

Yes, if we had it, we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, oh we are too poor and too young. Says I, You put me in mind of a great long legged, long tailed colt, father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin post. He was colt all his days—always young—always poor; and young and poor you'll be, I guess, to the eend of the chapter.

On our return to the Inn the weather, which had been threatening for some time past, became very tempestuous. It rained for three successive days, and the roads were almost impassable. To continue my journey, was wholly out of the question. I determined, therefore, to take a seat in the coach for Halifax, and defer until next year the remaining part of my tour. Mr. Slick agreed to meet me here in June, and to provide for me the same conveyance I had used from Amherst. I look forward with much pleasure to our meeting again. His manner and idiom were to me perfectly new and very amusing; while his good sound sense, searching observation and queer humour, rendered his con-

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