

THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Cum primum mihi, candidæ Nearæ
Illos sideribus pares ocellos
Ostendistis ocelluli miselli,
Illa principium fuit malorum,
Illa lux animi ruina nostri.*

BUCHANAN.

When first the glances of those star-bright eyes,
Darted love's poison to my inmost breast,
That moment was the cause of all my sighs,
That moment ruin'd all my hopes of rest.

— *Verbosa ac grandis epistola venit
A Capreis.*

PERSIUS.

“And empty words she gave and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless, idol void and vain.” POPE.

Story of CAROLINE SUMNER, continued from No. 93:

How severe is my destiny, my lovely Caroline, how difficult is it for me to behave in so critical a conjuncture! said he, with a deep sigh. How much were the transports your dear letter raised in me, again damped by the command it contained. How distressing to find that you exacted from me, as a proof of my love, what would be the ruin of my love to comply with, and yet not have it in my power to convince you it would be so, without forfeiting my honour—a sacred trust, dearer than my life, and next in value to my love!

These words, instead of unfolding, rather heightened, the mystery, and Caroline, not being able to conceive any part of their meaning, desired he would be more plain. Upon which,

he answered, Did you not insist that I should reveal the secret of my passion for you to Cælia ? and was not that injunction enforced by the cruel menace of seeing me no more, in case of a refusal ?

I know not, Sir, resumed she, blushing between surprise and shame, whether I might express myself more properly on that occasion, but certainly there was nothing so very difficult in acquainting an aunt with the sentiments you feel for her niece,—provided, she continued, with some severity of manner, they are of a nature you are not ashamed to own.

After some moments of a well-counterfeited disturbance of mind, he pursued, Believe me, dear Caroline, I should not have waited for your commands to discover to your aunt all that I felt for your dear self, had not that aunt given me too plain, too long, and too continued, proofs that she thinks more favourably of me than I ever wished she should.

How ! said Caroline, astonished beyond measure, can such a thing be possible ? Then, pausing, and reflecting on many circumstances she had observed in the conduct of her aunt with regard both to other gentlemen and Lothario, she hesitated but very little before she was convinced that what he had alleged was both probable and true.

To say the truth, Cælia was not only one of the greatest coquets of the time ; vain, and proud of her person, which at the age of six and thirty possessed a maturity of attraction that, in many eyes, far surpassed the charms of younger beauties who appeared in the same circles, yet extravagantly envious, and malicious against those charms, when she saw they were preferred to her own ; but Cælia was also a woman who indul-

ged her passions in granting her secret favours to more than one of her admirers. Though her amours were conducted with great prudence, and every appearance of outward decorum, Caroline, being an inmate of her house, more than suspected some of them; and now, began to conclude that Lothario was one of the most favoured of her aunt's visitors. All this made Caroline now reflect, which before she had not done, that Cælia was not a very proper person for a confidante; whilst a rising pang of jealousy and suspicion made her seek to discover, by hesitating and indirect questions, whether her lover had really been a successful wooer for the widow's favours.

Whether this was so, or not, nothing certain can be stated; but Lothario, perceiving her drift, immediately declared that she must acquit him of any the least participation in the affection towards him, which he had imputed to her aunt; and that although he could not fail to perceive that Cælia would have willingly forgiven him far greater liberties than that which his ungovernable passion for her lovely niece had caused him once to take, yet with the aunt, he had never gone beyond the common gallantry of kissing her hand. Thus reassured, she gave complete belief to all he told her; and having gained this point, on which the success of his design in a great measure depended, he now began to renew the declaration of his passion—seemed to chide the distrust she had manifested of his honour—and protested he never had a thought or wish tending to the prejudice of her virtue, and no other aim in view than making her his wife.

The misfortunes that have befallen your family, said he, are of no manner of consequence to one, who, you know, has an estate sufficient to support us in more grandeur than is necessary

for happiness; but, continued he, I have a mother, who, I grieve to say, is of a very different way of thinking. All the perfections that heaven could bestow on human nature would to her be of no estimation, if wealth and rank were not added to them. This unhappy disposition in her, has prevented me from making those public declarations I should otherwise have been proud to have done, of my inviolable attachment to you. She has, notwithstanding her narrowness of mind and avaricious disposition, been the best and most tender parent to me, as you know I early lost my father, and the gentleman my mother has married leaves every thing to her, with regard both to me, and to my paternal estate; and as she is now far advanced in years, I tremble at the thoughts of sending her to the grave, perhaps sooner than nature intended, filled with regret and anger, at seeing me do the only thing she never would forgive in me.

