

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 6th Feb. 1823. [No. 84.

Magnus sine viribus ignis.

VIRGIL.

Great cry and little wool.

——— *Dat inania verba*

Dat sine mente sonum ———

VIRGIL.

Words without meaning, sound without a sense,
Clamour unfounded ; justice, all pretence.

Et vigilant nostra semper en æde lares.

OVID.

*Ainis les loups, et les larrons,
Gardent brebis, et les maisons.*

I am drawn away from the customary current of my lucubrations, by the following singular document, which has just been published in the newspapers. Ostentatiously made a prominent article in the editorial head of the Quebec Mercury, taking even precedence of the momentous subjects that at present agitate the Canadian political world, namely the Governor's speech and the projected Union : inserted in the Quebec Gazette as a government paragraph, and copied into other papers with evident marks of satisfaction.

Whilst I can not but congratulate my subscribers, and myself, upon this signal mark of the great importance that attaches to the Scribbler, and upon the advantageous effects it must have, (and already has, for the same post from Quebec brought an accession of several new subscribers,) upon the extension, reputation, and circulation of the paper ; I can not but seriously mourn,

that so lamentable a degree of ideotism should have prevailed in a body, which I have always wished to consider, as one of the most uncontaminated organs of public feeling in this, or any country blessed with the laws of England. It is true the Grand Jury, whence it emanates, is only the Grand Jury of the petty court of the quarter sessions of the peace; but it is on that account the more surprising, as I should have looked for more independency of spirit, in the classes whence generally that jury is selected, than in the higher ranks, out of which the Grand Juries of the superior courts are taken. But, before I have done with this Grand Jury I shall be able to tell a tale of how, and by what influence, it has been formed. It is, however, time to proceed to perpetuate this curious record.

“The Grand Jury of the District of Quebec have made the following Presentment:—

District of } Quebec : }	GENERAL SESSION OF THE PEACE, January, 1823.
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The Jurors for our lord the King, upon their oath present:—

That there is published in the District of Quebec, and throughout the province, a paper called “*The Scribbler*,” in which many most respectable persons are portrayed in odious and unmerited characters; and malignant designs and evil actions, incompatible with the known tenor of their conduct, and having no other foundation than the fictions of calumny, are imputed to them.

That when it is considered that in that paper there is no one contribution to useful knowledge—that it is confined altogether to personal invective—that its censures invariably transgress the bounds of legitimate satire—no doubt remains that the aim of “*The Scribbler*” is, to disturb the tranquility of families.

That the Grand Jury, in pursuance of that duty which requires the repression of every attempt to diminish the well-being of society, do present the paper called “*The Scribbler*,” as containing a series of false and most malignant libels, wherein the good name and fame of many persons, who are well known to be among the most deserving characters in

the community are aspersed, with an intent to render the individuals thus assailed, the subject of unmerited scorn and detestation—to the injury of that social happiness which it is the chief object of the laws to preserve.

That although the person who first introduced "*The Scribbler*," and who is still its editor, may through fear of punishment for former misdeeds, have fled beyond the pursuit of justice in this province, the Jurors feel that it ought to be made known to his accomplices here who supply him with materials for his fabrications, and to his accomplices who give them circulation and publicity, that they are themselves individually liable, for their offence in so doing, to the inflictions of the law—and that no more is now wanting to bring these to bear with full weight upon them, than that their names shall be exposed."

In the first place, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, you will now have the satisfaction of seeing the result of your labours preserved, and handed down to posterity, by its insertion in this work, instead of being totally forgotten, and laid on the shelf, as other presentments of other Grand Juries, that are not so fortunate, generally are; which must, no doubt, be a great satisfaction to you.

