

next Parliament on your shoulders, who are inimical to British supremacy and British connection (the Radicals not being fools whoever else are), who will disgust the people of Britain with the Province, and end in its becoming an appendage of the United States.

W. D.

Having perused this singular production, I very naturally inquired, Who is this doughty Doctor? and great was my surprise on being told, that he is a personal—I think it was said a *particular* friend of that most accomplished and popular writer, Professor WILSON, and that he had been made to play a conspicuous part in the *Noctes* of Blackwood's Magazine. So great, indeed, was my astonishment, that I was ready to exclaim—What! the Attic Bee of the Modern Athens a friend of a—(so I thought his letter shewed him)—vulgar, blustering, would-be three-man beetle, conceitedly flaunting that proud insignia of “science,” the champion's belt? What! he—the writer of this letter—whose commended style is that of Bell's *Life* in London, illuminated with gems of classic Latin, and blazoned with choice scraps of Billingsgate,—he—a friend of Professor WILSON! It seemed incredible. My impression had been that he was some cheek-by-jole of Dr. Boss—him—

With a big bottle nose, and an acre of chin,

His whole physiognomy frightful as sin.

I ought, perhaps, to beg pardon for having formed such an unworthy opinion of your friend; but the truth is, finding myself, not less than his “Dear HITCHINGS,” looked upon as a new-catched fool in a knave's trap, it can hardly be wondered that my feelings should have prompted me to cast back at the looker a look of the kind above-mentioned. And verily, is it not enough to try the patience of any man, and much more of one thought to have been “born bilious,” thus to be looked upon at all? But—confound the fellow! thought I; he has not been satisfied with this. Having fixed us in his horrid trap, away he sends us round the country to be made the sport of “the rascally rabble,” like badgers or baboons. It is now more than a week since I first read the Doctor's letter, and it may be well for his wig that it is so. Had these strictures been written under the first rush of feeling, he may rely on it he would not have given me his “nasty one” for nothing. Either I much mistake my man, or I am not the man I was once thought to be, if, in return, I should not have peppered his snitcher. Ay, and if I had not tapped his claret, and battered his knowledge box, and sprung his 'tato trap, and gone