Here he ceased to speak, but Caroline's thoughts were in too great a perplexity to make him an immediate answer. In the mean time he looked earnestly in her face, and perceiving, by the various changes in her countenance, every emotion as it rose and fell, found his work was not yet perfectly completed, and that it required all the art he was master of to beguile a maid, whose innocence and simplicity, did not hinder her from being extremely cautious of the wiles of others. He therefore then began, with all the endearing expressions that love and deep design could form, joined with all the solemn protestations that could assure her of his faith, to persuade her to enter into a mutual contract with him, and exchange vows to live for each other alone, till the death of the old lady should remove the only impediment which he pretended

lay between him and the consummation of his happiness.

Caroline's heart was in reality too much engaged to him, without the aid of vows, for her to be fearful of breaking those she should make to him; and she looked upon this request as an undoubted proof of his love and honour; and thought it would be equally ungrateful to him, as well as unjust to herself, not to comply with it. They then mutually pledged to each other their faith in as firm a manner as words could make it, and sealed it with a strict embrace, and innumerable kisses. Caroline never at that moment considered the invalidity of a verbal contract without witnesses, and never once mentioned, or even entertained, a desire to have it put in writing; carried away by the perturbation and emotion of the moment, she thought not of any other pledge than her lover's honour; and, when afterwards she had leisure to reflect, she feared that any hint of that kind might appear to betray a want of confidence in him, which she knew not in how far he might resent.

Both parties were, indeed, well satisfied with what they had done. Caroline imagined she had secured to herself a husband, whom she devotedly loved, and with whom she should one day live in all that splendour which is so enchanting to a young mind, and to which even virtue and discretion look with the utmost complacency, when it can be attained without any sacrifice of either. Lothario, on his part, flattered himself that he had, by these means, put her off her guard, and lulled to sleep all those scruples which had hitherto prevented him from accomplishing his design upon her innocence; and satisfied with this preparatory step, he forebore, at that inter-

view, from alarming her by any further attempt, beyond the gentle pressure of her hand at parting.

(To be continued.)

MR. MACCULLOH,

As I understand that some young ladies in this good city, have taken umbrage at some poetical effusions that have appeared in the Scribbler, because their names chance to begin with a B, and have even hinted that your humble servant was desperately in love with them, I shall, to convince them they could not have been more mistaken, if they had burnt their fingers, and attributed the smart to a bad cold, in future celebrate my imaginary charmer by the name and style of Delia; so that, since no lady in particular, but every lady that chooses, may consider herself as the inspirer of my pen, there may be no pulling of caps, or turning up of noses on account of

SOLOMON SNEER.

The LOVERS LAMENTATION.

To DELIA.

“So on Meander’s banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.” DRYDEN

Hope! whither fled, sweet source of all the joy,
That erst thrill’d thro’ my breast without alloy?
Vainly I clung to your deluding charms,
In vain I sought a refuge in your arms:
And ye, soft visions, that deceived my mind,
Oh, why desert me? why turn ye unkind?
For ever gone those dreams of happy fate!
Who can the horror tell that now surrounds my state!
Once, blissful hour! when, blooming as the morn,
I saw the smiles that beauty’s face adorn
Brighten’d with joy; beheld two streaming eyes,
Beaming with graceful, glistening, sweet surprise:
Caught by the glance, still dwelling on my sight.

