

Among his many humorous novels, *The Letter Bag of the Great Western*, *Wise Saws*, and *The Clockmaker*, are popularly known as his best. 'Tis the last that interests and concerns us most, for here Judge Haliburton sent forth Sam Slick to teach the Bluenose the true economy of human affairs. 'Twas in the columns of the *Nova Scotian* that Sam first appeared with his pithy sayings, as the mouth-piece of a creator whose object was to preserve the old stories of colonial life, and to arouse his countrymen from a condition of carelessness and lethargy. Though this verdant but keen Yankee has everywhere been greeted with peals of laughter, yet *The Clockmaker* is no mere jest-book. All this humour is but the means to an end, the candied coating of the physician's pill. So at least the Bluenose found it so, whom alone the book was meant.

But the Yankee pedlar with his "soft sawder and human natur" was a character too amusing to lead a local life, so ere long he became famous abroad and scored a great triumph in the American Press. But Jonathan also found the bitter pill beneath all this sweetness, for though the author goaded his own countrymen by the contrast between their inertness and narrowness, and Yankee energy and enterprise, yet his was indeed a two-edged sword which fell not upon the Provincial alone, but, gave many a keen thrust to the evils of American customs and institutions. Ere it was known that Sam was travelling abroad, to the surprise of Judge Haliburton came the news that *The Clockmaker* had made all England merry with laughter. But Sam was unsatisfied till he had passed over to the Continent, where in the chief lands of Europe he was hailed with much delight.

To most mortals the unsavoury truthfulness of an honest friend is less pleasing and desired than the varnished words of a skilful flatterer. 'Twas even so with the Bluenose and *The Clockmaker*, thus for some time in our province the faithful words of the author were less popular than elsewhere. But the pebble upon the beach stays not the rising tide. These faint murmurings were unheard in that grand applauding shout of the world, which greeted the appearance of *The Clockmaker*, and ere it had subsided, these inhabitants had learned wisdom, for at last they appreciated their truest friend. Thus was it welcomed, and nobly has it held its place having passed into literature as the equal of Dickens' *Pick-*

wick Papers and Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. Two colleges at once recognized the worth of this work. Our sister at Windsor was the first to appreciate its value, and heartily she added her honorary M. A. to the degrees of the author, whilst soon followed the praises and the envied D. C. L., of old English Oxford.

If for naught else this novel would be famous for exceeding all others in the number of expressive idioms, forcible words, and striking similes, which preserve to us the true picture of provincial life, five and fifty years ago. The rich, sparkling narrative is but excelled by the quaint, genuine humour and keenness of wit, whilst the racy New England dialect gives to the whole a fit and attractive setting and of itself is no mean charm.

For accuracy and completeness of description *The Clockmaker* has but few equals. Though mingled with ridicule against the indolence and lack of enterprise of the inhabitants, yet here the smiling beauties of Acadia with her great natural gifts and advantages are vividly set forth in bright and glowing colours. Not only were laughed out of existence those stupid customs and prejudices, which hinder industry and prosperity but for the people were secured many great and valuable lessons, each pregnant with instructive moral and sound practical wisdom. Well indeed does *The Clockmaker* deserve its reputation of being without a peer for good common sense, and well does Judge Haliburton deserve his fame not only as an excellent author and renowned humourist, but also as a truly great moral teacher, the pride of his country and the admiration of the world.

BROWNING.

He sits at last among his peers,
While we stand chilled with eyes grown dim
In looking over life's grey fields,
And feel the heart light folded in.

A great soul! entered in to know
The fullness of the Central Life—
A giant leader of the race!
Who never with the world made strife,

But led it surely, grandly on,
Scaling clear heights with leap and bound,
Then beckoning with a strong man's hand
He kept his way to higher ground.