

and I will abruptly pass to another of the same tribe.

In 1810, Sir, the politician Dr. Blanket, was

*“Pour ses méfaits dans la géole encagé”*

but, in consequence of bowing and stooping, and retracting his former heretical opinions, he was let out of the cage. Rumour now, with her hundred tongues, has since spread abroad his fame, and, it is said, that an envoy extraordinary is daily expected from the mother-country, to call our hero to the *foot* of the throne, in order to make part of the new administration. In truth, should he prove as good a hand in putting down the radicals, as he has in putting his patients down, (under the earth, that is,) Great Britain will be indebted to Canada for a statesman, “after Lord Londonderry’s own heart.” Should this take place, there will be a few ladies, who will greatly regret his departure, as they have found that, in the absence of their better halves, the doctor has always done the needful.

Before taking leave of this gentleman, I must not omit a late accident, which, no doubt, interests the whole community. Having too unwarily kissed the *Big Book*, another medical gentleman of this city, thought the fittest punishment that could be inflicted would be such a dose of *hot bread*, as would prove indigestible to the politician: it was accordingly administered, in the shape of a letter, and having the desired effect, our hero instantly sent a long and elaborate communication to the printer’s, justifying his conduct, and threatening his adversary with immediate punishment: a few days after he sallied out in search of his enemy, and placing himself in ambuscade, in a house-porch, soon cast his eyes on the *hot bread* which lay so heavy on his stomach, and flying upon it, would have reduced it to