

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] *MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 30th Jan. 1823.* [No. 8.]

"When there exists no means of communication with the public, every one is exposed, without defence, to the secret shafts of malignity and envy:—But when there exists a free press, an innocent man immediately brings the matter into open day."

DELOLME.

- "There piercing caustics ply their spiteful power ;
- Emetics drench, and keen cathartics scour ;  
The deadly drugs in double doses fly ;  
And pestles peal a martial symphony."

GARTH.

*Variare materiam misturâ jocorum.*

MARTIAL.

Varying what's moral, grave and serious,  
With jests and jokes, and stories ludicrous.

*Montreal, 11th Jan. 1823.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

The impartial proposal which you made of "hearing both sides,"\* renders it superfluous for me to offer any arguments to induce you to insert the following letter in reply to the communication of Jonah, which appeared in the Scribbler of last week.

If stupidity of intellect, and palpable falsity are

\*I do not recollect having made any proposal of that kind, excepting by general professions of impartiality ; but considering it always incumbent on a public writer to allow to every person who conceives himself alluded to, the privilege of a reply or a refutation, provided it be not carried to too great a length, or degenerate into a personal squabble, I now state that I will readily give insertion to a defence, or answer, to any thing *personal* that may have appeared in the Scribbler, reserving of course the right of correcting the language, or curtailing the dispute, if necessary.

L. L. M.

constitutive ingredients in the composition of a writer in the Scribbler, you can be equalled by few ; surpassed by none. But if, on the contrary, facetiousness and humour are the qualifications with which such a one must come recommended, it is to me a surprising paradox, that Mr. Macculloh should have permitted such unfounded assertions to appear in the pages of the Scribbler, unless it be for the sake of contrasting the dullness of the piece in question, with the vivacity of the work in general. That there should be a tribunal for the cognizance of those minor vices, and offences against the decorum of society, of which the laws of the country have taken no notice, is proper, and in some degree necessary ; but, it is also indispensibly requisite for the authority and respectability of this tribunal, that the indictments preferred before the Grand Jury of the public, should be founded in, and supported by, truth, and that the private prosecutor, should never be influenced in his testimony by private hatred. With respect to your aspersions, I admit that the reverend gentleman's continued clatter is disagreeable ; but this, taken even in the most disadvantageous point of view, is but a weakness. I grant that his lungs were not cast in the stentorian mould ; but this is neither a weakness, nor a failing, but a natural defect. These are the only admissions I will, or ought to, make. As for the rest of your accusations, I must affirm them to be a malicious libel, for which you can not plead the truth in justification. Actuated by hatred, envy, or some other infernal passion, you have

“With all the kind mendacity of hints,”

set down what your malice dictated. You have drawn a picture coloured by your perverted imagination, but the likeness is so feeble, that eve-

ry one cries out against the artist, and condemns the daub. Perhaps, conscious of the hideousness of your own character and principles, you have selected the vilest of your own features, and crowded them into the exaggerated portrait, well knowing that nothing would deform the unresisting object of your unprovoked resentment, so much as clothing him in your own garb of iniquity. But alas! has your malevolence so far depraved and debased even your shallow judgment, as to think that by endeavouring to reduce him to a level with yourself, you would veil your enormities, or that by depreciating his merits, your demerits would appear less conspicuous? Where did you learn that doctrine? Was it in that volume from which you have dared to take your name? No. I have answered the question for you, because, from the sentiments which you have displayed, it is evident that, if ever you perused it, you took special care not to imbibe its precepts, nor to model your conduct accordingly. And were you not aware, when you advanced so many falsehoods, that you were pursuing a most admirable plan of insuring credence to no part of your charge? You have no subterfuge; you can make no apology, except by confessing your ignorance, and that would be an excuse only for your dullness. I conclude by assuring you that my sentiments, in this case, coincide with those of all the readers of the Scribbler, (and they, you are aware, comprise the great body of the public,) who deprecate a similar loathsome feeling of disgust, with which that lying production of your pen was received. Farewell, thou false prophet, and do not again, for want of ideas, coin falsehoods to fill your pages.

Your humble servant,

CASTIGATOR.

*amanuensi meo.*

I beg to observe upon this letter, that the denial of the accusations brought against the reverend gentleman, by Jonah, is too general. His failings certainly appear to have been much exaggerated; but what does Castigator say to the imputation of ingratitude displayed in his conduct towards Mr. Wintertown, on which subject I had, at the time, more than one indignant representation? And surely the detestable project for enslaving the consciences, and controuling the actions, of the good people of Montreal, by a protestant inquisition, under the title of a MORAL POLICE, is too notorious to be denied. L. L. M.