Brighter than Cynthia, peerless queen of night ;
 Then, for a look, I gave my heart away ;
 For oh ! what heart can baffle love's resistless sway.
 Oh ! luckless spell ; oh, cheating, fatefraught hour,
 When bowed my heart before that glance's power !
 Why did I dally with those pleasing smiles,
 Those looks, those gestures, those alluring wiles ?
 Till then, I knew not love, I knew not care,
 I knew not hope, nor sorrow, nor despair ;
 Nor dreamt there dwelt deceit in such a face,
 T' imprint its likeness, and forget the fatal place.
 But yet in vain I strive, in vain would fame
 Lure me, with sounding trump, to seek a name,
 Whilst love, the restless passion, stings my heart,
 And memory tingles with that glance's smart ;
 Whilst Cupid's chains hang dangling at my heels
 And keep me back,—while she, nor cares, nor feels,—
 While Delia's self, another's bride shall be,—
 Clasp'd in another's arms, and laugh and spurn at me !
 Oh ! for a flood of tears to bathe my breast,
 To soothe my passions to long sought for rest !
 Or would one ray of hope beam on my soul,
 And free my bosom from despair's controul,
 I'd brave the deadliest blow from envy's dart,
 Nor should foul calumny a pang impart ;
 But, while deprived such heavenly bliss to taste,
 Life forward looks a blank—a dark, a dreary waste.

PARAPHRASTIC EDITION OF
 TRESILLIAN'S EPISTLE TO A SCRIBBLER.

(Continued.)

Yet not for vice and infamy alone
 To be the scourge, as in thy book is shewn,
 To future ages shall thy name be known ;⁽¹²⁾
 Dulness herself becomes a sportive fairy,
 And humorous wit adores thee as her swain,
 And adds one mistress to thy seminary,⁽¹³⁾
 Whose tickling rod whips all the brutish train.
 The puny dunces of the scribbling school,

(12) It is consolatory to any writer to be told that "his name shall be known to future ages ;" yet how, as in the original epistle, dulness will contribute to that effect, seems left for the gifted poet-laureate of York to explain. But, perhaps he means that my dulness will descend to posterity by having been recorded in his verses!!!

(13) Wit turning schoolmistress, and whipping the little brutes that annoy her is not a bad figure, "tho' I say it that should not say it."

When they, like thee, Tresillian! whine and pule,
 Acknowledge thee their far superior fool.
 Lo! "W*****," and "E****," trembling stand, (14)
 To see Tresillian and his brother Xus, (15)
 With nonsense in their heads, and pen in hand,
 Mounted on stilts of rhyme, make all this fuss.
 Awe-struck they turn their leaden eyes to thee,
 With *Vis Vim Vi* [16] and *SAUL SAGACITY*; (17)
 And one cries, "Ba!"—the other, "Zee, zee, zee!"
 Whilst thou, Maccullob, laughest at all three. [18]
 And there beau——comes with simpering grace,
 And blundering C——y with his vacant face;
 And Charley Fothergill with mulish pace;
 Lucus, ("a non lucendo") joins the throng,
 And —— more famed for boozing than for song: [19]
 There too the "Man of Malt," in homely strains,
 But bold and firm, Freedom, thy goddess wooes,

(14) I will not venture to fill up these blanks, or any of the others, which the *bashful* Tresillian hints may be easily filled up by the reader; but will let each put his own cap on.

(15) Xus, a writer of some turgid lines, published in the Upper Canada Herald, last year, which the author, no doubt, fancied were replete with the fire of satire, and the solidity of criticism, when he poured his censures on the various writers of poetry in the papers; but which are so crowded with the very faults he condemns, that, were it worth any waste of time or paper, there is scarcely a line that might not be held up to ridicule. Although he joined in the senseless cry against "the Scribbler," he paid me in one respect, a compliment, which induces me to extract the lines in which it is contained: addressing Ericus, whose contributions have often appeared in this work, he says;

"If you would moralize, alas! how scant,
 The wholesome influence of thy rhyming rant,
 While thy effusions linger in the page
 Where the vile Scribbler deals his hellish rage,
 Murders fair reputation in each line,
 And lends to vice and crime a charm divine!"

I never shrink from reprinting whatever is said against me and my work, of such a nature; for the sensible and really virtuous and moral part of mankind, know and acknowledge the good it has done: it is the hypocritical, the profligate, the immoral, part of the community, who, dreading its castigations and exposures, detest and vilify it. Xus, however, did some good, as he drew a poetic answer under the signature of C. A. which so ably vindicates the indulgence that ought to be shewn to the young adventurers in the career of poetry, who make their first essays in newspapers and periodical publications, that I will preserve it, either entire, or in its most material parts, according as I find space will permit, after I have done with Tresillian.

