

THE  
**SCRIBBLER,**

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS,  
ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL,  
MORAL, AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;  
INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

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By **LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH**, Esquire.

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Nos. 53 to 78.  
From 4th July, to 26th December 1822.

FORMING  
**Volume II.**

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*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.

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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, 28th NOV.,  
1822.

[No. 74.

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—*Pictoribus atque poetis*  
*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

HORACE.

Poets and satirists have aye the right  
To hear and see, by proxy, day and night;  
Moonlight, a billiard-room, a dialogue  
Secret and snug, yet they are there incog.

—*Immania monstra*  
*Perferimus*—

VIRGIL.

An exhibition then of each wild beast.

—*Nec ullis*  
*Moribus inter se scibant, nec legibus uti.*

LUCRETIVS.

A roasted post-master to close the feast,  
Who, like the savages Lucretius draws,  
Nor manners knows, nor sense, nor duty, nor the laws.

My promises, though delayed, are never forgotten, mindful therefore of my obligations, before proceeding to the more immediate concerns of this work, which now call for attention, I fulfil some of the most urgent; and pray my other esteemed correspondents to have patience till I have more leisure to digest and arrange, the various and ample materials, with which they have provided me.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

## A WALK BY MOONLIGHT.

How sweet 'tis to roam, where the pale queen of night  
O'er mountain and grove, sheds her mild pensive light;  
When the world from its bustle and tumult doth rest,  
From the manifold cares that by day-light infest!  
Oh, I love to stroll forth at this sweet soothing hour,  
For 'tis balm to my heart, like soft dew on a flower,  
When I muse on the past, or give fancy full scope,  
In the wild, but seducing, bright visions of hope.

Then I think on the scenes, when in boyhood so gay,  
With the friends of my heart, I have sported away;  
Void of care, without fear, full of frolicsome glee,  
I then felt as happy as happy could be;—  
But, alas, so much alter'd by time is each scene,  
That I now almost doubt that such things once have been;  
Of the friends of my youth, scarce a trace can I find,  
For they're scatter'd by fate, just like chaff by the wind.

Yet there lingers a feeling time ne'er can remove,  
The fond hallow'd thought of my earliest love,  
Which when thought on by me, in an hour such as this,  
Imparts to my bosom a sorrowful bliss;—  
'Twas a flame so romantic, so pure in its kind,  
All that charm'd my existence in it was combined;  
But the heart which to mine I so often had press'd,  
Hath long in the cold silent tomb lain at rest.

As I gaze on that orb, which so calmly doth shine,  
To less happy moments, my cares I resign,  
And my soul, as enfranchised, in rapturous flight,  
Soars to worlds in yon skies, far less fading and bright—  
Oh! it knows, and it feels, there's a haven of rest,  
In that star-spangled ocean, prepared for the blest,  
And it longs for its troubles and faults here to cease,  
To wing its glad way to a mansion of peace.

SKIMMERHORN.

## THE BILLIARD TABLE.

*A sketch from Nature, by an Amateur.*

Some first-rate artists paint with magic art,  
The wondrous workings of the human heart,  
In deepest shade, or else in brightest light,  
Depicting vice and virtue as they write;  
And some our tenderest sympathy will move,  
By a fond woe-fraught tale of hapless love;  
Some in didactic verse, and sounding line,  
Morals and criticism, with wit combine;  
Such I disclaim; mine be a task more humble,  
I soar not high, and so not far can tumble.  
Content if I an outline true can trace,  
And paint some traits of character and place,  
I strive to sketch, as well as I am able,  
A few frequenters of the billiard-table.

