THE CLOCKMAKER.

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THE

CLOCKMAKER:

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF

SAMUEL SLICK OF SLICKVILLE.

By

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

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THE CLOCKMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TROTTING HORSE.

I WAS always well mounted: I am fond of a horse, and always piqued myself on having the fastest trotter in the Province. I have made no great progress in the world; I feel doubly, therefore, the pleasure of not being surpassed on the road. I never feel so well or so cheerful as on horseback, for there is something exhilarating in quick motion; and, old as I am, I feel a pleasure in making any person whom I meet on the way put his horse to the full gallop, to keep pace with my trotter. Poor Ethiop! you recollect him, how he was wont to lay back his ears on his arched neck, and push away from all competition? He is done, poor fellow! the spavin spoiled his speed, and he now roams at large upon 'my farm at Truro.' Mohawk never failed me till this summer.

I pride myself—you may laugh at such childish weakness in a man of my age—but still, I pride myself in taking the conceit out of coxcombs I meet on the road, and on the ease with which I can leave a fool behind, whose nonsense disturbs my solitary musings.

On my last journey to Fort Lawrence, as the beautiful view of Colchester had just opened upon me, and as I was contemplating its richness and exquisite scenery, a tall, thin man, with hollow cheeks and bright, twinkling black eyes, on a good bay horse, somewhat out of condition, overtook me; and drawing up, said, 'I guess you started early this morning, sir?'

'I did, sir,' I replied.

'You did not come from Halifax, I presume, sir, did you?' in a dialect too rich to be mistaken as genuine Yankee. 'And which way may you be travelling?' asked my inquisitive companion.

'To Fort Lawrence.'

'Ah!' said he, 'so am I; it is my circuit.'

The word *circuit* sounded so professional, I looked at him again, to ascertain whether I had ever seen him before, or whether I had met him with one of those nameless, but innumerable limbs of the law, who now flourish in every district of the Province. There was a keenness about his eye, and an acuteness of expression, much in favour of the law; but the dress, and general bearing of the man, made against the supposition. His was not the coat of a man who can afford to wear an old coat, nor was it one of 'Tempest and More's,' that distinguish country lawyers from country boobies. His clothes were well made, and of good materials, but looked as if their owner had shrunk a little since they were made for him; they hung somewhat loose on him. A large brooch, and some superfluous seals and gold keys, which

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ornamented his outward man, looked 'New England' like. A visit to the States had perhaps, I thought, turned this Colchester beau into a Yankee fop. Of what consequence was it to me who he was? In either case I had nothing to do with him, and I desired neither his acquaintance nor his company. Still I could not but ask myself, Who can this man be?

'I am not aware,' said I, 'that there is a court sitting at this time at Cumberland.'

'Nor am I,' said my friend. What, then, could he have to do with the circuit? It occurred to me he must be a Methodist preacher. I looked again, but his appearance again puzzled me. His attire might do, the colour might be suitable, the broad brim not out of place; but there was a want of that staidness of look, that seriousness of countenance, that expression, in short, so characteristic of the clergy.

I could not account for my idle curiosity,—a curiosity which, in him, I had the moment before viewed both with suspicion and disgust; but so it was, I felt a desire to know who he could be who was neither lawyer nor preacher, and yet talked of his circuit with the gravity of both. How ridiculous, I thought to myself, is this; I will leave him. Turning towards him, I said I feared I should be late for breakfast, and must therefore bid him good morning. Mohawk felt the pressure of my knees, and away we went at a slapping pace. I congratulated myself on conquering my own curiosity, and on avoiding that of my travelling companion. This, I said to myself, this is the value of a good horse; I patted his neck; I felt proud of him. Presently I heard the steps of the unknown's horse—the clatter increased. Ah, my friend, thought I, it won't do; you should be well mounted if you desire my company. I pushed Mohawk faster, faster, faster—to his best. He outdid himself; he had never trotted so handsomely, so easily, so well.

'I guess that is a pretty considerable smart horse,' said the stranger, as he came beside me, and apparently reined in to prevent his horse passing me; 'there is not, I reckon, so spry a one on my circuit.'

Circuit or no circuit, one thing was settled in my mind,—he was a Yankee, and a very impertinent Yankee too. I felt humbled, my pride was hurt, and Mohawk was beaten. To continue this trotting contest was humiliating; I yielded, therefore, before the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

'Yes,' continued he, 'a horse of pretty considerable good action and a pretty fair trotter too, I guess.' Pride must have a fall; I confess mine was prostrate in the dust. These words cut me to the heart. What! is it come to this, poor Mohawk, that you, the admiration of all but the envious, the great Mohawk, the standard by which all other horses are measured—trots next to Mohawk only yields to Mohawk, looks like Mohawk—that you are, after all, only a counterfeit, and pronounced by a straggling Yankee to be merely 'a pretty fair trotter!'

'If he was trained, I guess that he might be made to do a little more. Excuse me, but if you divide your weight between the knee and the stirrup, rather most on the knee, and rise forward on the saddle, so as to leave a little daylight between you and

it, I hope I may never ride this circuit again, if you don't get a mile more an hour out of him.'

What! not enough, I mentally groaned, to have my horse beaten, but I must be told that I don't know how to ride him; and that, too, by a Yankee! Aye, there's the rub—a Yankee what? Perhaps a half-bred puppy, half Yankee, half Bluenose. As there is no escape, I'll try to make out my riding master. 'Your circuit?' said I, my looks expressing all the surprise they were capable of, 'your circuit, pray what may that be?'

'Oh,' said he, 'the eastern circuit; I am on the eastern circuit, sir.'

'I have heard,' said I, feeling that I now had a lawyer to deal with, 'that there is a great deal of business on this circuit. Pray, are there many cases of importance?'

'There is a pretty fair business to be done, at least there has been, but the cases are of no great value; we do not make much of them, we get them up very easy, but they don't bring much profit.' What a beast, thought I, is this! and what a curse to the country, to have such an unfeeling, pettifogging rascal practising in it! a horse jockey, too—what a finished character! I'll try him on that branch of his business.

'That is a superior animal you are mounted on,' said I; 'I seldom meet one that can travel with mine.'

'Yes,' said he, coolly, 'a considerable fair traveller, and most particular good bottom.' I hesitated; this man, who talks with such unblushing effrontery of getting up cases, and making profit out of them, cannot be offended at the question—yes, I will put it to him.

'Do you feel an inclination to part with him?'

'I never part with a horse, sir, that suits me,' said he. 'I am fond of a horse; I don't like to ride in the dust after every one I meet, and I allow no man to pass me but when I choose.' Is it possible, I thought, that he can know me,—that he has heard of my foible, and is quizzing me? or have I this feeling in common with him?'

'But,' continued I, 'you might supply yourself again.'

'Not on this circuit, I guess,' said he, 'nor yet in Campbell's circuit.'

'Campbell's circuit—pray, sir, what is that?'

'That,' said he, 'is the western; and Lampton rides the shore circuit; and as for the people on the shore, they know so little of horses that, Lampton tells me, a man from Aylesford once sold a hornless ox there, whose tail he had cut and nicked, for a horse of the Goliath breed.'

'I should think,' said I, 'that Mr. Lampton must have no lack of cases among such enlightened clients.'

'Clients, sir!' said my friend, 'Mr. Lampton is not a lawyer.'

'I beg pardon, I thought you said he rode the circuit.'

'We call it a circuit,' said the stranger, who seemed by no means flattered by the mistake; 'we divide the Province, as in the Almanac, into circuits, in each of which we separately carry on our business of manufacturing and selling clocks. There are few, I guess,' said the Clockmaker, 'who go upon *tick* as much as we do, who have so little use for lawyers; if attorneys could wind a man up again, after he has been fairly run down, I guess they'd be a pretty harmless sort of folks.'

This explanation restored my good humour, and as I could not quit my companion, and he did not feel disposed to leave me, I made up my mind to travel with him to Fort Lawrence, the limit of his circuit.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

I HAD heard of Yankee clock peddlars, tin peddlars, and Bible peddlars, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments; a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a Bluenose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

'What a pity it is, Mr. Slick,' —for such was his name,—'what a pity it is,' said I, 'that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not teach them also the value of time.'

'I guess,' said he, 'they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about 'House of Assembly.' If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is owing to the bank; and, if he runs into debt and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you.'

'But how is it,' said I, 'that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, which certainly cannot be called necessary articles, among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?' Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone,—

'Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur'*. But here is Deacon Flint's,' said he; 'I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.'

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farm-house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to 'alight' was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, 'If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down East here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me. Why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dyke—'

'Seventy,' said the Deacon, 'only seventy.'

'Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom, why I could run a ramrod into it—'

'Interval, we call it,' said the

Deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

'Well, interval, if you please—though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms—is just as good as dyke. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it; the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and—'

'Too old,' said the Deacon, 'too old for all those speculations—'

'Old!' repeated the Clockmaker, 'not you; why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see, nowadays; you are young enough to have'—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear; but whatever it was, the Deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

'But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;' saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, 'That is what I call '*soft sawder*.' An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or,' said he, looking rather archly, 'if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, if he could. Now I find—' Here his lecture on 'soft sawder' was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

'Jist come to say good-bye, Mrs. Flint.'

'What, have you sold all your clocks?'

'Yes, and very low too, for money is scarce, and I wish to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles, is a beautiful article, a real first chop, no mistake, genuine superfine—but I guess I'll take it back; and besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder hard, that I did not give him the offer.'

'Dear me!' said Mrs. Flint, 'I should like to see it; were is it?'

'It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport.'

'That's a good man,' said Mrs. Flint, 'jist let's look at it.'

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock,—a gaudy, highly-varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Deacon praised the clock; he too thought it a handsome one; but the Deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

'I guess you're in the wrong

furrow this time, Deacon, it ain't for sale,' said Mr. Slick; 'and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel's wife would have it, for she gave me no peace about it.' Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.'

'It is no consarn of mine,' said Mr. Slick, 'as long as he pays me, what he has to do; but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars. Why, it ain't possible,' said the clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, 'why as I'm alive it's four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here. How on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return, on my way to the States. I'll set it a-going, and put it to the right time.'

