

*Sn.*—Distinguished Colonists!! Whew! rare aves, certainly, I have read of the Phoenix—but can't say I ever saw it. Where are these illustrious individuals to be found, I would willingly perform a pilgrimage—

*Ed.*—I am afraid, Sir, your devotion would in a great measure be thrown away—almost as much as my time is now. Good morning, Mr. Snaffle.

*Sn.*—Come, come, Mr. Editor, don't get angry, and I will promise to be reasonable; you said distinguished Colonists—I laughed, I could not help it—distinguished they may be in their own sphere, but there is nothing more dangerous than to be great in a little circle.

*Ed.*—It is this little circle—I would wish to address—and yet neither its bounds, nor the men within it are so very little.

*Sn.*—Well, perhaps I was wrong, go on.

*Ed.*—There is the Hon. Samuel Cunard.

*Sn.*—A successful merchant, nothing more, there are five thousand such in England and Scotland, whom the world neither knows nor thinks of.

*Ed.*—There may be; but the name is indissolubly associated with Atlantic Steam Navigation—it carries us into the stupendous works of Napier—the ship building yards of the Clyde—the history of those mighty leviathans that enter our harbour every other week—the writer of such a sketch would show the gigantic appliances by which the man of genius has given life and action to these moving castles—who would not read with interest a detailed account of the successive progress of each Cunard Steamer?

*Sn.*—True, true, Sir, the subject is greater than the man, and the sketch, I confess, would be interesting—but that I suspect is the beginning and the end.

*Ed.*—No Sir, no, undervalue not your country, it is a mean and discreditable affectation—I will mention another name to refresh your memory—the name of Sir Allan McNab—has travelled beyond the little circle you speak of, and with that name would be associated the rebellion in Canada, full of as much interest as any contained in novel and romance—and in which Sir Allan took so large a part.

*Sn.*—Right Sir, right again, upon my word, the field is richer than I thought it was—there is an advantage after all in casting about for subjects. Any more? I really listen with interest now, and have some faint hopes of you.

*Ed.*—Thank you, Sir, you are kind to hope. There is Judge Halliburton, a name not unknown in England—don't you think an interesting sketch might be made on the man and the peculiar class of literature of which he is the head?

*Sn.*—Tolerable, yes, very good, and then—

*Ed.*—There is a Wallis, a Belcher, a Westphall, a Johnston, or a Howe—who are or may be among the illustrious some day.