

ment of your institutions, that I am desirous of impressing upon the minds of my countrymen. Right, said he; I see it as plain as a boot-jack; it's no more than your duty. But the book does beat all—that's a fact. There's more fiction in this than in t'other one, and there are many things in it that I don't know exactly what to say to. I guess you had better add the words to the title-page, "a work of fiction," and that will clear me, or you must put your name to it. You needn't be ashamed of it, I tell you. It's a better book than t'other one; it ain't jist altogether so local, and it goes a little grain deeper into things. If you work it right, you will make your fortin' out of it; it will make a man of you, you may depend. How so? said I; for the last volume, all the remuneration I had was the satisfaction of finding it had done some good among these for whose benefit it was designed, and I have no other expectation from this work. More fool you, then, said he; but I'll tell you how to work it. Do you get a copy of it done off on most beautiful paper, with a'most an' elegant bindin', all covered over the back with gildin'; (I'll gild it for you myself complete, and charge you nothin' but the price of the gold leaf, and that's a mere trifle; it only costs the matter of two shillings and sixpence a paper, or thereabouts,) and send it to the head minister of the Colonies, with a letter. Says you, minister, says you, here's a work that will open your eyes a bit; it will give you considerable information on American matters, and that's a thing, I guess, none on you know a bit too much on. You han't heerd so much truth, nor seen so pretty a book, this one while, I know. It gives the Yankees a considerable of a hacklin', and that ought to please you; it shampoos the English, and that ought to please the Yankees; and it does make a proper fool of blue-nose, and that ought to please you *both*, because it shows it's a considerable of an impartial work. Now, says you, minister, it's not altogether considered a very profitable trade to work for nothin' and find thread. An author can't live upon nothin' but air, like a cameleon, though he change colour as often as that little critter' does. This work has done a good deal of good. It has made more people hear of Nova Scotia than ever heerd tell of it afore by a long chalk; it has given it a character in the world it never had before, and raised the valy of rael property there considerable; it has shown the world that all the blue-noses there ain't fools, at any rate; and,