

those which may seem most trivial to the general reader, will be most acceptable to some of my dearest friends, from the pleasant memories they will awaken. For the rest, I must not hope entirely to escape the application of Mrs. Grant's confession: I *may* have a modest wish for honorable mention in the Canadian List of Authors, as having written something besides Statutes and Tables of Statutes;—

In Morgan's useful book my place is small;
In stately Taylor's work I've none at all;—

I *may* have a secret aspiration for a higher place in the former and some little obscure niche in the latter:—"Vanity perhaps assisting."—I have arranged the pieces almost always in the order of their birth, and the earlier ones are therefore the most sentimental. I was young then and am old now; but hope you will think the lines on old Christ Church, and the touching *In Memoriam* to the *Times*, shew that in my old age the quality is not quite extinct in me.—

But, you may ask, why should I, a rather ancient Q. C. and Law Clerk to the House of Commons, write and print verses.—My good friend, what I have done officially is the very reason and justification for what I am doing now. An English author apologizing for his hero, an apothecary, who attaches a short poem to the neck of his physic vial, exclaims,—

"Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?"
"If patients swallow physic without reason?"
"It is but fair to add a little rhyme;"—

and asks indignantly—

"Can n't men have taste who cure a phthisic?"
"Of poetry tho' patron God,
"Apollo patronizes physic."

Now I have helped to make the public to swallow some thousands of pages of heavyish reading prescribed by legislative

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