But, gentlemen, how did you find out the "*many most respectable persons* who are pourtrayed in odious and unmerited characters" in the Scribbler. Have the caps fitted? Good luck to them t' —, in wearing them. Yet surely none of you will put your fingers upon those characters, and say, this is that man, and that is another: if you do, it is you that are the libellers and not me. Or have you taken a leaf out of Mr. Sutherland's book, and traitorously opened private letters to discover keys and hidden meanings? Either you have done this, or else it follows, that the characters have been pourtrayed in such true and merited colours, that they have been easily recognized; and then, what becomes of your objections? If the representations are neither unmerited nor fictitious, it is promoting,

and not diminishing, "the well-being of society," to hold them up to censure and ridicule. Perhaps, however, by these "many most respectable persons," you mean those few whom I have so far honoured as to name them in my work. As far as my recollection serves, these are; the persons composing the firm of M'Tavish, M'Gillivrays, & Co. of Montreal, Dr. Hacket, and Mr. Sutherland. With respect to the first, I have before, in the public papers of Canada, repeatedly accused them, and again accuse them, as being perjured conspirators against my life, gross calumniators, mean plunderers, and base assassins, suborners of perjury, and hireis of false witnesses: to these accusations they have never dared to give a reply, and these accusations, I can substantiate by solid proof, and should desire no better than to be put upon that proof. As to Dr. Hacket, I boldly and openly censured his conduct, as a public man; I have never heard one person say I have done so unjustly; but if so, why does he not publish a vindication. It is a paltry and cowardly excuse for him, or any man, to say that what I write is beneath their notice. What! if there were no other proof, the Scribbler, presented by the Grand Jury of the quarter sessions of the peace of Quebec, beneath their notice? If I had not sufficient celebrity and importance before, I have, most humbly, to thank you, gentlemen, for the accession of renown and consequence you have bestowed upon me. But the truth is, the varlets dare not.* They are afraid

* I have a great inclination, at some unexpected period, to put a temporary stop to the Scribbler, and circulate a report that it is bought up; just for the fun of seeing how all the bottles will be uncorked, and whiz up like spruce-beer bouncing and brisk, at first, but soon as "dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable," as Tory Loverule's harangues. © how would

of my pen ; they know, what I may be permitted to boast of, since I have proved it to be the fact, that there are but few men in Canada that I can not write down ; and how you, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, have mustered courage to issue your manifesto against me, would be a matter of surprise, did I not know, that what no single one amongst you would have had the hardihood to do, you thought you could safely risk as a body, that would be, "as a man may say, extinct, dead, deceased, defunct." before I could reply. With regard to Mr. Sutherland, his dishonest and oppressive conduct, will be represented in another quarter ; and as he has done me more good than harm, by his foolish attempts at impeding the circulation of the Scribbler, I will only add here, that I pity the poor man.

You are pleased to say that there is not in the Scribbler, "any one contribution to useful knowledge." Probably by *useful knowledge*, you mean that of the multiplication-table, or the manuals, "How to grow rich," "Every man his own broker," and "The art of bookkeeping by double entry," (which some say means charging twice for the same article,) but, gentlemen, no disparagement to your ideas of useful knowledge—a wiser man than either you or I, has said

"The proper study of mankind is man ;"

and mankind are not to be studied in closets—(I beg your pardon, I mean, countinghouses,) but in their various relations in society, in all their

the papers rejoice, when they thought the gag was taken out of their mouths, and they no more had the fear of the Scribbler, before their eyes ! But on the other hand, I am afraid the public are so well convinced of my perseverance and spirit, that they will not believe it, and that it would require a longer interval than I could afford to give to the joke, to entice the yelpers out again.

acts, pursuits, inclinations, virtues, and vices, foibles, and excentricities; and notwithstanding your most revered dictum, most learned gentlemen of the Grand Jury, I am apt to think that both our contemporaries, and our grandchildren, will look upon the Scribbler, in the words of the preface to my first volume, as presenting "a fair specimen of Canadian literature, talents, and manners, in the first part of the nineteenth century."

