

said Mr. Slick, I wish I had'n't let on that I had it at all. I dont like to refuse you, but where am I to get the like. After much discussion of a similar nature, he consented to part with the clock, though with great apparent reluctance, and pocketed the money with a protest that, cost what it would, he should have to procure another, for he could'n't think of putting the Squire's pipe out arter that fashion, for he was a very clever man, and as fair as a boot jack. Now, said Mr. Slick, as we proceeded on our way, that are feller is properly sarved, he got the most inferior article I had, and I jist doubled the price on him. Its a pity he should be a tellin of lies of the yankees all the time, this will help him now to a little grain of truth. Then mimick-ing his voice and manner, he repeated Allen's words with a strong nasal twang, "Most time for you to give ~~over~~ the clock trade, I guess, for by all accounts they aint worth havin, and most infarnel dear too, folks begin to get their eyes open." Better for you, if you'd a had yourn open, I reckon, a joke is a joke, but I concait you'll find that no joke. The next time you tell stories about Yankee pedlars, put the wooden clock in with the wooden punkin seeds, and Hickory hams, will you? The blue noses, Squire, are all like Zeb Allen, they think they know every thing, but they get gulled from years' eend to years' eend. They expect too much from others, and do too little for themselves. They actilly expect the sun to shine, and the rain to fall, through their little House of Assembly. What have you done for us? they keep axin their members. Who did you spunk up to last Session? jist as if all legislation consisted in attackin some half dozen puss proud folks at Halifax, who are jist as big