[16] Vide No. 62. [17] Vide No. 68.

[18] Though there are four worthies here enumerated, yet I laugh but at three of them, for *Vis Vim Vi* is too contemptible even to laugh at.

[19] As before said, I will not undertake to fill up these blanks. Indeed I must confess my ignorance of "Upper Canadian literature," is such that there are but few of them that I can guess at.

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With rhymes e'en stronger, (*tho' he takes no pains,*)
 And some say muddier, than the ale he brews.
 And there 'G. C.' appears, the young beginner,
 Perhaps too mournful, yet not such a calf,
 But he can scourge the tiresome critic sinner, (20)
 Who writes SAD (21) elegies—to make men laugh!
 Ringing the changes, from "November chill,"
 To "ruin," "silence," "lake and sombre bill;" (22)
 (Lo when he sings, each mourner's eyes o'er run
 With tears—not tears of sorrow, but of fun!
 To find the Della Crusca school (23) outdone!)
 These, and a hundred others, sing thy praise,
 And dulness trembles for her laden thrones,
 Whilst genius smiles propitious on their lays,
 Fostering young buds, till into roses blown;
 Whilst thou, with whom the genial goddess reigns,
 Vouchsafest each a Scribbler for his pains;
 And mean while, (*'tis a Scottish muse this tells,*)
 Sweet Cloacina lifts her vase, to spread
 Her choicest odours (*such Edina smells
 Each night,*) Tresillian, o'er thy ponderous head;
 The self-same vase from which the fetid shower
 Baptized thy genius at its natal hour (24)
 * * * * *
 Then next he sings, like breechless Highland seers,
 "Oh! happier they, whom misery and tears

[20] See the reply of G. C. to Tresillian in No. 93.

[21] *Sad*, is a very favourite epithet with the poet-laureate of the Upper Canada Gazette; so is *chill*.

[22] See the commencement of this incomparable poem, in which all these dismal images are profusely introduced.

[23] For the information of the unlearned, the *Della Crusca* school of poetry is that whining, namby-pamby, sentimentally sententious, and affected, mode of versification, which about the latter end of last century, produced so many *Rosa Matildas*, *Miss Sowards*, *Hannah More's*, and others of the same stamp, whose effusions, if not already all forgotten, are only recollected by those who can not taste the truer and more natural beauties of Southey, Byron, Scott, and Moore.

[24] This is a truly Scottish simile; the action of the goddess lifting up her vase of choicest odours, and pouring it out upon the head of the poor passenger is a beautiful representation of that "deed without a name," so natural to Edina's sons and daughters, and could only have been inspired by one who had witnessed the fragrant oblation; but whether as a baptizer or a baptizee, must be left to conjecture. Naturally, however, as this image would enter the brains of a Scottish poet, yet here again the pilferer breaks out, and Tresillian appears to have laid under contribution for the purpose of bespattering me with his muck-abounding rhymes, some disjointed verses, which, when the dolts thought I had ceased from my labours in May last year, were ushered into notice by the *Quebec Mercury*, under the title of "*The lamentations of SCANDAL, for the loss of her favourite SCRIBBLER, who*

"Have swept in silence to the night of years,
 "(Such as, *Macculloch*, would have been thy lot,
 "Had thy vile foes succeeded in their plot,
 "By which to murder thee, by perjury, they sought ;)
 "Than thou ; tho' gold and jewels glittering sheen,
 "(But neither I nor you can tell what this does mean ;)
 "The guerdon of thy evil deeds had been !
 "Deeds, such as writing *Scribblers* so malicious,
 "Which sure have blazoned thy detested name,
 "(Detested both by fools, and by the vicious,)
 "In dark, yet burning characters of fame [26]

departed this mortal life last week." The four last couplets of these lines, will give a good idea of the poetry, the rhythm, and the delicacy of the whole, as well as shew how much *Tresillian* is indebted to them.