First on the list, behold yon forward blade,  
Who seems to be no tyro at the trade,  
The simple fools that, thronging, round him stand,  
Are lost in wonder at his slight of hand,  
Whilst he, with brow serene, and placid smile,  
Doubles the stakes, and gudgeons them in style:  
Mark with what ease he wins their ready cash,  
Their spare bank-notes, and such like kind of trash.  
Next comes that haughty, lowborn, purseproud elf,  
Whose boast eternal is his store of pelf;  
Proud, vaunting fool, pray cease your foolish boast  
Of such a large sum's worthiness, without a cost

Or what large sums you've either won or lost,  
 You're among those who count your honest game,  
 And will, if not your pride, your pocket tame.  
 Now for his profile sits old *Johnny Gruff*,  
 With beard unshorn, and face begrimed with snuff;  
 Indeed his snuff-box seems his gambling score,  
 So takes a pinch, and loses five pounds more;  
 Vex'd to the soul at losing all his ready,  
 He damns his eyes, because his hand's not steady.  
 View now that crested pigmy imp of pride,  
 With head erect and consequential stride,  
 A crookback'd puppet, void of every grace,  
 In mind, or person, body, speech, or face;  
 Whether he's lost or won, he just will deign  
 To own; then "Richard is himself again."  
 Hail to the colonel-captain! large as life,  
 Old Buffstick struts in state, amid the strife  
 Of bells and maces, and, with cue in hand,  
 He keeps due order 'mongst the greencoat band,  
 (No easy task) which proves that he at least,  
 Can claim the title of a *useful beast*.  
 Hey! for a black-leg dandy, shambling Ned,  
 Another greencoat, and a thorough-bred:  
 A shuffling gamester, a sad chap that would,  
 Sans scruple, cheat his father, if he could.  
 "By gar, dat's true, ven we do play dogether,"  
 The count exclaims, a bird of the same feather,  
 A foreign vagabond, whose pandering skill  
 And prompt subservience to his master's will,  
 Gave him the means, to better his condition,  
 To purchase—yes, to purchase!—a commission;  
 Placed on the half-pay list, the angling wretch  
 Catches at all, and keeps what he can catch.  
 In faith, my lad, why that was rarely play'd,  
 Could you with half the ease, but learn your trade,  
 With which you gamble, shoes would better fit,  
 And boots more tight on fops and blacklegs sit.  
 But yonder skambling Mac, with mace in hands,  
 Looks just as he behind the counter stands,  
 Handling his yard, and aping cockney graces,  
 He bows and cheats, and stares girls in their faces.  
 See how French Peter smiles, and well he may,  
 The cunning dog has made some pence to-day,  
 By speculating 'mongst old market-fags,  
 In feathers, flannel, buttons, and old rags,  
 Branches of commerce which, if fame speaks truth,  
 He has excell'd in from his earliest youth,  
 I doubt if, Bayard-like, this scaramouch  
 Can boast he is *sans peur et sans reproche*.  
 Welcome, Sir Sawney, how is aw' at home?  
 What tempted you from Scotia's hills to roam?  
 To leave her ait-meal bannocks and kail-brose,  
 And doff your bonnet, kilts and tartan-hose?  
 "Why, gif ye speer at that mon, ye maun ken,  
 I left them a' to be a gentleman."  
 True, and you've proved that, when it suits, you can  
 Be just as much a rogue as gentleman.  
 Here must I quit, no farther can I rhyme.  
 The cloth is laid, so more another time.

A HALF-PAY OFFICER.

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## A DIALOGUE AT M'KILLAWAY-LODGE.

*Sir PLAUSIBLE POMPOUS M'KILLAWAY, LORD GODDAMNHIM, & ANGUS CAT, Esquire, discovered drinking wine after dinner.*

*Sir Plausible.* So! I'm informed that the rascal has had the audacity to make mention of my name in his Scribbler.<sup>[1]</sup>

<sup>[1]</sup> Nor will it be the last time, Sir Plausible, I did not *know* you till the 2d Nov. 1821, though I was *acquainted* with you long before. But now I *know* you, and will treat you accordingly.

L. L. M.

*Lord Goddamnhim.* I wish the Scribbler, Goddamnhim, with its printer, subscribers, distributors, collectors, and correspondents, Goddamn them, at the devil, damn them all I say, for printing, publishing and supporting such Goddamn stuff.

*A. Cat.* It is a tax, my dear sirs, and a very heavy one too, which people of rank and standing in society, must pay. Calumny is what none of us can escape from. But it must be mortifying to you in the extreme, to see yourselves served up as a relish, at every breakfast-table in Mount Royal.