*An address to the Patients, Physicians, and Directors of the General Hospital.*

*Poor Patients—*

Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest :—because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction.

Permit me to address a few words to you, miserable and suffering poor, who are condemned to undergo the excruciating, and wanton experiments, of barbarous and unskilful doctors, and their blundering students. The gates of this mansion opened themselves to you with promises of healing and of comfort. How have ye found it? You have been made the objects for trying remedies, known and unknown; a school for shopboys, scullions, and fiddlers, to learn how to handle a scalpel, mix a potion, or administer a glyster; almost a theatre for anatomical exhibitions: 't is not how to cure the diseases of the poor, but how the cure of the diseases of the rich can be best protracted, that is the object for which you suffer almost a martyrdom. And your comfort, where is it? Peremptory orders, coarse language; seclusion from your friends and relatives; your dearest and best nurses, wives,

sisters, and children, "the poor man's wealth," shut out from you, or only allowed a short period of intercourse; and ye of the catholic persuasion, denied the visits of your priests, not allowed the consolations of your religion. Those of ye that can, arise and go forth; treat your doctors as they deserve; burn their unmeaning prescriptions, spill their tinctures, break their phials,\* and cast their pills into the fire. Rather be "Every man his own doctor," and follow that scriptural vocation: Arise, let us go hence."

*Physicians.* Ye are an abomination.

Now gentlemen of the lancet, allow me to say a few words to you; your arrogance, ignorance, and inhumanity, have indeed called me a second time to Tarshish, altho' you are almost unworthy of public animadversion. But, gentlemen, I do not intend to overwhelm all of you in undistinguished censure; some of you are both well meaning and intelligent; with a fair portion of skill, and a proportionate degree of modesty.—It is the leader of your band that is most deserving of the lash. Dr. Snuff-tobacco, the hero of puffs, manifestoes, and quackeries. What we have to admire in this wonderful genius is his quick transition from amputating rolls of tobacco, and pounding snuff, to the performance of those manœuvres upon the bodies of His Majesty's liege subjects, and the ingredients of his nostrums; & the surprising facility of his communicative powers, by which in three months time,

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\* It was sagaciously remarked at a trial at law, where the insanity of a person had been endeavoured to be proved by his throwing out of the window a large quantity of phials and gallipots with medicines, when the judge observed that he much doubted, whether the throwing away of physic could be considered as an act of insanity; the counsellor on the other side said, "True, my lord, but the breaking of the phials and gallipots may." L. L. M.

he can make the most ignorant, proficient in anatomy, pharmacy, and phlebotomy, together with the Latin names (in English,) of all the bones, vessels, muscles &c. *à vertice ad talos imos*. He boasts of having acquired his profession in eighteen months, and says, that, had he so wished, he might have procured his degree of M. D. six weeks after his arrival at Edinburgh, as his amanuensis consumed only nine days in penning his latin examinatory thesis. He says of himself, *Cedite, Romani medici, cedite Graii*. A prudent man's motto is, "What do I know?" but this modern Galen's motto is, "What do I not know?" I would, however, advise him, when he writes a prescription in future, to follow the example of the Roman judges, who, at the end of doubtful cases, wrote the letters, N. L. *Non Liquet*, answering to the *Ignoramus* of our Grand Juries.

*Directors.* But ye have made it a den.

Gentlemen Directors; one word with you.—Your motives in establishing this humane institution, certainly deserve the commendation of every one. I am convinced that, in general, you were actuated by feelings of benevolence and charity, although those of ostentation and policy also concurred: but I am sorry to think that your pecuniary ideas got the better of your understandings, in electing an unskilful physician, a mere novice in the profession, to be the principal medical manager of your institution. It is true he voluntarily offered his services; but he wanted practice, and hoped to get into a run of business by that means. Your æconomical views were very well in other matters, but at the head of such an institution we ought to see an able and a skillful man, not one, like the Ninevites to whom I preached, that "can not discern between

their right hand and their left hand ;” and whose chief delight is in babbling to boys about physiology, and strutting amongst the subjects of his experiments, like Volesus, exclaiming *O rem regiam*.

Now, Patients, Physicians, and Directors, farewell !  
JONAH.