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

'That,' said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, 'that I call 'human natur'! Now that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the Deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in 'human natur' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house, and to 'human natur' that they never come out of it.'

CHAPTER III.

THE SILENT GIRLS.

'Do you see them 'ere swallows,' said the Clockmaker, 'how low they fly? Well, I presume we shall have rain right away; and them noisy critters, them gulls, how close they keep to the water, down there in the Shubenacadie; well that's a sure sign. If we study natur', we don't want no thermometer. But I guess we shall be in time to get under cover in a shingle-maker's shed, about three miles ahead on us.'

We had just reached the deserted hovel, when the rain fell in torrents.

'I reckon,' said the Clockmaker, as he sat himself down on a bundle of shingles, 'I reckon they are bad off for inns in this country. When a feller is too lazy to work here, he paints his name over his door, and calls it a tavern, and as like as not he makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself. It is about as easy to find a good inn in Halifax, as it is to find wool on a goat's back. An inn, to be a good consarn, must be built a purpose; you can no more make a good tavern out of a common dwelling-house, I expect, than a good

coat out of an old pair of trousers. They are eternal lazy, you may depend. Now there might be a grand spec made there, in building a good inn and a good church.'

'What a sacrilegious and unnatural union!' said I, with most unaffected surprise.

'Not at all,' said Mr. Slick; 'we build both on speculation in the States, and make a good deal of profit out of 'em too, I tell you. We look out a good sightly place, in a town like Halifax, that is pretty considerably well peopled, with folks that are good marks; and if there is no real right down good preacher among them, we build a handsome church, touched off like a New York liner, a real taking looking thing, and then we look out for a preacher, a crack man, a regular ten horse power chap; well, we hire him, and we have to give pretty high wages too, say twelve hundred or sixteen hundred dollars a-year. We take him first on trial for a Sabbath or two, to try his paces, and if he takes with the folks, if he goes down well, we clinch the bargain, and let and sell the pews; and I tell you it pays well, and makes a real good investment. There were few better specs among us than inns and churches, until the railroads came on the carpet; as soon as the novelty of the new preacher wears off we hire another, and that keeps up the steam.'

'I trust it will be long, very long, my friend,' said I, 'ere the rage for speculation introduces 'the money-changers into the temple' with us.'

Mr. Slick looked at me with a most ineffable expression of pity and surprise. 'Depend on it, sir,' said he, with a most philosophical air, 'this Province is much behind the intelligence of the age. But if it is behind us in that respect, it is a long chalk ahead on us in others. I never seed or heerd tell of a country that had so many natural privileges as this. Why, there are twice as many harbours and water powers here, as we have all the way from Eastport to New Or*leens*. They have all they can ax, and more than they desarve. They have iron, coal, slate, grindstone, lime, fire-stone, gypsum, free-stone, and a list as long as an auctioneer's catalogue. But they are either asleep, or stone blind to them. Their shores are crowded with fish, and their lands covered with wood. A government that lays as light on 'em as a down counterpin, and no taxes. Then look at their dykes. The Lord seems to have made 'em on purpose for such lazy folks. If you were to tell the citizens of our country that these dykes had been cropped for a hundred years without manure, they'd say, they guessed you had seen Col. Crockett, the greatest hand at a flam in our nation. You have heerd tell of a man who couldn't see London for the houses? I tell you, if we had this country, you couldn't see the harbours for the shipping. There'd be a rush of folks to it, as there is in one of our inns, to the dinner-table, when they sometimes get jammed together in the doorway, and a man has to take a running leap over their heads, afore he can get in. A little nigger boy in New York found a diamond worth two thousand dollars; well, he sold it to a watchmaker for fifty cents; the little critter didn't know no better. Your people are just like the nigger boy,—they don't know the value of their diamond.

'Do you know the reason monkeys are no good? because they chatter all day long; so do the niggers, and so do the Bluenoses of Nova Scotia; it's all talk and no work. Now with us it's all work and no talk; in our ship-yards, our factories, our mills, and even in our vessels, there's no talk; a man can't work and talk too. I guess if you were at the factories at Lowell we'd show you a wonder—five hundred gals at work together all in silence. I don't think our great country has such a real natural curiosity as that; I expect the world don't contain the beat of that; for a woman's tongue goes so slick of itself, without water power or steam, and moves so easy on its hinges, that it's no easy matter to put a spring-stop on it, I tell you; it comes as natural as drinkin' mint julip.

'I don't pretend to say the gals don't nullify the rule, sometimes, at intermission and arter hours, but when they do, if they don't let go, then it's a pity. You have heerd a school come out, of little boys? Lord, it's no touch to it; or a flock of geese at it? they are no more a match for 'em than a pony is for a coach-horse. But when they are at work, all's as still as sleep, and no snoring. I guess we have a right to brag o' that invention; we trained the dear critters so they don't think of striking the minutes and seconds no longer.

'Now the folks of Halifax take it all out in talking. They talk of steamboats, whalers, and railroads; but they all end where they begin—in talk. I don't think I'd be out in my latitude if I was to say they beat the womenkind at that. One fellow says, 'I talk of going to England;' another says, 'I talk of going to the country;' while a third says, 'I talk of going to sleep.' If we happen to speak of such things, we say, 'I'm right off down East,' or 'I'm away off South,' and away we go jist like a streak of lightning.

'When we want folks to talk, we pay 'em for it, such as ministers, lawyers, and members of Congress; but then we expect the use of their tongues, and not their hands; and when we pay folks to work, we expect the use of their hands, and not their tongues. I guess work don't come kind o' natural to the people of this Province, no more than it does to a full-bred horse. I expect they think they have a little too much blood in 'em for work, for they are near about as proud as they are lazy.

'Now the bees know how to sarve out such chaps, for they have their drones too. Well, they reckon it's no fun, a making honey all summer, for these idle critters to eat all winter, so they give 'em Lynch law. They have a regular built mob of citizens, and string up the drones like the Vicksburg gamblers. Their maxim is, and not a bad one either, I guess, 'No work, no honey.'

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE RIVER PHILIP.

It was late before we arrived at Pugnose's inn; the evening was cool, and a fire was cheering and comfortable. Mr. Slick declined any share in the bottle of wine; he said he was dyspeptic; and a glass or two soon convinced me that it was likely to produce

in me something worse than dyspepsia. It was speedily removed, and we drew up to the fire. Taking a small pen-knife from his pocket, he began to whittle a thin piece of dry wood, which lay on the hearth; and, after musing some time, said,—

'I guess you've never been in the States?' I replied that I had not, but that before I returned to England I proposed visiting that country.

'There,' said he, 'you'll see the great Daniel Webster; he's a great man, I tell you; King William, number four, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator—he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your House of Commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked; he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most particular cute lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too cute for him once though. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so says he, 'Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?' 'Why,' says Daniel, 'let me see; I have to go down South to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company—and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention, and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you may be more than you'd be willing to give.'

'Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this, for he could not do without him no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all. At last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? 'Why,' says Daniel, 'I always liked the Quakers, they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heerd tell of any harm in 'em except going the whole figure for Gineral Jackson, and that everlasting, almighty villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers, I hope they'll go the Webster ticket yet; and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford, say—one thousand dollars.'

'The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heerd this, but he was pretty deep too; so says he, 'Lawyer, that's a great deal of money, but I have more causes there; if I give you the one thousand dollars will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?' 'Yes,' says Daniel, 'I will do the best of my humble abilities.' So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, 'What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me one thousand dollars for a fee, but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'll get him to plead cheap for you.' So he got three hundred dollars from one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars, jist one hundred dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heerd this. 'What!' said he, 'do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?' 'Friend Daniel,' said the Quaker, 'didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give

thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine.' Daniel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. 'Well,' says he, 'I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence anyhow.' So he went good-humouredly to work and pleaded them all.'

'This lazy fellow, Pugnose,' continued the Clockmaker, 'that keeps this inn, is going to sell off and go to the States; he says he has to work too hard here; that the markets are dull, and the winters too long; and he guesses he can live easier there; I guess he'll find his mistake afore he has been there long. Why, our country ain't to be compared to this on no account whatever; our country never made us to be the great nation we are, but we made the country. How on airth could we, if we were all like old Pugnose, as lazy, as ugly, make that cold, thin soil of New England produce what it does? Why, sir, the land between Boston and Salem would starve a flock of geese: and yet look at Salem; it has more cash than would buy Novia Scotia from the King. We rise early, live frugally, and work late; what we get we take care of. To all this we add enterprise and intelligence; a feller who finds work too hard here, had better not go to the States. I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States. 'Why,' says I, 'Pat, what on airth brought you back?' 'Bad luck to them,' says Pat, 'if I warn't properly bit 'What do you get a day in Nova Scotia?' says Judge Beler to me. 'Four shillings, your Lordship,' says I. 'There are no Lords here,' says he, 'we are all free. Well,' says he, 'I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn there in two; I'll give you eight shillings.' 'Long life to your Lordship,' says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a digging a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back; says I to a comrade of mine, 'Mick,' says I, 'I'm very dry; with that, says the overseer, 'We don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country.' Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks' board in one, and at the end of the month, I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia; while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain, and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick,' said he, 'the poor labourer does not last long in your country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canal, for all the world like two rows of potatoes, in a field that have forgot to come up.'

'It is a land, sir,' continued the Clockmaker, 'of hard work. We have two kinds of slaves, the niggers and the white slaves. All European labourers and blacks, who come out to us, do our hard bodily work, while we direct it to a profitable end; neither rich nor poor, high nor low, with us, eat the bread of idleness. Our whole capital is in active operation, and our whole population is in active employment. An idle fellow, like Pugnose, who runs away to us, is clapt into harness

before he knows where he is, and is made to work; like a horse that refuses to draw, he is put into the team-boat; he finds some before him and others behind him; he must either draw, or be dragged to death.'

CHAPTER V.

JUSTICE PETTIFOG.

