

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. II.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 17th Oct. 1822. [No. 68.

Saul, Saul! why persecutest thou me?

Tantene animis caelestibus iræ? VIRGIL.

Dwell strife and rage in such celestial minds?

Latus sum laudari a te laudato viro. CICERO.

By *honourables* to be quoted
Must honour give, to him who wrote it.

Poscum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim. CICERO.

Is it possible to forget what I was, whilst I feel what I am.

That I may not only redeem the pledge I have given, but that it may appear also that I give my adversaries fair play, I print in a prominent place the following heroical epistle.

Montreal, Sept 19, 1822.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH, Esq.

I have waited a considerable time in hopes that some abler writer than myself, would, at least, break the ice; after which, you know, it is an easy matter to find water. But as no one has yet dared to break a lance as you proposed, I shall (and perhaps with a pretty well pointed lance too,) venture in combat with you; at the same time, however, expecting that nothing contrary to the laws of chivalry, shall contravene in anywise the controversy.

“Then open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.”

Being well acquainted with the principles, upon