I have given admittance to the above letter, although I conceive Jonah, thinking like his namesake of old, that he “does well to be angry, even unto death,” has a good deal exaggerated matters ; in order that I may spur my former correspondent Plato, to transmit me his promised information relative to the hospital, its system and management. As I have been addressed both for and against it, I wish always to adopt the maxim *audi alteram partem* ; and when I am favoured with any further communication on the subject, I will also make some remarks on the report of the committee which appeared in the papers in November.  
L. L. M.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XVIII.

We publish an *Intelligencer* sooner than we intended, for the sake of communicating some articles to our readers, that would otherwise lose their interest by becoming out of date ; and first we extract from the

*Backbite Supplementary Gazette.* The first act of Scribomania, created an astonishing bustle in this town. Half an hour after the distribution of the blue covers, Mr. Frank Kennedy, armed with a short, thick, shillelah flew into the store of poor Belcamp, whom he accused of breach of promise—treachery most vile ! in having procured him a niche in the damned Scribbler’s damned play or farce : adding with the utmost *sang froid* and courtesy, he had “just stepped out to pound him to the consistence of his own Molasses.” Close at the heels of his enraged countryman, followed the

doctor, brandishing an enormous iron pestle, loudly swearing that Bellcamp, as a punishment for disseminating "a libel on his professional talents," should either swallow down instantly a potion (enough for a cart-horse) composed of jalap, rhubarb, and squills, or have his brains beaten out. It is not known by what means the unfortunate storekeeper succeeded in appeasing the wrath of his assailants. Particulars, however, of a treaty, have been whispered about, and that the ratifications are shortly to be exchanged by the contracting parties. Firstly, no more attacks to be made on Castle Tumble-down, or its inmates, including the renowned mathematician, Archy M'Tickle-tail, whom the eccentric and talented lady of the castle generously received, within her donjon-keep, as the victim of oppression, or, as another version of the story goes, in the pure and genuine spirit of female contradiction to the *faction of blackballers*, whom she not only laughs at, as they deserve, but makes the constant butt of her keenest satire. Secondly, the scandalous, lying story, of the horn &c. to be hushed up and in future the industrious disciple of Galen to be known by his proper appellative Dr. Robertus Vestibule." Thirdly, the parties are to be no longer borrowers of the Scribbler, but subscribers,\* and are no longer to lend out their blue books, nor suffer them to lie as kill-times on their parlour-tables. The above is given on the authority of the reverend Proser M'Glutherem, who arose from his sick couch (according to custom in the middle of a snowstorm) and sallied forth, staff in hand, to collect the pro's and con's from his morning-oracles, Miss Dumpling, Tiddy Doll, and Miss Spare-one Common.

Jan. 5. LONG EXPECTED NUPTIALS. Last evening there was a strong muster of the "Montagues and Capulets."—The bridal procession soon moved on, and young Romeo led his Juliet, "nothing loth," to seal their irrevocable vows at the altar. The church of Backbite was brilliantly illuminated on the occasion with a whole pound of long mould sixes; but

"Yonder's the East, and Juliet is the Sun."  
a taper had sufficed where such radiant eyes shed their beams around. Petrus Dingdong intuitively, foreseeing that a shower of small white money would fill his ample palms,

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\*Really, gentlemen of Backbite, I take so much pains in collecting intelligence and writing about you, without increasing my subscription-list among you, that I am quite tired of it; and unless the above treaty is *bona fide* carried into effect, and some other of the gentry amongst you, encourage my efforts, by taking the Scribbler (which I assure them looks very pretty when bound in volumes) I will say no more about you; and then—  
"Lord have mercy upon you, miserable sinners!" L. L. M.



gave forth his sonorous "amen" at the due periods ; and, we are told, kept up a fire in the *solitary single stove*, strong enough to dissipate the deadly chill, for which the Backbite church will be long held in remembrance by many a rheumatic sufferer, and thaw the icicles from the newly washed railing of the communion-recess. Immediately after the happy pair had driven from church to their dwelling, bridal favours, gloves \* &c. with the divisions and subdivisions of a huge plumb-cake (a chef d'œuvre of Mr. Edgenorth) were dispatched in all directions. Next morning, agreeably to the etiquette of the place, several ladies, and one ingenious young gentleman, with a glorious epithalamium in his pocket, called to pay their congratulatory visits. They found the bride, like the very wife described by king Solomon, not sitting up in idle state, as brides have been wont to do, but thriftily commencing the honey-moon, setting her household in order. The poetaster, whose lines began thus

Hail ! lovely fair, whose blushing cheek

That snowy veil would fain conceal ;

lost his labour, and the gad-about *old wives* received such a lesson from the young one, as it is to be hoped they will be the better for.