"And sad to tell, I speak it with remorse,
 Not to posterity, but to posteriors,
 The fates have doom'd shall be his quick descent,
 Because his shafts were like a zany's sent ;
 And penetrated none beyond skin-deep,
 Nor one deprived of a short moment's sleep,
 Hence, from the gods, *Mercury* gives the sign,
 The Scribbler's doom is *Gloacina's* shrine.

[25] Oh ! *Tresillian*, *Tresillian* ! what sad thieves you and your compeers, the North West Company's agents, are ! Both of you try to plunder me without mercy ; they of property, papers, character, and liberty ; you of ideas, words, and verses. The very "burning characters," you have laid hold of here, (take care you don't burn your fingers !) are mine ; as may be seen in the following extracts from the before mentioned poetry of L. L. M. under the signature of *SMELLYMUNGUS*, in the *Canadian Courant*, describing the vision that disturbed the slumbers of the noble earl (now no more) who was then the object of my satiric pen,

"But, all eclipsing, now arose to sight
 The gleaming radiance of a COMET's light,
 Portentous, waving wide its fiery tail—
 ———the meteor's aspect there,
 Then up, then down, then here, then every where,
 O'er window, floor, and bed, each private spot,
 From mouse's hole, to reeking chamber-pot,
 Where'er his spell-bound glassy eyes were turn'd,
 The apparition of the COMET burn'd ;
 And there he read, IN CHARACTERS OF FLAME,
 Of every crime, at length, the hideous name.
 Conspiracy, with Murder, Sword, and Fire,
 Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire,
 In dread array, with skull and bones, appear,
 Macs, countless, in the van, Misani in the rear !

It may not be unnecessary here to state that these verses were occasioned by an allegorical figure of a COMET which had appeared in the papers, the nucleus of which was composed of the designations of the crimes, and the tail, of the names of the individuals, belonging to the North-West Company, against whom indictments had been found, for murder, burglary, robbery, arson, maliciously shooting, conspiracy, &c. comprising upwards of one hundred individuals, including eighteen of the partners, with numerous Macs in front as the head-offenders, and the tip of the tail tapering down

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*Which render satire's muse to thee propitious,
"And tell of all our humbled clan the shame."*

The hiss of public scorn, aim'd at thy foes,
The muse's wrath, but not such puny wrath
As in his verses *SAD Tresillian* shews,
Are scattering vengeance o'er their thorny path,
Whilst in thy lonely path, say, wouldst thou truck
Thy lot for their's? no, shun it as the worst
Where'er it falls. From high, *deserveless*, luck,
To fall to vile contempt, is sure most curst:—
Such lot is their's, thy foes, then let them try,
Fly from mankind, to some drear desert fly,
Then crouch, deep howling, and with gloomy eye,
Watch as thou glarest in thy sullen lair,
With tiger-spring to stop their vile career,
Abhorred by those thy works of crimes accuse,
Unpitied, let thy pen, despair to them infuse.

POSTSCRIPT addressed to such of a SCRIBBLER'S
correspondents as have enrolled themselves in
Captain Flash's company. (26)

But you, ye nameless vermin of the quill,
(Thus sings the *Byron of Charles Fothergill*,)
Apt graduates in the school of Fanny H——! [27]
(To write the name at length would not be chaste)
Ye wretched panders to degraded taste!
What shall atone for all the ink ye waste?
What shall atone for youth's best hours misused,
Religion scoffed at, decency abused;
(But that's a lie, as all, who have perused
The *Scribbler*, know, there's nothing like it there,)
Back!—to the counter, or the tavern-bar
And plod o'er invoices, or bills of fare!

to one name, which was that of Lieutenant Misani, probably because he was supposed to be the least implicated in the crimes of the rest.

(26) This is very obscure, and must be left to Captain Flash to elucidate if possible. The only two pieces, however, that appeared in the *Scribbler*, under that signature, having made some severe remarks upon the "North Westers, masters and men, being all pretty nearly equal in the scale of civilization," and upon "some North West nabobs, who could not be mistaken for gentlemen," it seems probable that the captain has provoked the ire of the gentle *Tresillian* on that score.

(27) How delicately and blushing modest is this writer! Like all of his stamp, their virtue consists in words, and their decency in dashes. Fanny Hill is a modest book, compared to one their audacious profligacy has sent into the world.

