

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MY LORD:

Your Lordship will, no doubt, be at a loss to understand how it is, that you have had the honour of this dedication conferred upon you, which you had so little reason to expect; and, as you have never seen, and probably never heard of, the author, must be conscious you have done so little to him to deserve; and it is but reasonable and just that I should explain the motives that actuated me. Dedications are mendacious effusions, we all know; and honest men begin to be ashamed of them, as reflecting but little honour on the author, or the patron; but in a work of humour, an avowal of the truth may well find a place, and be classed among the best jokes it contains. I have selected your Lordship, then, as my Mæcenas; not on account of your quick perception of the ridiculous, or your powers of humour, but solely on account of the very extensive patronage at your disposal. Your Lordship is a colonial minister, and I am a colonial author; the connexion between us, therefore, in this relation, is so natural, that this work has not only a claim to your protection, but a right to your support. All the world will say that it is in vain for the whig ministry to make protestations of regard for the colonies, when the author of that lively book, "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western," remains in obscurity in Nova Scotia, languishing for want of patronage; and posterity, that invariably does justice, (although it is, unfortunately, rather too late, always) will pronounce that you failed in your first duty, as protector of colonial literature, if you do not do the pretty upon this occasion. Great men are apt to have short memories; and it is a common subject of complaint with authors, that they are materially injured by this defect in their organization. Literary men, however, may ascribe much of the disappointment they experience, to their own disingenuousness. They usually begin by expressing great diffidence of their own talents, and disparaging their own performances, and end by extolling the acquirements, the liberality, and the discernment of their patrons; and the latter generally admit the truth of both these propositions, which is all that is required of them, and there the matter ends. I prefer the more straight-forward course of telling the truth; and so far from detracting from the merits of this work, and undervaluing myself, I am bold to say, it is quite as good a book, and as safe in its tendencies, as those of a certain fashionable author, who found favour at the hands of your party, and is therefore eminently entitled to your special regard.

I have inscribed it to you, accordingly, not for the purpose of paying a compliment to your Lordship, but that you may have an opportunity of paying a very substantial compliment to me. Like an eastern present, it is expected that it should be acknowledged by one of still greater value; and in order that there may be no mistake, I beg your Lordship to understand distinctly, that its merits are very great, and that the return should be one suitable for your Lordship to give, and me to receive; and not such a one (as the Canadian rebels said to Lord Durham) "as shall be unworthy of us both." Now, my Lord, I had the pleasure of being in England during the coronation, and the high honour of being present at it. I will not say I crossed the Atlantic on purpose, because that would not be true; but I can safely say, not that I would go twice as far to see another, because that would be treasonable as well as false, but that that magnificent spectacle was well worthy of the toil of going twice as far for the express and sole purpose of witnessing it. The