By a courier just arrived from the Isle of Bull-frogs, we learn that the island has been, for a week past, nothing out a scene of gaiety and dissipation, in consequence of the Dash-at-all family having been on a visit to the colonel. Mrs. Col. Dash-at-all resides at Campbelltown, in order, no doubt, that her connubial endearments may not infringe upon the time so generously bestowed by the colonel (for value received to wit,) upon the public, in his numerous places and posts, but on this occasion came to the island to spend, (not the honey-moon, for that is over long ago, but) the holydays. During these the Dash-at-alls, Congreves, and Paddien O' Rafferties kept it up in high style ; at one of the fêtes said to have been given at Dash-at-all cottage, the colonel appeared to much advantage as one *barbier de France, by gar*, dressed à la mode de Paris, and of course, as usual, spouted not a little on the occasion. Mem. The colonel is apt to draw a long bow ; he should not tell folks he had settled for the Scribbler, and was not afraid of appearing again in it.

About the same time a grand party of fashionables, consisting of the Foot-att family, and Alexander the Great's, went on a visit to Mr. Sandy Flat's, and returned next day,

\* It is respectfully requested that the gloves which are intended to be presented to Mr. Macculloh on the occasion, may be lined with fur, as most suitable both to his age and to the season.

accompanied by Sandy's lady, highly delighted with the excursion : Sir John exclaimed, "damn his eyes," but they had enjoyed themselves.

Dr. and Mrs. Syntax from Chambly, were likewise observed about the new-year, making their way thro' a cloud of snow, supposed to be on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. McJob at the cottage. Various conjectures have been on foot lately, why the old squire did not join the routs on the island, during the stay of the Dash-at-alls, some say it is something about St. Andrews, and a little water ; others about a stove without pipes ; and others again whisper the words "honourable board," and "being disappointed," &c.

*4th Jan.*

MR. GOSSIP,

Having been present at Mrs. East's third ball, the last night of the old year, I was well pleased with the manner in which it was conducted, which did great credit to that lady, who strives to make herself agreeable, and every thing pleasant, to the company. The rooms which have undergone considerable alteration since last winter, are yet very cold. In spite, however, of that, dancing was kept up till three o'clock. Amongst the company were to be noticed ; The Countess of Cork and daughter, Mrs. Rivet, (who left off six of her rings) and Miss R, Mr. & Mrs. Seafire, Charley Sneak of Gaything, Esquire, the Chevalier de Bellemine, Mr. and Mrs. Ravendale, Mr and Mrs. Rag, Mr. Benny Big ; but Miss Wagtail, did not honour the ball, nor any of the Caleche-family or suite.

I am happy, Mr. Gossip, to be able to inform you that that abominable vice, drunkenness, which was so very prevalent at public parties here, and which Mr. Macculloh has taken so much pains to expose) is greatly decreasing, so much so that, although a number of the known votaries of Bacchus were at this ball, no one indulged himself in too frequent potations.

Yours &c.

HILARITY.

MR. GOSSIP,

Among the parties that have been held this winter, the "Shanty\*-club-ball," (for that is the classic name adopted) held on the 31 Dec. at the British hotel, deserves honourable mention. I will not stop to describe the company, (perhaps they might be considered as non-descriptors,) nor the dresses, nor the vehicles that conveyed them to the scene of action, but, as Virgil says ;

*In media arma ruamus*

We'll rush at once into the battle's throng ;

perhaps, however, not without danger, for, the gentlemen, consisting mostly of natives of the land of cakes, instinctively began with reels and jigs, and with the most graceful gesticulations, contorsions, and attitudes inimitable, did fling about their legs and arms, in such beautifully grotesque forms, and with such tremendous and forceful vehemence, that many a shin of many a pair of pretty legs, (if the ladies durst have shewn them) would have exhibited in black and blue, the effects of their vivacious exertions. The barbaric elegance of these caricature dances, however, soon yielded to a more civilized exhibition ; and country-dances commenced, led off by the beautiful Mrs. M'Stephen, and Mr. M'Gay ; and so they tripped it merrily along, until, with a happy and delightful imitation of the tuneful notes of an Indian yell, the managers, joined by a few equally accomplished cavaliers, who barked as melodiously as they could in chorus, raised an alarm that struck terror into many a female breast, unused to the bewitching notes of "savage-war-song wild." They were soothed, however, by the

