

In rhyming, ranting, critic verse,
 To shew what's bad by what is worse ?
 Can we not all these faults perceive
 Without their labour or their leave ?
 Yes ! be the critic snarler thrust
 To kindred night, and native dust,
 To doze and grovel—hoot and howl,
 Like the light-hating, frightful owl ;
 There con his precious scraps and bits,
 The *lingua franca* of his scatter'd wits,
 The "non-sense" which his "luckless stars,"
 Amidst our "literary jars,"
 Vainly permitted him to use,
 Like the harsh gabble of a noisy Goose.

C. A.

Port Hope, 20th October, 1822.

Now, sir knight, to give you a parting blow. You make a most awkward apology for not having printed your "epistle" in one of the papers in Lower Canada, where the Scribbler is chiefly circulated ; you say, you have "learned to appreciate the precarious promises of a *Yankee editor*." Now there happened to be but one paper (the Canadian Courant,) to the editor of which that appellation could be given in all Lower Canada, when you were composing your delectable "epistle ;" (for the Canadian Times was not then in existence) and, supposing he had either refused you, or falsified a promise made to you, were there not the Montreal Herald, and Gazette, and the Quebec Mercury, and Gazette, the editors of which are, respectively, an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, and a Canadian, whilst all of them are notoriously opposed to the Scribbler ? But the truth is, sir Tresillian ; you DARED not ; you, the knight-errant of "female character," and "characters of the first respectability," are a coward, a recreant, craven knight, sir Sillyone ; who thought to escape a scourging by putting forth your epistle in a distant paper, published