In the morning the Clockmaker informed me that a justice's court was to be held that day at Pugnose's inn, and he guessed he could do a little business among the country folks that would be assembled there. Some of them, he said, owed him for clocks, and it would save him the world of travelling, to have the justice and constable to drive them up together. 'If you want a fat wether, there's nothing like penning up the whole flock in a corner. I guess,' said he, 'if General Campbell knew what sort of a man that 'ere magistrate was, he'd disband him pretty quick; he's a regular suck-egg—a disgrace to the country. I guess if he acted that way in Kentucky, he'd get a breakfast of cold lead some morning, out of the small eend of a rifle, he'd find pretty difficult to digest. They tell me he issues three hundred writs a year, the cost of which, including that tarnation constable's fees, can't amount to nothing less than three thousand dollars per annum. If the Hon'ble Daniel Webster had him afore a jury, I reckon he'd turn him inside out, and slip him back again, as quick as an old stocking. He'd paint him to the life, as plain to be known as the head of Gineral Jackson. He's jest a fit fellow for Lynch law, to be tried, hanged, and damned, all at once: there's more nor him in the country—there's some of the breed in every country in the Province, jist one or two to do the dirty work, as we keep niggers for jobs that would give a white man the cholera. They ought to pay his passage as we do small critters, tell him his place is taken in the mail coach, and if he is found here after twenty-four hours they'd make a carpenter's plumb-bob of him, and hang him outside the church steeple, to try if it was perpendicular. He almost always gives judgment for plaintiff, and if the poor defendant has an offset, he makes him sue it, so that it grinds a grist both ways for him, like the upper and lower millstone.'

People soon began to assemble, some on foot, and others on horseback and in waggons. Pugnose's tavern was all bustle and confusion—plaintiffs, defendants, and witnesses all talking, quarrelling, explaining, and drinking. 'Here comes the Squire,' said one. 'I'm thinking his horse carries more roguery than law,' said another. 'They must have been in proper want of timber to make a justice of,' said a third, 'when they took such a crooked stick as that.' 'Sap-headed enough too for refuse,' said a stout-looking farmer. 'May be so,' said another, 'but as hard at the heart as a log of elm.' 'Howsomever,' said a third, 'I hope it won't be long afore he has the wainy edge scored off of him, anyhow.' Many more such remarks were made, all drawn from familiar objects, but all expressive of bitterness and contempt.

He carried one or two large books with him in his gig, with a considerable roll of papers. As

soon as the obsequious Mr. Pugnose saw him at the door, he assisted him to alight, ushered him into the 'best room,' and desired the constable to attend 'the squire.' The crowd immediately entered, and the constable opened the court in due form, and commanded silence.

Taking out a long list of causes, Mr. Pettifog commenced reading the names: 'James Sharp versus John Slug—call John Slug.' John Slug being duly called and not answering, was defaulted. In this manner he proceeded to default some twenty or thirty persons. At last he came to a cause, 'William Hare versus Dennis O'Brien—call Dennis O'Brien.' 'Here I am,' said a voice from the other room,—'here I am; who has anything to say to Dennis O'Brien?'

'Make less noise, sir,' said the Justice, 'or I'll commit you.'

'Commit me, is it?' said Dennis, 'take care then, Squire, you don't commit yourself.'

'You are sued by William Hare for three pounds, for a month's board and lodging; what have you to say to it?'

'Say to it?' said Dennis, 'did you ever hear what Tim Doyle said when he was going to be hanged for stealing a pig? Says he, 'If the pig hadn't squealed in the bag, I'd never have been found out, so I wouldn't.' So I'll take warning by Tim Doyle's fate; I say nothing,—let him prove it.' Here Mr. Hare was called on for his proof, but taking it for granted that the board would be admitted, and the defence opened, he was not prepared with proof.

'I demand,' said Dennis, 'I demand an unsuit.'

Here there was a consultation between the Justice and the plaintiff, when the Justice said, 'I shall not nonsuit him, I shall continue the cause.' 'What, hang it up till next court? You had better hang me up then at once. How can a poor man come here so often? This may be the entertainment Pugnose advertises for horses, but by Jacquers, it is no entertainment for me. I admit then, sooner than come again, I admit it.'

'You admit you owe him three pounds then, for a month's board?'

'I admit no such thing; I say I boarded with him a month, and was like Pat Moran's cow at the end of it, at the lifting, bad luck to him.' A neighbour was here called, who proved that the three pounds might be the usual price. 'And do you know I taught his children to write at the school?' said Dennis. 'You might,' answered the witness. 'And what is that worth?' 'I don't know.' 'You don't know? Faith, I believe you're right,' said Dennis, 'for if the children are half as big rogues as the father, they might leave writing alone, or they'd be like to be hanged for forgery.' Here Dennis produced his account for teaching five children, two quarters, at nine shillings a quarter each, £4 10s. 'I am sorry, Mr. O'Brien,' said the Justice, 'very sorry, but your defence will not avail you; your account is too large for one Justice; any sum over three pounds must be sued before two magistrates.'

'But I only want to offset as much as will pay the board.'

'It can't be done in this shape,' said the magistrate; 'I will consult Justice Doolittle, my neighbour, and if Mr. Hare won't settle with you, I will sue it for you.'

'Well,' said Dennis, 'all I have to say is, that there is not so big a rogue as Hare on the whole river, save and except one scoundrel who shall be nameless;' making a significant and humble bow to the Justice. Here there was a general laugh throughout the court. Dennis retired to the next room to indemnify himself by another glass of grog, and venting his abuse against Hare and the magistrate. Disgusted at the gross partiality of the Justice, I also quitted the court, fully concurring in the opinion, though not in the language, that Dennis was giving utterance to in the bar-room.

Pettifog owed his elevation to his interest at an election. It is to be hoped that his subsequent merits will be as promptly rewarded, by his dismissal from a bench which he disgraces and defiles by his presence.

CHAPTER VI.

ANECDOTES.

As we mounted our horses to proceed to Amherst, groups of country people were to be seen standing about Pugnose's inn, talking over the events of the morning, while others were dispersing to their several homes.

'A pretty prime, superfine scoundrel, that Pettifog,' said the Clockmaker; 'he and his constable are well mated; and they've travelled in the same gear so long together, that they make about as nice a yoke of rascals as you'll meet in a day's ride. They pull together like one rope reeved through two blocks. That 'ere constable was e'enamost strangled t'other day; and if he hadn't had a little grain more wit than his master, I guess he'd had his windpipe stopped as tight as a bladder. There is an outlaw of a feller here, for all the world like one of our Kentucky squatters, one Bill Smith—a critter that neither fears man nor devil. Sheriff and constable can make no hand of him, they can't catch him no how; and if they do come up with him, he slips through their fingers like an eel: and then, he goes armed, and he can knock the eye out of a squirrel with a ball, at fifty yards hand running,—a regular ugly customer.

'Well, Nabb, the constable, had a writ agin him, and he was ciphering a good while how he should catch him; at last he hit on a plan that he thought was pretty clever, and he schemed for a chance to try it. So one day he heerd that Bill was up at Pugnose's inn, a settling some business, and was likely to be there all night. Nabb waits till it was considerable late in the evening, and then he takes his horse and rides down to the inn, and hitches his beast behind the haystack. Then he crawls up to the window and peeps in, and watches there till Bill should go to bed, thinking the best way to catch them 'ere sort of animals is to catch them asleep. Well, he kept Nabb a waiting outside so long, with his talking and singing, that he well nigh fell asleep first himself. At last Bill began to strip for bed. First, he takes out a long pocket-pistol, examines the priming, and lays it down on the table near the head of the bed.

'When Nabb sees this, he begins to creep like all over, and feel kinder ugly, and rather sick of his job; but when he seed him jump into bed, and heerd him

snore out a noise like a man driving pigs to market, he plucked up courage, and thought he might do it easy arter all if he was to open the door softly, and make one spring on him afore he could wake. So round he goes, lifts up the latch of his door as soft as soap, and makes a jump right atop of him, as he lay on his bed. 'I guess I got you this time,' said Nabb. 'I guess so too,' said Bill, 'but I wish you wouldn't lay so plaguy heavy on me; jist turn over, that's a good fellow, will you?' With that, Bill lays his arm on him to raise him up, for he said he was squeezed as flat as a pancake; and afore Nabb knew where he was, Bill rolled him right over, and was atop of him. Then he seized him by the throat, and twisted his pipe till his eyes were as big as saucers, and his tongue grew six inches longer, while he kept making faces, for all the world like the pirate that was hanged on Monument Hill, at Boston. It was pretty near over with him, when Nabb thought of his spurs; so he just curled up both heels, and drove the spurs right into him. He had a fair chance, and he ragged him like the leaf of a book cut open with your finger. At last, Bill could stand it no longer; he let go his hold, and roared like a bull, and clapping both hands ahind him, he out of the door like a shot. If it hadn't been for them 'ere spurs, I guess Bill would have saved the hangman a job of Nabb that time.'

CHAPTER VII.

GO AHEAD.

When we resumed our conversation, the Clockmaker said, 'I guess we are the greatest nation on the face of the airth, and the most enlightened too.'

This was rather too arrogant to pass unnoticed, and I was about replying, that whatever doubts there might be on that subject, there could be none whatever that they were the most modest, when he continued, 'We "go ahead;" the Nova Scotians "go astarn." Our ships go ahead of the ships of other folks, our steamboats beat the British in speed, and so do our stage-coaches; and I reckon a real down right New York trotter might stump the universe for going ahead. But since we introduced the railroads, if we don't go ahead, it's a pity. We never fairly knew what going the whole hog was till then; we actilly went ahead of ourselves, and that's no easy matter I tell you. If they only had edication here, they might learn to do so too, but they don't know nothin'.'

'You undervalue them,' said I; 'they have their college and academies, their grammar schools and primary institutions, and I believe there are few among them who cannot read and write.'

'I guess all that's nothin',' said he. 'As for Latin and Greek, we don't vally it a cent; we teach it, and so we do painting and music, because the English do, and we like to go ahead on 'em, even in them 'ere things. As for reading, it's well enough for them that has nothing to do; and writing is plaguy apt to bring a man to states-prison, particularly if he writes his name so like another man as to have it mistaken for his'n. Ciphering is the thing. If a man knows how to cipher, he is sure to grow rich. We are a "calculating" people; we all cipher.

