

fancy I hear it calling, come take me, come take me.

But the House have declared themselves an *Inquisitorial* Body, and that "it is right and proper that they should be an *Inquisitorial* Body;" their next declaration may be that they are *infallible*, their power and authority must extend far and wide, since they have passed an Act shortening all the Colonial Parliaments (so the Title intimates) and they are also *very gracious* as they have "granted and placed at the disposal of the Lieut. Governor, &c 2500L, which sum they acknowledge *not to be at their disposal*, and which the Executive allow them to *apply* for the purpose of Roads and Bridges. Their Printer informs us that "the business of Tuesday" was confined to the routine of passing "*undisputed* Bills through Committee of the whole House." This reads well. Why undisputed Bills? Oh! St. Patrick, St. Patrick, thou hast much to answer for.

A Roman Emperor used to exclaim when he had trifled away his working hours, "I have lost a day!" so may I ask, how many days does the House, who style themselves the voice of the Country, lose? As self Mr. Editor, is all and all with some people, I shall adopt the pass-word, and remain your very obedt. servt.

EGOMET.

Mr. White, I scarcely know of any situation or employment that less answers the purpose of a weak mind, than the Editor of an Independent Newspaper. For although he is esteemed by the good and virtuous, yet, in the progress of his undertaking, he seldom obtains the full recompence of his labors, and never is he caressed by the *would-be-great* or the designing. You will always see, Sir, that such *members* of the community as have no merit of their own, except their fawning sycophancy, or adulation to those whom they are indebted or beholding for their subsistence, will be the first to rail out against independent principles. Whenever the term *rogue*, or villain is used, in a company where any such person is present, however inadvertent the expression may have been applied, the guilty always puts it down in his own mind as applying to himself, and at once determines within his breast, that he is known, and that it is not safe for him to remain any longer; and he accordingly decamps, or endeavours to break up the company. So also, you may see, a person who has been reared from his infancy by the *crumbs* which fell from his master's table; and who after is discharged from office, either from misconduct or

otherwise; happens to get thrust into some Public situation, cringe from Public investigation; for as being bred in servility and always the *tool* of others, he has become (as an honorable member said in the House of Assembly, giving a text from Shakespeare) "Like the Leopard who cannot change his spots, or the Ethiopian who cannot change his skin." I say, Mr. Printer, when such a character sees a Public Journal established on independent principles, he is sure to be the first to say, "I cannot patronize such a scurrilous and vagabond paper." But Sir, the reason is obvious, he wants to keep his black catalogue of deeds in the dark, that he may still do more harm to society—he says within himself, "I was once a Proprietor's man, I am now out of pay, and am ready to take the *highest penny* in future, but until I obtain a situation I must strain every nerve to keep my past conduct in oblivion!" But Mr. Editor, this is not the only class of people against whose prejudices an Editor has to contend. In every new country, and particularly in a small community, it is not easy to find men of talent, wealth, and independence, to fill every petty situation, consequently, some one or other out of the lower ranks of life must be chosen, who as soon as gets hold of the insignia of office, than he finds himself a different personage to what he was a day or two before. The next Newspaper comes, stating that *such* a one, has been appointed to such a thing. No sooner does Mr. Mockasin (*moggonson*) see his name in print with a *handle* to it, than he fancies he is dubbed a *gentleman*. He next, on the credit that is attached to his new distinction, obtains a suit of black clothes, and a pair of boots. He thus enters on the functions of his office with all the self-importance of an Eastern Monarch, and with his iron sceptre in his hand, is determined to level all his fellow mortals who dare for a moment question his authority, or salute him without *hat in hand*. Now Sir, if the above be not a true picture of Mr. Moggonson, I claim no credence from your readers. But if it be true, I cannot help thinking that a *troop* of such characters let loose upon society is worse than the seven plagues of Egypt. Yes Sir, it would be worse than the miseries of *Pandora's Box*, for there would be no hope left except the restraint imposed by public opinion, and that opinion is only known through the medium of an Independent Press. Therefore, Sir, it is not to be wondered at, that such *petty despots* should wish ill to an Independent Press.

Men may make office's, but office's cant make men, A tilled bear is but a ravenous thing.

I say therefore, Mr. White, go on in the rapid and independent course which you have followed since your commencement, don't gratify empty pride by submission, or malice by lamentation, nor complain of neglect from those

whose regard is unworthy of your acceptance. While you hold *private* character sacred, you have nothing to fear, you have a discerning Public and the virtuous part of the community at your back, speak to your enemies like the Grecian Poet:—

"Begone ye Blockheads, Heraclitus cries,
And leave my labors to the *learn'd* and wise:
Or wit by knowledge studios to be read,
I scorn *servility* alive and dead."

Your obedient servt.

Freedom's Temple, March 26.

RUB.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN.

MARCH 23, 1833.

Facts having come to our knowledge since our last publication, that the charge in the article from a correspondent signed "Willis the Bellman's son," against an Elder of the Established Church of Scotland being false; we with pleasure embrace this the earliest opportunity of informing our readers, that it was to one of the Trustees for building the Church, the language therein was addressed in the Police Court, and *not* to an Elder.

At Tryon River, on the 16th inst., two men, the one named Tool, and the other Shea, were wrestling together, when Shea threw Tool, and brought his head in contact with a log of wood; Shea instantly ran a short distance and picked up a billet of wood, and struck Tool twice on the head, by the effects of which he died next morning. A Coroner's Inquest has been since held, and a Verdict of Wilful Murder returned against Shea, who has since absconded.

On the same day, Stephen McEachran, of Savage Harbour, having left his home, and not returning either on that or the following day his friends became alarmed, and a search having been made, he was discovered lying dead, about half a mile from his own residence. The immediate cause of his death is unknown, but we are informed the poor man was subject to violent attacks of spasms in the stomach. Not the slightest marks of violence was found about his person.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The insertion of the continuation, and closing review of J. L. Lowell's Pamphlet under the signature of "PEPPER," with several other communications, are unavoidably postponed this week.