

'How is that? says I, for there is nothing like hearin' what folks have to say. *Its only your friends and your enemies that tell you of your faults.*'

'Well, sir, if three Irishmen get hold of you they fight like devils, one to box you, and two to see fair play, by joinin' him and knockin' you down. And when the Yankees have a ship of heavier metal, and more guns than you, there's no denyin of it, they do fight like men.'

Mr. Slick's favorite hobby is his acquaintance with 'human natur,' and none can read his sayings and doings without feeling that his estimate of himself is only correct. Who that knows anything of society and its impartiality, that will not endorse the following extract:

'Well, said Eldad, there's natur' in all things. Among humans there is three kinds, white natur', nigger natur' and Indjin natur'; then there's fish natur', and horse natur', musquito natur' and snakes natur', and he natur', and she natur', at least that's my logic. Well, its the natur' of porpoises, when a she one gets wounded, that the other porpoises race right arter her, and chase her to death. They show her no mercy. Human natur' is the same as fish natur' in this' particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal, envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keepin her eye on the compass, and shapin' her course as she ought to, men, women, and boys, parsons and their tea goin' gossipin' wives, pious galls and prim old maids, all start off in full cry like a pack of bloodhounds arter her, and tear her to pieces, and if she carths, and has the luck to get safe into a hole fust, they howl and yell round her like so many imps of darkness. Its the race of charity to see what long legged, cantin, billious-lookin critter can be in first at the death. They turn up the white of their eyes like ducks in thunder, at a fox hunt its so wicked; but a gall-hunt they love dearly; its servin' the Lord.'

Cosmopolite as Mr. Slick is in a general way, the book before us abounds with local incidents, and provincial characters, all wearing a comical aspect, though here and there he gives a touch of pathos just to shew that even he looks below the surface. Aunt Thankful, an old lady whom he encounters in one of the back settlements of Nova Scotia, and whose sole treasure from youth to old age has been the memory of having once danced with the Duke of Kent in Halifax, and having her fine eyes honoured by his notice, is well, if not pathetically, portrayed in the following words:

'Poor Aunt Thankful, its others that ought to be thankful to you, for your post aint easy. We uncles and aunts have enough to do. Uncle pays for all, and aunt works for all. The children don't mind you like a mother, and the servants don't obey you like the head of the house nother. Is there one of the party to stay at home? its aunt. Is there any one to get up early, and to be the last to lock doors, and to look to fires? its aunty. Is there company to home—who takes charge of the house? why aunty to be sure. If you havn't got money enough for what you want, there is some doubloons still left in the end of Aunt Thankful's stocking—you did'nt return the last three you borrowed—but coax her, she is so good natured and so kind. Get her to tell that story about Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, and her eyes, and say well aunt they must have been beautiful, for they are still so handsome; how near you