I feel that I am running to too great a length, or I might say something about "legitimate satire;" and enlarge upon the reasons why the Scribbler has unfortunately presented chiefly very unfavourable pictures of characters and manners in Canada; but will confine myself to the observation, that a mirror can only reflect those objects that are presented to it; and that it would be something akin to the folly to a certain Grand Jury that shall be nameless, if a horrid ugly fellow should break his looking-glass because it did not shew an Adonis when he stood before it.—The "tranquility of families" too! "By the powers." If all the world knows a man is a cuckold, or a libertine, where is the harm of saying so? And I am quite sure no one can with truth alledge that I have ever taken notice of any thing of that kind, that was not a matter *qui sautoit aux yeux*.

Pray, gentlemen, who are these most deserving characters in the community," whom I have aspersed by "a series of false and most malignant libels." Name! name! as they exclaim in the House of Commons in England. But I beg pardon, gentlemen, I forgot that few of you have been in England, that proud and glorious country where grand juries know their duty, and do not allow themselves to be made

the vehicles of the spite of beardless sheriffs;* I forgot that the House of Office, is more familiar to you than the House of Commons; since, however, gentlemen, you, as a jury, are extinct, it is vain for me to call upon you for names. But I challenge any individual that thinks himself aggrieved: in the first place, I have already shewn that, where I have been in error, (as I certainly know it can not be, but that may some times, nay often, be the case,) I am as ready to acknowledge, retract, and repair; as I am sturdy and independent in blaming, what is blameworthy, and reprehending what deserves reproof. Consequently every one must know that my pages are open to defence, to extenuation, and even recrimination. But I am not desirous of shrinking from any legal responsibility I may have incurred by what I have published. If any gentleman of the law will point out the mode, (which I would do myself, if it did not appear like presumption, and an encroachment upon their prerogative of exclusive knowledge of legal questions,) in which I can be prosecuted at Quebec, *without my personal appearance*, I will waive all technical objections, and admit, and submit, whatever is necessary to carry on the prosecution. Moreover, I also offer, and freely pledge myself, that if my lord Dalhousie, will give me his honour, as a British peer, (an inviolable guarantee, and I will be satisfied with nothing less,) that I shall not be molested on any

* I am informed, see Scribbler No. 70, that a former Grand Jury at Quebec, had been tampered with, by certain wiseheads, to do what has now been done; but without success, for the late sheriff would not lend himself to *pack a jury*, to gratify the spleen of a great man; who, having put on a Scribbler's cap that fitted him most excellently, has now, through his *family* interest with the youngster to whom the important duties of sheriff have been so unaccountably entrusted, found men slavish and foolish enough for his purpose.

other account whatsoever, and shall have free ingress and egress, I will repair to Quebec, if the attorney general thinks proper to prosecute me, and submit to take my trial, for any libel which may be imputed to me in consequence of what has appeared in the Scribbler, and undergo whatever punishment may be adjudged, should that prosecution succeed.

Here I can not but indulge in dreams of glorious anticipation, should kind fortune so will it, that I might be so tried, and so sentenced to stand in the pillory. Then! O then! my fortune would be made! Not only would the work be most eagerly sought for—bought up at high prices*—subscribers pouring in from all quarters—honour, reputation, profit, flowing in in plenteous streams!—ye gods!—but this is all a dream;—and I awake to the less glorious, but yet comfortable reality, that, though I have not yet been exalted to such a proud pre-eminence, I am enjoying

“Solid pudding against empty praise.”

