

that's in the others and both are fooled and gulled by their own noisy and designin' champions."

"One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, votes, speeches and resolutions for the last ten years, if tied up and put into a meal bag together. If taint I hope I may be shot."

"Save your country," says one, "Save it from ruin." "Cut down salaries,—watch the officials," says another, "they are the biggest rogues we have." "Reduce lawyer's fees," says some, "They are eating up the country like locusts" . . . "A bounty on wheat," says the farmer, "for your life." "Would you tax the mechanic to enrich the agriculturist?" says the manufacturer. "Make a law against thistles," says one, "A regulator about temperance" says another; "We have a right to drink if we please," says a third. "Don't legislate too much," says a fourth, "Its the curse of the State."

Some of his political remarks are mere witty sarcasm.

"I heerd an old critter to Halifax once describe 'im beautiful. "A Tory," he says "is a gentleman every inch of him, lock, stock and barrel; and he puts on a clean frilled shirt every day. A Whig,—is a gentleman every inch of him and he puts an onfrilled one on every other day. A Radical ain't no gentleman at all, and he only puts one on of a Sunday. But a Chartist, (we would say "Bolshevik," I presume) is a loafer; he never puts one on till the old one won't hold together no longer and drops off in pieces."

He loves his native Province and is perennially enthusiastic about its wonderful resources.

"This place Windsor is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the Globe, and right along of the salt water; but folks want three things—Industry, Enterprise, Economy; these bluenoses don't know how to valy this location—only look at it and see what a place for business it is—the centre of the Province—the natural 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 export of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstones—the dykes—but its no use talking; I wish we had it, that's all."

"We have great advantages in this country; our soil is naturally good. Industry and economy can accomplish anything here. We have not only good markets, but we enjoy an almost total exemption from Taxation. We have a mild and paternal Government, our laws are well and impartially administered and we enjoy as much personal freedom as is consistent with the Peace and good order of society."

"It has more nor twice as many great man-o'-war harbors in it—that we have from Maine to Mexico. . . . It ain't shut up like Canada and our back country all winter . . . and it's so intersected with rivers and lakes most no part of it is twenty miles from navigable water or the sea; and it is the nearest point of our continent to Europe . . . It's in the midst of the fisheries, . . . river fisheries of shad, salmon, gaspereaux and herring, shore fishery of mackerel and cod. Bank fishery and Labrador fishery. Then look at the resources of the airth; only think of the coal. It extends all the way from the Bay of Fundy right out to Pictou . . . and then under all the island of Cape Breton . . . First chop water powers everywhere . . . Plaster of Paris what almighty big heaps it there is . . . But old England is as blind as a bat and Bluenose is a puppy only nine days old, he can't see yet."

While he loves England and the English institutions, he sees the errors which have been made and points out the way to bind the Colonies closer to the Mother Country.

"Had Washington been sent abroad in command of a

regiment, Adams to govern a colony, Franklin to make experiments in an observatory like that at Greenwich, and a more extended field been opened to Colonial talent, the United States would still have continued to be dependencies of Great Britain."

He appreciates the ability and resourcefulness of the United States but has a good many sly digs at the peculiarities of some of the citizens of that country when he represents Sam Slick bragging about his country.

"Now I believe we may stump the univarse; we improve on everything and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the backbone, you may depend. Its generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere . . . Though I say it that shouldn't, they fairly take the shine off creation. They are actilly equal to cash."

"We average more physical, moral and intellectual force than any people on the face of the airth; we are a right-minded, strong-minded, sound-minded and high minded people, I may be shot if we ain't."

Haliburton is always willing to make a joke on himself as well as on any one else. He, speaking of "the Clockmaker," says:

"It gives the Yankee a considerable of a hacklin and that ought to please YOU (the English). It shampoos the English, and that ought to please the Yankees; and it does make a proper fool of Bluenose and that ought to please you both because it shows its a considerable of an impartial work."

Two sayings which properly belong to Sam Slick have become famous through their use by others either wittingly or unwittingly;

"I guess I warnt brought up at all, I growd up," which Harriet Beecher Stowe used in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and

"Take off our flesh and set in our bones," which is generally ascribed to the great English humorist, Sydney Smith.

The fact that a decent edition of Haliburton's books, properly annotated is not available to the public at a reasonable price is a severe reflection on the people of Modern Canada. Much of his humor is as fresh and vivid today as it ever was, notwithstanding humor, as a general thing, fades more quickly than any other form of literature. Much that properly belongs to him is rehashed and published in the newspapers of today. It is but a short time ago that one of his stories in abbreviated form was published in the Vancouver "Province" attributed to a United States newspaper. But leaving his humor on one side, his saneness in common things; his optimism; his love of the Empire; his glory in its institutions and its possibilities; his pride in his home-land and his desire to forward its interests; and his vision as to the future of Canada, are all matters worthy of admiration and remembrance. Even in 1859, in the pages of his last book the "Season Ticket," he foreshadows the future greatness of British Columbia and the great entrepot of commerce which will grow up on the Pacific Coast of British North America.

We may well have pride in our first great Canadian author, the legislator, the historian, the father of American humor, Thomas Chandler Haliburton. As his friend Joseph Howe said in a famous toast:—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom! may the mists of the Earth

Never shadow the light of that soul,  
Which so often has lent the mild flashes of mirth  
To illumine the depths of the Bowl."