

"brave boys" was bandied about by them; and combination, conspiracy, and disloyalty hurled by them at Lusty, his witnesses, the jurors, and the Court! And even in the author's own case, upon the Post Office injury, *innocent* Charley rose up and said, "I see it now; It is a combination; 'tis a conspiracy! That man" (alluding to a Mr. Wooding, a witness,) "hung me! I mean, gentlemen, in effigy."

So it is pretty evident that piety, loyalty, gallantry, combination, and conspiracy, are the chief shields, and they have, in more instances than one, proved powerful. They cling to these words with such pertinacity, that in the author's opinion, if the small sum of £15,000, now claimed by the gagging and modest Major from the Insurance Offices, should be withheld, the very woods of Springfield will resound with the incessant cry of loyalty, piety, combination, and conspiracy!!

I shall leave it to an impartial public to decide who are "the most vicious of a vicious race." Whether the assailed or assailers have been the combinators and conspirators?

Where am I to look for the Magraths piety? Is it in their wanton and brutal attack upon Campbell? Is it in their "hooking" the lumber floating down the Credit? Is it in the defamation of female character? or is it in their fishing and swimming a bear, immediately after divine service, in the River Credit? Can I find it in the acts of the Rector a patron of horse racing and his loyal Ballinger's Ten-pin Alley? Or shall I find it in his acts, wherein he charges the unfortunate labourers 3s. 9d. per bushel for potatoes? or, in his cribbing and boaring the ears of the hogs of poor Mr. Hair? Or in his monopolizing for months, the steer of Captain Robert Cotton? I think not. Nor can it be manifested by his turning night into day, and day into night, in accommodating his bilgewater associates in their midnight orgies. Surely, there was no symptom of piety in the Rector's celebrated advice to his incestuous sons, when he directed them not to slaughter each other about the girl Simpson and new-born infant, but to send them out of the neighbourhood by giving the poor girl a small sum of money? It cannot be found in the act of James when he sent his infant, from his own door, to the Toronto Workhouse.

Piety, indeed, in the Magrath family! Why, a man might as well expect to draw blood from a turnip, as to find piety in any one of the males of this family.

It is a well known fact, that upon the last visitation of the Lord Bishop, at the Springfield Church, the Rector was so gorged for several days previous to his Lordship's arrival, that he could not perform any part of Church Service. Indeed, he seemed (poor old man) so bloated from the three nights display of revelry; that he reminded the author of the state of a bull-frog panting for breath in the torrid zone! He was so enfeebled

*'hookoo!'*