*Sir P.* Yes, indeed, to be the theme of this scribbling fellow's scandalous jests; and to see his paper not only saved from oblivion, but attracting universal notice, eagerly sought for by every one, searched with avidity, and his abusive stories about us, perused with every satisfaction; this is indeed a state of things pregnant with all the pains and penalties of mortification. And to add to our distress, no means of obtaining satisfaction, or gratifying our revenge are in our power; we are unable to resent it; nay, should we even find means to resent it, it would only afford the rascal new materials to work upon, and prolong his abuse of us.

*Lord G.* It is certainly a damned mortifying thing to know, that I can't enter into any house, where I don't see this cursed blue cover, staring me in the face. Every man who meets me in the street, Goddamnhim, tells me by his jeering looks, that he has read it. I have even overheard my own servants observing upon it, Goddamn them, and the very carters, and voyageurs, exclaim as I pass them, *tiens, garde donc—voilà God-dem qui passe.*

*Sir P.* Well! it does not signify; some steps must be taken, and some method adopted to silence this rancorous cur. To bribe the hound would produce a mortification almost equal to what I now suffer;<sup>[2]</sup> and there is no telling or devining how long it may last.

<sup>[2]</sup> That the clan may make themselves easy on that score, I beg to state, for their government, that it would take a much larger sum than they have any idea on, to purchase my silence. I might once in Montreal have had, if I had chosen to accept it, the equivalent of about five thousand dollars for suppressing the Scribbler, but ten times that amount would not come up to my present estimate of what I ought to have for such a sacrifice; and in order entirely to blanch the cheeks of these North West gentry, with despair, they will please to observe that

The capital sum that would be required to compensate me in yearly interest for the profits of the work, I calculate at

\$20,000

The loss in fame, and reputation, by its discontinuance at

20,000

And the loss of the means of annoying them at another

20,000

Are you therefore, *gentlemen!* prepared to offer me

\$60,000?

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*Lord G.* Goddamn it—bear it I can not, and what the devil can I do. Goddamn him, the rascal keeps within the circle of privilege.

*Enter MISS POLLY M'KILLAWAY, with cheeks as pale as a parsnip, holding in one hand the fragments of a broken picture.*

*Polly.* Brother, the beautiful pictures which have just been received, are opened, and almost every one is *smashed to a jelly*; that there beautiful, great, big one, is torn all to splinters. Just come and see, brother, won't you?

*Sir P.* Well well; if they are broken 'tis of no use to go to see them. Tell Luck to be careful of what is not altogether broken or spoilt: and when you go to town desire Mr. Joseph Doneagain to call up, and see if he can repair them.

*Polly.* (*Calling to the butler,*) Luck! here Luck! do you go and take them there pictures out of the case very carefully; one by one, mind; and put 'em in my bedroom, under the bed; you know where it is, close to the bee-hive.

*Lord G.* A bee-hive under the bed! Goddamn it; what made you put it there?

*Polly.* Why, I'll tell you. I was afraid the sarvants would be eating it, did I not put it in some safe place; and as nobody but Luck, (good, faithful, tried, sarvant as he is) goes into my room, I thought that place the most secure.

*Here the conversation ended, by a servant entering with a letter, requesting Sir Plausible's immediate attention, and calling him to Quebec.*

Now, Sir Plausible, do not, with the narrow vindictiveness which every body who *knows* you, is aware you possess, turn away, or cause to be turned away, any servant at M'Killaway-Lodge; for it was not from any servant I got the report of this dialogue; but from one of my familiar spirits, who, when they do their duty, penetrate into conclaves of ratcatchers, as well as into ladies bed-rooms, and who listen to soliloquies, as well as to table-dialogues. One who like Pope's

“Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,  
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the sight.”

All you have to do is to be more careful in future of what you say, or even *think*, about the Scribbler, for it is dangerous to provoke him.

