

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

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\* 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