

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 impassible. 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 humor, 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 Havanabs—no mistake—the clear thing. When you smoke 'em think sometimes of your old companion, SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER."

THE END.