

of your poetry was about as bad as possible;—and your early Reviews, particularly ill-natured; but yet the thing is well got up, well printed, and all that sort of thing. There is room for improvement.

ED.—No one is more sensible of that than myself. Many from whom better things might have been expected, have hung back—from sheer lethargy—and that lazy dog Snaffle among the rest.

SN.—I did intend to do something, and will do it if you will let me have my own way. I would like to work out an idea I have got in my brain.

ED.—I shall be delighted to have your assistance: what is the idea?

SN.—Why, give me large elbow room, and I will draw you Colonial Portraits.

ED.—Most certainly; a few good likenesses is the very thing wanted.

SN.—Well, you shall have them. Let me see: Cnnard, Sam Slick, Joseph Howe, Hincks, Sir Allan—

BADGER.—I must have Howe! I would have a real pleasure in limning the Provincial Secretary.

SN.—I should like the job myself—but take him and welcome.

ED.—Of course, gentlemen, you understand our rule: no party—no politics.

BADGER.—And what is Joseph, stript of his political wardrobe, which has been the breath of life to him for the last thirty years? No, no, it shall be all politics, nothing but politics!

ED.—Then I am sorry, Mr. Badger, I must decline the article.

BADGER.—No you shant, you'll have it, and you'll like it. Do you think I mean by politics, low scurrilous abuse, Colonial Politics? Not at all; I shall do the man justice! I shall hurt no one's feelings, nor forget the dignity of truth, nor the awards of justice.

ED.—Thank you, sir, I can trust your discretion: try and give us your article for January.

BADGER.—I wcn't promise, Snaffle has a prior claim.

ED.—Well, well, settle it between you, only let us have the articles as soon as possible: it is not too late yet to occupy vantage ground. With regard to the Reviews, I presume you allude to Judge Marshall's Book. I spoke severely of a man who evidently thinks ill of mankind in general;—who tried to put a bad construction upon every act of almost every public man in Great Britain. The book and the man were an inconsistency—a contradiction in fact. He employs a long chapter in denouncing pensions as public plunder—while he himself is a pensioner for having done less than nothing; as during the short time he was Judge, he certainly played such antics as would make school-boys laugh.

BADGER.—You were right, sir; I only wish you had cut a little deeper. Old Harriet Martineau had certainly more honesty than the Judge; for when