

THE  
**SCRIBBLER,**

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS,

ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL,  
MORAL, AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esquire.

Nos. 53 to 78.

From 4th July, to 26th December 1822.

FORMING

Volume II.

*Sic parvis componere magna solebam.*

VIRGIL.

Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,  
In this odd monstrous medley, mix'd appears,  
Like Bayes's dance, confusedly round they run,  
Statesman, coquet, gay fop, and pensive nun,  
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,  
With monkish drones that dream away their lives.

ROWE.

PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL, LOWER CANADA,  
*And to be had of the proprietor,*  
SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE,  
AT BURLINGTON, VT.

1823.

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# THE SCRIBBLER.

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Vol. II.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 3d OCT., 1822.

[No. 66.

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*Bipatens pugillar*—AUSONIUS.

An open pocket-book.

*In disputatiunculis inanibus vanissima subtilitas.* SENECA.

Trivial debates yield nought but vain and unmeaning arguments.

Can she bear it? Can that delicate frame  
Endure the biting of a storm so rude?  
Can she for whom the various seasons changed  
To court her appetite, and crown her board,  
Entreat for bread, and want the needful raiment  
To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather?

ROWE—*Jane Shore.*

*Montreal, Sept. 1822.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

I send you for insertion in your miscellany, the following items, as promiscuously noted down in MY POCKET-BOOK.

1. A disciple of Galen, frequenting a billiard-room not a hundred miles from the New-market, would do well to keep away whilst intoxicated, as he runs some risk, when in his drunken vagaries, of being thrown out of the window, or kicked down stairs.

2. Certain gentlemen are requested to give ladies the wall upon meeting them in the streets, as a contrary procedure betrays an inattention to, if not a total want of, good manners.<sup>[1]</sup> The law, to be sure, makes no distinction of sex in the regulations concerning foot-paths, but it ought to be remembered that

“When a lady’s in the case,  
All other things of course give place.”

3. The automaton in green, who lounges daily near Nelson’s pillar, would most agreeably surprise his friends and the public, by wearing a clean shirt. N. B. Dirty linen looks abominable on any man, but particularly on a military character.

4. Such members of the cricket-club as are in the habit of carrying a flask of cordial, or, as it is genteelly designated, “a pocket-pistol,” to the play ground, for refreshment, are requested to conceal it in a deep pocket, whilst walking through the town.

5. Gentlemen of Mount-Royal, whether you be young or old, I beg you to attend particularly to this; When the ladies promenade the streets on a windy day——be modest.

6. It is recommended to certain auctioneers of Mount-Royal not to expose their barrels of stinking herrings in the public street previous to sale, as, besides annoying the public, instead of attracting purchasers, it produces a contrary effect, excepting with respect to such as possess the olfactory stoicism of a Hottentot.

7. The inmates of a tenement in the neighbourhood of the Bonsecours church, would confer an obligation on the unlucky wight who passes on their side of the street between the hours of ten and eleven at night, by imitating their countrymen in Edinboro' in giving the warning cry of "gardy-loo,"<sup>[2]</sup> ere they launch from their attic casements the odoriferous contents of certain utensils.

8. Gentlemen who are in the habit of reading the Scribbler at pastry cooks' shops, coffee-houses, etc. are respectfully requested not to pocket and carry it off; as, if detected in the like meanness in future, their names will be laid before the public, through the medium of My Pocket-book,

JEREMY TICKLER.

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<sup>[1]</sup> This recommendation of Mr. Tickler's is very well in streets that are little frequented; but where there is the slightest crowd, or many foot-passengers, the observance of it would be productive of great confusion, and much more inconvenience to the ladies, than following the regular system, which, though not law, has by invariable custom, tacitly obtained the force of law, in the crowded streets of London, Edinburgh and Dublin. There every person takes the right hand, whichever way he is going; there are therefore two constant streams of passengers on each side of the way, and all confusion and interruption is avoided.

L. L. M.

<sup>[2]</sup> Vide Humphrey Clinker.