I have, however, another bone to pick with you, most redoubted gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the petty court. Do you know that you yourselves are all indictable, for a false, scandalous, and malicious libel, on me? How dared you assert in the face of the Court, of your country, and against your oaths and duties, so notorious and malignant a falsehood, as that I had “fled thro’ fear of punishment for former misdeeds, beyond the pursuit of justice in this province”? You know, and all Canada knows, that after I was fully cleared, by the verdict of “twelve good men and true,” of the vile and assassinating charge of forgery, and that after all other accusa-

* I have some thoughts of printing a key to the Scribbler, at five dollars a copy. Who ’ll buy! who ’ll buy!

tions against me, were abandoned as untenable, and disgraceful to the perjured persecutors, *whom no jury will, or can ever, believe upon their oaths*; that then, by another foul perjury, they kept me in prison as a debtor; and that my departure from Lower Canada, was not a flight from justice, but a triumphant emancipation from unmerited and unjust imprisonment; a victory obtained over fraud and force; you know, that the governor was reluctantly compelled by the peremptory, persevering, and magnanimous demands of the American Government, to deliver me back to the very place and spot, into the very hotel, at Burlington, whence I had been most atrociously kidnapped. And what prevents me now, from revisiting Canada? No fear of punishment, no apprehension of injustice at the hands of my country; but the fresh perjuries of the same abandoned persecutors who plotted my legal murder. They know that I wish, and ought, to be in Canada, that there exists no motive or cause why I should not go there, and remain there, excepting their own rancourous hostility; and yet they swear, and have actually procured it to be sworn, while I am at Burlington, *that I am about to leave Canada, and that they will lose their debt, if a capias does not issue to take me*; and such capias's, issued upon such false oaths, are waiting for me at the frontier places where they think it likely I may enter. This keeps me out of Lower Canada, most considerate and illuminated gentlemen of the Grand Jury, and not the fear of punishment, nor even the fear of your most formidable presentment.

You have also, most sapient gentlemen, as it appears to have been your intention to denounce those persons in Canada, who assist and encourage the Scribbler, most woefully mistaken your

aim. My "accomplices who supply me with materials," and my "accomplices who publish and circulate it," are comparatively innocent persons, quite minor offenders. Your wisdom must have been asleep when you presented them only, as my abettors. You should have presented the whole body of my readers, and subscribers; for it is, in fact, they to whom the blame attaches. The sin lies at their door, most discreet gentlemen of the Grand Jury. If there were no subscribers and no readers, there would be no publishers, no distributors. Your act of accusation therefore, ought to have included, as the greatest delinquents, members of the Legislative and Executive Councils, members of the House of Assembly, judges, magistrates, divines, physicians, lawyers, officers of the army, merchants, and, in short, persons of all ranks and classes, and not a few ladies. And now, gentlemen, speaking of the ladies, how comes it that you have abandoned that famous war-whoop that was raised against the Scribbler, as an obscene, immoral, bawdy, & irreligious book? Have you forgot those revilings, and accusations that were cast upon me without number about a year ago? Has the Ethiop changed his skin, and has my work become more sanctified in your eyes? Or have you had a sufficient glimmering of good sense to see that as to those accusations, "the truth was not in them?" I am now, you see, stepping out of the record, and have gone through all, and more than, the points urged in your most renowned presentment. But I have not done with you yet

' Most potent, grave, and reverend seignors.'

Do you recollect that on the 16th of July 1821, a Grand Jury of the Quarter Sessions of the peace in Quebec, almost equal to yourselves in thick

ness of intellect, presented a group of American strollers, who were at that time performing feats of horsemanship and ropedancing at the circus? And that they were presented, not on the ground of their encouraging immorality, or enticing the lower classes to expend their money in frivolous amusements, but because they were said to have collected about a thousand dollars, which they would take out of the country, and thereby lessen the capital existing in Canada by that amount? Now, most sagacious gentlemen of the Grand Jury, if you inherit any portion of the same inestimable acumen which actuated those your predecessors in that presentment, you can not fail to perceive that, since I draw about three times as much out of the country annually, as those poor strollers did, every farthing of which is spent in Vermont, I and my work, are therefore even on that account alone, just three times as deserving of being presented as they were. But let me whisper in your ears, most admirable Jurors of our lord the King, (and if our lord the King has none better, the lord have mercy upon him,) that the true parties, who ought to be presented in that case, as causing that money to be drawn from the country, and circulated in a foreign state, are those miscreants aforesaid, who by false oaths, endeavour to keep me out of Lower Canada; where, if their capias's did not stand in the way, all that money would be expended.

