

leaves. *The ottar of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.* Sal wrote it down, she said it warn't a bad idee that ; but father larfed, he said he guessed minister's courtin days warn't over, when he made such pretty specches as that are to the gals. Now, who would go to expose his wife, or his darters, or himself to the danger of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15 ? There seems a kinder somethin in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the far west go there, I say.

This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the globe, and right along side of the salt water ; but the folks want threo things, *industry, enterprise, economy* ; these blue-noses don't know how to vally this location ; only look at it, and see what a place for bisness it is ; the centre of the province ; the nateral capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy ; the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States ; the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone, and grindstone ; the dykes ; but it's no use talkin ; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock maple tree, stick 'em in anywhere, butt eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow ; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin fast, that's a fact. 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 tail 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 conversation at once valuable and interesting. There are many subjects on which I should like to draw him out ; and I promise myself a fund of amusement in his remarks on the state of society and manners at Halifax, and the machinery of the local government, on both of which he appears to entertain many original and some very just opinions.

As he took leave of me in the coach, he whispered, "inside of your great big cloak you will find wrapped up a box, containin a thousand rael genuine first chop Havanahs, no mistake ; the clear thing. When you smoke 'em, think sometimes of your old companion, "SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER."