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PERSONAL SKETCHES ; OR, REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC  
MEN IN CANADA.

It is frequently our misfortune to view able and influential public men from their weak side, and to indulge when it suits our humour, in a sneer or laugh at what we consider their failings or their faults. Those among us who have attained distinction by any one, or all, of the three modes of attainment sanctioned by the proverb, had no very long search after persons to applaud and flatter them, and to confess the truth there was no lack of satirists and libellers, politics being our chief, if not our only road to fame. We do our best to make the journey as uncomfortable as possible, and when the traveller congratulates himself and anticipates rest and comfort for his remaining days, he finds his velvet covered couch pretty well strewn with thorns and cowhage, and these pleasant irritants cling to him through life. How many noble minds have given way under this constant irritation, this cruel laceration, destroying domestic peace, and rendering this earth a wilderness of woe to them.

Minerva when she ensconces herself either in a printing office or a jury box is very often prone to forget her decency, cut up strange pranks and convert these Palladia of British Freedom into very naughty instruments for very naughty purposes. No allusion is here intended to the publications of the Minerva press in which sentimental young ladies and gentlemen so much rejoiced about thirty years ago.

Lord Sydenham, who most decidedly was not by any means thin skinned, having more than once run the gauntlet of the English Press and stood the brunt of HB'S cauterizing pencil, declared that, for the life of him, he could not conceive what definition a Canadian Editor, if writing a dictionary, would give to the term "Freedom of the Press;" His Lordship was fully enlightened on this