Did not want payment for each prayer. (25)

(25) The following authorities have been quoted, in the opinion given, on the case and question before the court of the Censor-general, as to the legal right, women who prostitute their persons, have to a pecuniary, or other, reward; which case and opinion, not having yet been fully digested, its publication must be deferred.

In the DIGEST, C. 4, S. 5. *De conditione ob turpam causam*, it is decided that whatever is given to a prostitute, can not be reclaimed; for, *illa enim turpiter fecit quod si meretrix, tamen turpiter non accepit, cum sit meretrix.*

In PONTAS' *cas de conscience*, in his article, *des restitutions*, he says, when a female has received money as her wages for the commission of the sin of prostitution, she is not obliged to restore it, for "there is no law, either divine or human, that prohibits the making payment to her that has committed the sin."

ST. THOMAS, Q. 2. 72, art. 5, ad. 2, is of the same opinion. *Alio modo aliquis illicita dat, quia propter rem illicitam dat, licet ipsa datio non sit illicita, Sicut cum qui dat meretrice propter fornicationem. Unde et mulier potest sibi retinere, quod ei datum est.*

*Leg. 4 § 2, ff. & lib. 23, tit. 5*, positively says, *Quod meretrici datur repeti non potest.*

"Nous avons," says the author of the *Causes Celebres*, vol. xv, p. 274, "une foule d'arrêts dans RICARD, *des Donations*, part 1, ch. 3, sect. 8, qui decident qu'on doit donner des alimens à une concubine, et c'est un principe certain qu'on ne reprime les donations qu'on leur fait, que lorsqu'elles sont excessives."

Casuists go farther: FILIUTIUS says that persons are in conscience bound to pay differently, according to the circumstances attending any crime they desire to be committed, and may pay either before or after. He proceeds, *tr. 31, c. 9, q. 231. Occultæ fornicariæ debetur pretium in conscientia, et multo majore ratione, quam publicæ. Cæpia enim quam occulta facit mulier sui corporis, multo plus valet quam publica facit meretrix; nec est lex positiva quæ reddat eam incapacem pretii. Idem dicendo de pretio promisso virgini, conjugatæ et cuiusvis alicui. Est enim eadem communis ratio.*

LASSUS, l. 2. c. 14, says; "Vous citez peut-être que ce-

And now to this magnetic source, (26)  
 My needle champions thread their course,  
 And—skipping (27) some minutæ o'er—  
 You may suppose them at the door,  
 And giving such confounded knocks, (28)  
 No one can wonder it unlocks;  
 When, *cap-a-pet*, like Hamlet's sire,  
 Choke (29)-full of love's tempestuous fire,

lui qui reçoit de l'argent pour un mechant coup. peche; et qu' ainsi il ne peut ni le prendre, ni le retenir; mais je repons qu' apres que la chose est executée, il n'y a plus aucun peché, ni à payer, ni à recevoir le payement,"

A case in illustration of this question is that recorded in the legend of STA MARIA EGYPTIACA, who, being a woman of scrupulous honesty, and having no money to pay a ferryman for carrying her over a river, bargained with him that he should have the use of her body, in return for the use of his boat. "*Mariam Egyptiacam perhibent cum non haberet unde nautum solveret, voluisse sacere nautis corporis sui copiam, ut quod non habebat in ære, lucret in corpore.* PETRUS MOLINEUS; in *Hiperaspiste advers. Silvestrum Petra Sanctum*, p 46.

(26) Namely, as Sir Walter Scott says, Symmes's hole aforesaid.

(27) "Three skips of a louse," has been a common, though vulgar, mode of expressing contempt for any worthless object; and probably the author, having that saying in his head, (I beg pardon, I do n't mean the louse,) conceived it to be congenial to the subject; the insect, the *pediculus corporalis*, of entomologists, or body-louse, of the populace, being supposed to be more familiar to tailors than to any others.

(28) The reader will recollect that it was, vulgarly speaking, a knocking-shop.

(29) Chock-full is the usual orthography of this word, which I consider as meaning, full up to the *chocks*, or pegs of wood, which were anciently used in measures to mark the full quantity of a pint, a quart, a peck, &c. but *choke*-full, that is, like a glutton, who has eat his belly full till he is ready to choke, (or choak, as it is differently spelt,) may be an equally proper construction and derivation.

(But, on their brows, instead of grace,  
 Th' aforesaid cap supplied its place.)  
 They enter in, buoy'd up by hopes,  
 As false as any madman's tropes,  
 Which flit, like all our dreams, alas!  
 Raised by exhilarating gas. (30)

Ye, who have seen an angry cloud  
 Arise, and nature's beauties shroud,—  
 Then, from its dark and threatening frown,  
 Indignant flashes darting down,  
 Will want no aid from me to paint  
 What from my pencil must be faint, (31)  
 And truth no more than this exacts,  
 That I record the stubborn facts. (32)

These then are thus : *Three rival queens*  
 Adorn the temple's inward scenes,  
 Whose silken ringlets play with faces  
 That rival twice as many graces,  
 And from whose eyes love lit desire,  
 That might have lent Prometheus fire,

(30) The curious reader is referred to an account which will appear either in this number, or a succeeding one, of the effects of the exhilarating gas on a select company in Mount Royal, an account of which has been sent me by miss. (or Mrs.) JULIA SASOR, (a relation, I presume, of JULIUS CAESAR,) who will please to accept of this note as an acknowledgement of her communication.

(31) Commentators being bound to take every opportunity of shewing their erudition, I avail of this to quote from HORACE;

*Mutum est pictura poema*

(32) On the same ground, as in the last note, I here apply the well known line;

“Fac's are chiefs that winna' ding.”

Which, more congenial, might have warm'd  
 The clay-cold statue he had form'd,  
 Than that half-smother'd flame he stole  
 From heaven, to animate its soul.  
 These, having been so nicely cast  
 In Nature's mould, from Amor's blast, (33)

(33) I do not recollect that, of all the trades which poets have occasionally given to Cupid, that of a founder is to be met with amongst them. Something akin to a blacksmith may be made out of HORACE'S

*ferus at Cupido*  
*Semper ardentis acuens sagittas*  
*Cote cruenta*—

where Cupid is represented as sharpening his red-hot arrows on a bleeding grindstone: and this idea has also been seized by JOANNES SECUNDUS;

*Fallo an ardentis acuebat cote sagittas:*  
 I saw Love sharpening his hissing darts  
 Upon a whirling grindstone.