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MR. SCRIBBLER,

Please inform the great big little man in St. Paul street, that the painters in general have voted him a representation of himself in the act of taking a bargain with a huckster-woman, at the same time taking off his hat, brushing up his hair, and rising up on his toes so as to look big. This painting will be most respectfully presented to him by a deputation; and is intended as a mark of the gratitude of the trade for his extensive custom, and in honour of his great and conspicuous exertions to promote sign-painting, to bring it to perfection, and by his example to induce others to have four or five signs hung up, all signifying the same thing. The frame will be adorned by his coat of arms, being a *Stand*,<sup>[3]</sup> argent, in a *Field*, sable.

ALDEN.

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[3] *Stand.* (Yankee,) a store, shop, situation, place; not as in English, applied exclusively to pedlars and hucksters' stalls, in markets and at fairs, but extended to fashionable repositories, and merchant's ware-houses.

L. L. M.

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*Quis autem dubitet, quin felli duces præstantissimos ex hac una civitate  
pæne innumerabiles, in dicendo autem excellentes vix paucos proferre  
possimus.*

CICERO.

MR. MACCULLOH,

In reading over the first book of Cicero's Treatise *de Oratore*, I was forcibly struck with the sentence I have here transcribed. Methought my own country must be extremely fortunate to possess so many brilliant orators as we do at the same time, whilst Athens and Rome, those great theatres of the arts and sciences, could boast of but a few in the course of several centuries. Amongst the many speakers we have, distinguished for their eloquence, the poignancy of their wit, their deep researches, and their inimitable gesticulation, it might be naturally expected that some would be bold enough to bid defiance to the dicta of those self-erected inquisitors whom the ancients called critics, and whose writings would long ago have been buried in oblivion, but for the natural tendency of many men's minds to delight in whatever exposes the faults of their neighbours. I was therefore not very much surprised, but very much pleased, when I heard the first report of an establishment which has excited universal interest. An association has been formed by certain quill-drivers of this city, (Quebec,) the principal object of which is debate. Their first meeting took place a few days ago at *Madame Pinet's* salubrious and commodious residence, very near, I believe, to the dwelling-place of the dead. The first question submitted to the learned assembly was "Whether the killing of a mouse was murder?" Some of the members proposed to have the assistance of counsel in the solution of this question; and amongst others, His Majesty's crown-officers, learned (as we know) in the law, were proposed. The other members, however, entertained higher opinions of their own powers, and wished the debate to begin *instantanter*. *Madame Pinet* being called to the chair, the debate was opened by an enormous *Salmon*. A few months ago he was reckoned but a Samlet, but having been sent to sea, he attained his present uncommon size in no longer time than goslings take to become geese. The instant he raised his voice, universal silence prevailed, all ears were erected, and the orator was listened to with profound attention. Taking, he said, the law of *mordere* as he found it in the *common-tories* of Mr. *Plackshtun*, he could not imagine how any difficulty could exist upon the present question. The learned *commontatore*, he continued, *parfactly agrees wid my Lord Cook*, who says, *mordere* is killing contrary to de law, any *créature raisonable*. The learned speaker then proved, to the entire

satisfaction of all who heard him, from authorities taken from Pliny, down to the writer of a work titled “Goldsmith’s animated nature,” that a mouse was a *créature raisonnable*, and was proceeding to quote an host of other authors, when some of the members, fearful of being overwhelmed by this torrent of erudition, said they were willing to admit the points urged, but would answer him upon other grounds than those he anticipated. Our orator then sat down, as pleased as Punch, and requested some one would address the chair in favour of his doctrine. His *Cousin Germain* then rose to enforce the arguments of his relative, but as he was proceeding, a member, forgetting the rules of decency, exclaimed