L. L. M.

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*Quebec, Oct. 1822.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

The celebrated Buffon, in his Natural History, has afforded us the means of acquiring a knowledge of the nature of the greatest part of the animal creation; and has therefore, as it would at first sight seem, left very little, to be done by future naturalists; but, in the same manner, as mankind are constantly increasing, and that every age, as well as every country, produces a variety (at least in a moral and historic point of view,) in the human species; it appears too as if the brute creation has been endowed, not only with the faculty of multiplication, but also with that of changing their species, at different periods and in different climates. I therefore think the public will not be displeased with me for the communication of the new lights I have acquired, relative to some classes of animals, which are ranked among the brutes; *sunt enim rationalia, aliaque immania*. In this city a collection of animal curiosities has lately added much to our stock of amusement and instruction; and an exhibition is now open of hitherto nondescript beasts, which are not, on that account, the less interesting.—The first which attracted my attention, is said to have come from the mountains of Switzerland, and having been conveyed to England, was afterwards transported to New France, where it has not much multiplied, it seemed to me to be of a savage nature, and its keeper was obliged to keep a string around its neck, at the end of which there was a kind of amulet, the reflection of which, for the animal appeared to be short-sighted, kept it in order: its lower jaw is like the heel of a boot, its mouth deep, and nearly extending from ear to ear, resembling in some measure a shark's but having longer teeth; its ferocity being remarkable, it is said, that it was formerly, in Switzerland, employed to guard the entrance of *religious houses*: it was in England that its tail, which is in the form of a *wooden sword*, made its first appearance, which is always kept wrapped up, to shew that, unlike that of the beaver, it is a thing of no use. A second, which the keeper called a *Baudet* or Jackass, has long legs, a crooked neck, and a pointed snout, with languid eyes, and although below it resembles a camel, this animal partakes nevertheless somewhat of the nature of a *cat* and is fond of licking and purring; it however affects a kind of *buffalo*-air; changeable and inconstant, it, notwithstanding, appears to be easily taught, and it is said has even learnt to play on the *guitar*, so as to please the ladies; nay, it will even move its hindlegs to accompany musick, as if it were dancing: it is very lively, and constantly scouring and scampering about; fond of whatever glitters, and, if ever it gets out of its cage at night, it seeks the light, and was lately found under a lamp that was hung up on high, stretching out its forepaw to get at it: it sometimes, it is said, puts on its mistresses petticoat; the colour of its fur frequently changes, it was lately black, and is now red; it discovers no particular



attachment, but the female is very prolific, and generally brings forth twins. I now come to the description of a third, that does not appear so remarkable as the other two, excepting that it is an ugly animal, small in size, and with blear-eyes: it may be likened to that species of dog of which ancient history relates, that being bred up in the kitchens of the amazons, they were lamed by their warlike mistresses in one leg to prevent them from running away: the keeper gave this creature the name of *Devil*; it does not appear to be easy to tame, but appears very curious though it can discern little.

I trust that these sketches, without aiming at scientific description, will nevertheless give the public some idea of the singular animals that are to be found in this menagerie; and I remain

Yours, &c.      POLITO.

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Being now again under the necessity of employing a few pages with the disputes that have arisen between the proprietor of this work, and the post-office, as was mentioned in last number; it may be well first to copy the following paragraph from the Niagara Gleaner, the substance of which, in nearly the same words, has also appeared in the York Observer, two independent Upper Canada papers, which have taken up the matter in its proper light, that of an arbitrary, illegal, and dangerous exertion of authority by the deputy-post-master-general; affecting the privileges and interests of the editors of every paper, in both provinces.

“We have received a letter from the editor of the Scribbler, stating for the information of subscribers, that the Deputy-post-master-general has refused allowing it to be sent by mail, and that he will be obliged to send it by such private conveyances as offer. Whatever opinion may be held respecting the Scribbler, *we conceive the conduct of the post-master-general as very reprehensible*; WHO MADE HIM A JUDGE IN THOSE MATTERS? If the editor of the Scribbler acts improperly, the law is the judge. *It is in our opinion*, A VERY DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.”

But to the present matter in hand. In two of the Montreal papers, of the 9th inst. appeared the following advertisement.

*Post-Office, Montreal, Nov. 8, 1822.*

A packet of Newspapers having been deposited in this office (supposed) by *Mr. Samuel Adams*, Agent for the Scribbler, and addressed to S. H. Wilcocke, Esq. Burlington Vermont, was forwarded in the United States Mail, about the 28th ult. and discovered in the post-office at Swanton, thro’ the wrapper being worn, to contain concealed letters addressed to Lewis Luke M’Culloh, Esq. and was returned, the United States laws being such, that when any thing of this kind is committed, the person is liable to a prosecution.