As, however, Vulcan was his mother's husband, the young bastard may, very naturally, be supposed to have learnt part of those trades from the Cyclops

I hope BLOW-UP does not mean to say, with ARIOSTO,  
*Naturo lo fece, et poi rippa la stampa.*

When Nature'd made her form, she broke the mould; for I, and all other men who have the felicity of loving, and being beloved by, a woman, uniting symmetry of form, and beauty of feature, to delicacy and affection, would be inclined to apply the same line to our own mistresses.

I think it apropos, (or, if it be not, the reader must attribute it to the natural propensity of commentators to introduce matter and quotations, whether applicable or not,) to conclude this note with the following lines, from the poetry of a noble English duke, who, by the bye, mortally offended the lady alluded to in them, by their circulation.

“Belinda's sparkling wit and eyes  
 United, cast so fierce a light,  
 As quickly flashes, quickly dies,  
 Wounds not the heart, but burns the sight.  
 Love is all gentleness and joy;  
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace:  
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,  
 That runs his link full in your face.”

Each one, methinks, might lay her claim,  
 Beyond the fifteen hundred dames  
 Of *Agrigentum*, who,—in buff—  
 Could scarce exhibit charms enough,  
 To form one figure all correct,  
 Though Zeuxis did the whole select. (34)  
 While either (35) here, would have required  
 As many Titians, rapt, inspired, (36)  
 E'en to have caught the feeblest rays,  
 From such resplendent beauty's blaze,  
 Whose brilliance shames the dazzling light,  
 Bursting from *Ætna's* burning height. (37)

(34) By an accidental *hole* in the manuscript, occasioned by the fold of the paper, the *w*, belonging to this word, was worn away, and it read *hole*; but I am confident I have restored the true reading; as Zeuxis did not select any *particular part* of his renowned painting of Venus, from the united beauties of the fifteen hundred naked ladies, who sate for the picture, but the whole figure, from the whole number.

(35) In poetry, for the sake of the metre, this use of the word *either* may be admissible, in lieu of *any one*; but otherwise it can only, with propriety, be applied to *one of two*, and not to *one of three or more*.

(36) The hyperbolic praise with which the beauties of these *three rival queens* are *blown up*, being rather obscure, I attempt to give the meaning, in prose, of this passage.

“That, having been so excellently cast in nature's mould, by the god of love himself, each of these three ladies might claim greater merit, as to personal charms, than all the 1500 women of *Agrigentum* put together, who served as the naked models for Zeuxis to paint his Venus by; since they all could scarcely exhibit charms enough to form one perfect figure; whilst, on the contrary, any one of these three, would, were she to be painted, require 1500 Titians, all of them rapt and inspired with the enthusiasm of the art, only to catch some feeble traits of their beauty's blaze, brilliant as the dazzling light bursting from the crater of a volcano.”

Whew! whew! I have got through at last,—but what a perspiration I am in!

(37) This is, indeed, a stunning and astounding line, and

Yet, as I must the truth declare,  
 These three were Cyprians, though so fair, (38)  
 And willing to resign their charms,  
 To every generous lover's arms. (39)

realizes Ovid's expression :

*Prægravat Ætna caput*—

when speaking of Jupiter's crushing the heads of the giants, by throwing Mount Ætna upon them.

(38) I think this implies an absurdity ; "though so fair," seeming to mean, that even though they were beautiful women, they were nevertheless Cyprians. Now, had they not been handsome, they would not have been fit for the profession : a thing that must be evident to every man,—and to woman too ; witness the retort of Nell Gwyn, who, when a lady of the court called her a whore, curtsied and said, "I am sorry, madam, I can not return the compliment, for you are too damned ugly to be one."

(39) Reverting to the subject of note 25 ; the antiquity, as well as the propriety, (since the action is not related in terms of censure,) of both promising, and giving, payment to harlots, for the use of their persons, is exemplified in the story of Judah and Tamar, in Genesis.

In ancient Rome, the stews were constructed in the form of galleries, with small chambers on each side. Over the door of each was written the name of the tenant, who generally stood at the entrance, soliciing the preference of the visitors. The writing contained, not only the name of the lady, but also the price of her favours. GIFFORD, in his notes on Juvenal, *Sat. vi*, quotes the following curious proof of this custom from *HIST. APOLL. TYR.*—*Quicumque Tarsiam defloraverit mediam libram dabit. Postea populo patebit ad singulos solidos.*

OVID, who, perhaps, from the proverbial poverty of poets, might find the practice of paying for such favours inconvenient, seems much to disapprove of it in the following lines :

*Sola viro mulier spoliis exultat ademptis :*

*Sola locat noctes, sola locanda venit.*

*Et vendit quod utrumque juvat, quod uterque petebat :*

*Et pretium, quanti gaudeat ipsa, facit.*

*Quæ Venus ex æquo ventura est grata duobus :*

*Alterâ cur illam vendit, et alter emit ?*

Thus Englished by one of our poets :

Nor can we wonder here, perhaps,  
 That they should take such thundering raps;  
 To spring from some tremendous source,—  
 As sound, so oft, appears like force,  
 For, shadows light “as empty air,”  
 Assume, sometimes, forms full and fair;  
 And, what we greatly wish to view,—  
 Our fancies will present as true.  
 So, having dress’d their smiles to greet,  
 Th’ enraptured swains they hoped to meet,  
 That CAP, on which so much was built.  
 (Like oil that on the flame is spilt,  
 No sooner caught their sparkling eyes,  
 Than indignation seem’d to rise,  
 And, flash on flash, so swiftly flew,  
 It pierced my heroes’ courage through.  
 They stood, aghast, fix’d to the spot,—  
 (Not much unlike the wife of Lot,—) (40)

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“ ’T is the nymph’s privilege the spoils to win,  
 To let her nights to hire, and traffic with her sin.  
 She sells what both enjoy, what both invite,  
 And sets a price upon her own delight.  
 What both with pleasure doth alike supply,  
 ’T is hard that one should sell, and t’other buy.

