

At one of them the belles are Indian half-breeds, at the other fashionable Halifax young ladies. The ex-clock-maker has presumably obtained the *entrée* into the illogically exclusive society of Halifax. At all events he shows a minute knowledge of its various phenomena, not omitting the customary airs of a military *parvenu*.

I am afraid that this over-equipment of his hero is due to carelessness or forgetfulness on Haliburton's part. When Mr. Slick credits himself in all gravity with each new accomplishment, I do not think that, in the author's intention, he is only adding another fib to his record. Were this so, lying would be his most prominent characteristic. Now Slick is quite capable of using ambiguous terms to help him to dispose of a horse or a clock, but I am mistaken if he is meant to be viewed as a serious and habitual liar.

To draw the long bow for the sake of making fun, or with a wink to his hearers, as it were, is quite another thing, and of this pastime Mr. Slick was very fond. "Once," he said, "I drawed a mutton chop so nateral that my dog broke his teeth in tearing the panel to pieces to get at it: and at another time I painted a shingle so like stone that, when I threw it in the water, it sunk right kerlash to the bottom." He imposes upon a certain great linguist by professing to know *all* the North American Indian dialects, and informs him that the redskins form new words by "gummification," a term which should be used in Indian grammar, he says, in preference to "agglutination," because glue was unknown and gum well known to the Indians! The best glue in America, he gravely