*Inguenis et capitis quæ sint discrimina nescit.*

This roused the indignation of a pious friar, bearing the name and arms of the celebrated *Duc de Guise*, who, in the name of the whole assembly, publicly reprobated such language. Uproar and confusion followed, nor was the tumult appeased before the rising of the valiant and eloquent *Hector*. His sparkling eyes, his glowing cheeks, which some thought to be of monumental alabaster, commanded general attention: most unfortunately, however, his arguments have not been preserved, which is much to be regretted, as they were, no doubt, highly worthy of his known abilities. The next speaker was a *Welch Porpoise*, who has lately been fed on a certain *Borage Plant* in high estimation among the *Swine* of this city. This young porpoise is so wild that his keeper has been obliged to get him chained at a certain scrivener’s, where he shews his capacity in quill-driving. A comrade of his, also expert in quill-driving, being a *Scotchman*, his known attachment to money has induced the society to appoint him treasurer, in case there should hereafter be any money in the chest. They have also a *Martingale*, (for what have they not?) supposed to be intended for restraining the indefatigable talkers. The last I shall mention is a namesake of old *Charon*, introduced for the purpose, I am told, of conducting the members over the *Pons Asinorum*, which seems to be very much dreaded by far the greater part; the accidents that have already happened at this bridge, having spread terror and alarm amongst them. A worshipful magistrate of this city, looks with a jealous eye upon the whole assembly, and has declared, that if he can not get them taken up and punished, for assembling without permission, in virtue of the black act, he will do it by *an act of his own*. Not wishing to trespass any more upon your time, I now take my leave, informing you at the same time that the members of this association are to club together in writing an essay against that infamous paper, the Scribbler, which is to be inserted in the impartial and independent Mercury. More, however, in a short time; *en attendant* I am

Yours, &c.

SEMPRONIUS.

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*Lower Town, 4th Sept.*

LEWIS L. MACCULLOH, Esq.

I trace my ancestry to a migratory tribe, supposed to be those Japetian Hebrews, who travelled westward, from whom the Celtæ are derived. I have like them moved occidentally, and under the auspices of Charley Nimrod, one of the mighty men at the Battle of the Bridge, I have become factotum to a public company here; in which situation, being rather conscience-stricken by a comparison between my salary, and my labours, I unfortunately endeavoured to add to my official duties that of designing architecture. My aspiring ideas induced me to propose the removal of the office, in order that by the purchase and demolition of an antique edifice I might raise a monument of elegance in that superb street, *St. Peter and Sault-au-Matelot*. My proposal was acceded to, and in fifteen months uprose a lofty structure with two roofs, one to protect the other, both leaking most copiously, to the great embellishment of the walls, and the annoyance of the under-clerks. Pending these architectural labours I was so elated to find that my building defied criticism, (being built according to no order whatsoever,) that I actually forgot that a house of three stories required a stair-case. When I found this out I recollected that in many Gothic buildings I had seen, there were detached stair-cases running up at one or both ends in turrets with buttresses: so I proposed to buy only half of the next house and build a flight. This too was done; but, alas, I have since smelt out that both the building and the contriver of it are only laughed and jeered at. One wag, as he passes, exclaims, "it's a sow with one ear," another, that "builder and building are *nonesuch* alike." Now, sir, I have narrated all this to you, in order to anticipate Tom Brown, or Junius, or the waggery of some other, and as I know it is determined to have a laugh at my expense, I have resolved to begin first.—Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!

Yours, FIREPROOF vs. PHENIX.

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MR. SCRIB,

Don't you think this anecdote worth preservation? As the English bishop was journeying down the river with his family, the boat took water. An old Canadian woman, who felt the water making rapid advances towards her posteriors took the alarm, when one of the boatmen cried out to her *Ne craignez rien, ce n'est que de l'eau salée*. Whether it was salt or fresh, however, it still perceptibly advanced, and my lord the bishop enquired in a trembling voice if there was any danger. One of the men replied very coolly, "In ten minutes, my lord, we may all be in heaven." Thunderstruck by this answer, the bishop could not help exclaiming, "The Lord forbid it, the Lord forbid it, my good friend." The man seemed quite astonished at hearing this from a bishop, and perhaps so may others. *Væ homini per quem scandalum advenit*, says St. Matthew, and the bishop has probably, (for I will not positively assert it) met with this passage in the course of his studies.

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FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

TO AZURA.

Azura, ah! my fault forgive,  
Or how can I endure to live?—  
Azura, let me see once more  
The smile that beam'd on me before.