The most singular record of payment being made for a thing of this kind, though under reversed circumstances, is to be found in an historical manuscript in the British Museum, Cotton lib. *Vespasian*, C. xiv, no. 159; where it appears: *Uxor Hugonis de Nevill dat Regi 200 gallinas eo quod possit jacere una nocte cum Hugone de Nevill: 6 Joh.* “The wife of Hugh de Nevill paid 200 hens to the king, for permission to sleep one night with her husband;” who was a prisoner.

(40) Rather an inappropriate simile, as Lot’s wife was turned into a pillar of salt: now it appears, from what follows, that all *salaciousness* had departed from the trio.



I can not tell you how they felt,  
 Unless 't was like puberty gelt,  
 For ne'er a one had animation,  
 Enough to ask an explanation;  
 But, calling up the last resource, (41)  
 They muster'd just sufficient force,  
 Like beaten warriors, to retire,  
 From such vindictive female fire,—  
 Which, when they choose to set it loose,  
 May overheat—perchance—a goose, (42)  
 Yet ere they got entirely clear,  
 Thus much had rung in either ear,

(41) Not the *ratio ultima regum*, but the *ratio ultima sarcinatorum*. PLAUTUS says, *petunt sarcinatores*, which a French author travesties, *les tailleurs petoient*, no improbable occurrence; when compelled, through fear, to turn tail.

(42) As I am near the end of the piece, and shall soon lose the chance of delighting my readers, and amusing myself, with the *galimathias* of my notes, I will crowd something in here; whether relevant or irrelevant, about a goose.

Disputes have arisen, among the critics of the bar-room, and other learned colleges, as to what is the proper plural of a *tailor's goose*: some arguing, (to which opinion I am inclined to lean,) that it ought, like any other goose, to be, in the plural *geese*; and others contending it should be *gooses*. The question being put, if an order were sent to a hardware store for a couple of those implements of the tailor's trade, how that order ought to be worded? the happy thought occurred to a learned commentator, who was present, to blink the question, as they say in parliamentary phrase, by declaring that he would write; "Send me one tailor's goose, and one other ditto." Now I will tell a story of a schoolboy, who being at home for the holidays, at his father's, who was a tradesman, not over conversant in the dead languages, was required by the old gentleman, at table where there was a roast goose, to say what was latin for goose: "*anser*, sir," says the boy; "answer yourself, you dog," said the father, "I bid you tell me, and do n't mean to tell you myself."

That oft, disguised as men, they'd seen,  
 Such lawyers' clerks, and cozen'd been——  
 (Which proves that, the —————\* insists  
 They were not physiognomists;)——  
 But since a *Brand* they chose to wear,  
 To designate how "flash" they are,  
 They would deserve, at least, their thanks——(43)  
 And reap contempt from other ranks.  
 Thus were my heroes' prospects cross'd,  
 While fancy swell'd the treasure lost——(44)  
 Most by that sole fantastic whim,  
 To sport the *CARS*, without a brim,—  
 Which, it report has whisper'd truths,  
 Were soon transferr'd to *student-y ulhs*;—  
 And now like ivy, (45) honour sheds,  
 Around as many brainless heads.

BLOW-UP.

\* Not having a word at hand, that appears exactly adapted for the above hiatus, my readers, if I chance to have them, will fill it up to suit themselves.

BLOW-UP.

And of course, I leave it in its original obscurity.

(43) That is, their thanks for giving them an opportunity of discovering so soon who they were.

(44) A treasure indeed, for, as *PROPERTIUS* sings.

*Nam quis divinus adverso gaudet amore?*

*Nulla mihi tristi præmia sint Venere.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Quæ mihi dum placata aderit non ulla verebor*

*Regna. nec Alcinoi munere despiciere.*

"If cross'd in passion, who will riches heed?

When *Venus* smiles not, then we're poor indeed.

Propitious prove, thou charmer of the skies,

And thrones I'll scorn, *Alcinous'* wealth despise."

(45) The ivy is sacred to dulness and owlism, if I may be permitted to coin a word for the occasion.

*At tibi prima, puer, nulla manscula cultu,*

*Errantes hederas passim cum bacchare tellus. VIRGIL.*

I have now got to the end of Blow-up's extended piece of poetry, and have to beg his pardon for having made use of it, as was, not unaptly, said of the verses of that celebrated work, the *Pursuits of Literature*, namely, that the author only used the poetry, as pegs to hang his notes on, as old clothes of all kinds are hung up in rows in the salesmen's shops. In doing so, however, as, with the natural vanity of authorship, I have pleased myself, so I shall be more pleased if I have pleased him, and most pleased, if I have pleased the public; and here is pleasure enough, in all conscience, for the occasion.

L. L. M.

I must confess myself very loth to open afresh the sore that time and silence might have healed, but having promised a partial insertion to VINDICATOR, and being reminded of that promise from another quarter, I give his letter, in a condensed form; and trust that this will be the last occasion I shall have to interfere in the personal quarrels between the parties concerned.

L. L. M.

Montreal, March, 1825.

MR. MACCULLOH,

Though neither a subscriber to, or correspondent of, the Scribbler, I have seen enough of your impartial conduct to give me an assurance that the wronged may be certain of

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But 'is for thee, O youth! uncultivated, rude,  
The wandering ivy spreads o'er all the dandy-brood.  
I can not, conveniently, add here, a note to a note, or else I would explain why I have translated *passim cum bacchare*, "o'er all the dandy-brood." But when, upon reference to Ainsworth, it is found that *Bacchar* is the name of "a sweet herb, called by some, our lady's gloves, and by others, clown's spikenard," some analogy will be perceived.

