

though I say it that shouldn't say it, that there is one gentleman there that shall be nameless that's cut his eye-teeth, any how. The natives are considerable proud of him; and if you want to make an impartial deal, to tie the Nova Scotians to you for ever, to make your own name descend to posterity with honour, and to prevent the inhabitants from ever thinkin' of Yankee connexion (mind that hint, say a good deal about that; for it's a tender point that, ajoinin' of our union, and fear is plaguy sight stronger than love any time.) You'll gist sarve him as you sarved Earl Mulgrave (though his writin's aint to be compared to the Clockmaker, no more than chalk is to cheese;) you gave him the governorship of Jamaica, and arterwards of Ireland. John Russell's writin's got him the birth of the leader of the House of Commons. Well, Francis Head, for his writin's you made him Governor of Canada, and Walter Scott you made a baronet of, and Bulwer you did for too, and a great many others you have got the other side of the water you sarved the same way. Now, minister, fair play is a jewel, says you; if you can reward your writers to home with governorships and baronetcies, and all sorts o' snug things, let's have a taste o' the good things this side o' the water too. You needn't be afraid o' bein' too often troubled that way by authors from this country. (It will make him larf that, and there's many a true word said in joke;) but we've got a sweet tooth here as well as you have. Poor pickin's in this country; and colonists are as hungry as hawks.

The Yankee made Washington Irvin' a minister plenipo', to honour him; and Blackwood, last November, in his magazine, says that are Yankee's books ain't fit to be named in the same day with the Clockmaker—that they're nothin' but Jeremiads. Now, though Blackwood deserves to be well kicked for his politicks, (mind and say that, for he abuses the ministry sky-high that feller—I wouldn't take that critter's sarse, if I was them, for nothin' a'most—he raily does blow them up in great style,) he ain't a bad judge of books,—at least it don't become me to say so; and if he don't know much about 'em I do; I won't turn my back on any one in that line. So, minister, says you, gist tip a stave to the Governor of Nova Scotia, order him to inquire out the author, and to tell that man, that distinguished man, that her Majesty delights to reward merit and honour talent, and that if he will