

that is the very head and front of my offence (at least the ostensible motive for your animadversion,) I will enter upon that subject before adverting to others which you have touched upon, or which arise from the discussion.

But first I would ask you, how comes it that your sense of propriety and the "indignation of insulted virtue," as you call it, did not at an earlier period, call forth your vituperation? I have carefully looked through the pages of the Scribbler, and though I can conscientiously and fearlessly say that, with one solitary exception, (a rebus, wrapped up however in an allusion that can alone be understood by those who understand latin,) there is no one expression of the tendency you insinuate which I could wish to blot, yet I have found that in the earlier numbers, say the first twenty four, there are a variety of passages, which false delicacy, fastidious hypocrisy, or impurity of thought, may torture into indecency; whilst, in the latter part, and since I have changed my plan as to the exclusion of personal satire, it will be difficult to fix on any. Now does not this plainly indicate that it is not the supposed obscenity of my phrases and ideas, not the offence given to the chastity of thought that you wish to make it be believed is so inherent in the good people of Montreal, when you say my writings will not "do for the people of this age and country," that has at this late period, called you into the lists? No, it is evident that it is the pointed tone of personal satire I have found it necessary to adopt, that has generated the "austerity you feel when you see virtue in danger"! During the first six months of the unchecked career of the "hosts of contamination," which you would fain have the world believe I have "marched into the fair fields of virtue," where was this rigid censor, this inflexible moralist? For shame! say not another word about that being your real motive for attacking me: the real cause is "rank, and smells to heaven." It is because the follies of your friends and patrons have been attacked in their persons.

To revert, however to your *cheval de bataille*, the *refrain* of your song, indecency and immorality; you have adroitly anticipated a challenge I should naturally have given you to refer to instances of the 'immoral' tendency you so largely attribute to the Scribbler; but that shall not deter me from throwing out to you, or any one, that challenge, and declaring my ability utterly to refute the charge in every instance you can adduce, (the single one above mentioned excepted,) either by showing its falsity, and untenableness, or by producing authorities or parallel passages in