'Tis true, indeed, my temper warm  
Oft bursts into an angry storm,  
When frowning for once bids me cease  
To hope for sweet domestic peace;

When on thy blooming beauty's blaze,  
With lingering look, I fondly gaze,  
And fear some happier man than me  
Shall be perhaps possess of thee;—

When, in imagination's trance,  
I see thee tripping down the dance,  
Smiling on one whose gaiety  
Is founded on *my* misery;

While, shivering in the night-wind bleak,  
My station at some door I take,  
Happy if one short glimpse repay  
An hour of agitated stay.

Oh! then forgive: 'tis you indeed  
From whom these angry starts proceed:—  
Such gusts my temper never moved  
Before I saw yourself, and ——<sup>[4]</sup>

WILL O' THE WISP.

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<sup>[4]</sup> This is printed precisely from the manuscript, but there does not seem any reason why a blank should be left here, when there is but one word with which it can be filled up; to *love* such a one as Azura is pictured to be in the impassioned and beautiful language of this poet, can neither be imputed to him as a fault, nor accounted by her an affront.

TASTE WITH A VENGEANCE.

The dance was o'er, each gallant bow'd  
Unto his partner fair,  
And to a seat from 'mong the crowd  
Led her with tender care.  
Then handed round was cooling ice,  
Jellies of various hues,  
Cakes, fruits, and so forth, in a trice  
For each sweet girl to choose.  
I press'd Maria's hand, and said,  
My love, what will you take?  
Blancmange, ice-cream, or lemonade,  
Or jelly, with a cake?  
Or else, perhaps, some sangaree,  
What shall I order in?—  
To hell with all such trash, said she,  
*I'll take a glass of gin.*

SKIMMERHORN.

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Amongst the arrears which I owe to the public, a continuation of the letters from Pulo Penang, is a prominent and pressing one, so many persons having expressed themselves interested in that narrative, and enquired concerning its sequel. Without further preface, I therefore now present my readers with

LETTER VI.

(Continued from Vol. I. No. 34, p. 271)

*Pulo Penang, 1 August, 1820.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Resuming the narrative of the villainous treatment experienced by Louisa A——, whom I left, in my last, just removed from her dungeon-prison to another part of the gaol, I will first, in order to a little illustrate the despicable, but scorpion-like, character of Lieut. Gen. Tongue-tye, relate that whilst Louisa was in this dungeon amongst the crowd of prostitutes whose place of confinement it was, she was accosted by a group, who, utterly ignorant of her rank and situation, imagined she was of course one like themselves, or why else should she be driven down amongst them. Seeing her distress, they told her, that if she would but send to General Tongue-tye, he would get her released immediately, unless indeed she was an old discarded acquaintance of his, as then she might lie there and rot, but otherwise, he would do any thing for one of her face and figure. When told that he was her greatest and most malignant enemy; then even did those wretched creatures pity her, for they most of them knew not only his beastly habits of debauchery, but likewise his rancorous & venomous spite, when satiated or offended. It is an uncontradicted, and undeniable fact that nine-tenths of the miserable prostitutes who are committed to the house of correction in this island call him the author of their wretchedness; accuse him of their seduction. But let us turn from the contemplation of this disgusting villain's character; to what is, however, almost more disgusting, the lawless, brutal, and tyrannical conduct of the

execrable tools who disgrace the office of police-magistrates, in Pulo Penang.