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\*For the information of English readers, a *Shanty* is a temporary lodge, or shed, erected in the woods, for the accommodation of the axemen, and work people, who are employed in clearing the country, or building houses in remote places.

assurances of one of their *cavalier servientes*, more inclined to pay honour to the Paphian Goddess, than the horned Bacchus,\* that those were hymns sung in honour of the god of wine, such as potations deep of whiskey and black-strap invariably inspire. It being a night of the renovation of the annual circle that rolls us all onward to our weal or woe; a few minutes before twelve, at a given word, each man (that is, those who had watches,) pulled them from their fobs, and each minute, nay, the tick of every second was counted, till the hands pointed to the utmost hour.—The suspense in this short interval was like that, when two armies meet, before their clashing weapons cross, or the first gun is fired—but then, the first report no sooner vibrates on the ear, than thousand cannons roar, and all is intermingled, shout, and rout, with shriek and shrug, some falling on, and others underneath, their fellows. So at that fearful moment, stood the trembling ladies, dreading, yet panting for, the

\* Mythologists have never given a satisfactory reason why Bacchus is often represented with horns; indeed that noble appendage was thought so essential to that deity, that Ovid, desirous of likening a mortal to him, says

*Accidant capiti cornua, Bacchus eris;*

“Let horns be but added to your head, and you will be Bacchus himself.” But it appears to me that, horns were considered as a proper addition to the God of drunkenness, because while the men drink their wine extravagantly abroad, their wives are industriously manufacturing horns for them at home: and this conjecture seems to be confirmed by that other passage in Ovid, addressed to Bacchus;

— *tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas,  
Virginicum copus est.*

When without horns the God appears,  
It seems a virgin head he wears.

*Virgin* being here put by a metonymy, for chaste, & his own head, by a metaphor, for his wife's—continency. L. L. M.

onset, and lips were set in order, tuckers adjusted, and pointed pins prepared to scratch the intruding foe : and so too, when time, with his sure footsteps brought on th' eventful moment, rushed the hosts together, to wish each other "a happy new year." Then was heard the smack of meeting lips, the rush, the squeeze, th' averting shriek, and sigh submitting to decrees of fate with willing softness, or with feigned reluctance. One heroine, bore the brunt of the battle, with most Cytherean fortitude ; and was heard to exclaim, "Oh, my dear sir, you kiss too much, too long ; go to another, and then you may come back." Full half an hour the battle raged, and some say, handkerchiefs were torn, whilst ringlets lost their curls, and waists were held in claspings arms. Undistinguishable was the havoc, and every man encountered every woman, whilst every woman sustained the attacks successively of all the men. Order was at length restored, but after this scene, description would be faint, and "by the powers," I dare rehearse no more, but wish, in the words of a toast given by one of the gentlemen on the occasion, "*Health to the Shanty-Club-Ball.*"

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

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*POET'S CORNER.*

*On seeing a lady kiss a Portrait.*

Ne'er, ne'er did I think that once I should wish  
 A portrait to be, a room to garnish ;  
 But man, like the buzzing and fluttering bee,  
 Shortsighted, sees not what fate may decree.  
 My wish you will say is of a strange kind,  
 Right well I know that, but each to his mind :\*  
 Some foolishly soar, and wish for a crown,  
 Some for plenty of cash, and some for renown,  
 But I for the kiss impress'd on the cheek

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\* As the old woman said when she kiss'd her pig. *Note by Dicky Cassip.*

Of a picture, by one mild, lovely, and meek ;  
 And were I, methinks, to mention the fair,  
 With me all would join ; yet all would despair,  
 For the damsel who thus the image did kiss,  
 Loves but *one* lover, who crowns her with bliss.†

PARIS,

*Imitation of the 22d Ode of ANACREON*

— *Every petticoat and glove  
 He did lay up, and would adore the shoe  
 Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too,  
 Court every hanging gown.* — BEN JONSON.

Absence, thou nurse of love sincere,  
 O court imagination warm ;  
 Bring to my mind, my Nancy dear,  
 And body out with her sweet form ;  
 Each dress, chair, bed, that I have here.

