

which he stood as candidate for the office of Alderman: perhaps the tailor disappointed him, and no doubt he has often disappointed the tailor. We would not notice this circumstance if it did not bring to our mind the words of Scott, which, with a little variation, we apply to the hero of Billingsgate:—"The bear hath the better of him,—the bear wears his own coat, but he wears the coat of his neighbor."

If we have been thus candid and explicit in our statements, it is because we did not wish, in the words of the author of Waverley, to "keep the sun from our readers with a candle."

Might we now invite the public to look at his paper, and wade, if they can, through the deep swamp of ignorance and error that presents itself in that dusky region. There the Editor's mind beams forth with all its native effulgence, accompanied by its two satellites, "shining more and more unto the perfect day:" but observe, it is like a day in the polar regions, where the sun does not shine for six weeks—"shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it." By the satellites, we mean his two coadjutors, employed in gathering materials for the Ragoo; we shall call them the Editor's crutches, as he cannot move without them, and even so, his pen will not spell a mouthful.

How dignified some pedants will strive to make themselves, by becoming subalterns to this fat famed literary chief—Captain Back in miniature. If the public think that he is his own Editor, they are mistaken; and those who have been at a puppet show in the old country, can figure to themselves a mode of action or movement similar to that adopted by the printer of the Colonist. The puppet moves by secret springs or wires, guided by an invisible hand, while some silly people wonder what magic little thing it is that plays such pranks. In like manner do invisible hands move the springs that impart his editorial movements to the printer of the Colonist, while himself is the puppet—base little being.

A slang dictionary is expected to accompany every succeeding number of his paper, otherwise it will be a dead letter. We have heard of people who could not read their own writing, which fact partakes a little of the marvelous; but what think you of the man who cannot read his own printing. This caps the climax.

To see him with his telescope to his peeper, striving to decypher the hieroglyphics in the Colonist, would remind you of Herschel staring at the family in the moon, to see whether they were Yankees or Patagonians, Indians or Hindoes, Jews or Niggers, or whether they wore silk or home-pun, moustaches, or long Scotch kilts. Ah! but this simile is too sublime, and we shall descend a little.—Then the Editor, with his magnifier, reading his paper, would suggest a comparison between him and a naturalist, investigating, by the aid of his microscope, the properties of a spider's egg. The parvitude of the objects, and intricacies of the regions to be explored by such a naturalist, almost baffle the visual ray; and so has reading the Colonist very much impaired the optic nerves of the Editor. But still he is an elevated character, having large, extended views, and a mind as high as Pompey's Pillar. He is a master-builder of castles in the air, and consequently must occupy a high station in the regions of fancy. Poor paper-kite Editor, we are sorry thus to clip his wings; but if he had not fluttered them so fiercely in our eyes, with a view to make us blind like himself, we would not use the scissors. Scott says, if you break a crow's leg, that every other crow that sees it will pick, and buffet, and worry it. If this be correct, the paper-kite may expect hard times; for, although we have not broken his leg, we have clipped his wings and spoiled his plumage.

At present we have not time more fully to explain the mysteries of Cooper's Alley; and we pledge ourselves never again to notice the person who is nicknamed the Editor of the Colonist, who, as it is called in Jacotot's System of Education, is the man of one book, and that book is not the Bible.

P. BENNETT.

P. S.—The printer has said that we have not paid him for printing the Magazine; and, even if that were true, the lecture we here give him is better than cash. But we have paid him £3 15s. not because he was entitled to any, but because we considered he was poor and much in need of it. However, we are determined that no more of our cash shall go towards the support of such a charitable institution. No doubt but the next Colonist will have as many stings as a swarm of locusts.

P. B.