redress, if applied for in a decorous way. With this view of your principles, I wish to put you in possession of the Particulars alluded to in a communication made by VERITAS in one of your late numbers. The story is briefly this. A gentleman, who has gone to England, had placed two of his daughters, under the protection of the young lady in question, with a request that no person except the mother, should visit them. Mr. Spark, however, took upon himself a species of guardianship, with the appellation of *cousin*, and was continually intruding upon the young lady with his visits to his *cousins*. This, it was explained to Mr. S. was improper, and contrary to the rules of the seminary. Upon this he made use of some foul language, and left the house; not, however, for good, as he returned the next day, in company with a person, whom I will not call a gentleman, as a gentleman would not have allowed an unprotected female to have been insulted in his presence. This person called himself uncle to the cousins of Mr. Spark. They were informed that any person coming to see the young ladies, must come in company with their mother, but never with Mr. S. who had been requested not to visit the house. Upon this, Mr. S. indulged in some of his Billingsgate, of which I will only instance his calling the lady, "a damned bitch;" after which they went away. The mother was called on, on the subject, who expressed her surprise at Mr. S.'s conduct, and stated that she had never wished him to visit her daughters. Nevertheless, the next day, he made his usual call, and was met in the hall by the young lady, and politely requested to leave the house, which he refused in very impolite language, damning her, etc. She then opened the door, and again desired him to retire: but, "he would be damned before a woman should turn him out, etc." The young lady then took him by the arm, and attempted to lead him to the door, when he made a blow with his fist at her head, which she

escaped by drawing back, though with the loss of part of her neck-handkerchief torn away. The maid was cleaning the Passage-floor, when the young lady in self-defence, raised a tub of dirty water, and dashing it at him, literally washed him from her threshold. He immediately applied to a lawyer for a warrant, and although advised against it, declared if it sunk his soul to hell he would have her arrested. A warrant was then obtained, and given to the high constable\* with orders to serve it that night, he, however, in a very gentlemanly manner, communicated it to some of the lady's friends, & the next day bail was put in for her appearance, by two sureties, each in the sum of £5.— Fearing he might be tarred and feathered, for which a numerous company of the young lady's friends had prepared themselves,† he, however, dropped the affair. I should not have been so minute, only in justice to the young lady, whose acquaintance with Mr. Spark has been misrepresented by Veritas. She never exchanged a letter with him, nor did she know him, prior to his cousins being placed with her. The married lady, introduced by Veritas, is also a stranger in the affair, and I think very ill treated by him.

VINDICATOR.

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\* The offensive prostitution of the office of high constable, by requiring him to intermeddle in the personal service of warrants, which I have before stigmatised, I see, still continues in Montreal.

† I hope this is false, for such a purpose would be infinitely more disgraceful, disgusting, and worthy of severe punishment, than any misconduct whatever that might be supposed to have provoked it. Let not such savage ideas, ever be promulgated in a country whence British laws give their protection to all, equally. To attempt to take the law into their own hands, stamps whoever even thinks of it in such a way, with the character of decided Barbarians.

L. L. M.

L. L. M.

The translation of another scroll of unfolded papyri from Herculaneum has been received. It relates to a branch of the Selfite tribe, if we may judge from what appears of their manners and general habits. In an imperfect fragment of their early history, however, the Translakians, of whom the tribe in question claim to be a colony, are stated to have been at war with the Selfites, and that the latter successfully rebelled against the former, and in ancient times established themselves as a separate nation. In the fourth chapter there are some curious particulars, which follow.

And those people dwelt upon the borders, and were called by some Smuggletonians.

Now a worthy arose among them; and behold he was renowned for stealing of hens; nay, peradventure, he also stole cocks, but the mealy-mouthedness of those people was so great, that they could not pronounce the monosyllable, cock, without thinking of other things that never enter into the heads of others who are less sensitive and refined; for, as one of the *deans* of former times saith, "delicate people are the people of the nastiest ideas."

And the great man, even he who became afterwards a brigadier-general, and was exceedingly mighty in the land, was found guilty of stealing the hens, and remained under sentence three years and twelve days, and more.

But at length he received his pardon.

Now this happened in the days of governor Thomas Kins; and it is known and celebrated even unto this day; and the little boys made chaunts thereon, and did sing them, to scurvy tunes, along the streets: and one of them was  
(*by particular desire,*)

Bold general Thunder he did rob  
A poultry-yard of fowls,  
For which, he merits well, by Bob!  
To roost among the owls.

But money covereth every sin,

And here we must knock under;

In that he rolleth up to his chin,—

So, good morning, general Thunder!

Brigadier-general Thunder!

Noble general Thunder!

Hen-stealing general Thunder!

Good morning, general Thunder!

And it came to pass that the prophet, who had arisen from amongst the Selfites, and had set himself down, according to the pressing invitations that were given him, in those parts; did put forth some sarcasms, in his books, upon a certain old maid who got married one day.

Now the maiden's name was Manchap, though some said it was Mantrap, inasmuch as she had for many years been laying traps to catch men.

And she was a kinswoman of Thunder; and she swore in her wrath, that the general should destroy the prophet, and drive him forth from out of the country.

And the general listened unto her; and succeeded but too well.

Now this is the foundation of all the machinations that were practised to ruin the prophet, and to destroy his writings.

O! ye blind and short-sighted mortals! Ye know not what it is to disturb a hornet's nest. But ye do feel it now, and the stings return even into the marrow of your bones.

He that wieldeth the pen, wieldeth a two-edged sword: and all who oppress or taunt him, will, in their turns, be shot through the liver with the arrows of just resentment.

The day of retribution may be delayed, but it will come at last, and when it comes, it comes with *thundering* vengeance. Therefore be warned all ye who do evil.

Here a part of the scroll is so indistinct that it requires considerable pains to decypher it. It appears, however, to relate to some very dishonourable conduct of the before mentioned worthy, and of one Daniel the second, in not paying for their share of election expenses, &c. of which as soon as it is made out and translated, an epitome will be given

CHAPTER V, begins thus:—

Now in that country there was a law, which was called the *Justice's act*, but, behold, it came to be known by the by-word of the *Injustice act*, inasmuch as it gave room for all manner of litigation, and trickery, and pettifoggery, and those who were honest scarcely ever succeeded, either as plaintiffs or defendants, and those who were devoid of principle and honour, like unto the general of henstealing fame, and the second Daniel, were able to obtain judgements against the prophet, at the same time that they were both indebted unto him.

And the prophet was advised to appeal; but he answered and said, lo! have I not already spent money enough upon such worthless characters.

Now the brigadier-general, being called as a witness, refused to appear: and behold when he was required to assign a reason, it was because he was not paid twelve pieces of copper! for, being a man of great riches, he wanted that money to help make out more.

So much for brigadier-generals!

And, in the next chapter, will be written, some of the deeds of Daniel the second.