That mirror where her winning charms,  
 So oft have glanced with smiling brow ;—  
 Now, that she's vanish'd from my arms,  
 Would that I were her mirror now.  
 There, where her face breeds love's alarms.

O, if that mirror's form were mine,  
 Reflecting her, and only her,  
 I'd sparkle with that form divine  
 Impress'd on me, what I prefer ;  
 Those charms that Venus' self outshines.

That robe, that deck'd my Nancy's form—  
 Would I were such another robe,  
 To clasp her beauties, ripe and warm ;  
 Which every thread and stitch would probe,  
 And raise me, more than wind or storm.

† Paris seems to be a true descendant of his namesake of Troy, and long for forbidden fruit; if it be any consolation to him, I refer him to the opinion expressed by Lord Byron;

"I know not if the fault be men's or theirs ;  
 But one thing's pretty sure ; a woman planted—  
 (Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—  
 After a decent time, must be gallanted ;  
 Altho', no doubt, her first of love affairs  
 Is that to which her heart is wholly granted ;  
 Yet there are some, they say, who have had none,  
 But those who *have*, ne'er end with *only one*."

*Note by L. L. M.*

'T was from that blessed china vase,  
 She drew the water when she wash'd ;—  
 I'd water be to lave her face,  
 And fain be o'er her body dash'd,  
 Nor let escape the tiniest place.

That zone—that garter—which were bound  
 Around her waist, around her knee—  
 Would that I were her garter round—  
 Qui mal y pense soit honi—  
 Ambition aye will upward bound.

These pearls that o'er her beauteous neck,  
 In lustre faded—would I were  
 A golden chain her breast to deck,  
 And on that lovely bosom bare,  
 Think worlds well lost, and life a wreck.

And here her little slipper lies—  
 O that I were that blessed shoe,  
 That peeping forth attracts all eyes,—  
 More worthy worship than pope's toe—  
 Who touches it with rapture dies —

That is, if he can make it trip—  
 Now fair befall my dearest Nancy,  
 And send her soon to bless my lip,  
 My heart, my breast, my bed, my fancy,  
 For all my treasure's in her ship. S. H. W.  
*A supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer next week.*

Mindful of my promises, I recollect that to-day is the festival of St. Martina. In the early part of my career, I promised a *bouquet* (see Nos. 5 and 13,) to all the Canadian ladies whenever their namedays occurred on a Thursday. During the whole of 1822, not one so fell; and this is the first in the present year. I am not prepared with a legend of the saint, who is the heroine of the day; but I redeem my pledge with the following lines.

Canadian fair, t' inspire my verse,  
 I seek not aid from muses nine, a  
 Set of heathens, but rehearse  
 The praises of your Saint Martina.

A blackeyed beauty, and black brow'd,  
 She was I ween, and full as fine a  
 Girl as seen in any crowd,  
 Of whom the loveliest is Martina.

Sprightly and gay with virtues plenty  
 If I had not a mistress mine, (a  
 Lady I'd not give for twenty  
 Millions,) I'd sure have you, Martina.

Happy I wish you, ladies dear,  
 And hope that at your every shrine, a  
 Host of sweethearts may appear,  
 And each invoke his Saint Martina. L. L. M.

In pursuance of my determination to expose those stage-drivers and stage-owners, who lend themselves to be tools of the vindictive meanness of Mr. Sutherland and his crew, I have endeavoured to fix the blame upon different individuals: but the drivers names, are Tom, Dick, and Harry, and most of them who refuse, are ashamed or afraid to own their own names. As to the proprietors, at present I am only able to print one:

Mr. *HORACE DICKENSON*, of MONTREAL, whom I denounce as one of the COWARDLY SLAVES OF ARBITRARY POWER, as he has with a meanness of spirit, little becoming his country, for he is an American, I believe, by birth, and as such, might have been expected to be an hereditary resister and contemner of all tyranny and oppression, refused to allow any parcels in which he suspects Scribblers are contained to be forwarded by his stages. More will appear as I find them out.  
 L. L. M.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Time will only allow of the acknowledgement of the following; ROWLEY, MONTEZUMA, SQUINTUM, PLAUTUS, A READER, A. B. M. G., SOL SNEER, A STRANGER, MARIA, M., SAM. TINKER, PETER GRINDSTONE, PARIS, HELL MOLLY and NUDA VERITAS. If any are wholly rejected, it will be mentioned in next number.