All which is most ironically submitted by,
your devoted

SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE.

otherwise called

LEWIS LUKE MACULLOH.

Montreal, 3d Jan. 1823.

DEAR SIR,

Amongst the objects of your just resentment, you have hitherto allowed the shameful practices of the Watch of this city to escape notice. Their name and appointment certainly import that they are intended for the preservation of public order, and private tranquility ; but, instead of this, their malpractices have been notorious and proverbial. And their enormities remain unnoticed, and unpunished, from the protection they enjoy, and the fellowfeeling that prevails between them, and that den of corruption, the police.

When in danger of being detected in their flagrant actions, the consequences are evaded, by swearing the matter on the shoulders of some poor Irishman, who, with the thoughtlessness incident to his natural character, may have been a little irregular in his perambulations through the streets. Indeed it is too evident that the Irish are generally selected as victims, it being well known that, in this instance, the proverb of "give a dog an ill name, &c." is acted on without mitigation, and at the aforesaid den the word of one watchman, no matter what his character otherwise may be, is quite sufficient to weigh down the testimony of a score of paratee-eaters. But to revert to the Watch ; I will give you two instances of their roguery, which will be quite sufficient to let us into the secret of the profession of a Watchman ; whilst, if I were blessed with the patience of Job, and you had room, I might adduce many more, if necessity should require it. The commander of this piratical crew, with his second in command, having captured, whilst cruising in St. Paul Street, a prize of sixteen boxes of lemons, the commodore, who is very fond of a bowl of punch, ordered one of

the boxes to be taken to his house, and to insure secrecy, made a present of another to his lieutenant. In the morning, when he gave an account of them at the customhouse, he, very considerably, reduced them in his report, to the number of twelve; but, unfortunately for the captain, there happened to be one of his company, who, on account of some grudge or other, being perhaps as fond of punch as his superiors, and not having had his chance of a share, exclaimed in a tone that indicated gratified revenge, *il y avoit seize*. Now this probably would not have been ventured at the police, where the understrapper would soon have been silenced; but here, the consequence was that the captain's pocket was rendered seven dollars lighter, and the lieutenant had the satisfaction of trudging about, collecting for a week, before he could muster enough to pay his quota. The other instance I will adduce, terminated more pleasantly for the commodore, who has not, that I know of, been called to account for it. Having seized two boxes of tea, he sold them to a grocer in the St. Lawrence suburbs, and applied the proceeds to fill up the chasm occasioned in the state of his finances by his fondness for punch, which in his estimation, yields to nothing but brandy, of his affection for which, his carbuncled face bears ample testimony. That such proceedings are carried on, I will not say with the connivance, but at least with the partial knowledge, of the magistrates who are at the head of the department, is too evident. They ought to recollect that it is a sacred duty they have to perform, to see that the care of our city, of our property, and our lives, when "all nature sleeps," be confided to the guard of honest men, nor suffer abuse to walk a-

broad at "noon of night," as is the case with our Watch.

This subject more naturally belongs to the public newspapers, rather than to your humorous and amusing work; but as it contains a wipe at men in power, I have no doubt that the editors here would have excluded it, for fear of giving offence, if they did not join in endeavours to find out who the wretch is that has thus the impudence to pry into, and lay open some of the secrets of licensed rascality, and police-corruption; and, in the hopes that it may rouse such of the magistrates as are only supine in their duty, without worse motives for overlooking these evils that have become objects of frequent conversation, to wipe off the suspicions which the shameful conduct of the Watch inspires, I humbly solicit your assistance in conveying this to be public, from

Yours,

NUDA VERITAS.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

SONNET.