This Daniel was a great man in his own eyes, and he acquired the name of "the dauber of paper," because he had put on a certain cap that had fitted him, and he pretended to be a linguist, and that he could write his native language, but in that he was miserably deficient, and some times Daniel would try to introduce a scrap of the language of the antediluvians, who spoke Latin; but his Latin was not quite so classical as a schoolboy's, *honorificabilitudinetatibus*.



But the people in those parts, not knowing better, admired his learning pro-di-gi-ous-ly, like unto the saying of the ancient poet.

"As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek."

### FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

Under this head, previous to resuming my own remarks, I hasten to publish a letter I have received on the case of Mr. Hunter, which, although too personal in some parts for general use or application, speaks volumes as to the criminal imbecility, not to say partiality, of the Bench,\* in all cases where poverty and honesty, have to contend against wealth and trickery.

L. L. M.

\* The following definition of what the *Bench* is, from a humorous writer, would probably be misapplied to the Bench in Montreal, as far as relates to the interests and passions of traders, traffickers, and that part of the community who, possessing the means, also possess the inclination of tyrannizing over, and oppressing, those who are less indebted to the gifts of fortune, and in whose favour they are watchful to the last degree; but let a poor devil come into court, and, if they do n't sleep, they do worse, as they make up their minds against him.

"The etymology of the name of *Bench*, given to the seat of judgement, is derived from a Phœnician word, in which tongue it is one of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, "the place of sleep;" but, in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs. The acute commentator adds, that Fortune being indebted to them this species of retaliation, so, as formerly they have long talked while others slept, so now they may sleep as long while others talk."

Montreal, 17th March, 1825.

Sir

Having had occasion yesterday, to visit our gaol, to my astonishment, I there found that old and highly respected citizen, William Hunter, still detained, under the process sued out against him by Joseph Donegany. A more flagrant and unjust proceeding, sanctioned by law, perhaps never was heard of, and the conduct of Mr. Donegany in still detaining Mr. Hunter in gaol, conclusively establishes, that his sole object was, and is, by coercive measures, to extort that, to which neither law nor justice entitled him, namely, that satisfaction in money from any friends the defendant might have, as the impoverished means of the debtor would not admit of.

You are aware that, in February last, a judgement upon the verdict given by the jury, in the suit brought by Mr. Hunter against Donegany for false imprisonment, was rendered, by which Donegany was condemned to pay Mr. Hunter £50, for damages sustained by his having falsely sworn that Hunter was immediately about to leave the province, in virtue of which a *capias* issued and Mr. Hunter was imprisoned; whereas it was established at the trial, that there existed not a shadow of foundation for such a charge. Now, would you believe it, that, although the country and the court have decided that the affidavit was false, and the imprisonment of Mr. Hunter illegal: and although the debt originally due to Donegany, has been cancelled and compensated by the judgement rendered against him, and an offer made by Mr. Hunter, to exchange receipts; yet Donegany in the face of such a decision, is still permitted to retain Mr. Hunter in prison; and has, for the worst of purposes, instituted an appeal from the judgement rendered upon an unsuccessful application he made in arrest of judgement, which was so destitute of foundation, that the Judges, in delivering their decision, stated that it was not even worthy of notice of observation.

The turpitude of Donegany is without example, and his inhumanity exceeds belief.\*—How stands he? Let me give you a catalogue of his offences in this particular

1st. In having perjured himself, in swearing that Mr. Hunter was about immediately to leave the province, by which he imprisoned an honest, exemplary, old citizen; and not only deprived him of his liberty, but of a well earned reputation for honour and integrity, by rating him as a fraudulent, absconding debtor. Should not criminal proceedings be had against him for this? †

2nd. In having falsely sworn, with a view of delaying the decision of the case, that one Stewart was a material witness, and from whom he had received information of Mr. Hunter's intention to leave the province; whereas, when the case came on next term, the reverse was most satisfactorily proved before the jury.

3d. That, although the imprisonment has been declared illegal from its commencement; and although, by means of the judgement obtained against Donegany the debt has been discharged, and Mr. Hunter is no longer his debtor; yet he still refuses to discharge the arrest; and with a view of harassing Mr. Hunter, institutes a second appeal, without one legal ground to advance in support of it. Nay, be it known, that Donegany has boasted that he would carry the case before the king in council, and worry out Mr. Hunter, who, for want of means, must come to his terms, or perish in gaol.—May it not be asked, can such things be not only tolerated,

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\* Not so; wherever the laws put debtors into the power of creditors, avarice and malice will, and do, in numerous instances display themselves in the blackest shapes of merciless oppression.  
L. L. M.

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† It ought undoubtedly to be the duty of the attorney-general to prosecute such persons; and I am strongly of opinion that he is, *ex officio*, bound to do so.  
L. L. M.

but even sanctioned by a British court of justice? Can it be possible that there exists no law, no remedy, by which a man may recover what is as dear to him as life, his liberty, when it has been established that he was wrongfully deprived of it, whilst, if he is robbed of the most trifling article, redress for that can instantly be had? \* What! can law and justice permit that a person shall benefit by the commission of a wrong, † a foul, a base crime, and continue to debar a liege subject of his liberty, in virtue of an oath, which, has, by the country, been solemnly adjudged to be a false one?— Can there be no remedy, but that of damages? † I think

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\* The Habeas Corpus act, I conceive, would afford legal relief in this case; as it is evident the prisoner, being wrongfully committed, as a defrauding and absconding debtor, would be entitled to his discharge, upon filing common bail, in the same manner, as if he had been committed for any other bailable criminal act, with little or no shadow of reason. But the judges ought to act upon the maxim, that whatever is wrong *ab initio*, is wrong in all its consequences; and they ought, therefore, to have *instanter* interposed their authority to oppose the further operation of a wrong, the existence of which had been clearly proved before them. It is profaning their awful character, as expounders of the law, and distributors of justice, to say they have no jurisdiction in this case. They have; and can, with perfect safety and legality, direct the prisoner to be brought up before them and discharged: and ought to do so, without even waiting for the formality of an application in court. L. L. M.

† It is certainly not only a maxim of reason, but one acknowledged in every system of laws, that no one can profit by their own wrong: yet, in hundreds of instances this maxim is wholly disregarded in our forensic practice, and in nothing more than when courts of justice allow documents, or papers, procured by illicit means, to serve as proofs upon their files.

L. L. M.

‡ This false and iniquitous position has been assumed by the court in this business: but neither common sense, nor any legal authority, but the technicalities of practice, can be adduced to sanction so absurd and monstrous a doctrine.

