

THE SCRIBBLER.

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— *Accipe, si vis,
Accipium tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.* — HORACE.

Come let's take pen and ink, fix place and time,
The where, the when, the how, in prose or rhyme;
Write as you list, and the more space you fill,
I'll answer, and refute, and overcome you still.

"Fill'd up at last with interesting news;
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed." COWPER.

It is with regret that I now find myself compelled to occupy some pages of the Scribbler that might perhaps be devoted to better purposes with my replies to the letters under the signature of *Mores*, which have appeared in the Montreal Gazette against my work. But my maxim being, as before said, *never to suffer any thing to go unanswered*, and the editor of the Gazette having thought proper to decline inserting my second letter, declaring that "my justification in answer to *Mores*, is *too deep a subject for public inspection*," I can not coincide with the profound depth of this observation so much as to suppress that vindication which the virulent, but well written, attack of *Mores* calls forth. It is true the editor of the Gazette declares that the future communications of *Mores* will likewise be inadmissible; so that I can not complain of much partiality. But it is not my desire that the controversy should end in this negative manner; and, as I know the other English papers published in this town are too pusillanimous, and too averse to