Is it yourself, Tresillian, you advise ?
 And really if you do so 't would be wise ;
 Repent your waste of leisure, and of ink,
 And ere you try to scribble, learn to think,
 The more you stir your muddy brain, the more 't will always
 stink. (27)

Having thus completely routed the main body of the enemy, I shall take my own time for pursuing and cutting up the remnant of his army, the camp-followers and the sutlers, "the boys and the luggage," who still hover about the field in the shape of quotations from Tresillian's letter, appended notes, and, above all, the praises bestowed upon him by his sagacious editor, from whom, however, I will take, as *optima spolia*, the lawful spoils of war, the only good sentence I can find, namely, "there is nothing so much dreaded by the *vicious*, and *stupid*, and *foolish* ones of the earth, than (as) the keen and well directed shafts of the satirist." What do you say to that Master Ford ?

L. L. M.

Referring to Nos. 79 and 82 in which I gave some particulars relative to the trial of Mr. J. T. Buckingham, the editor of the New England Galaxy, at Boston, for a libel, and promised some further account of, and observations upon, the principle established on that occasion, that the truth may be given in justification. I now extract from the published account of that trial such parts of it, as are illustrative of that principle, and of the laws that prevail, or ought to prevail, with regard to libel, in every country where the liberty of the press is considered as the palladium of the people's rights. I shall wholly abstain from entering upon the merits of the parti-

[27] I throw this stinkpot after the enemy in his flight, in return for the chainshot discharged from his great gun, Cloacina's vase.

ular case, or the testimony adduced pro and con, which has produced one or two pamphlets both in justification, and in further condemnation, of the party libelled, as those circumstances can only be locally and individually interesting.

"After the indictment was read, the attorney for the County stated to the Jury, that, by the common law of this country (Massachusetts,) it was not competent for the defendant to give the truth in evidence on an indictment for a libel; but in this case, he had agreed on behalf of the Commonwealth, that the truth should be admitted. He stated that the true definition of a libel was "a defamatory publication;" to this point he cited Holt's law of libel, 221. He contended that whether this publication was true or false was no part of the libel. The crime consists in the paper being "a defamatory publication:" malice is no ingredient in the offence*; to this point he read from Holt, 187. The only case the government had to make out, was the publication by the defendant of a defamatory piece; but, in the present case, *he had consented* that the defendant should give the truth in justification."

"The Court enquired of the attorney for the county—if the law of Massachusetts denied the right of a defendant to give the truth in evidence in these cases, where *he* obtained the power to give that right?

"The attorney replied that he deduced it only from the general power of parties, to waive, by mutual agreement, any particular advantage the law gave to either."

"The Court replied, that it had considered this subject with great care and anxiety, and it was satisfied, that if the law of Massachusetts was, as the counsel for the government stated, the court had no right to permit such an agreement." "The ground upon which, by the English common law, the truth was denied to be given in evidence, in case of libel, was, because the truth or falsehood of the allegations was no constituent part of the crime. In other words, it is as much a libel if it be true, as if it be false; that is, it is as much a crime."

Here, the Court as well as the attorney, appear to have gone upon the mistaken notion that the common law of England (which is also the common law of the United States,) does not admit

*See Free Press, No. 2, notes.

of the truth being given in evidence in cases of libel. I know many lawyers and law-treatises say so, *because a judge upon the bench has said so* ; but neither the dictum of a judge, nor even precedent, nor the decision of a jury, constitute a rule of common law ; and, if I recollect right, there is a passage in Sir Matthew Hale's treatise on the common law, written before these arbitrary doctrines were broached, which states it to be the law of the land, that a man may justify all he reports to the prejudice even of the King and the parliament, by proving the truth of it, which is a much stronger case than any libel on any individual can be.

The Court proceeded ;

"If the doctrine asserted be law, what then is the effect of admitting the truth in evidence ? If it is to have any effect, the effect must be, *to make that no crime, which previous to such concession was a crime*. Can the concession of the attorney alter the nature of the thing ? The language of such a course of proceeding would be "True or false this publication is a crime,—but the attorney says that if the defendant can prove the truth, it shall be no crime." Now, can concession of counsel make that no crime, which is a crime ?"