L. L. M.

here must. I am no lawyer, but I know that, in England, it is a summary proceeding, under a rule, to discharge upon common bail; and, wherever the court see grounds for such an application, it is granted. Here the court, in the first instance, would not look into the grounds, although fifteen affidavits were produced to falsify Donegany's oath. Again, now a solemn judgement has been obtained, declaring the arrest and imprisonment illegal, and still the aggrieved person is detained in custody, whilst it is evident that the remedy by damages is ineffectual, and may become inoperative.— Suppose the aggressor has no property, upon which such damages can be levied, and by which alone the debt can be discharged, in vain may judgements be obtained for damages against him: he may smile alike at the impotency of the court and the sufferings of his incarcerated victim.

The aggressor, upon this principle, by his corrupt affidavit, has imposed upon an honest inoffensive man a measure of punishment, which can only cease with his existence, and which would not, in criminal cases, be inflicted upon the most hardened and incorrigible villain. Yet, if we accede to the doctrine and practice of our present courts, there can be found no remedy, no door of hope, no means of redress, for such sufferings.

Donegany, however, in the indulgence of his inhuman vindictive feelings, is playing a dangerous game.\* A day of reckoning is coming. British subjects when called upon a-

\* But it is not Donegany that is most to blame. He only being actuated by a spirit of diabolism, finds the means in the abuse of law to gratify that spirit. It is to the court, and to the bench, that the evil, the iniquity, is to be attributed, in suffering such enormities to be practiced, under the actual sanction, and clad in the brazen armour, of legal practice, and juridical apathy, or connivance.

L. L. M.

gain to apportion damages for the further detention of Mr. Hunter, in appreciating the value of liberty, will visit with a heavy hand, the unfeeling wretch, who for lucre, or the expectation of lucre, wrongfully robs his neighbour of heaven's best gift.

True, personal wrongs, say the lawyers, die with the person, and if Donegany can, under his present system, succeed in detaining Mr. Hunter in gaol, he may mercilessly stand by and see the steel enter into his soul, look on him withering and wasting away in sorrow and distress: and, when witnessing the blanched cheek of his unfortunate victim, cheer up his hardened soul with the pleasing anticipation of having his fears of retribution banished by the hastened and premature termination of the sufferer's existence.

To give publicity to such an execrable system is meritorious. Let the finger of scorn be pointed at the heartless, inhuman, wretch, who can exult over the misfortunes and distresses of his neighbour; and at the administrators of those laws who will uphold him in it.

CIVIS.

(To be continued.)

Mount Royal, March, 1825.

DEAR MR. SCRIB,

Not long ago there was a social evening meeting at the house of Jack Lowbig, for the purpose of having the exhilarating or oxyde gas administered to them, and to witness the chemical experiments of Dr. Wee-man, who was not born in the United States, but came of a royal family. There were tailors and potash-inspectors, gipsies, and doctors, with their wives, sisters, and daughters. There was Tommy Small-legs, and of course little miss Kissy, with her usual brass face, quite up to the top of her head; she shewed full

as much of her legs as usual, and happening to stumble and fall down while crossing the room, shewed something more. Dr. Dash too was there; as might be expected, for you will see him in every place, and at all times more for the sake of taking a glass, than to visit a patient. The lights were brilliant, save in the dark room on one side, where some sly bits were taken. The ladies, being all seated, were in the fidgets who should have the first taste. The offer was made to Mrs. George Handsaw, who freely accepted it: no sooner taken, than up she jumped, straddled with her legs wide, and caused the spectators to assemble round her, saying, "O, I shall be down, Oh, dear!" Miss Hold was next; "now for it," says she, "well, of all the young fellows I ever saw, Tommy's the one for me." "Oh, for shame!" says Mrs. Gipse, whom her husband had taken for better, for worse, but found, like the sailor, it was all for worse. "Ha, ha, ha!" from Dr. Dash, and the rest of the company. Then steps forward little Miss Kissy, glowing with beauty and roses, and says, "I am afraid this gas will do me some injury," "O, by no means;" and after some further difficulties and ceremonies of persuasion, etc. in she took it, saying, "I hope it will not hurt me;—O, dear, what shall I do?" and down again on the floor went the little beauty, kicking so, I can't tell you how; but as Sterne describes the widow Wadman's kicks, supposing the four stars to be the North pole, the kicks were South-west and South-east kicks. Down on the floor too went another young lady, and cried out for help. A third began dancing, and singing "diddle, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle." After the ladies were satisfied, came the gentlemen; few of whom, however, partook of the gas. Mr. George Handsaw, raved about pot-ash, captain Rock, and loaded guns; and said, "look at that damned gipse that my sister would marry, in spite of all that could be done; but I have sent them both to Mountain Hollow." Soon after the domestic appeared, and announced that the supper was on the

table. The company sate down, ate but little, and drank till all was blue. Dash and the little *wee* doctor fell off their chairs as full as lords. And,—must I tell it?—a young lady was perceived, in one corner of the room, committing a certain indescribable action, which, though madame de Rambouillet had no hesitation in naming to Yorick, we generally veil under some metaphorical phrase, such as plucking a rose, &c. True a lady stood before her, in act as if going to dance a minuet, but, as her attention was drawn off by peeping into the dark room, where a young doctor was administering a potion to a young miss, she could not stand still, and so betrayed what was going forward, or rather downward, behind the scanty curtain of her outstretched petticoats. When the carriages came to the door, all began to dress for going. Some of the gentlemen fell down stairs, and some out of doors. For my part, I laid down in my sleigh, as well as I could on my back, and, looking at the stars, considered how useful sponges are on some occasions. I, as well as most of the company, lay in bed for twenty-four hours after; and then found ourselves not a whit the worse for the gas, or any thing else, we had taken in. As you see I am a free spoken woman, if you like this, I will send you some more particulars for your blue book.

Yours, etc.

JULIA SASOR.

Montreal, March, 13th, 1825.

SIR,

Should you be so condescending as to give the following a place in your blue book, you will much oblige one who hopes to be your

CONSTANT READER.



