

lift his head above the torrent of argument whose force we have directed against him in plain matter of fact style. His abuse is forgotten, while our reasoning shall make a long and indelible impression on every mind that is alive to conviction or regards the vitality of truth. This exposition of his character will of course dissipate any prejudicial impression that might have been gathering in the arena of public feeling in consequence of his abuse, and also shield us from any stigmas which he may endeavor to fix on us for the future. Having already written falsehoods, he will of course do so again. Had we not thus defended ourselves, some individuals might be misled to believe his statements; for, as it has been observed by the poet—

"On eagle wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die."

To apologise for so long trespassing on the attention of our readers, we conceive to be an indispensable duty; but though we have occupied a large space with this subject, it is presumed that it will not be considered void of interest, inasmuch as it possesses an instructive character, conveying a lesson which may do much good to the public and particularly to the Editor himself. Could we make ourselves instrumental in giving him a better state of mind, much satisfaction would result to us from such a pleasing task. Vindictive feeling is not the motive that induces this course of action; far above such considerations we rebut the groundless calumnies of a wilful slanderer, whose every energy has been put forth in a diabolical attempt to lower us in public estimation. It will of course be painful to him to yield the victory to the *English Irish Editor*; but even giants have been conquered. In this instance, however, the party with whom we contend is so fallen, that the most decided triumph over him cannot bestow a particle of fame. All we want is to preserve ourselves from his slander, without wishing in the least degree to injure him. It is very possible and reasonable for us to defend ourselves, without cherishing revenge, or acting in opposition to that great authority which says—"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath."

Our readers will do us the justice to say, that any language which we can use in retorting on the author of the libel pub-

lished in the *Colonist*, with a view to make us the victim of public scorn, cannot be too strong. It is for us to counteract the poison by furnishing an antidote, and to blunt the weapons of the enemy by interposing the armor of truth. The victory, if it were worth claiming, is now decidedly ours: the foe is completely defeated, having not even the chance of a well managed retreat. The simple circumstance of our complaining of his bad printing has given rise to this contest; and is it possible for him to make the public eye convey a false evidence to the public mind? The Magazine bears on its front, in large external marks, abundant proofs to vindicate our original complaint; and internal marks, tending to establish the same point, are numberless.

We would now ask him where he will begin to refute these strong arguments, or where will he end? Can he find a square inch of *terra firma* to stand upon? No—he is sinking, or rather sunk, in the mire of his own character; but he will still, in the words of David Crockett, "flutter like a duck in a puddle." So far as security is concerned, we are proud to say, the victory is his; but it is an ignominious victory, and every one must cordially despise the man who would thus "stoop to conquer."

To remove any surprise which the public may feel at our being implicated with such a character, we would beg to state, that other individuals of high standing in society have, on former occasions, become entangled in a controversy with him, being, as we have been, ignorant of the scurrilous and base manner in which he would conduct the warfare. But if the public are to accord the laurels to him for language little short of blasphemy, then the most dissipated fishwoman in Billingsgate, or the most dissolute nymph of the pave or inmate of a brothel, would foil Lord Brougham or Daniel O'Connell.

Let us now, for a moment, turn to his mock criticism. The phrase, 'and though it yields no potatoes,' he says is metaphorical language. This is the most excessive absurdity we have ever heard from the Editor of a newspaper; and lest some of our readers might be misguided by the ignorance of the critic, we solemnly assure them that the phrase in question is purely literal, having not one metaphorical particle in its entire texture. It has not even one degree of affinity to