

at all, it is their being too light. But never mind your fall—you're not hurt. What have you got now?"

"The Maid of Saragossa.' But who the deuce are your authors? They seem ashamed to give their names. I would like to know who they are."

"Yes! ye're the very personification of all the grumblers—ye are! Is there anybody here that anybody knows? is the question asked by every one of ye, for none of ye have confidence enough in your own judgment to decide upon the character of a production from its merits alone. Fortunately for Canada you belong to a class that will soon become extinct. We tell you again, and all who think like you, that it is not the writers but the writings we're talking about."

"But about your poetry—ye've shirked that."

"Nay, not we, but yourself. We suspect you were hunting for specimens rather unfairly, when you fell—and fall ye will again."

"Well! here's a beautiful specimen—nobody can deny."

"Granted! We make no pretensions to perfection, but contrast that with many pieces which you will find quite easily,—with gems—real gems—by Mrs. Moodie, E. L. C., Dr. Haskins, and many others, and the Ballads of the Rhine, which will appear in January. Give us fair play. Try again, old boy, if you are not convinced."

"Well, then! just look at this. I have you here on the hip, or I'm mistaken. If there's one spark of poetry left in your whole composition—if ever it was there at all—ye must denounce such stuff, as arrant trash, foisted on your readers, without mercy, and without one mitigating excuse."

"No, not so, dear Andrew! spare us. It's bad enough, but recollect, it might have been worse."

"That I deny. The thing's impossible!"

"Is it, though? What think ye of the following, sent to us, and from a paying subscriber too, with an earnest prayer for its insertion, and a threat besides?" It is an ode to the St. Lawrence, which is described, as 'rolling along

'From Monday morning till Saturday night,
And even on Sunday knows no respite.
It travels its course, and gambols awhile
Before the sweet village of Boucherville,
Then breaks into many rude shakes and quivers
Before it comes to the town of Three Rivers.'

"And thus it proceeds, until

'With a bound and a stretch of its glorious neck,
It comes to the city of ancient Quebec.'

"What do you think of that?"

"Not so bad as the other, inasmuch as it has at least one merit which the other lays no claim to—and that is originality. And this reminds me of my last and heaviest charge against you, which is your inordinate vanity in pretending that your miscellany is made up of matter chiefly original—certainly, in a new country like this, a great and very flattering distinction—a characteristic which would not only tend to disarm criticism, but that would lead all well educated men in this our infant state, as far as native literature is concerned, to treat your publication with all, and more than all, the indulgence you could anticipate. But your assertion,—I like your Magazine myself after all, and am sorry to be compelled to say it—is not true; not borne out by facts. Look for instance at the contents of any one of your numbers, and by your own

shewing it will appear that hardly one half of your articles are original. Take the number now accidentally in my hands, for instance, which happens to be the one for December, 1845. Out of seventeen articles, eight, or nearly one-half, are not original."

"We said you were an old fool; or, if we did not actually say so, we thought you were, and that's equally actionable in the law of libel; but we are really glad you've mentioned the circumstance, as out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,—endearing nursery terms, we apprehend, for older fools,—men learn wisdom; and our readers may possibly learn a little from your stupid and foolish remark."

"Eight out of seventeen articles, in our number for December, 1845, are not original, and this glaring, stubborn fact, in the face of our assertion, made upon the assumption of 'inordinate vanity'—the expression does stick in our throat"—he did, we confess it, he did here touch us on the raw. "But let us examine the vile calumny a little closer—let us apply to it a more critical and scrutinising analytical investigation than either you, Mr. Glommerhead, or any of your indorsers ever thought of, and see whether or not you can maintain it."

"Eight articles, forsooth! out of seventeen—a fair, and fearfully large proportion of the whole; and yet, in our 'inordinate vanity,'—confound the fellow!—we say that our miscellany is chiefly composed of original matter. But it so happens that when in our 'inordinate vanity' we made this assertion, we alluded not at all to the number of items, but to the quantity of matter. And it so happens, as if for the very purpose of nourishing and cherishing this 'inordinate vanity' of ours, that we can elicit from this very number of our magazine the most triumphant answer to your very illnured and groundless charge against us for our 'inordinate vanity.' We cannot forget the odium of the accusation. In doing this, we have only to direct your attention to the fact, that this unfortunately large proportion of articles in that number,—unfortunately large when compared with the whole—unfortunately large for your impudent and scandalous assertion,—occupy only the very small modicum of four pages out of forty-eight. Truly, old Glommerhead, you missed it this time with a vengeance; and your fall here was much worse than from the old, ricketty, three-legged stool."

"All this is very fine, but doesn't satisfy me, that there's the least necessity for commencing a new series. I hate new serieses—its nothing but a new fangled book-making trick—a regular cheating of the public—there's nothing new about it—no not even in its name."

"Oh! yes; we would give it a new, and, as we think, a better and more imposing, and more appropriate appellation. We meant to call it the 'BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.'"

"And what would your subscribers—your masters, as I may call them,—say to this? You must first consult them about the matter."

"Perhaps you're right, Andrew, for once in your life; and to show you that we have still, notwithstanding, some lingering liking left for your opinion, we will follow your advice, and not commence a new series till the commencement of another New Year."