*The Adventures of PADDY from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind his back to keep his belly warm.*

It happened one time, as four or five wet souls, as the saying is, were on their way from Meadowville to Herringtown, the place of their residence, that a mighty storm arose, which threw a number of small casks that were on the Meadowville wharf, into a monstrous commotion. Every one, apprehensive for his own, repaired to the wharf, when, lo! a cask of peppermint was missing belonging to a man at St. Johns. It seems, if fame tells true, that it was miraculously carried through the air, and deposited in a cart belonging to Hamlet the Dane, who was, at the time of the storm, at a tavern six miles from Meadowville. *Oh, cushla ma chree*, what a surprising effect wind has upon peppermint, as my uncle Toby says. While Patrick, and his friends were making a full stop at the six mile tavern, and encouraging each other to drink and be merry, as the saying is, "here's to you," went round from right to left, and not forgetting "the old sod, you know," was drank three times three. St. Patrick's day was sung to the melodious air of "Moll washing a sack," with "Lillibulero," and "Langolee;" By this time the hue and cry was raised in Meadowville, Mr. Hamlet was taken: and, sad to relate, was obliged to pay twelve dollars hushmoney, as the saying is, and thereby hung his tail. On his arrival home, by the powthers, the contents of something sweet was let fly, you know; but for the world, I would not say any thing, that would offend a delicate ear. Och! blood and oons! what a caper he cut when Nosy McKone, his loving spouse, gave him some vigorous broadsides, and the devil may shoot me, but he received a something in his hipbone, as the saying is, which makes him hop and limp all the days of his miserable existence. Indeed his fate is lamentable. But no matter for that you know things will have their course, by the powthers of snuff.

STRONGARM'D JOHN.

Mount Royal, March, 1825.

MR. L. L. MACCULLOH,

It gave me great pleasure to find you are still publishing the Scribbler, notwithstanding all the ill-natured reports relative to you. I will therefore now inform you of some great doings that have taken place in our great city.

Some time ago, Mrs. Georgy Flat gave a grand ball; but, having laid her own plans, thought fit, at that her first party for the season, to invite only such of her acquaintances as she considered of the second class. Of these about seventy were present, and, had she stopped there, all might have been well, and she might have kept out of the blue book; for which, as she was once a subscriber of yours, I am told, you probably know, she entertains some dread. But, O, vanity of aspiring ambition! Mrs. Flat, who is a very good sort of woman in the main, has imbibed the folly of trying to move in a higher circle than that of her late husband; without reflecting that, in this place, what are called the higher circles are in fact only overgrown retail-dealers, and Scotch adventurers puffed up by successful traffic. Well, in order to ingratiate herself with a higher set, (yet still not the tip-top set who keep themselves intact and inaccessible, as you well know, by us,

*"parvum ac debile vulgus ;* )

she gave a second party, a short time after the first; from which she excluded all the former invitees, and sent her cards only to such great folks as the Hippogriffs, the Bigdoors, the Awkwardsides, etc. Upon the news of this, up in arms flew all the others, and, taking great offence that they were not again invited, deputed, it is said, several of their number to expostulate with, or rather to scold at, Mrs. F. for the breach of good breeding and sociability they conceived she had committed.

One of the best jokes is, that the ladies of Castle Folly,

would not go to the first party, to which they were invited, having heard there was to be a second, to which they were not invited: and now, most direful consequence! they will not speak to poor Mrs. Flat.

Miss McStephen went, in a great rage, to the offending lady; and clamourously demanded to know why she and her brother, the doctor, were not asked to the second party, declaring that it was a very great affront, as her brother was even more respectable than any who were there.

But, still worse and worse for poor Mrs. Flat. For, behold! a few nights after Mrs. Hippogriff had also a large party, to which she *did not invite Mrs. F!* so that, to use a vulgar allusion, greasing the fat sow does not always answer. Mrs. F. is sorely hurt in spirit, at the different rebuffs of this kind she has met with; and it is even said has some thoughts of turning methodist from vexation: but heaven preserve her from that folly! for, though descended from a tailor, and the widow of a farrier, she has merit enough of her own, to please in the respectable circle of the middle class to which she belongs, and ought rather to laugh at, and despise, the idle pretensions of those who affect to move in a higher sphere, without either real gentility, or any superiority, save that of reputed riches.

I think it may not be amiss to give her son a gentle rub, as he too appears to be getting beyond himself. He is now studying the law, but it is to be apprehended he will never set the St. Lawrence on fire.

Having mentioned the Castle Folly ladies; it will not be out of the way to notice the evident desire manifested by Mr. Allspice to get his unmarried daughters off the market. There is, I believe, a gentleman of the H. B. Company, who receives a constant round of invitations to the Castle, but I

fear the bait wo'n't take ; for the cautious Scot, meaning to be his own *steward*, has, it is said, found out that there is less of the siller than was expected.

Dr. Snuff-Tobacco is also a reputed lover there, but I am afraid is too cool a one, to carry the young lady off in double quick time : besides the doctor most consistently considers that the family connection is much beneath his own ; and, according to the *Guide to the London guilds*, tobaccoists take precedence of grocers.

I can't think of a name to give myself, and therefore remain,

Your's &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

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## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE. N<sup>o</sup> 54.

Erratum in our last number.

P. 253, line 11, for FIFTY DOLLARS, read FIFTY POUNDS, that having been the amount of the liberal donation in question.

We look, as usual, at the approach of spring, for a more than ordinary number of annunciations of intended marriages. Not only Nature points out this season as that of pairing, to which almost the whole animal creation are now most prone: but the state of society in these climates, bound up during a rigorous winter, in frost and snow, greatly adds to that natural proneness, "when the sap rises," to find vents for its exuberance, whether by tapping the maple-tree for sugar, or by uniting in conjugal embraces. The winter-parties and amusements, necessarily taking place, because almost all business and every trade, are at a stand, give such frequent occasions for the intermingling of the sexes, for introductions to new acquaintances, and renewals of old attentions, that the succeeding spring witnesses many an hymeneal consummation of the solicitations, hopes, and desires of love, that have mutually agitated the youthful, the gay, and the amorous, during the reign of Hyems. We, therefore, take occasion to solicit the early communications of such matters, which

invariably raise much interest amongst our subscribers. It is true, the excessive bad state of the roads, the irregularity and partial stoppage of the mails and stages, and the difficulties of communication and conveyance, have of late been so great, that Mr. McCulloh, it will be seen, has to make both an apology and an explanation, as to the delay which has arisen; and which causes may still, for a short time, have similar effects; yet the summer-communications, by steamboats, etc. being about opening, we trust our correspondents will not be discouraged, but continue to furnish us with regular reports of whatever may be interesting in our department.

