

*Three Rivers, Oct. 25, 1822.*

MR. SCRIB,

I fully believe there does not exist in any part of Canada, a more unsociable set of beings, than those which form the higher and middling classes of society of this place. A cold, ceremonious, system of conduct is observed in their intercourse with one another, which effectually tends to prevent familiar and social habits amongst them.— A certain etiquette—yes, etiquette! though you will probably laugh at the idea,—is in vogue, which is as ridiculous in itself, as contemptible in the individuals who observe it, or expect it to be observed towards them. A specimen of this affected system of formality, I am going to lay before you. Some time ago a few hearty fellows, who laugh at ceremony and its forms, when placed in competition with social intercourse, agreed on having an oyster-feast, to which a certain select number of friends were to be invited; cards of invitation were accordingly written and sent, and all seemed to go on smooth enough, till the appointed evening arrived, when, behold! like the parable of the feast in scripture, “they all with one consent began to make excuses,” which poured in from every quarter, and out of a dozen that had been invited, only one attended, in propria persona, to grace the revels, leaving the projectors of the treat, to enjoy it themselves, (which they did, in spite of such mortifying neglect,) or else to follow the scriptural example, and “go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.” But Mr. Scribbler, whatever were the excuses sent, and there were actually among them those “who had married wives & therefore could not come;” when the real causes which had produced this consentaneous procedure