

of our poor papa to predominate, and a clever little fellow of a footman, but not cunning enough not to be found out, was discovered to have been imitating the experiment of the kitchen, in the parlour. Here again the door was thrown open, and in rushed all manner of doubts and suspicions; our maid Marian, has been taken back again by her master, or rather his accommodating lady has taken her back again; the clever little footman has been dismissed, and our philosopher has begun afresh *tout son seul* a new experiment which will, no doubt, succeed to a hair, unless *le Fleuri*, the clerk, should put his finger in the pie again. In expectation, however, of the result of this new trial, it is always

ANGELUS VENIT.

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Having now completed my second volume, I have to renew my warmest thanks to my numerous subscribers, patrons, and correspondents, for their liberal support, and valuable assistance, by which I have been enabled to prosecute the work thus far with increasing success and augmented reputation. The arbitrary measures put in practice against the Scribbler, are well known; and with respect to the malicious opposition, and want of common honesty, I have experienced at the hands of the deputy post-master-general, I have only to refer to Nos. 65, 69, 73 & 74, where my disputes with the post-office are detailed. But my readers will be astonished when I inform them that Mr. Sutherland, has moreover gone the length of causing his agents to intimidate the stage-drivers who carry the mails, and to endeavour to prevent them from conveying any parcels not only containing Scribblers, but all such as are directed to me, or persons known or supposed to be my correspondents, whatever such parcels may contain. Some stage-owners, and stage-drivers have been so slavishly pusillanimous as, in consequence, to refuse to take such parcels; particularly on the road between Montreal and Quebec, so that, new delays, difficulties, and expenses have arisen. But Mr. Sutherland had better beware, he is only heaping coals of fire on his own head; some he is now smarting under, and there are plenty behind in my furnace. Besides, when will the fools find out that by making my writings of such vast consequence, they are only adding to my fame, and absolutely