

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 perceptions 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 work, "The Letter Bag of the Great Western," remains in obscurity in Nova Scotia, languishing for want of timely 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 this disappointment they experience to their own disingenuousness. They usually begin by expressing great diffidence of their own talents, and disparaging their own perform-