

totalised it. I'll tell you how it was. Him and me was a-sittin' talkin' over nothin' at all, jist as we are now, when all at once he gets up and goes to the winder, and presently sings out,—“Sam, says he, put your hat on, my boy, and let's go and see Venus dip to-night;” but here he comes. I'll tell you that are story some other time, for here comes *the Old Minister*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BARREL WITHOUT HOOPS.

SUCH is the charm of manner, that it often happens that what we hear with pleasure we afterwards read with diminished satisfaction. I cannot now give the words of the Minister, for the memory seldom retains more than the substance, and I am quite aware how much these conversations lose in repeating. He was, as Mr. Slick observed, “the best talker I ever heard,” and I regretted that my time was so limited I had it not in my power to enjoy more of his society at this place, although I am not altogether without hopes that as I have enlisted “aunt Hetty” on my side, I have succeeded in persuading him to accompany us to England. How delightful it would be to hear his observations on the aspect of affairs there, to hear him contrast the present with the past, and listen to his conjectures about the future. With such a thorough knowledge of man, and such an extensive experience as he has had of the operation of various forms of government, his predictions would appear almost prophetic. When he returned from his study Mr. Slick rose and left the room in search of amusement in the village, and I availed myself of the opportunity to ascertain his opinions respecting the adjoining colonies, for the constant interruption he received from the Clockmaker had a tendency to make his conversation too desultory for one whose object was instruction. I therefore lost no time in asking him what changes he thought would be desirable to improve the condition of the people in British America and perpetuate the connexion with England.

Ah, sir, said he, that word change is “the incantation that calls fools into a circle.” It is the riddle that perplexes British

statesmen, a shipwreck. abode so oft existence. travel, grow is tranquill change cons is still unalt contented, d cracy of our despotism, intractable should be, the causes t the colonies of a total caused by a to move in exercise of when comp brethren in employment frequently i invidious di willing to a motives of t the source slight, an in dislike, ofte respectable temper wou which he re of amending of country, are conveni great quest resort to the absence of rise—want