

himself to be. Such is the gentleman known throughout America as Mr. Blue Nose, a sobriquet acquired from a superior potato of that name, of the good qualities of which he is never tired of talking, being anxious, like most men of small property, to exhibit to the best advantage the little he had.

“ Although this term is applicable to all natives, it is more particularly so to that portion of the population descended from emigrants from the New England States, either previously to, or immediately after, the American Revolution. The accent of the Blue Nose is provincial, inclining more to Yankee than to English, his utterance rapid, and his conversation liberally garnished with American phraseology, and much enlivened with dry humour. From the diversity of trades of which he knows something, and the variety of occupations in which he has been at one time or another engaged, he uses indiscriminately the technical terms of all, in a manner that would often puzzle a stranger to pronounce whether he was a landsman or sailor, a farmer, mechanic, lumberer, or fisherman. These characteristics are more or less common to the people of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, and the scene of these sketches might perhaps to a very great extent be laid, with equal propriety, in those places as in Nova Scotia. But to Upper and Lower Canada they are not so applicable.”

In illustrations of the peculiarities of the Nova Scotian, morally, politically, socially, and individually, we have in the work itself tales and anecdotes, general reflections and detailed facts. Sam Slick's admirers may, perhaps, regret that there is here less of broad farce, ebullient humour, and indomitable satire than they are accustomed to from that intelligent traveller; but they must remember that one cannot live always on plum puddings or Indian pickle. We, for our parts, are inclined to rank the “ Old Judge” among the author's very best things; in it there is none of the exaggeration of imperfect knowledge. The Government, the town society, the natives, and the whole face of the country are familiar to him, and he describes them all fairly, fully, and on fitting occasion with the true *Slickish* humour. We have short space for criticism, and this we must shorten farther to admit one of our friend Steve's stories, which requires none.

THE MEAN MAN.

“ I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now, he was so mean, he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. “ Lawyer,” he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, “ I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbour of mine, though considerably older than I be, and a mean neighbour he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

“ ‘ Parson,’ says he, ‘ what's the price of a license ?’

“ ‘ Six dollars,’ says he.

“ ‘ Six dollars!’ says Hugo; ‘ that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take no less?’

“ ‘ No,’ says he. ‘ That's what they cost me to the Secretary's office at Halifax.’

“ ‘ Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?’

“ ‘ Nothing,’ says parson.

“ ‘ Well,’ says Hugo, ‘ that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?’

“ ‘ Three Sundays.’

“ ‘ Three Sundays!’ says Hugo. ‘ Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away, I must wait.’

“ ‘ So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a-looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went, as fast his horse could carry him.

“ ‘ Parson,’ says he, ‘ I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue, that I can't undo with my teeth.’

“ ‘ Why, what in natur is the meaning of all this?’ says parson.

“ ‘ Why,’ says Hugo, ‘ I've been eiphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bans, after all. You see, sir, it's a potato-digging time; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and, as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to night, she can begin to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And, besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while.’

“ ‘ Oh my,’ said Miss Lucy, ‘ did you ever hear the beat of that? Well, I never!’”

Although Halliburton's humour does not belong to the highest order, it is excellent in its way, and is superior to any Transatlantic thing of the kind we are acquainted with.

As a lawyer of eminence, his observations on the constitutions of the colonies and the administrations of colonial affairs in Nova Scotia are very valuable, and to all persons who are of our opinion we especially recommend the perusal of a carefully written chapter at the end of the book, which is devoted to a clear exposition of the gradual growth of the present form of Government in British North America.

Those who have experienced none of the ups and downs of life, but have been placed, by the chance of birth or other good fortune, in affluence, estimation, and comfort, should at all times be very diffident of their supposed virtues, and avoid boasting even of those which may have been partially put to the test. Placed above the multitude, should occasion require their interference, they should be careful not to act too rigidly towards those whom temptation or bad example has led into crime, or whom hunger has almost compelled to transgress. It is quite enough that the arrogant Pharisee contemptuously pities from afar, or the severe moralist steels his heart and opposes a charitable feeling towards the poor and unfortunate; but to reprobate, without rendering assistance, is not only cruel, but is imposing cruelty on distress. Kindness to those who are poor and wretched, compassion towards those who err, and thankfulness that our own lot has been cast otherwise, would become us more than refining of the virtue of which (strictly speaking) the best of us possess but little, and of which the motive for that little is but too often doubtful.