'A horse that won't go ahead is apt to run back, and the more you whip him the faster he goes astarn. That's jist the way with the Nova Scotians; they have been running back so fast lately, that they have tumbled over a bank or two, and nearly broke their necks; and now they've got up and shook themselves, they swear their dirty clothes and bloody noses are all owing to the banks. I guess if they won't look ahead for the future, they'll larn to look behind, and see if there's a bank near hand 'em.

'A bear always goes down a tree starn foremost. He is a cunning critter; he knows 'tain't safe to carry a heavy load over his head, and his rump is so heavy he don't like to trust it over his'n, for fear it might take a lurch, and carry him heels over head to the ground; so he lets his starn down first, and his head arter. I wish the Bluenoses would find as good an excuse in their rumps for running backwards as he has. But the bear 'ciphers;' he knows how many pounds his hams weigh, and he 'calculates' if he carried them up in the air, they might be top heavy for him.

'If we had this Province we'd go to work and 'cipher' right off. Halifax is nothing without a river or back country; add nothing to nothing, and I guess you have nothing still; add a railroad to the Bay of Fundy, and how much do you git? That requires ciphering. It will cost three hundred thousand dollars, or seventy-five thousand pounds your money; add for notions omitted in the addition column, one-third, and it makes it even money, one hundred thousand pounds; interest at five per cent., five thousand pounds a-year. Now turn over the slate, and count up freight. I make it upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds a-year. If I had you at the desk, I'd show you a bill of items. Now comes 'subtraction;' deduct cost of engines, wear and tear and expenses, and what not, and reduce it for shortness down to five thousand pounds a-year, the amount of interest. What figures have you got now? You have an investment that pays interest, I guess, and if it don't pay more, then I don't know chalk from cheese. But suppose it don't, and that it only yields two and a half per cent., (and it requires good ciphering, I tell you, to say how it would act with folks that like going astarn better than going ahead,) what would them 'ere wise ones say then? Why, the critters would say it won't pay; but I say the sum ain't half stated. Can you count in your head?"

'Not to any extent,' said I.

'Well, that's an etarnal pity,' said the Clockmaker, 'for I should like to show you Yankee ciphering. What is the entire real estate of Halifax worth, at a valeation?'

'I really cannot say.'

'Ah,' said he, 'I see you don't cipher, and Latin and Greek won't do; them 'ere people had no railroad. Well, find out, and then only add ten per cent. to it for increased value, and if it don't give the cost of a railroad, then my name is not Sam Slick. Well, the land between Halifax and Ardoise is worth—nothing; add five per cent. to that, and send the sum to the college and ax the students how much it comes to. But when you get into Hants County, I guess you have land worth coming all the way from Boston to see. His Royal Highness the King, I guess, hasn't

got the like in his dominions. Well, add fifteen per cent. to all them 'ere lands that border on Windsor Basin, and five per cent. to what 'buts on basin of Mines, and then what do you get? A pretty considerable sum, I tell ye; but it's no use to give you the *chalks*, if you can't keep the *tallies*.

'Now we will lay down the schoolmaster's assistant, and take up another book every bit and grain as good as that, although these folks affect to sneer at it—I mean human natur'.'

'Ah!' said I, 'a knowledge of that was of great service to you, certainly, in the sale of your clock to the old Deacon; let us see how it will assist you now.'

'What does a clock want that's run down?' said he.

'Undoubtedly to be wound up,' I replied.

'I guess you've hit it this time. The folks of Halifax have run down, and they'll never go, to all etarnity, till they are wound up into motion; the works are all good, and it is plaguy well cased and set; it only wants a key. Put this railroad into operation, and the activity it will inspire into business, the new life it will give the place, will surprise you. It's like lifting a child off it's crawling, and putting him on his legs to run—see how the little critter goes ahead arter that. A kurnel—I don't mean a Kurnel of militia, for we don't vally that breed o' cattle nothing; they do nothing but strut about and screech all day, like peacocks—but a kurnel of grain, when sowed, will stool into several shoots, and each shoot bear many kurnels, and will multiply itself thus; four times one is four, and four times twenty-five is one hundred (you see all natur' ciphers, except the Bluenoses). Jist so, this 'ere railroad will not, perhaps, beget other railroads, but it will beget a spirit of enterprise, that will beget other useful improvements. It will enlarge the sphere and the means of trade, open new sources of traffic and supply, develop resources, and what is of more value perhaps than all, beget motion. It will teach the folks that go astarn or stand stock still, like the State House in Boston (though they do say the foundation of that has moved a little this summer), not only to 'go ahead,' but to nullify time and space.'

Here his horse (who, feeling the animation of his master, had been restive of late) set off at a most prodigious rate of trotting. It was some time before he was reined up. When I overtook him, the Clockmaker said, 'This old Yankee horse, you see, understands our word 'go ahead' better nor these Bluenoses.

'*What is it*,' he continued, '*what is it that 'fetters' the heels of a young country, and hangs like 'a poke' around its neck? what retards the cultivation of its soil, and the improvement of its fisheries? The high price of labour, I guess. Well, what's a railroad? The substitution of mechanical for human and animal labour, on a scale as grand as our great country. Labour is dear in America, and cheap in Europe. A railroad, therefore, is comparatively no manner of use to them, to what it is to us; it does wonders there, but it works miracles here. There it makes the old man younger, but here it makes the child a giant. To us it is river, bridge, road, canal, all in one. It saves what we hadn't got to spare,*

men, horses, carts, vessels, barges, and what's all in all—time.

'Since the creation of the Universe, I guess it's the greatest invention arter man. Now this is what I call 'ciphering' arter human natur', while figures are ciphering arter the 'assistant.' These two sorts of ciphering make edecation—and you may depend on't, 'Squire, there is nothing like folks ciphering, if they want to 'go ahead.''

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PREACHER THAT WANDERED FROM HIS TEXT.

'I GUESS,' said the Clockmaker, 'we know more of Nova Scotia than the Bluenoses themselves do. The Yankees see further ahead than most folks; they can e'enamost see round t'other side of a thing; indeed, some of them have hurt their eyes by it, and sometimes I think that's the reason such a sight of them wear spectacles. The first I ever heerd tell of Cumberland was from Mr. Everett of Congress; he knowed as much about it as if he had lived here all his days, and maybe a little grain more. He is a splendid man that; we class him No. 1, letter A. One night I chanced to go into General Peep's tavern at Boston, and who should I see there but the great Mr. Everett, a studying over a map of the Province of Nova Scotia. 'Why, it ain't possible!' said I; 'if that ain't Professor Everett, as I am alive! Why, how do you do, Professor?' 'Pretty well, I give you thanks,' said he; 'how be you? but I ain't no longer Professor; I gin that up, and also the trade of preaching, and took to politics.' 'You don't say so!' said I; 'why, what on airth is the cause o' that?' 'Why,' says he, 'look here, Mr. Slick. What *is* the use of reading the Proverbs of Solomon to our free and enlightened citizens, that are every mite and morsel as wise as he was? That 'ere man undertook to say there was nothing new under the sun. I guess he'd think he spoke a little too fast, if he was to see our steamboats, railroads, and Indiarubber shoes—three inventions worth more nor all he knew put in a heap together.' 'Well, I don't know,' said I, 'but somehow or another I guess you'd have found preaching the best speculation in the long run; them 'ere Unitarians pay better than Uncle Sam.' (We call,' said the Clockmaker, 'the American public Uncle Sam, as you call the British John Bull.')

'That remark seemed to grig him a little; he felt oneasy like, and walked twice across the room, fifty fathoms deep in thought; at last he said, 'Which way are you from, Mr. Slick, this hitch?' 'Why,' says I, 'I've been away up South a speculating in nutmegs.' 'I hope,' says the Professor, 'they were a good article, the real right down genuine thing?' 'No mistake,' says I, 'no mistake, Professor; they were all prime, first chop; but why do you ax that 'ere question?' 'Why,' says he, 'that etarnal scoundrel, that Captain John Allspice of Nahant, he used to trade to Charleston, and he carried a cargo once there of fifty barrels of nutmegs; well, he put a half a bushel of good ones into each eend of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the dif-

ference until *he bit one with his teeth*, and that he never thought of doing, until he was first *bit himself*. Well, it's been a standing joke with them Southerners agin us ever since.

''It was only t'other day, at Washington, that everlasting Virginny duellist, General Cuffy, afore a number of senators, at the President's house, said to me, 'Well, Everett,' says he, 'you know I was always dead agin your Tariff bill, but I have changed my mind since your able speech on it; I shall vote for it now.' 'Give me your hand,' said I, 'General Cuffy; the Boston folks will be dreadful glad when they hear your splendid talents are on our side. I think it will go now —we'll carry it.' 'Yes,' says he, 'your factories down East beat all natur'; they go ahead on the English a long chalk.' You may depend I was glad to hear the New Englanders spoken of that way; I felt proud, I tell you. 'And,' says he, 'there's one manufacture that might stump all Europe to produce the like.' 'What's that?' says I, looking as pleased all the time as a gal that's tickled. 'Why,' says he, 'the 'facture of wooden nutmegs; that's a cap sheaf that bangs the bush; it's a real Yankee patent invention.' With that all the gentlemen set up a laugh you might have heerd away down to Sandy Hook, and the General gig-gobbled like a great turkey-cock,—the half nigger, half alligator-like looking villain as he is. I tell you what, Mr. Slick,' said the Professor, 'I wish with all my heart them 'ere d—d nutmegs were in the bottom of the sea.' That was the first oath I ever heerd him let slip: but he was dreadful riled, and it made me feel ugly too, for it's awful to hear a minister swear; and the only match I know for it, is to hear a regular sneezer of a sinner quote Scripture. Says I, 'Mr. Everett, that's the fruit that politics bears; for my part I never seed a good graft on it yet, that bore anything good to eat, or easy to digest.'