No doubt is entertained but there have been letters forwarded to the same person in this way previous to this, unnoticed, as a number of

packages have passed through this Office, of the same description, supposed to contain nothing but Newspapers.

In future, every SUSPECTED PACKET marked Newspapers, or Printed Papers, will be examined, and the law strictly enforced, if they should be found to contain any thing they should not.

Writing on the margin of a Newspaper, or a printed sheet subjects it to FULL LETTER POSTAGE.

JAS. WILLIAMS. Post Master.

What gave rise to this curious production, the object of which, beyond that of attempting to cast a stigma upon the Scribbler, and upon me, can not well be devined, was this. Having found much delay attending the forwarding of the newspapers by the route of St. Johns, or Champlain, I gave directions that they should be sent by post, but letters by another way, in a particular mode, which I pointed out. These instructions were, however, disobeyed, and the bad consequences that arise from not following instructions to the letter, are strongly exemplified, in what followed. I was astonished to receive successively by post, three packages containing both newspapers and letters, for which no charge of postage was made; upon this, I lost no time in writing to Montreal, blaming the conduct that had been pursued, and desiring it might not be repeated. In the mean time, a fourth package was discovered at Swanton, to contain letters; and the post-master there, needlessly, officiously, and, I am informed by the law-authorities here, contrary to his duty, returned it to Montreal. The law of the States, certainly imposes a penalty upon the person who does so send concealed letters, but the post-master in Swanton, could not know who that person was, or, if he did, could not prosecute him, as the packet came to him from a foreign country, and what his duty required of him, was to forward that packet to its destination, and charge it with the full postage. This, is both the law and the reason of the case, for the innocent person to whom such packets might be addressed, is not to suffer in his business, and correspondence, by the offence of another, and especially not by the return of his letters, into a foreign country. I am willing to believe, that the post-master of Swanton, considered he was doing right, altho' he was wrong in his judgment: but I can not so absolve the post-master at Montreal; for when the packet was returned to him, he refused to deliver it up, when claimed in my behalf, saying he must write to Quebec about it. Now in this he was sinning against his duty, with his eyes open, and laying himself open to the lash of the law, with no other apparent motive than that of an unjustifiable fear of offending, or a desire of gratifying, his superior, who he knew would be glad of any opportunity of thwarting or embarrassing me.—As soon as I learnt this, I wrote the following letter to Mr. Williams.

*Burlington, 3d Nov. 1822.*

I have understood that a packet of newspapers directed to me here, has been returned to you from Swanton, on account of there being some letters

wrapped up in it; and that you have declined to deliver them up to Mrs. L. I beg first to explain to you, that the practice of such letters having been put into packets of newspapers, is not only what I have disapproved of, but have given positive instructions against it. But I can not conjecture on what grounds you refuse to give up those letters. If any postage is due on them I am ready to pay it; and I have now to demand of you to deliver to the person who shall present you this letter, all such letters, papers, or parcels in your possession, as are directed to me, or to L. L. Macculloh, which you well know is my editorial name, as the publisher of the Scribbler, and the Free-Press. *Your refusal of this demand will be at your peril*, as the bearer is also instructed to pay any demand you may have for postages or expenses on the same.

I am, &c.  
S. H. WILCOCKE.

This letter had the desired effect, and the letters & papers were given up; & here one would have thought the matter would have ended. But, the impotent malice of the deputy-post-master-general at Quebec, must be gratified by the advertisement in question; which I have no doubt he peremptorily ordered Mr. Williams to insert, and this produced the following letter to Mr. Williams.