Removed now to an apartment which, though a wretched place, was a palace compared to the black hole where she passed the first night of her imprisonment, Louisa kept herself ready dressed to attend the call of the chief-police magistrate before whom she that morning received notice she was to be finally examined; but his leisure did not serve, peradventure he was “talking, or was pursuing, or was on a journey, or peradventure he was asleep.” No in the first place, in the contemptuous insolence of office, what did he care whether Louisa was innocent or guilty? He, following the sage rule I beforementioned as adopted by the ignorant animals who are made magistrates in this island, chose of course to keep the prisoner 48 hours in suspense;<sup>[5]</sup> and next he was influenced by the abandoned prosecutors of his victim to keep her as long as he could without a chance of liberation, that they might the more effectually rob her of her property. The frivolousness and utter absurdity of the charge upon which she was originally committed weighed not with this consummate brute of a magistrate; on the contrary, will you believe it, when I tell you that orders were given not to suffer any person to see Louisa, and to deny her the use of pen, ink, and paper! And she was treated with such outrageous rigour, that when she found she must pass a second night in prison, and sent for her own bed from her own house, it was denied her, and she was forced, for that and for nine succeeding nights, to sleep upon a thin mattress, humanely furnished by the gaoler, laid upon the bare floor of the prison, with a log of wood for a pillow, with neither sheets, nor coverlid. What more could have been done, in the case of the most notorious and convicted criminal? But it is sickening to dwell upon the inhuman oppression which these wretches exercised; and of which Louisa’s case is so far from being a solitary instance, that it would have been overlooked in the multitude of iniquities committed by those in this island who consider their power and wealth as entitling them to immunity, had it not found a recorder in my pen. On the third day, in order to keep up their charter of 48 hours, Louisa was sent for to the police-office. Conscious of the horrible injustice of her commitment, her heart exulted, knowing that the slightest examination, by any person endowed with a grain of sense and impartiality, must instantly end in her release. But common sense, and honest impartiality, are never, even for a moment, to be found in the police-den where Mr. Ropeson presides. She never heard a syllable of the charge brought against her; and was only asked an irrelevant question as to what she knew about S——’s departure; she was then remanded with a second peremptory order that she should not be allowed to hold communication with any one, not even a lawyer. This was on the Thursday; and on the Saturday, being again brought up, after other 48 hours had expired, before the petty tyrant, he then, without examining in the slightest degree into the grounds of the original accusation, asking any

questions, or calling any witnesses, with the grossest and most abandoned audacity of injustice, made out a final commitment of Louisa to prison, as accessory to the stealing of the famous silver watch that has figured in the early part of this history; and fixed the bail at the very moderate sums or £500 for herself, and two sureties for £250 each!!! Friendless, unknown, a victim persecuted by the all-powerful East India Company, how was she to find bail for such a sum? That was the very thing they aimed at to keep her in prison till they had plundered her property, and *thieved* from her, under colour of legal proceedings against S——, all her things even down to her little canary-bird, her band-boxes, bonnets, pocket-handkerchiefs, and chemises.—High in station, and honourable in name, as the East India Company are, how much does it not redound to their fame, how illustrious does it not render them, to behold such articles of a lady's personal attire entered upon the records of a Court of Justice, as part of the returns made by a sheriff's officer to a writ against goods seized under a pretended civil process.<sup>[6]</sup>

To follow chronological order, I must here state that on the morning following this cruel farce, S—— arrived, in custody of Captain Liver, and was lodged in the same prison with Louisa, though denied all access to, and communication with her. I will not enter into the details of the kidnapping expedition, under the command of the bum-bailiff Major-General, by which he was seized in Pegu, for it is his intention to make the whole of his case public; and besides, my immediate object is the exposure of the rascally treatment experienced by the blameless and persecuted Louisa, without reference to S——'s concerns, farther than they are essentially blended with hers. Nor need I paint the dreadful state of anxiety of mind, as well as of actual corporeal suffering, endured by the heroine of my tale, (heroine in all things, heroine in fortitude, heroine in affection, heroine too I trust she will prove in finally triumphing over her demoniacal persecutors;) it will be sufficient to say that it lasted for nineteen days, that during that time, notwithstanding the strictest vigilance, (and the gaoler, together with his family, whose humanity and civility Louisa experienced as much as was in their limited power, was yet strict in the execution of his duty and of the orders he had received,) she found means, with that wit and ingenuity that characterises her sex, to keep up a constant communication with S——; that after much difficulty she procured a lawyer to undertake her cause, which was indeed no easy matter, all the gentlemen of the long-robe being more or less afraid of the honourable the East India Company; that she in vain solicited various persons to become security for her; and that at length, following the advice S—— gave her, she caused a writ of habeas corpus to be procured, in virtue of which she was brought up before the Judges of the Court of King's Bench then in session.

