

and that occurs to me just now adequately expressive of my contempt) of an editor, has the hardihood to recommend, namely, the commitment of the requisitionists to the house of correction, he would have soon found his error; and have been expelled from the seat of justice for so illegal and arbitrary a proceeding. Where are we now to look for *consummate impudence, and gross ignorance*? To enhance the latter may be added the mistake of supposing that *contempt of court* which is the crime of which the requisitionists are supposed to be guilty, is visited by being "escorted to the house of correction and moreover severely punished" whereas a simple committal to gaol at the pleasure of the court, is the invariable penalty. But what can *he* know about courts?

It is admitted that the requisitionists were men of the first respectability, talent, and probity; Yes, they were; and if but the tinge of the respectability, talents, and probity, (saving alone such respectability as is procured by the possession of pelf,) can be found amongst the advocates for the re-union of the provinces, as it is falsely affected to be called, I will be content to

"Vail my eagle wing
To the bald pinnon of this popinjay."

But let me now follow him to the *parade-ground*, (a willful misnomer for the *Champ-de-Mars*) where, wonderful to relate, "*we found our limbs once more in a *reposing position* in the centre of a *motley crowd*."* How, whilst lying down on the grass, *we* could escape being trampled on, a fate indeed which *we* richly deserve, is not explained; but a *reposing position* perhaps means an *upright posture*, and if so, and if ever this unslugged youth crossed the Tweed, and visited London, he probably derived this gawky image from those cellars, where his countrymen pay a penny a night, for sleeping with their arms and head hung over a rope, stretched across the apartment, for the accommodation of its breechless and barefooted lodgers. Next, "ye good natured readers and critics," do but admire how the truth will out - this champion of government, this tool of the minions of government, was in his youth, (God bless the mark! how long ago was that?) a very *radical*, and "in days of yore," a delighted admirer of their meetings, of which he was reminded by this *noisy assemblage* of Canadian notables. Ah! this explains one other knotty point. Radicalism was first heard of in 1817, and meetings of radicals, in 1819; these therefore were "days of yore" to this eminent politician, and this proves that it is a heedless schoolboy who thus presumes to vituperate all that is honourable, all that is enlightened, all that is respectable, amongst the Canadians. With admirable consistency this "*motley crowd*," this "*noisy assemblage*," is then praised for the "*decorum and gentlemanly behaviour displayed on the occa-*