'Well, he stood awhile looking down on the carpet, with his hands behind him, quite taken up a ciphering in his head, and then he straightened himself up, and he put his hand upon his heart, just as he used to do in the pulpit (he looked pretty I tell you), and slowly lifting his hand off his breast, he said, 'Mr. Slick, our tree of liberty was a beautiful tree—a splendid tree; it was a sight to be looked at; it was well fenced and well protected, and it grew so stately and so handsome, that strangers came from all parts of the globe to see it. They all allowed it was the most splendid thing in the world. Well, the mobs have broken in and tore down their fences, and snapped off the branches, and scattered all the leaves about, and it looks no better than a gallows tree. I am afeared,' said he, 'I tremble to think on it, but I am afeared our ways will no longer be ways of pleasantness, nor our paths, paths of peace; I am, indeed, I vow, Mr. Slick.' He looked so streaked and so chop-fallen, that I felt kinder sorry for him; I actilly thought he'd a boo-hoo'd right out.

'So, to turn the conversation, says I, 'Professor, what 'ere great map is that I seed you a studyin' over when I came in?' Says he, 'It's a map of Nova Scotia. That,' says he, 'is a valuable province, a real clever province; we hain't got the like on it, but it's most plaguily in our

way.' 'Well,' says I, 'send for Sam Patch' (that 'ere man was a great diver,' says the Clockmaker, 'and the last dive he took was off the Falls of Niagara, and he was never heerd of ag'in till t'other day, when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the *Susy Ann* whaler, saw him in the South Sea. 'Why,' says Captain Enoch to him, 'why, Sam,' says he, 'how on airth did you get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines.' 'Why,' says he, 'I didn't get *on* airth here at all, but I came right slap *through* it. In that 'ere Niagara dive I went so everlasting deep, I thought it was just as short to come up t'other side, so out I came in those parts. If I don't take the shine off the Sea Serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch.') 'Well,' says I, 'Professor, send for Sam Patch, the diver, and let him dive down and stick a torpedo in the bottom of the Province and blow it up; or if that won't do, send for some of our steam tow-boats from our great Eastern cities, and tow it out to sea; you know there's nothing our folks can't do, when they once fairly take hold on a thing in airnest.'

'Well, that made him laugh; he seemed to forget about the nutmegs, and says he, 'That's a bright scheme, but it won't do; we shall want the Province some day, and I guess we'll buy it of King William; they say he is over head and ears in debt, and owes nine hundred millions of pounds sterling—we'll buy it as we did Florida. In the meantime we must have a canal from Bay Fundy to Bay Varte, right through Cumberland Neck, by Shittyack, for our fishing vessels to go to Labradore.' 'I guess you must ax leave first,' said I. 'That's jist what I was ciphering at,' says he, 'when you came in. 'I believe we won't ax them at all, but jist fall to and do it; *it's a road of needcessity*. I once heard Chief Justice Marshall of Baltimore say, 'If the people's highway is dangerous, a man may take down a fence and pass through the fields as a way of *needcessity*;' and we shall do it on that principle, as the way round by Isle Sable is dangerous. I wonder the Nova Scotians don't do it for their own convenience.' Said I, 'it wouldn't make a bad speculation that.' 'The critters don't know no better,' said he. 'Well,' says I, 'the St. John's folks, why don't they? for they are pretty cute chaps, them.'

''They remind me,' says the Professor, 'of Jim Billings. You knew Jim Billings, didn't you, Mr. Slick?' 'O yes,' said I, 'I *knew* him. It was he that made such a talk by shipping blankets to the West Indies.' 'The same,' says he. 'Well, I went to see him the other day at Mrs. Lecain's boarding house, and says I, 'Billings, you have a nice location here.' 'A plaguy sight too nice,' said he. 'Marm Lecain makes such an eternal touse about her carpets, that I have to go along that everlasting long entry, and down both staircases, to the street door to spit; and it keeps all the gentlemen a running with their mouths full all day. I had a real bout with a New Yorker this morning. I run down to the street door, and afore I seed anybody a coming, I let go, and I vow if I didn't let a chap have it all over his white-waistcoat. Well, he makes a grab at me, and I shuts the door right on his wrist, and hooks the door-

chain taut, and leaves him there, and into Marm Lecain's bedroom like a shot, and hides behind the curtain. Well, he roared like a bull, till black Lucretia, one of the house helps, let him go, and they looked into all the gentlemen's rooms and found nobody; so I got out of that 'ere scrape. So, what with Marm Lecain's carpets in the house, and other folks' waistcoats in the street, it's too nice a location for me, I guess, so I shall up hillock and off to-morrow to the *Tree*-mont.'

'"Now,' says the Professor, 'the St. John's folks are jist like Billings: fifty cents would have bought him a spitbox, and saved him them 'ere journeys to the street door; and a canal at Bay Varte would save the St. John's folks a voyage all round Nova Scotia. Why, they can't get at their own backside settlements, without a voyage most as long as one to Europe. *If we had that 'ere neck of land in Cumberland, we'd have a ship canal there, and a town at each eend of it as big as Portland.* You may talk of Solomon,' said the Professor, 'but if Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a lily of the field, neither was he in all his wisdom equal in knowledge to a real free American citizen.' 'Well,' said I, 'Professor, we are a most enlightened people, that's sartain, but somehow I don't like to hear you run down King Solomon neither; perhaps he warn't quite so wise as Uncle Sam, but then,' said I (drawing close to the Professor, and whispering in his ear, for fear any folks in the bar-room might hear me,) 'but then,' said I, 'may be he was every bit and grain as honest,' Says he, 'Mr. Slick, there are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others ag'in, who blart right out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools.'

'And with that he turned right round, and sat down to his map, and never said another word, lookin' as mad as a hatter the whole blessed time.'

CHAPTER IX.

YANKEE EATING AND HORSE FEEDING.

'Did you ever hear tell of Abernethy, a British doctor?' said the Clockmaker.

'Frequently,' said I; 'he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice.'

'Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter that,' he replied; 'he treated the Hon'ble Alden Gobble, Secretary to our Legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that 'ere again. I'd a made him make tracks, I guess, as quick as a dog does a hog from a potato field. He'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plaguy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon.'

'His manner,' said I was certainly rather unceremonious at times, but he was so honest and so straightforward, that no person was, I believe, ever seriously offended at him. *It was his way.*'

'Then his way was so plaguy rough,' continued the Clockmaker, 'that he'd been the better if it had been hammered and mauled down smoother. I'd a leveled him flat as a flounder.'

'Pray what was his offence?' said I.

'Bad enough you may depend. The Hon'ble Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great oneasiness arter eatin', so he goes to Abernethy for advice. 'What's the matter with you?' said the Doctor—jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—'what's the matter with you?' said he. 'Why,' says Alden, 'I presume I have the dyspepsy.' 'Ah!' said he, 'I see; a Yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.' 'I am an American citizen,' says Alden, with great dignity; 'I am the Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St. James.' 'The devil you are,' said Abernethy; 'then you will soon get rid of your dyspepsy.' 'I don't see that 'ere inference,' said Alden, 'it don't follow from what you predicate at all; it ain't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office.' (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself: he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) 'But I tell you it does follow,' said the Doctor; 'for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian.'

'It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one ravin' distracted mad. 'I'll be d—d,' said he, 'if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole like a boa constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the troubled to dissect, nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. It's disgusting, it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and fast as he can pitch it with a dung-fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh! infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.'

''I don't understand such language,' said Alden (for he was fairly riled and got his dander up, and when he shows clear grit, he looks wicked ugly, I tell you), 'I don't understand such language, sir; I came here to consult you professionally, and not to be'—. 'Don't understand!' said the Doctor, 'why it's plain English; but here, read my book!' and he shoved a book into his hands and left him in an instant, standing alone in the middle of the room.

'If the Hon'ble Alden Gobble had gone right away and demanded his passport, and returned home with the legation in one of our first class frigates (I guess the English would as soon see pison as one o' them 'ere Serpents) to Washington, the President and the people would have sustained him in it, I guess, until an apology was offered for the insult to the nation. I guess if it had been me,' said Mr. Slick, 'I'd a headed him afore he slipt out of the door, and pinned him

up agin the wall, and made him bolt his words agin, as quick as he throw'd 'em up, for I never seed an Englishman that didn't cut his words as short as he does his horse's tail, close up to the stump.'

'It certainly was very coarse and vulgar language, and I think,' said I, 'that your Secretary had just cause to be offended at such an ungentlemanlike attack, although he showed his good sense in treating it with the contempt it deserved.'

'It was plaguy lucky for the Doctor, I tell you, that he cut his stick as he did, and made himself scarce, for Alden was an ugly customer; he'd a gi'n him a proper scalding; he'd a taken the bristles off his hide, as clean as the skin of a spring shote of a pig killed at Christmas.'

The Clockmaker was evidently excited by his own story, and to indemnify himself for these remarks on his countrymen, he indulged for some time in ridiculing the Nova Scotians.

'Do you see that 'ere flock of colts?' said he, as we passed one of those beautiful prairies that render the valleys of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile; 'well, I guess they keep too much of that 'ere stock. I heerd an Indian one day ax a tavern keeper for some rum. 'Why, Joe Spawdeeck,' said he, 'I reckon you have got too much already.' 'Too much of anything,' said Joe, 'is not good; but too much rum is jist enough.' I guess these Bluenoses think so about their horses; they are fairly eat up by them, out of house and home, and they are no good neither. They bean't good saddle horses, and they bean't good draft beasts; they are jist neither one thing nor t'other. They are like the drink of our Connecticut folks. At mowing time they use molasses and water,—nasty stuff, only fit to catch flies; it spiles good water and makes bad beer. No wonder the folks are poor. Look at them 'ere great dykes; well, they all go to feed horses; and look at their grain fields on the upland; well, they are all sowed with oats to feed horses, and they buy their bread from us: so we feed the asses, and they feed the horses.'

