

were written, and upon the signal and decisive victory which we gained over him. We will once more take the liberty of saying, that we would be proud of a fair trial of speed with any short hand writer now living. In our answer to the Member for York, we showed that even the London reporters are not always correct, and as a proof text adduced a late instance where O'Connell complained of a garbled report; and Lord Lyndhurst has more recently complained to the same effect. The reporter made his Lordship to say, that the Irish were aliens in blood, aliens in language, and aliens in religion; but his Lordship has disavowed the language ascribed to him, in the most unqualified manner. We make these remarks to show that the best reporters in the world are, from various causes, liable to err, and should not be condemned for lack of punctuality in every instance. We are, however, far from admitting that our reports have been impeachable. By turning to the British Colonist, published in October, 1831, our readers will perceive how highly the Editor appreciated our stenographic powers, and what a tribute of respect he paid to them in the public prints.

Will not our readers now conclude that he has mistaken his man, when he waged a war of scurrility with us, who did not intend to provoke the fury of the giant by a few simple statements regarding his errors in printing. Goliath was not more mistaken in the stripling David, than the Editor of the Colonist has been in us. We must at all events pronounce him a strange being, at once a semi-Alderman, a semi-Briton, and a semi-demi-Editor of a paper that died and rose again. It would be no more than right to call his paper the *Lazarus*.

We believe it no exaggeration of his delinquency to say, that he has never treated with any degree of respect those sympathies that entwine human society, pointing out to the conductor of a newspaper or a periodical a latitude beyond which he shall not pass, saying "thus far shalt thou go and no further." But the person against whom we write is too ignorant to comprehend the majesty of his office, and never happy but when making his old type grind the flesh of his neighbors. He may be well classed with the persons of whom the poet says,

"Wretches!

To virtue, peace, and nature, foes."

Byron says, "'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, ones laurels, by blood or ink;" and our Editor was actuated by the spirit of this passage, when he endeavored to win his laurels by libelling us, and also when he endeavored to make a libel on the New-Brunswick Bar—a step-ladder to the temple of fame: and then expressed, in our own presence, great regret that he was not found guilty, saying, that in the event of a verdict against him, public sympathy would have been aroused to active exertion in his behalf; and while the prison doors would be open to receive him, the multitude would shout, "Lo, the conquering hero comes." In this instance he reminds us of a vagrant in London, who commits an offence against the laws, hoping to get a passport to Botany Bay at the expence of the government, and then curses the jury, who for want of presumptive evidence, or because of some informality, acquit him.

What think you now of this astounding Editor, who would strive to acquire his laurels by being pronounced in a court of justice an offender against the laws of his country. This proof of the downward tendency of his mind is unexampled in the history of human depravity. What a pity he did not live in the days of Titus Oates, they would be as well matched to co-operate in any dirty job as the pair of Arabian ponies the Spanish Ambassador used to drive in St. James' Park. But to be connected with the press—indeed, he is not so well calculated for that office as Hannibal Burns, mentioned by Mrs. Trollope as acting in the two-fold capacity of Editor and police officer.

A press not trust worthy ought to be demolished by the despotism of public opinion; and the sooner such demolition shall have been effected the sooner shall the suffering sacredness of social rights be rescued from the sway of an engine, both dangerous and destructive when prostituted by ruffian hands.—There can be no doubt but our worthy Editor would be more appropriately and beneficially employed at some of the rude occupations of savage life, (say racoon hunting, or rabbit catching,) than at the press, that great palladium of human liberty, from which the vulgar and the base should be kept aloof, and whose helm should not be touched but by an enlightened hand. A press that will