

glers should meditate upon what Sterne says in his chapter upon large noses, and that which he intended to have written upon long tails.

*Montreal, July 1822.*

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Taking the *mail-coach* from Kingston to Montreal a few days ago, I had the fortune, (whether good or bad I leave you to judge) to find myself in company with a gentleman of the Lovatt family and his lady, from Three Rivers, (I have not found any other name for that place in the Scribbler's gazetteer yet, and I am obliged from sterility of invention in myself, to give it plump :) I think he was a notary public, or a proteus-notary, or some such notorious character, for I heard him observe that you had, in your private capacity, written him a letter requesting him to record a deed, in the discharge of his official duty, as a public functionary, but that he considered you, the editor of the Scribbler, as so despicable and abandoned a character, that he did not deign even to answer it, and that for his non-compliance he expected a severe castigation from your polluted pen! Is not this a tolerably fair average sample of the Jacks in office, and little great men in this province? I am not fond of attacking the ladies, and yet I can not help adding that madam, who appeared to me to be a compound of ignorance, pride, calumny and vanity, and who chafed in with the learned gentleman's observations respecting you, would be the better for a few lashes from your pen. In passing the mouth of the Little Chateauguay River, the tawny trumpeters of the neighbouring swamps pouted in true unison with her monotonous croaking, which was continually exerted in cursing country accommodations.

A straw-thatched roundabout *bumboozled flint* of a fellow (of and from Brockville) was also in