'Most of them 'ere dykes marshes have what they call '*honey pots*' in 'em: that is, a deep hole all full of squash, where you can't find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a fellow goes to look for his horse, he sees his tail a stickin' right out on eend, from one of these honey pots, and wavin' like a head of broom corn; and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, e'enmost smothered, everlastin' tired, half swimmin', half wadin', like rats in a molasses cask. When they find 'em in that 'ere pickle, they go and get ropes, and tie 'em tight round their necks, and half hang 'em to make 'em float, and then haul 'em out. Awful looking critters they be, you may depend, when they do come out; for all the world like half-drowned kittens —all slinkey slimey, with their great long tails glued up like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. If they don't look foolish, it's a pity! Well, they have to nurse these critters all winter, with hot mashes, warm covering, and what not, and when spring comes, they mostly die; and if they don't, they are never no good arter. I wish with all my heart half the horses in the country were barrelled up in these here honey pots, and then there'd

be near about one half too many left for profit. Jist look at one of these barnyards in the spring—half a dozen half-starved colts, with their hair looking a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats hangin' in tatters, and half a dozen good-for-nothin' old horses, a crowdin' out the cows and sheep.

'Can you wonder that people who keep such an unprofitable stock, come out of the small eend of the horn in the long run?'

CHAPTER X.

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART.—THE BROKEN HEART.

As we approached the inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy.

'It's pretty well on in the evening, I guess,' said he, 'and Marm Pugwash is as onsartain in her temper as a mornin' in April; it's all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a goose with a flock of goslins. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a thinkin' on, when he signed articles of partnership with that 'ere woman; she's not a bad-lookin' piece of furniture neither, and it's a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry sich a stiff upper lip. She reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple tree.

'The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin', graftin', and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence; I never seed such bearers; the apples hung in ropes,—for all the world like strings of onions,—and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost their'n, from the boys, his'n always hung there like a bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, 'Minister,' said I, 'how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it nohow?' 'Why,' says he, 'they are dreadful pretty fruit, ain't they?' 'I guess,' said I, 'there ain't the like on 'em in all Connecticut.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That 'ere row next the fence, I grafted it myself; I took great pains to get the right kind; I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squaw-neck Creek'—I was afeared he was a goin' to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories, so says I, 'I know that, Minister, but how do you preserve them?' 'Why, I was a goin' to tell you,' said he, 'when you stopped me. That 'ere outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin' has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they search no farther. They snicker at my graftin', and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.'

'Now, Marm Pugwash is like the minister's apples,—very temptin' fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess it's pretty puckery by

this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, for she has good points: good eye—good foot—neat pastern—fine chest—a clean set of limbs, and carries a good— But here we are; now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do.'

When we entered the house, the traveller's room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting-room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

'Good evening, marm,' said Mr. Slick, 'how do you do, and how's Mr. Pugwash?'

'He,' said she, 'why he's been abed this hour; you don't expect to disturb him this time of night, I hope?'

'Oh no,' said Mr. Slick, 'certainly not; and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that'—

'So am I,' said she, 'but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest.'

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, 'Well, if that ain't a beautiful child! come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me; well, I declare, if that 'ere little fellow ain't the finest child I ever seed! What, not abed yet? Ah, you rogue, where did you get them 'ere pretty rosy cheeks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country,' said he, turning to me, 'the children are as pale as chalk, or as yaller as an orange. Lord! that 'ere little fellow would be a show in our country; come to me, my man.' Here the 'soft sawder' began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, 'Go, my dear, to the gentleman; go, dear.' Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, and told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. 'Black eyes—let me see—ah, mamma's eyes too, and black hair also, as I am alive; why, you are mamma's own boy,—the very image of mamma.'

'Do be seated, gentlemen,' said Mrs. Pugwash. 'Sally, make a fire in the next room.'

'She ought to be proud of you,' he continued. 'Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see,' said he, again addressing me, 'such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother?'

'I am sure you have had no supper,' said Mrs. Pugwash to me; 'you must be hungry, and weary too. I will get you a cup of tea.'

'I am sorry to give you so much trouble,' said I.

'Not the least trouble in the world,' she replied, 'on the contrary, a pleasure.'

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind me to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, 'It's a pity she don't go so well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to get them to start; arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do, they'll stop again, run back, and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur' of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child,*' said the Clockmaker, '*I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that a road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*'

'You seem,' said I, 'to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favourite among the fair sex.'

'Any man,' he replied, 'that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women; for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

'People talk an everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is just like a new India-rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

'I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur' of a man; you couldn't fault him in no particular; he was so just a made critter, folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'There goes Washington Banks, bean't he lovely?' I do believe there wasn't a gal in the Lowell factories that warn't in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together (an amazin' hansum sight too, near about a whole congregation of young gals), Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it is at your service.' 'Well, how you do act, Mr. Banks,' half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin', like so many stars twinklin' of a frosty night.

'Well, when I last seed him,

he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin' skeleton. 'I am dreadful sorry,' says I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin' so pecked; why, you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?' 'I am dyin',' says he, 'of a broken heart.' 'What,' says I, 'have the gals been jiltin' you?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I bean't such a fool as that neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, shakin' his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What under the sun is it, then?' 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the *Constitution* frigate. I won my bet, but the anchor was so etarnal heavy it broke my heart.' Sure enough, he did die that very fall; and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of a broken heart.'

CHAPTER XI.

CUMBERLAND OYSTERS PRODUCE MELANCHOLY FOREBODINGS.

THE soft sawder of the Clockmaker had operated effectually on the beauty of Amherst, our lovely hostess of Pugwash's inn: indeed, I am inclined to think with Mr. Slick, that 'The road to a woman's heart lies through her child,' from the effect produced upon her by the praises bestowed on her infant boy.

I was musing on this feminine susceptibility to flattery, when the door opened, and Mrs. Pugwash entered, dressed in her sweetest smiles and her best cap, an auxiliary by no means required by her charms, which, like an Italian sky, when unclouded, are unrivalled in splendour. Approaching me, she said, with an irresistible smile, 'Would you like, Mr.'— Here there was a pause, a hiatus, evidently intended for me to fill up with my name; but that no person knows, nor do I intend they shall; at Medley's Hotel, in Halifax, I was known as the Stranger in No. 1. The attention that incognito procured for me, the importance it gave me in the eyes of the master of the house, its lodgers and servants, is indescribable. 'Would you like, Mr.'—

'Indeed, I would,' said I, 'Mrs. Pugwash; pray be seated, and tell me what it is.'

'Would you like a dish of superior Shittyacks for supper?'

'Indeed I would,' said I, again laughing: 'but pray tell me what it is?'

'Laws me!' said she with a stare, 'where have you been all your days, that you never heard of our Shittyack oysters? I thought everybody had heard of them.'

'I beg pardon,' said I, 'but I understood at Halifax, that the only oysters in this part of the world were found on the shores of Prince Edward Island.'

'Oh! dear, no,' said our hostess, 'they are found all along the coast from Shittyack, through the Bay of Vartes, away to Ramshag. The latter we seldom get, though the best; there is no regular conveyance, and when they do come, they are generally shelled and in kegs, and never in good order. I have not had a real good Ramshag in my house these two years, since Governor Maitland was here; he was amazing fond of them, and Lawyer Talk-

emdeaf sent his carriage there on purpose to procure them fresh for him. Now we can't get them, but we have the Shittyacks in perfection; say the word, and they shall be served up immediately.'

A good dish and an unexpected dish is most acceptable, and certainly my American friend and myself did ample justice to the oysters, which, if they have not so classical a name, have quite as good a flavour as their far-famed brethren of Milton. Mr. Slick ate so heartily, that when he resumed his conversation, he indulged in the most melancholy forebodings.

'Did you see that 'ere nigger,' said he, 'that removed the oyster shells! well, he's one of our Chesapickers, one of General Cuffy's slaves.' I wish Admiral Cockburn had a taken them all off our hands at the same rate.

'You have heerd tell of cotton rags dipped in turpentine, haven't you, how they produce combustion? Well, I guess we have the elements of spontaneous combustion among us in abundance; when it does break out, if you don't see an eruption of human gore worse than Etna lava, then I'm mistaken. There'll be the very devil to pay, that's a fact. I expect the blacks will butcher the Southern whites, and the Northerners will have to turn out and butcher them again; and all this shoot, hang, cut, stab, and burn business will sweeten our folks temper, as raw meat does that of a dog; it fairly makes me sick to think on it. The explosion may clear the air again, and all be tranquil once more, but it's an even chance if it don't leave us the three steam-boat options,—to be blown sky-high, to be scalded to death, or drowned.'

'If this sad picture you have drawn be indeed true to nature, how does your country,' said I, 'appear so attractive as to draw to it so large a portion of the population?'

'It ain't it's attraction,' said the Clockmaker; 'it's nothin' but it's power of suction; it is a great whirlpool—a great vortex: it drags all the straw and chips, and floating sticks, drift-wood, and trash into it. The small crafts are sucked in, and whirl round and round like a squirrel in the cage—they'll never come out. Bigger ones pass through at certain times of tide, and can come in and out with good pilotage, as they do at Hell Gate up the Sound.'

'You astonish me,' said I, 'beyond measure; both your previous conversations with me, and the concurrent testimony of all my friends who have visited the States, gave a different view of it.

'*Your friends!*' said the Clockmaker, with such a tone of ineffable contempt that I felt a strong inclination to knock him down for his insolence,—'your friends! Ensigns and leftenants, I guess, from the British marchin' regiments in the Colonies, that run over five thousand miles of country in five weeks, on leave of absence, and then return, looking as wise as the monkey that had seen the world. When they get back they are so chock full of knowledge of the Yankees that it runs over of itself; like a hogshead of molasses rolled about in hot weather, a white froth and scum bubbles out of the bung,—wishy-washy trash they call tours, sketches, travels, letters, and what not; vapid stuff jist sweet enough to catch flies, cockroaches, and half-fledged gals. It puts me in mind of my French.