*Montreal, 9th Nov. 1822.*

SIR,

You have thought proper in the Montreal Herald, and in the Montreal Gazette of to-day, to convey to the public a strong insinuation, that I forwarded about the 28th ultimo, a packet of letters and papers, addressed to S. H. Wilcocke, Esq. or L. L. Macculloh, Esq. Burlington, Vermont. Now, Sir, you know that I am, in every respect, innocent of the same, and unless you promise to Mr. John Dillon that you will retract what you have stated in the papers, by a public disavowal, I shall brand you as a liar and a scoundrel. I will give you till 12 o'clock, to think of the same, and should you not comply with my request, I shall take measures accordingly. I am, &c.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

But this not having any effect, Mr. Adams sent the following statement, to the Herald, and the Gazette, which those INDEPENDENT and IMPARTIAL papers, refused to insert, and which, at his request, I copy here.

"The public have, no doubt, seen in the Montreal Herald, and the Montreal Gazette, of the 9th inst. an advertisement signed by the post-master, Mr. James Williams, stating that he *supposed* that I had sent letters concealed in some newspapers, to S. H. Wilcocke, Esq. or L. L. Macculloh, Esq. to Burlington, Vermont, thro' the medium of the post-office, on or about the 28th ult. As it is necessary for me to satisfy the public in some shape, I now positively declare, and avow, that it was not me, nor ever was I the avowed agent to the Scribbler.<sup>[3]</sup> Should the public

not be satisfied with the assertion, I am at all times ready to make oath to the same, and on the perusal of the advertisement in question, I lost no time in writing the annexed letter to Mr. Williams, when his reply was ‘that he should not take any more notice of it.’ ”

SAMUEL ADAMS.

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[3] I can not avoid remarking here, that it seems as if Mr. Adams was afraid, or ashamed, of being considered as the agent of the Scribbler, whereas to have been thought to, ought to have been a boast and a glory to him.—The office of my avowed agent, in Montreal, is an honour which I have not yet bestowed on any one; nor shall I constitute any one such, who does not consider it as a distinction to be proud of.

L. L. M.

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The following letter to Mr. Williams, will supply whatever is deficient, both in point of fact, and of remark, in the preceding short narrative.

*Burlington, 18th Nov. 1822.*

JAMES WILLIAMS, ESQ.

I beg to preface what I write you on the present occasion, with the observation, that I do not consider myself so much as addressing Mr. Williams, for whom, personally, I entertain much respect, and to whom I feel indebted, for his obliging and gentlemanly conduct in whatever official or other communication I have had to hold with him, as addressing a Montreal post-master as the agent, and organ, of the deputy-post-master-general, at Quebec. My only quarrel with you, sir, is that you have allowed your fear of being displaced from your situation, by the irritated caprice of Mr. Sutherland, to induce you to violate both the law, and your duty to the public, and to be the vehicle of his malevolence and ill-manners.

After you had experienced my forbearance in not prosecuting you for the detention of the letters in question, when they were demanded of you, I should have thought you and your employer, would have been content without more exposing yourselves. And after I had disclaimed any intention of evading the payment of proper postage, and told you I had given positive instructions, that the practice of sending letters along with newspapers, should not be resorted to, I really wonder that you should cause so ridiculous an advertisement to be inserted in the public papers, as you have done. Who gave you a right to *suppose* Mr. Samuel Adams had done this, which he did not, or that he was the agent of the Scribbler, which he never was? and is it not the height of malice and impudence, to convey to the public, an insinuation of my encouraging and persevering in such a practice, after I had, to yourself, disclaimed it? You and your employer, ought to know me better, and that I am not to be paltered with, or provoked, with impunity.

Three packages of newspapers in which letters were contained, is the number that previously had passed unnoticed through your hands; immediately on receiving the first, I wrote to Montreal to blame the practice, and forbid its recurrence: it having moreover been resorted to, in

direct violation of my instructions, when I first directed the newspapers to be forwarded by post. Those three packages, I suppose, might contain about ten letters, and, although I was not so rigidly virtuous as to offer to pay postage that was not charged to me, I would willingly now, contemptuously throw at Mr. Sutherland's head, the five shillings for the Canadian postage of those letters, had I not strong reasons to think, that the collection of one penny of postage in Canada, by a deputy-post-master-general, is illegal and extortionary, and not warranted by the act 9 Ann Cap. 10, under which, the general post-office in London, claims a right of levying an internal tax upon the Canadas.