### FASHIONABLE ARRIVAL.

Lately, from England, by way of the States, the **GRAND TURK**, with a numerous suite and an immense quantity of baggage. His highness has been ardently expected by all the longing old maids and intriguing widows in town; and numerous orders for new caps, which are to be set at him, are in execution at the fashionable millinery stores.

Foremost amongst these, we deem it a tribute due to the taste, and assiduity to please, of the lady known in our annals as the *high priestess of fashion*, to notice the peculiar elegant dresses, from her temple of fancy, that were displayed at Mr. Bigman's late grand entertainment. Of some of these we had a description sent us, though too late for insertion at the time; we must however particularize, the exquisite court-dress, which the lady of the feast wore, and whose richness, and taste, could only be rivalled by the elegance and the charms of the wearer. Mad. Desleuves' dress was equally one that attracted general admiration.

But to return to the **GRAND TURK**,—commanding in his manner, peremptory in his orders, profuse in his expenditure, no wonder he incommodes, and disappoints all other travellers on his route; and—for which may his mustachios be singled, and his beard shaved with a jagged razor,—even prevented the poor Scribbler mail bag from being forwarded, with the same conveyance, (the last regular stage of the season,) which took his highness along—though there were extra waggons and horses hired every where for his accommodation.

**Mr. Gossip**, I have looked in vain in your paper, for the wedding of our great Mr. McShaughlan's\* partner, who is named after a vegetable much admired by the Canadians for soup †. None of the race ever had such a wedding, although he was mortified to find that the £ 100, fortune, which was his inducement, was only moonshine; ‡ for otherwise she was, like the Welchman's cow, little, old, and poor. They had upwards of thirty carriages, and made a great show, from China-bay, where they breakfasted, to the Cross. It is likely that the lady will follow her old custom; and, if the scallion seed proves productive, § she will carry the crop to Garry Glen, as has been done with other seed sown in the same hotbed ||

I send you this because I know they will be flattered to see their names in print. L. Q.

**TOBY TATTLE** presents his compliments to Mr. Gossip, and requests he will notice a certain pretended lady, who arrived here in 1822, direct from the land of potatoes. After some experimental proofs, as a possessor of that gem, called *easy virtue*, she has been tied in wedlock to her dear McNinny, who, as Cupid is painted blind, found nothing wrong in the premature birth of a fine boy. McNinny is fully persuaded she was a maid on the wedding night, but many a time has this kiby-heeled matron tried the experi-

\* Shaughlin is Irish for crooked; McShaughlan therefore means the son of a crooked father.

† Viz. Scallion.

‡ The McShaughlans are apt to change their names. The one in question, formerly bore that of Moony, but it is supposed he thought it sounded too much like Spooney.

§ Being formerly doubtful of his own abilities, in the way of generation, a certain person went a journey to Kiltyfay, (a famous well in Ireland, by immersion in which impotency and barrenness are cured,) and now considers himself adequate to the performance of the nuptial duties. There was, however, a Miss Pilgrim, to whom he offered himself, but who, like a wise woman, would not buy a pig in a poke, or allow him to palm himself on her, without a trial, and who discarded him upon his being found unequal to the task.

|| It is said to have been a general custom with a certain lady, when she bore love children, to get her fees from the imputed father, and go to Glarry Glen to lie in.

ment of central gravitation, with elastic and compressible fluids and gas, as Johnny McFat can testify. Her present Lilliputian of a husband, keeps her in tartan, and is very fond of hearing it remarked how well she looks, and of boasting how much her finery cost him.

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



The perplexing and vexatious delay in getting the last number forwarded into Canada, has been partly explained in another place. It is the more tormenting, on account of the promises of future regularity which were made on the delivery of No. 137. No. 138 was got ready and put up in the publisher's mail-bag in due time, and it was not till some days after it had been despatched from the office, that he found it had not been sent on. The present number is dated one week later than in course, not to appear too far in arrear. The unforeseen difficulties and delays that have lately existed in the communication between the place of printing and that of publication, will now, however, it is to be hoped, cease, and all go on smoothly.

**THE Scribbler** is published every fortnight in Montreal  
PRICE 1s, 6d, per number, or on the following terms,

To Subscribers in Montreal, 10s, Halifax per quarter, payable in advance; the proprietor reserving to himself the right of stopping the numbers of such as do not comply with these terms, who nevertheless will be held responsible for the quarter, and their numbers will be delivered to them on making payment.

Those who pay in goods, must pay 1s, per quarter more.

To all subscribers in the Canadas who do not reside in Montreal, the same terms as above, with the addition of one shilling per quarter.

No new subscriber taken for less than six months, and all subscribers will be bound to give three months previous notice in writing of their intention to discontinue.

To subscribers in the United States the price will be one dollar and a half, per quarter payable *in advance*; and to those who pay otherwise than in cash one dollar and seven-fifty cents per quarter; the carriage or postage from the place where the work is printed, to be paid by subscribers.

Should any arrears accrue, there will be an additional charge of 1s. Halifax for every quarter in arrear,

Subscribers who change their places of residence, either permanently or temporarily, are required to give notice thereof, with their new address, and directions how to forward the Scribbler to them; otherwise it will continue to be sent to the old address, and whether they receive it or not, they will be required to pay for it;

Communications, Orders and Advertisements, will be thankfully received, and are requested to be directed post paid, to the editor, LEWIS LUKE MACGULLOH, Post Office, Montreal, or left at the Scribbler Office, No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste St. Montreal; they may likewise be addressed, post-paid, to Mr. S. H. Wilcocke, the proprietor, at Rouse's Point, Champlain, N. Y. or Post-Office, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

*Subscribers at Quebec, Three Rivers, Sorel, etc. and in Upper Canada, will please to remit the amount of their subscriptions, with any arrears they may owe, per post, (postpaid) to S. H. Wilcocke, post-office, Montreal.*

*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.*

*Editors of papers are requested to direct, for the present, & until further notice, for the Scribbler, Plattsburgh, N. Y.*

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