I larnt French at night school, one winter, of our minister, Joshua Hopewell (he was the most larned man of the age, for he taught himself e'enamost every language in Europe); well, next spring, when I went to Boston, I met a Frenchman, and I began to jabber away French to him: 'Polly woes a french shay,' says I. 'I don't understand Yankee yet,' says he. 'You don't understand?' says I, 'why, it's French. I guess you didn't expect to hear such good French, did you, away down East here? but we speak it real well, and it's generally allowed we speak English too, better than the British.' 'O,' says he, 'you one very droll Yankee; dat very good joke, sare: you talk Indian, and call it French.' 'But,' says I, 'Mister Mountshear, it is French, I vow, real merchantable, without wainy edge or shakes—all clear stuff; it will pass survey in any market; it's ready stuck and seasoned.' 'O, very like,' says he, bowin' as polite as a black waiter at New Or*leens*, 'very like, only I never heerd it afore; O, very good French dat—*clear stuff*, no doubt, but I no understand; it's all my fault, I dare say, sare.'

'Thinks I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. I see how the cat jumps: minister knows so many languages that he hain't been particular enough to keep 'em in separate parcels, and mark 'em on the back, and they've got mixed; and sure enough, I found my French was so overrun with other sorts, that it was better to lose the whole crop than go to weedin', for as fast as I pulled up any strange seedlin' it would grow right up ag'in as quick as wink, if there was the least bit of root in the world left in the ground; so I left it all to rot on the field.

'There is no way so good to larn French as to live among 'em, and *if you want to understand us, you must live among us, too;* your Halls, Hamiltons, and De Rouses, and such critters, what can they know of us? Can a chap catch a likeness flying along the railroad? can he even see the featurs? Old Admiral Anson once axed one of our folks afore our glorious Revolution (if the British had a known us a little grain better at that time, they wouldn't have got whipped like a sack as they did then) where he came from?' 'From the Chesaperke,' said he. 'Ay, ay,' said the Admiral, 'from the West Indies?' 'I guess,' said the Southerner, 'you may have been clean round the world, Admiral, but you have been plaguy little in it, not to know better than that.'

'I shot a wild goose at River Philip last year, with the rice of Varginny fresh in his crop; he must have cracked on near about as fast as them other geese, the British travellers. Which knowed the most of the country they passed over, do you suppose? I guess it was much of a muchness—near about six of one, and a half dozen of t'other; two eyes ain't much better than one, if they are both blind.

'No, if you want to know the ins and the outs of the Yankees—I've wintered them and summered them; I know all their points, shape, make, and breed; I've tried 'em alongside of other folks, and I know where they fall short, where they mate 'em, and where they have the advantage, about as well as some who think they know a plaguy sight more. It ain't them that stare the most,

that see the best always, I guess. Our folks have their faults, and I know them (I warn't born blind, I reckon), but your friends, the tour writers, are a little grain too hard on us. Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin' children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, *'Juno, it's better never to wipe a child's nose at all I guess than to wring it off.'*

CHAPTER XII.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

'JIST look out of the door,' said the Clockmaker, 'and see what a beautiful night it is, how calm, how still, how clear it is; bean't it lovely? I like to look up at them 'ere stars, when I am away from home; they put me in mind of our national flag, and it is generally allowed to be the first flag in the univarse now. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. It's near about the prettiest sight I know of, is one of our first-class frigates, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, all ready for sea: it is like the great American Eagle, on its perch, balancing itself for a start on the broad expanse of blue sky, afeared of nothin' of its kind, and president of all it surveys. It was a good emblem that we chose, warn't it?'

There was no evading so direct, and at the same time so conceited an appeal as this. 'Certainly,' said I, 'the emblem was well chosen. I was particularly struck with it on observing the device on your naval buttons during the last war—an eagle with an anchor in its claws. Than was a natural idea, taken from an ordinary occurrence; a bird purloining the anchor of a frigate—an article so useful and necessary for the food of its young. It was well chosen, and exhibited great taste and judgment in the artist. The emblem is more appropriate than you are aware of: boasting of what you cannot perform: grasping at what you cannot attain; an emblem of arrogance and weakness; of ill-directed ambition and vulgar pretension.'

'It's a common phrase,' said he with great composure, 'among seamen, to say "D— your buttons," and I guess it's natural for you to say so of the buttons of our navals: I guess you have a right to that 'ere oath. It's a sore subject that, I reckon, and I believe I hadn't ought to have spoken of it to you at all. Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better one.'

He was evidently annoyed, and with his usual dexterity gave vent to his feelings by a sally upon the Bluenoses, who, he says, are a cross of English and Yankee, and therefore first cousins to us both. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'that 'ere Eagle might with more propriety have been taken off as perched on an anchor, instead of holding it in its claws, and I think it would have been more nateral; but I suppose it was some stupid foreign artist that made that 'ere blunder—I never seed one yet that was equal to our'n. If that Eagle is represented as trying what he can't do, it's an honourable ambition arter all: but these Bluenoses won't try what they can do. They put me in mind of a great big hulk of a horse in a cart, that won't put his shoulder to the collar at all for all the lambastin' in the world, but turns his head round at you, as much as to say,

'What an everlastin' heavy thing, an empty cart is, isn't it?' *An Owl should be their emblem, and the motto, 'He sleeps all the days of his life.'* The whole country is like this night: beautiful to look at, but silent as the grave—still as death, asleep, becalmed.

'A girl once came to our minister to hire as a house help: says she, 'Minister, I suppose you don't want a young lady to do chamber business and breed worms, do you?—for I've half a mind to take a spell at livin' out.' She meant,' said the Clockmaker, 'housework and rearing silkworms. 'My pretty maiden,' says he, a pattin' her on the cheek (for I've observed old men talk kinder pleasant to women), 'my pretty maiden, where was you brought up?' 'Why,' says she, 'I guess I warn't brought up at all, I growed up.' 'Under what platform,' says he (for he was very particular that all his house helps should go to his meetin'), 'under what church platform?' 'Church platform!' says she, with a toss of her head, like a young colt that got a check of the curb, 'I guess I warn't raised under a platform at all, but in as good a house as your'n, grand as you be.' 'You said well,' said the old minister, quite shocked, 'when you said you growed up, dear, for you have grown up in great ignorance.' 'Then I guess you had better get a lady that knows more than me,' says she, 'that's flat. I reckon I am every bit and grain as good as you be. If I don't understand a bum-byx (silk-worm), both feedin', breedin', and rearin', then I want to know who does, that's all; church platform, indeed!' says she; 'I guess you were raised under a glass frame in March, and transplanted on Independence Day, warn't you?' And off she sot, lookin' as scorney as a London lady, and leavin' the poor minister standin' starin' like a stuck pig. 'Well, well,' says he, liftin' up both hands, and turnin' up the whites of his eyes like a duck in thunder, 'if that don't bang the bush! It fearly beats sheep shearin' after the blackberry bushes have got the wool. It does, I vow; them are the tares them Unitarians sow in our grain fields at night; I guess they'll ruinate the crops yet, and make the ground so everlasting foul, we'll have to pare the sod and burn it, to kill the roots. Our fathers sowed the right seed here in the wilderness, and watered it with their tears, and watched over it with fastin' and prayer, and now it's fairly run out, that's a fact, I snore. It's got choked up with all sorts of trash in natur', I declare. Dear, dear, I vow I never seed the beat o' that in all my born days.'

'Now the Bluenoses are like that 'ere gal; they have grown up, and grown up in ignorance of many things they hadn't ought not to know; and it's as hard to teach grown-up folks as it is to break a six-year-old horse; and they do rile one's temper so—they act so ugly, that it tempts one sometimes to break their confounded necks; it's near about as much trouble as it's worth.'

'What remedy is there for all this supineness?' said I; 'how can these people be awakened out of their ignorant slothfulness, into active exertion?'

'The remedy,' said Mr. Slick, 'is at hand; it is already workin' its own cure. They must recede before our free and enlightened citizens, like the Indians; our folks will buy them out, and they

must give place to a more intelligent and ac-*tive* people. The only way to shame them, that I know, would be to sarve them as Uncle Enoch sarved a neighbour of his in Varginny.

'There was a lady that had a plantation near hand to his'n, and there was only a small river atwixt the two houses, so that folks could hear each other talk across it. Well, she was a dreadful cross-grained woman, a real catamount, as savage as a she-bear that has cubs; an old farrow critter, as ugly as sin, and one that both hooked and kicked too—a most particular onmarciful she-devil, that's a fact. She used to have some of her niggers tied up every day, and flogged uncommon severe, and their screams and screeches were horrid—no soul could stand it; nothin' was heerd all day but '*O Lord Missus! O Lord Missus!*' Enoch was fairly sick of the sound, for he was a tender-hearted man, and says he to her one day, 'Now do, marm, find out some other place to give your cattle the cowskin, for it worries me to hear 'em take on so dreadful bad; I can't stand it, I vow; they are flesh and blood as well as we be, though the meat is a different colour.' But it was no good; she jist put up and told him to mind his own business, and she guessed she'd mind her'n. He was determined to shame her out of it; so one mornin' arter breakfast he goes into the cane field, and says he to Lavender, one of the black overseers, 'Muster up the whole gang of slaves, every soul, and bring 'em down to the whippin' post, the whole stock of them, bulls, cows, and calves.' Well, away goes Lavender, and drives up all the niggers. 'Now you catch it,' says he, 'you lazy villains: I tole you so many a time—I tole you massa he lose all patience wid you, you good-for-nothin' rascals. I grad, upon my soul, I werry grad; you mind now what old Lavender say anoder time.' The black overseers are always the most cruel,' said the Clockmaker; 'they have no sort of feeling for their own people.

'Well, when they were gathered there according to orders, they looked streaked enough you may depend, thinkin' they were going to get it all round; and the wenches they fell to a cryin', wringin' their hands, and boo-hooing like mad. Lavender was there with his cowskin, grinning like a chessy cat, and crackin' it about, ready for business. 'Pick me out,' says Enoch, 'four that have the loudest voices.' 'Hard matter dat,' says Lavender, 'hard matter dat, massa; dey all talk loud, dey all lub talk more better nor work—de idle villains; better gib 'em all a little tickle, jist to teach 'em to larf on t'other side of de mouf; dat side bran new, dey never use it yet.' 'Do as I order you, sir,' said Uncle, 'or I'll have you triced up, you cruel old rascal you.' When they were picked out and sot by themselves, they hanged their heads, and looked like sheep going to the shambles. 'Now,' says Uncle Enoch, 'my pickaninnies, do you sing out as loud as Niagara, at the very tip eend of your voice—

'' Don't kill a nigger, pray,
Let him lib anoder day.
O Lord Missus—O Lord Missus!