Here let me pay a tribute to that revered bulwark of British liberty. Even in this distant, this oppressed, this corrupted portion of the British

dominions, that powerful mandate had its full effect. However much the inferior branches of the administration of justice, are corrupt, and abused, and however much the superior judges ought to look to those below them, to enquire into, correct and punish, their malversations and enormities, which I am sorry to say the Judges of Pulo Penang *never do*; yet, such is the awful responsibility of a British Judge, such the sovereign virtue of his commission, to do justice without respect of persons, that, maugre all the efforts made by the East India Company, the merits of the case were no sooner laid before the Court, than the perjury, the subornation of perjury, the malice, and the iniquity of the prosecutors, as well as the abominable misconduct and oppression of the magistrates, appeared in so forcible a light, that the Judges declared there was not the slightest cause either for Louisa's apprehension or commitment. Yet her liberation did not even follow immediately upon this result; for the counsel for the crown being instructed to say that other charges would be brought forward, the Judges, with what would every where else be styled a shameful delay of justice, allowed the malice of her enemies another day, and directed to be detained till the next; when, nothing further being at all urged, or possible to be urged, against her, she obtained her liberty.

I must now go back to the evening when Louisa was so illegally and infamously dragged from her home. She was forced that evening to leave the house and the property in it in the hands of a gang of police-officers, and was denied the privilege of locking up even her private drawers and boxes. These men remained in possession, by the orders of the agents of the honourable the East India Company, without the slightest warrant or legal authority, and the following day, these honourable agents employed their oath-taker-general, the scoundrel Head, beforementioned, to swear another affidavit, by which they got a legal process issued for the seizure of all property belonging to S—— whom they thus prosecuted both criminally and civilly at the same time. Armed with this process, another regiment of bailiffs relieved the garrison that had been left in the conquered fortress, and the work of devastation, riot, and pilferage went on for the nineteen days Louisa was kept in prison. All her own property, which was not inconsiderable, was seized as that of S——; and not an article, even of dress, allowed to be sent to her. The grovelling rapacity indeed of the honourable the agents of the honourable the East India Company, known and detested as it was throughout the settlement, was never exemplified with more disgusting meanness than in the whole of these disgraceful transactions; particular instances of which I shall hereafter adduce; but I hasten to the circumstances that followed immediately upon Louisa's liberation, with which I shall conclude this epistle.

The establishment at S——'s home had of course been broken up. His Irish domestic Patrick, although he had been equally committed to prison upon the same false and frivolous charges, had been liberated without bail,

by the same magistrate who had directed Louisa to be held to bail for so large an amount, for Pat could not interfere to prevent the plunder of property that was then going on, whilst Louisa would. This man continued in the service of S—— and was the only person on whom Louisa could rely for assistance in her present forlorn situation. Him she dispatched to reconnoitre the house, which he found strongly garrisoned and all access refused. She herself then applied for admission to her own apartments, but was rudely repulsed, and an express was sent off to the honourable the agents, to inform them, the enemy had made an attack, and was expected to regain possession, if reinforcements did not arrive. Accordingly a fresh supply of bailiffs was ordered out under arms, and marched to assist in the defence of the place. They thus successfully maintained possession of the house, for five days longer although a bold effort was made by Pat to retake it, who, having the key of the principal entrance, got in unperceived, but was, after a short resistance ejected, & forced to retreat. It being, however, foreseen that it would not be possible to keep possession by main force, in the face of law and of all right much longer, it was resolved in a council of war, that the East India Company should instruct the sheriff to remove every article of property, and give him an indemnity for so illegal and wanton an abuse of his authority as that removal would be, before Louisa could re-enter and claim her own, which they were above all things most anxious to prevent, as that would defeat their plan of plunder and robbery. The sheriff, to his disgrace, consented to this arrangement; it was put in practice; and at the end of four and twenty days Louisa was allowed again to enter into her own apartments.

