

both down in market, so he could buy us at his own price, and then puff us off, so that he could sell us at our own valuation, and make a handsome speckelation of it. And yet, great as he was, somehow or another he never could mount the box of the state-coach and get hold of the ribbons, as I have: nohow he could fix it;" and he streightened himself up, while he swallowed down the juice of that bit of brag. "But let's hear about Lord Horton and the great Danel."

"Well," said I, "I kept my appointment with Horton, and as luck would have it, we arrived at the street-door just at the same time."

"Why, Mr. Slick," said he, 'what a punctual man you be!'

"Punctuality," said I, 'my lord, is the soul of business. There is an old sayin', 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' Now take care of the minutes,' said I, 'and the hours will take care of themselves. Pounds is made up of pence, and hours of minutes. Attention to one airs money for me, and the other saves it. These two rules will make any man rich; and in fact, my lord, they have made me considerable well to do in this world, as times go.'

"English folks, President, aint like ourn, they rather like to see you not forget what you be, or what you have been. Peel used to mind them now and then in his speeches of the spinnin'-jenny, and it always took well. I consait myself it was a little bit of brag, but it answered his purpose any way, and was popular."

"I am a clockmaker," said I, 'my lord, and I ought to know the valey of time. If I hadn't the right beat myself it would soon be all day with me. The half hours that's lost a whitlin', a smokin', and a lollin' about with your chair tilted back on its hind legs, and your feet over the back of another, lookin' out of the winder at nothin', and a twirlin' your thumbs while your awaitin' for breakfast or dinner, or what not, would larn a man a language, or a trade. But what in natur's the use of my talkin' this way to you? You mind an appointment, because it aint perlit to keep folks awaitin'; but what is time to you? You was born with a silver spoon in one hand, and a silver fork in the other, and can jist spend your time as you like. You must excuse me a talkin' such nonsense, but the fact is, I have acquired a habit, as I travelled thro' Nova Scotia, of tryin' to preach a little go-ahead into those everlastin' sleepy Blue-noses, that I forget sometimes, and treat other folks, that don't want 'em, to some of my old saws.'

"Wise saws call them, Mr. Slick," said he; 'I like to hear them amazin'ly; I like plain, practical truths, uttered in a plain, familiar way; they appeal to men's common sense.'

"And he went on and praised my looks 'n a way that aint no matter; I kinder felt it was a little overdone, and for a man of my