

my sweetness on the desert air of pretty maidens who had no votes, but I bestowed all my attentions on the comely and virtuous matrons, whose husbands had the privilege of the franchise; and to any of my young friends who are aspiring to legislative honours, especially in a Colony, I would give this piece of wholesome advice; cultivate your knowledge of babies. Believe me the man who can handle a baby well, who can talk learnedly on dry nursing and wet nursing, who can nicely discriminate between the rival merits of Mrs. Johnson's and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, is no mean antagonist at an election; babies are a potent power in every district, the way to win the favour of the ruling power in every well ordered household is through the baby, and if the wife is on your side, you can be quite easy about the husband, if he is a proper husband he dare not give his vote against her wishes. Well in this matter of babies Tommy had no chance whatever with me, "la Sir," the women would say, "any one id know you was a fayther by the way you handles the baby." The poet says that "a well spring of joy in the house is a baby," and as this well spring was perpetually bubbling up in my house I had great experience in babies, and many a vote I got over Tommy by my attention to and admiration of the multitudinous babies that abounded in Marshboro'. I was also great on the subject of dogs, and I believe next to their wives and children the Marshburghers loved their dogs, and dogs were almost, if not quite as numerous as babies. From my earliest youth I had been a dog fancier and knew all the canine ways. I took to the dogs always, though I did not go to them, and everywhere they took to me; in the way of dog stories, too, I believed until recently that I could beat any man in the Colony, and cap any given tale about dogs or other animals by a veracious narrative of my own. I say until recently for a short time ago I may fairly confess that I met my match. I was out shooting last fall with an old trapper named Tom McGrath, and in the course of our travels we came across an old beaver dam, this dam set Tom off talking "about the craytures," "no one wid belave," said he, "wot dey nose. Forty year agone I was trappin round this very place, and won day I found part of a baver's leg in my trap, well I did not mind it a bit, but went about my work as usual until about a month afther, I was working round about the same spot, and avery now and then I would come across the most wontherful tracs, three foot marks and a dot; this must be some quare crayture said I, and I hunted, and hunted, until at last I come up with him; and unless you saw it you'd never belave it, there was my brave baver with the most butiful wooden leg on him, and he stamping along just like any other wooden gentleman you'd see in town." I confess I was fairly shut up and have never told a dog story since.—"May be now," said Tom, "you would not belave all the wontherful tales I could tell you about bavers." I think Tom, said I, we had better be getting on, that hill beyond looks fine ground for birds. But to proceed with my story. Jones and I kept on canvassing at Musselcreek, and in the vicinity, one trying to circumvent the other, gradually Tommy felt that I was gaining on him, so one fine morning the scheming little rascal