In the interval of five days which occurred between her liberation, and the evacuation of the house, this injured and insulted lady, without a home, without a friend, without any aid, was forced to seek a precarious refuge at night, wherever chance directed her steps through the town. Money, it is true, she had, but in such a place as this, where all are, or were, (for the spell is almost broken) in awe of the East India Company, who had besides circulated the falsest, and most infamous calumnies respecting her, money would neither open houses or hearts. Two nights she sought her abode again in the prison where she had been so long a suffering victim of oppression, and was accommodated by the gaoler's family as well as they could: two others were passed under obscure roofs, where liberal payment procured her a bed; the fifth, the gentleman of the bar, who had undertaken her cause, and who till then did not know of her being so houseless and forlorn, insisted upon her taking a bed at his house, whilst he went to sleep at a friend's in order to avoid any accumulation of that scandal which had been so industriously propagated by her vile persecutors. It was the worst part of our rainy monsoon, and Louisa, nurtured in ease, and habituated to every indulgence, in lieu of her slaves and palanquin to convey her, had to wander alone on foot, amidst the "pelting of the pitiless storm," through the streets of the settlement, for those comfortless five days and nights, whilst at the command of the base authors of her misery, a set of the

lowest of mankind barred her own doors against her, rioted in her house, ransacked her clothes and papers, and destroyed her property.

But, you will say, will not the laws give redress for all these outrages, for such atrociously false imprisonment, for such illegal legal robbery, such forcible destruction, and aggravated injuries? Yes, nominally the law will. But it is in most cases utter mockery to refer the sufferers by such arbitrary conduct to the tardy, the expensive, the uncertain operation of law. Those who have neither money nor friends can never get redress. Louisa had indeed money, and has brought actions against the East India Company, and the other perpetrators of these evil deeds, but full two years I am credibly informed, will pass before any decision is given in any of them.<sup>[7]</sup>

I must, however, now break off, indeed I have spun this letter to a greater length than I intended. My next on the subject shall be shorter. Yours, &c.

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<sup>[5]</sup> See Vol. I. p. 268, note first.

<sup>[6]</sup> I can match this in Mount-Royal, for I have now before me a similar return made in Feb. term, 1821, in a suit

*The* HONORABLE *William M'Killaway, et al.* }  
vs. }  
*Lewis Luke Macculloh,* }

by which, *inter alia* the sheriff returns that he has seized, two bird-cages, one bird, two bonnets, four pocket-handkerchiefs, two smocks, etc.!

L. L. M.

<sup>[7]</sup> This prediction has been too well verified. Two years have now passed, and out of four civil actions brought in consequence of these proceedings only one has yet been decided; a decision in that was lately given favour of Louisa for recovery of the cash that was taken from her at the time of her arrest. The others, with shameful delay, may still be further protracted. The East India Company care not for cost, and have instructed their lawyers to defend *per fas aut nefas* every thing that is brought against them. A glaring instance of injustice and partiality on the part of the judges of the Court of King's Bench at Pulo Penang occurred in the action for Louisa's false imprisonment, by which she has been deprived of all but nominal redress, the infamy of which I will expose in proper colours, when that part of the story comes to be narrated.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. On reconsideration, A. K. S. from Kamouraska must excuse the insertion of his letter: he will see the propriety of this when he considers that it entirely consists of personal invective, and general declamation against an individual, without either instance adduced, or anecdote related; if he will try his hand at a general delineation of manners and characters, I shall be glad to hear from him: besides he sent no key. UN OCTOGENAIRE DE 26 ANS, will much oblige me by sending me *plusieurs d'assez plaisant: morceaux du bois dont je me chauffe*, it being indifferent to me whether *prose*-communications are in French or English. I am at a loss about C's letter from Notre-Dame-Street, I do not like to insert it, as tending to create personal animosity between persons who probably ought to be friends, nor do I like to refuse him; by

some accident I did not get it till too late for this number; I shall probably in my next take the jocular part and reject the serious. UN DOCTEUR carries the matter too far. The song by OURSELF I am afraid won't do. A CONSTANT READER, and several others are turned over to Mr. Dicky Gossip.

L. L. M.

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *The Scribbler 1822-10-03 Volume 2, Issue 66* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]