"Besides, it is admitting a power to exist in the hands of the counsel of the government, with which, in the apprehension of this Court, *the law entrusts no individual*. For it is nothing less than the power, at will, of making an act a crime, or no crime. He can make "fish of one, and flesh of another," at his election."

(To be continued.)

Louis XIII. sent an ambassador to the Court of Spain, who was required to perform some act of homage inconsistent with the instructions of his master, and which he therefore refused to comply with. The King of Spain, thinking to put him out of countenance, said aloud, "What ! has the King of France no better men in his court, that he sends such a fool as this to me ?"

To which the ambassador replied "My master has many wiser men than myself about him, but *a tel roi, tel envoi* ;" to such a king, such an ambassador.

Again respectfully referring to the notice given in No. 93 relative to the quarterly collection, now in progress, I beg to repeat my earnest request to my friends and well wishers to be punctual, and prompt in their payments ; and can not avoid again warning defaulters that I shall be reluctantly compelled to expose their names in the BLACK LIST which will appear immediately after the 1st of May. I beg my subscribers to reflect upon the singular circumstances under which my work is composed, printed, and circulated, and the limited time, as well as the hand through which, I have to call for payment. A letter I have received from a gentleman in Montreal of great feeling and respectability, places those circumstances in so true and forcible a light, that I have solicited his leave to make it public ; this I have obtained with the condition of suppressing his name, for he is one of those who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Montreal, 3d April, 1823.

DEAR SIR,

I have but this moment returned from your house, where I called to see Mrs. L. Allow me to express my regret that your numerous subscribers, gentlemen, generally speaking, independent of the world, do not come kindly forward and advance the small sum so justly your due, and save *your faithful friend, Mrs. L.* the pain, the fatigue, the exposure, the mortification, and the expense of calling and recalling, without giving her your just due, or treating her with the delicacy and respect such a meritorious female deserves. She had just returned from an unsuccessful tour among those unreflecting men, who do not take into consideration that she is not a merchant's clerk, nor a bankrunner paid by the day, but a lady, alone and unprotected, striving to transact the business of a friend who is deprived of the liberty of dwelling in a city, that owes to him all its *present morality and innocent amusement,*

by a disgraced and unprincipled set of perjurers and profligates. I say she had just returned from an unprofitable tour, when I called upon her. She was solitary, cheerless and desponding, suffering from the effects of a severe cold which her exposure to the weather had thrown upon her, wet by a heavy shower of rain, no fire kindled to dry her wringing clothes, exhausted by fatigue, no one to spread the refreshing board, crossed by disappointment, no one to confide in, without a friend to console her! This, I am sorry to say, was the wretched situation in which I found your inestimable friend! Oh! shame to every man that, pretending to support and encourage the work, for which your shameful and unheard-of persecution compels Mrs. L. to act as agent, will thus inflict the trouble, delay and vexation upon her, that I find her at present combating with. If I could not pay for the paper, I would say, I have a wish to patronise the work, but my means are inadequate to my wishes, therefore you will excuse me from subscribing, as I can not think of troubling a lady to call repeatedly on one unable to pay; and those, who have always a "bright shilling" in the locker, should, upon the first intimation of her being in the city, repair immediately to the office, and request her to honour them by taking their money.

I am &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. On reflection, having admitted a letter respecting the general hospital into the Free Press, I will insert ADVERSARIUS' reply to JONAH, as soon as I can afford time to translate it into *reasonable language* in that paper. I have to entreat the indulgence of many of my contributors for the delay that occurs in the notice and insertion of their pieces. MAGOG was mislaid, but will shortly be availed of, as also TNISTOR, GRIMPER, C—s&SAPPHO, whose reappearance is warmly welcomed: tho' her present contribution will require curtailment, the continuation of it is requested. AGATHIAS is entirely mistaken; the piece in question alluded to a totally different person, besides I never before knew what was highly complimentary, considered as an affront; but this comes of fitting on other people's caps. MAHOMET will not do, nor CROKER. Another Domestic Intelligencer, as soon as possible: RUB ST. PIERRE is requested to send a key.

L. L. M.

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