

dorsed Sam Slick's criticisms on Nova Scotia. As a politician, our author had learned to dread that many-headed monster, a constituency, and to show outward respect for popular weaknesses. He would naturally shrink from lashing the pet failings of his countrymen openly, and would find it expedient to tell them unpalatable truths through the medium of a foreign observer. For the clockmaker's satiric utterances—so often grotesquely and *purposely* exaggerated—the public could not hold him responsible. "A satirist," says Sam Slick in "Nature and Human Nature," speaking of his already published sayings and doings, "a satirist, like an Irishman, finds it convenient sometimes to shoot from behind a shelter." And again, in the same book, he observes to "the Squire," who was a Nova Scotian:—"If *you* was writin' and not me you would have to call Halifax, to please the people, that flourishing great capital," and so forth. For these reasons I have treated Slick's views about Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians elsewhere, with the personal opinions of our author. Enough to say here, to complete this list of Mr. Slick's traits, that it went against his grain to see a Province giving its scant enthusiasm too exclusively to politics, and wasting its energies in pressing the government to create prosperity, instead of seizing the existing openings for industry, as he and other wide-awake Yankees were so profitably doing.

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That so young a country as Nova Scotia should have reared so great a writer as Haliburton is some-