I saw a chrysal stream glide swiftly by,
 And many a bubble on its breast it bore,
 Which quickly bursting, vanish'd from my eye,
 And scarcely was created ere no more:
 I saw the western sky with gold o'erspread,
 Glowing with purple, and with crimson bright;
 A minute pass'd, and every tint was fled,
 And lost, and blended with oblivion's night.
 On thee, O wretched man! my thought was turn'd,
 For thee th' involuntary tear did flow—
 Thy fleeting happiness I only mourn'd;
 For, ah! by sad experience well I know
 Life's fairest views are but an airy dream,
 Frail as the transient cloud, or bubble on the stream.

MARIA.

ADDRESS TO CONTENTMENT.

Contentment, rosy, dimpled fair,
 Thou brightest daughter of the sky !
 Why dost thou to the hut repair,
 And from the gilded palace fly ?
 I've traced thee on the peasant's cheek,
 I've mark'd thee in the milk-maid's smile,
 I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak,
 Amid the sons of want and toil:
 Yet in the circles of the great,
 Where fortune's gifts are all combined,
 I've sought thee early, sought thee late.
 And ne'er thy lovely form could find.
 Since then from wealth and pomp you flee,
 I ask but competence and thee.

MARIA.

The length to which my reply to the presentment of the Quebec wiseacres has carried me, has prevented the insertion of much other matter intended for today's Scribbler, particularly the Supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer, announced in my last, and Letter VII. from Pulo Penang. These are now destined for next number; and the continuation of the Dialogue between Reason and Satire, Scribleromania, a review of publications, &c. will follow as soon as possible.

In the Domestic Intelligencer in No. 81, I find that in mentioning the appointment of Sir Plausible Pompous M'Killaway, as provincial grand master of the freemasons, it was not adverted to that it is in Upper Canada and not in Lower Canada. that he has been so appointed: consequently, whatever was said on that score, must be considered as applicable to the lodges of Upper Canada. I am told that some of my most esteemed friends, masons, in Canada, have taken umbrage at that paragraph; yet I scarcely conceive why. When I added "Thank God, I don't belong to any lodge of masons in Canada," it can not be supposed I meant any thing disrespectful to the frater-

nity, on the contrary I highly esteem and venerate them; I consider them as carrying a blessing into every country where they exist; but I meant to express, in the most forcible manner, the abhorrence I should feel at having any thing whatsoever to do with such a man as Sir Pompous, whose expulsion from the order, I should look upon as my masonic duty to propose, instead of considering him entitled to any elevation, did I belong to any lodge in which he was likely to make his appearance, or have any connection with

L. L. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. MARIA'S further poetic favours will be very acceptable. SOL. SNEER, will find a letter for him at the address he requested. HELL MOLLY, is too much of a caricature. PETER GRINDSTONE, is dubious.— PARIS I will write to, to the address he mentions, and leave it at the Scribbler-Office, to be sent for. A READER had no key. MONTEZUMA'S & ROBIN GOODFELLOW'S replies to SNICKERSNEE & DIBS, will partly appear. RODERICK RANDOM, and NESTOR, both give an account of the same ball, and both shall be made use of to cook up an article for next number; both appear to be good observers, and to write well, and I shall be glad of their future correspondence; Mr. RANDOM'S contempt of the idle presentment of the Grand Jurists of Quebec, is gratifying to me, and honourable to his spirit and feelings; but in fact I find my correspondents and accomplices, as well as my friends and subscribers, in general, do most immoderately laugh at that sapient production, which has already procured me about a dozen new subscribers. St. PATRICK, and a FRIEND, will partially be availed of. JACK AT A PINCH, will not do: the object is too low. MONGREL rejected. GRAMMATICUS, SAM TINKER, and SOMMATOR, just received, and will probably be availed of; so also MONGAHELA, OBADIAH IDLE'S second favour, and PHILO from Plattsburgh. CUT-EM DEEP from Whitehall, I will not promise to insert, but perhaps may.

L. L. M.

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