

fect ignorance of the mere elements of logic, that scribbler on Cecil flaunts the assertion that he has demolished the "doctor's views." Self-praise is fulsome, and indicates mental stupidity or weakness, even when truly deserved, but what shall we say of it, when it is the vaporing of conceit, and has no basis on fact.

The empty bluster of the *Argosy* reminds us of the imbecile Caligula, who, having led his soldiers to the shore opposite Britain, bade them gather shells in their helmets as trophies of the conquered ocean, and on his return to Rome boasted that he had subdued the hardy natives of the Western isle.

But it is when the *Argosy* attempts to gain the heights trod by the interpreter that we witness the ludicrous but pitiable spectacle of something trying to fly, whose proper domain is the "Tantamar Marsh."

That scribbler, for thus does his article compel us to style him, need not suppose that because he is intellectually cross-eyed everyone else is smitten with the same calamity. Although he may possess but the "merest and paltriest pittance of mental furniture," it does not follow that all beside are in the same wretched plight; and yet he would dignify his crude infantile fancies with the name of argument, and childishly dream that they can arouse conviction in a reasoning mind.

That thirty-six inch giant tells us with a smile suggestive of the meaningless simper of——, that "as the thesis—'Those who accept the University Act place their necks under the Papal yoke,'—is one of these already propounded by the Dr. and supported by the same arguments, any reply by us after what we said in our first issue, would be simply slaying the slain."

It would puzzle the best logician that ever unraveled a syllogism to find any sense, much less any argument, in that "first issue."

Finally, as if fully determined to expose to the utmost his glaring imbecility, this doughty champion of the pin-feather fraternity claims with the utmost gravity the title of a learned man. Such a simpleton deserves a sound thrashing.

Encore!

Dr. Riccabocca in writing to Lord L'Estrange in "My Novel," tells him that he has many discussions with parson Dale, and as the parson never knows when he is beaten the debate lasts forever. We will submit the application of the foregoing to the reading public who are accustomed to garner wheat and burn chaff. Touching the *Argosy*, which comes to us freighted with very questionable lumber, we have a few words to say in vindication of our conduct, not indeed to the Editors of the *Argosy*, but to those of our own readers who are interested in Truth. Like a mouse that escapes through a crack in the floor, the *Argosy* cries out against abuse; it is ever the ruse of a demagogue to appeal to sympathy when his cause is lost to Reason, and take refuge in a whine when the voice of a man is not at his command. The case stands thus. Two *Argosies* appeared in which certain reverend men with heads gray with years and noble toil, men of acknowledged Christian character, were compared to Atheists or infidels in some misbegotten manner and the slur of truthlessness slanted against them most villainously. We had always been taught at home to respect honorable age, and our Alma Mater has since taught us that the heathens were exemplary in that respect; but the *Argosy* takes pains to show us that she has not improved from the lessons of either and drives home with fresh conviction the old proverb:—"He that teaches himself has a fool for his master."

The College question was taken up by those who evidently had not learned that a principle might be questioned modestly and independently of personality. Instead of false principles, old men were made the targets of their Lilliputian shafts, and if they subjected opinion to scrutiny it was with a supreme assertion and dogmatism that ill became arguments so puerile as were advanced. Under such circumstances sharpness was a necessity. "Spare the rod and spoil the child." In our article we administered a reproof to those not superior in age—while the *Argosy* insults men who stand near eternity with all their "honors thick upon them." Insults them! Yes, our cheeks, though not wont to redden,