

**LIFE IN A STEAMER; OR,  
THE LETTER-BAG OF THE  
GREAT WESTERN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649633944

Life in a Steamer; Or, The Letter-Bag of the Great Western by Sam Slick

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**SAM SLICK**

**LIFE IN A STEAMER; OR,  
THE LETTER-BAG OF THE  
GREAT WESTERN**



THE LETTER-BAG

OF

THE GREAT WESTERN.

# LIFE IN A STEAMER;

OR,

## THE LETTER-BAG

OF

## THE GREAT WESTERN.

---

*Dulce est desipere in loco.*

---

BY SAM SLICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE CLOCKMAKER," "SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND,"  
ETC., ETC.

LONDON:  
ROUTLEDGE, WARNES, AND ROUTLEDGE,  
FARRINGTON STREET.

1859.

249. E. 4.

## DEDICATION

TO THE

RIGHT HON. 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 have so little reason to expect, and (as you have never seen, and probably never heard of the author,) must be conscious 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 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-



ances, and end by extolling the acquirements, the liberality, and discernment of their patrons, and they generally admit the truth of both these propositions, which is all that is required of them, and there the matter ends. I prefer the most straightforward course of telling the truth; and so far from detracting from the merits of the 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 entitled to your special regard. I have inscribed it to you, therefore, 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 enthusiasm and unanimity of feeling that pervaded all classes of the assembled multitudes, gave a charm and influence to that gorgeous ceremony that neither rank nor riches nor numbers can ever bestow. Upon that occasion the customary honours, promotions, medals, ribbons, and royal favours, were distributed among her Majesty's subjects that were supposed to be distinguished for their loyalty and devotion. Few of them, however, have since shown by their conduct that they were worthy of it. Instead of being overwhelmed with gratitude, as I should have been had my merits been duly appreciated, these people have filled the country with their lamentations. The army complains that its rewards are by no means adequate to its deserts. The navy proclaims, with a noise resembling that of a speaking-trumpet, that it has not been honoured in an equal manner with the army; and the East Indian legions say that the navy and queen's troops have monopolised everything that was valuable, and left for them only enough to mark their inferiority. All this is very amusing, but very ungrateful. Pets are always troublesome. I wish them all to understand,

---

and you too, my Lord, that the colonies not only did not obtain their due share of notice, but were forgotten altogether, notwithstanding the thousands of brave and loyal people they contain. They were either overlooked amidst the numerous preparations for that great event, or the cornucopia was exhausted before the hand that held it out had reached half way across the Atlantic.

Your Lordship was a strenuous advocate, in days bygone, for extending representation, and therefore, though no Whig myself, I beg leave to extend this representation to you, because you were not then in the colonial office, and I know of no man there who will inform you of the omission.

To show you the want of liberality in those who for years past have made the selection of names for royal favour, it is only necessary to point to the case of certain persons of colonial extraction. Now these very impartial judges of merit appear to have forgotten that they were advanced before, and already covered with honours. How much more just then, as well as more courteous, would it have been in them to have waited for their last step, until we had effected our first? But this is not all: some of them were first appointed to govern a distant province; then Ireland; afterwards to preside over all the colonies, and subsequently to direct the internal affairs of the nation in the home office.