

It was matter of great surprise to me that for ten months my essays made their weekly appearance, without exciting or provoking any public printed remark, or criticism. I was almost *au desespoir* for fear that I should continue to walk over the course without a single one venturing to enter the lists; I have purposely inserted in my papers some blunders, and have started some peculiar topics, in the hopes of provoking animadversion; at length, to my great satisfaction, two or three writers have come forward. One who signed JACUSNESUS, in the Montreal Gazette, a fortnight ago, I answered the following week, and have apparently written him down. To D. H. in the Quebec Mercury of last week I have sent my answer; and my own individual reply to MORES in last week's Gazette, appears in this week's, in which I trust I shall be found to have done justice to the gentlemanly language, and apparently worthy, though mistaken, motives that induced that writer to take up his pen, whilst I have repelled with becoming indignation his personal insinuations against me, for, whilst deprecating personality, he has deeply dipped his pen in the blackest gall that flows from the vile recesses of calumny that are to be found in the dens of the despicable and profligate men at the head of the late North West Company. The maxim upon which I always have acted, and mean to act, is, *never to suffer any thing to go unanswered*; But, although I do not intend to occupy the pages of the Scribbler with my answers to attacks that may be made upon me or upon my writings, excepting in case the editors of papers in which they appear should refuse to publish my replies, I should be doing injustice to myself, as well as to an ingenious correspondent to whom I am indebted for several valuable