But what shall I say to you, and to the set who have joined you in the outcry, for the truly laughable and childish threats that were held out, of prosecution for having so sent such letters? and to the contemptibly ridiculous idea, that it was competent for the attorney-general, or a grand jury, to entertain the question. What! when you are yourself the delinquent, to set up a clamour as if you could prosecute the party injured? Tell it not in Gath! But neither you, nor Mr. Sutherland, it seems, either know the duties of your situation, or the laws under which you act. I will teach you one part of them.

The act of 6 Ann, Cap. 10, already referred to, states, sect. 40, that "Whereas abuses may be committed by wilfully *opening*, embezzling, *detaining and delaying of letters or packets*, to the great discouragement of trade, commerce, and correspondence, for prevention thereof, be it enacted, &c. that from and after, &c. no person or persons shall presume, wittingly, willingly, or knowingly, *to open, detain, or delay*, or cause, procure, permit, or suffer to be *opened, detained, or delayed*, any letter or letters, *packet or packets*, after the same is or shall be delivered into the general or other post-office, or into the hands of any person or persons, employed for the receiving or carrying post-letters, and before delivery to the persons to whom they are directed, or for their use; except by an express warrant in writing, under the hand of one of the principal secretaries of state, for every such opening, detaining, or delaying; or except in such cases where the party, or parties, to whom such letter or letters, packet or packets, shall be directed, or who is, or are, are hereby chargeable with the payment of the port or ports, thereof, shall refuse or neglect to pay the same; and except such letters or packets as shall be returned for want of true directions, and where the party to whom the same is or are directed, can not be found; and that every person or persons offending in manner aforesaid, or who shall embezzle any such letter or letters, packet or packets, *shall for every such offence, forfeit the sum of twenty pounds*; the said penalties, &c. to be recovered, &c. And over and above such penalty, as aforesaid, every such person or persons, so offending as aforesaid, *shall be forever incapable of having, using, exercising, or enjoying, any office, trust, or employment, in or relating to the post-office, or any branch thereof.*"

Moreover, if you took the oath, required by the next section that act, to be taken by all persons employed in the post-office, *not to open, detain, or delay, any letters or packages*, you are forsworn in having done so with regard to mine.

It seems, however, that, notwithstanding all the idiotic blustering that was made about the business, you found out from 4 Geo. III. c. 24 s. 7, that the only penalty upon sending letters in that way, was *that the full letter-postage should be charged upon the packet*; a penalty that obviously operates both as a punishment and a preventative, without impeding the necessary freedom and expedition of correspondence by post. I was going to blame you for your inattention in suffering those packets to go thro' your hands unexamined, and not charging the full postage on them; but it would come rather ungraciously from me, who have not only thereby profited a few shillings, but have been afforded the means of giving the Canada post-office department another severe dressing. May you profit by it, and as I do not mean to prosecute you or Mr. Sutherland, I will conclude with the scriptural exhortation "Go and sin no more."

I am Sir, your obed't serv't,

S. H. WILCOCKE.

P. S. I have heard a little bird sing, Mr. Williams, that Mr. Thomas A. Turner, who has made himself busy in the matter, and both prompted and instigated you on the occasion, has an eye to being post-master himself, in addition to his other trades, if he can get you dismissed. Don't be over anxious, therefore in future, to take his advice.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. The communications of PENCIL, from Sorel, A SUBSCRIBER (in French) from Berthier, and those from St. Johns and Chambly, will all be more or less availed of. PLATO in next number; and probably also, AQUAFORTIS, tho' the last bites rather sharp. NO FICTION will partly be admitted, but there are reasons for not *carrying it out*. B. is thanked for his information, the BLACK LIST of borrowers of the Scribbler is put off, for want of room. HIPPOCRATES, and others, reserved for the Domestic Intelligencer. The letter relative to a lady in St. Laurent-Street, should have had a key, *and the postage should have been paid*. HUGOLINUS will appear, also SAM TINKER, and AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT, SOL. SNEER's budget has been received, some will do, and some not; this gentleman is very unequal in his productions, and I suspect writes too often in a hurry. A FRIEND TO THE PARTIES is under consideration. JOHN GOOSEQUILL cannot appear.

## 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 1822-11-28 Volume 2, Issue 74* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]