

words as they are recorded in the British Colonist, published in this city, and bearing date September 9, 1831:—

*"State of Ireland.*—We have much pleasure in laying before our readers an able paper, on the cause of the distresses in Ireland, written by a Mr. P. Bennett of St. Andrews. This gentleman treats the question philosophically, and free from that prejudice which few of his countrymen are wholly divested of. His opinions are perfectly in keeping with our own, and we think do honor to his head and heart. We strongly recommend its perusal to the notice of such of our readers as feel an interest in the welfare of that devoted land."

We have now before us the paper from which the above high encomiums are copied: our readers, by referring to it, will find that we are correct in our version of them.

At that time the Editor believed we had a good head and a good heart; but in his paper of the 30th August, he says he knew we were ignorant. Reader, please to mark this inconsistency, or rather the contradiction. And again, he has day after day been requesting us to deliver a lecture in the Mechanics' Institute; however, we did not think it prudent to do so.

If we had a good head five years ago, it is equally good now, aye, and a little better; for we are not old enough to doat, and our American experience has added a few pennyweights, perhaps ounces, to our wisdom and knowledge. And the Editor of the Colonist was not the only one who then paid high tributes of respect to our political letters. The St. Andrews papers were loud in their praise of them; and we have in our possession fifty newspapers printed in the United States and the Colonies, where honorable mention is made of our productions, and we are now charged with presumption for attempting to start a Magazine. Not half so much presumption, Mr. Editor, as you had, when a few days after the death of your paper, whose funeral notes were sounded even in the Upper Canada journals, you had the good courage to go from house to house, begging of them to roll back the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, and make way for the resurrection of the Colonist. Well, the stone was rolled back; and up from the dusky chambers of the dead started the Colonist, carrying light of a divine cha-

acter to the mechanics of the city.—Well, to be sure, this is a mysterious paper; and highly privileged indeed are the people—the happy, happy people—who have the reading of it. Why, it looks like one of the prophets risen to enlighten the earth. However, to be serious, the Colonist is the offspring of presumption, the child of ignorance, and the herald of vindictive slander.

The Editor says he knows we were penniless: and with all this knowledge of our want of brass, we never could enter his slander shop without being plagued by his solicitations to purchase the establishment. Can he deny this? But we did not want his press—pardon us, we should have said mangle.

It is also gravely affirmed by him that we examined his type and found them bright from the foundry. This is a palpable falsehood. We would not know good type from bad type, unless by their impression: and as for their being bright, there is nothing bright in his establishment—the whole concern, Editor and all, looked more like a batch of gipsies than any thing else. He of course told us the type were new; but the printing will show what a delusion he practiced on our credulity.

It is also stated by the Editor that we delayed his printing by not attending to the proof sheet; and that the paper prepared for the Magazine dried before he could get the impression, which, as he says, was the cause why the printing was so bad. False, false, Mr. Printer. You delayed us day after day and week after week, as will appear by the fact that the Magazine was not published until the 18th of July, although you promised to have it done in the first of that month. How could we cause any delay, being always in town, and having no other employment at the time. Miserable, miserable subterfuge! This is indeed a poor attempt to cover himself with fig leaves.

It has been also stated that we were to be our own corrector. So far as the correction of our manuscript was concerned of course we were and ever shall be our own corrector; but, to say that we were to correct the erroneous printing, is entirely out of the question. By contract we were to have nothing whatsoever to do with it, although we, on a few occasions, looked over the proof sheet. And we will state another fact to bear ourselves out in the statement