'' My back be very sore,
No stand it any more.
O Lord Missus—O Lord Missus!'

And all the rest of you join

chorus, as loud as you can bawl, 'O Lord Missus.'' The black rascals understood the joke real well. They larfed ready to split their sides; they fairly lay down on the ground, and rolled over and over with lafter. Well, when they came to the chorus, 'O Lord Missus,' if they didn't let go, it's a pity. They made the river ring ag'in—they were heerd clean out to sea. All the folks ran out of the lady's house, to see what on airth was the matter on Uncle Enoch's plantation; they thought there was actilly a rebellion there; but when they listened awhile, and heerd it over and over again, they took the hint, and returned a larfin' in their sleeves. Says they, 'Master Enoch Slick, he upsides with Missus this hitch anyhow.' Uncle never heerd anything more of 'Oh Lord Missus,' after that. Yes, they ought to be shamed out of it, those Bluenoses. When reason fails to convince, there is nothin' left but ridicule. When I was a boy, I was always late to school; well, father's preachin' I didn't much mind, but I never could bear to hear my mother say, 'Why, Sam, are you actilly up for all day? Well, I hope your airly risin' won't hurt you, I declare. What on airth is a goin' to happen now? Well, wonders will never cease.' It raised my dander; at last says I, 'Now, mother, don't say that 'ere any more for gracious' sake, for it makes me feel ugly, and I'll get up as airly as any on you;' and so I did, and I soon found what's worth knowin' in this life,—*An early start makes easy stages.*'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S OPINION OF HALIFAX.

The next morning was warmer than several that had preceded it. It was one of those uncommonly fine days that distinguish an American autumn.

'I guess,' said Mr. Slick, 'the heat to-day is like a glass of mint julip, with a lump of ice in it; it tastes cool, and feels warm; it's real good, I tell you. I love such a day as this, dearly. It's generally allowed the finest weather in the world is in America; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere.' He then lighted a cigar, and throwing himself back on his chair, put both feet out of the window, and sat with his arms folded, a perfect picture of happiness.

'You appear,' said I, 'to have travelled over the whole of this Province, and to have observed the country and the people with much attention; pray what is your opinion of the present state and future prospects of Halifax?'

'It's a pretty Province I tell you,' said he, 'good above and better below; surface covered with pastures, meadows, woods, and a 'nation sight of water privileges, and under the ground full of mines. It puts me in mind of the soup at the *Tree*-mont House.

'One day I was a walkin' in the Mall, and who should I meet but Major Bradford, a gentleman from Connecticut, that traded in calves and pumpkins for the Boston market. Says he, 'Slick, where do you get your grub to-day?' 'At General Peep's tavern,' says I. 'Only fit for niggers,' says he; 'why don't you come to the *Tree*-mont House! that's the most splendid thing, it's generally allowed, in all the world. 'Why,' says I, 'that's a notch above my mark; I guess it's too plaguy dear for me; I can't afford it nohow.' 'Well,'

says he, 'it's dear in one sense, but it's dog cheap in another: it's a grand place for speculation. There's so many rich Southerners and strangers there that have more money than wit, that you might do a pretty good business there without goin' out of the street door. I made two hundred dollars this mornin' in little less than half no time. There's a Carolina lawyer there as rich as a bank, and says he to me arter breakfast. 'Major,' says he, 'I wish I knew where to get a real slapping trotter of a horse, one that could trot with a flash of lightning for a mile, and beat it by a whole neck or so.' Says I, 'My Lord,' for you must know, he says he's the nearest male heir to a Scotch dormant peerage, 'my Lord,' says I, 'I have one, a proper sneezer, a chap that can go ahead of a railroad steamer, a real natural traveller, one that can trot with the ball out of the small eend of a rifle, and never break into a gallop.' Says he, 'Major, I wish you wouldn't give me that 'ere nickname, I don't like it,' though he looked as tickled all the time as possible; 'I never knew,' says he, 'a lord that warn't a fool, that's a fact, and that's the reason I don't go ahead and claim the title.' 'Well,' says I, 'my Lord, I don't know, but somehow I can't help a thinkin' if you had a good claim, you'd be more like a fool not to go ahead with it.' 'Well,' says he, 'lord or no lord, let's look at your horse.' So away I went to Joe Brown's livery stable at t'other eend of the city, and picked out the best trotter he had, and no great stick to brag on either; says I, 'Joe Brown, what do you ax for that 'ere horse?' 'Two hundred dollars,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'I will take him out and try him, and if I like him I will keep him.' So I shows our Carolina lord the horse, and when he gets on him, says I, 'Don't let him trot as fast as he can, reserve that for a heat; if folks find out how everlastin' fast he is, they'd be afeared to stump you for a start.' When he returned, he said he liked the horse amazingly, and axed the price. 'Four hundred dollars,' says I; 'you can't get nothin' special without a good price; pewter cases never hold good watches.' 'I know it,' says he; 'the horse is mine.' Thinks I to myself, that's more than ever I could say of him then, anyhow.'

'Well, I was going to tell you about the soup: says the Major, 'It's near about dinner time; jist come and see how you like the location.' There was a sight of folks there, gentlemen and ladies in the public room—I never seed so many afore except at Commencement Day—all ready for a start, and when the gong sounded, off we sot like a flock of sheep. Well, if there warn't a jam you may depend; some one give me a pull, and I nearabouts went heels up over head; so I reached out both hands, and caught hold of the first thing I could, and what should it be but a lady's dress. Well, as I'm alive, rip went the frock, and tear goes the petticoat, and when I righted myself away they all came home to me, and there she was, the pretty critter, with all her upper riggin' standin' as far as her waist, and nothin' left below but a short linen under-garment. If she didn't scream, it's a pity; and the more she screamed, the more folks larfed, for no soul could help larfin', till one of the waiters folded her up in a tablecloth.

''What an awkward devil you

be, Slick,' says the Major; 'now that comes of not falling in first; they should have formed four deep, rear rank in open order, and marched in to our splendid national air, and filed off to their seats, right and left, shoulders forward. I feel kinder sorry, too,' says he, 'for that 'ere young heifer; but she showed a proper pretty leg, though, Slick, didn't she? I guess you don't often get such a chance as that 'ere.' Well, I gets near the Major at table, and afore me stood a china utensil with two handles, full of soup, about the size of a foot-tub, with a large silver scoop in it, near about as big as a ladle of a maple sugar kettle. I was jist about bailing out some soup into my dish, when the Major said, 'Fish it up from the bottom, Slick.' Well, sure enough, I gives it a drag from the bottom, and up come the fat pieces of turtle, and the thick rich soup, and a sight of little force meat balls. No soul could tell how good it was; it was near about as hand*sum* as father's old genuine particular cider, and that you could feel tingle clean away down to the tip eends of your toes. 'Now,' says the Major, 'I'll give you, Slick, a new wrinkle on your horn. Folks ain't thought nothin' of, unless they live at Treemont: it's all the go. Do you dine at Peep's tavern every day, and then off hot foot to Treemont, and pick your teeth on the street steps there, and folks will think you dine there. I do it often, and it saves two dollars a day.' Then he put his finger on his nose, and says he, 'Mum is the word.'

'Now, this Province is jist like that 'ere soup—good enough at top, but dip down and you have the riches: the coal, the iron ore, the gypsum, and what not. As for Halifax, it's well enough in itself, though no great shakes neither,—a few sizable houses, with a proper sight of small ones, like half a dozen old hens with their broods of young chickens; but the people, the strange critters, they are all asleep.

'Halifax reminds me of a Russian officer I once seed at Warsaw; he had lost both arms in battle—but I guess I must tell you first why I went there, 'cause that will show you how we speculate. One Sabbath day, after bell ringin', when most of the women had gone to meetin' —for they were great hands for pretty sarmons, and our Unitarian ministers all preach poetry, only they leave the rhyme out; it sparkles like perry—I goes down to East India wharf to see Captain Zeek Hancock, of Nantucket, to inquire how oil was, and if it would bear doing anything in; when who should come along but Jabish Green. 'Slick,' says he, 'how do you do? isn't this as pretty a day as you'll see between this and Norfolk? it whips English weather by a long chalk;' and then he looked down at my watch seals, and looked and looked as if he thought I'd stole 'em. At last he looks up, and says he, 'Slick, I suppose you wouldn't go to Warsaw, would you, if it was made worth your while?' 'Which Warsaw?' says I, for I believe in my heart we have a hundred of them 'None of our'n at all,' says he, 'Warsaw in Poland.' 'Well, I don't know,' says I; 'what do you call worth while?' 'Six dollars a day, expenses paid, and a bonus of one thousand dollars, if speculation turns out well.' 'I am off,' says I, 'whenever you say go.' 'Tuesday,' says he, 'in the Hamburg packet. Now,'

says he, 'I'm in a tarnation hurry; I'm goin' a pleasurin' to-day in the Custom House boat, along with Josiah Bradford's gals down to Nahant. But I'll tell you what I am at: the Emperor of Russia has ordered the Poles to cut off their queues on the 1st of January; you must buy them all up, and ship them off to London for the wig-makers. Human hair is scarce, and risin'. 'Lord a massy!' says I, 'how queer they will look, won't they? Well, I vow, that's what the sea folks call sailing under bare Poles, come true, ain't it?' 'I guess it will turn out a good spec,' says he; and a good one it did turn out—he cleared ten thousand dollars by it.

'When I was at Warsaw, as I was a sayin', there was a Russian officer there who had lost both his arms in battle, a good-natured, contented critter, as I e'enamost ever seed, and he was fed with spoons by his neighbours; but arter a while they grew tired of it, and I guess near about starved him to death at last. Now Halifax is like that 'ere *Spooney*, as I used to call him; it is fed by the outports, and they begin to have enough to do to feed themselves; it must larn to live without 'em. They have no river, and no country about them; let them make a railroad to Minas Basin, and they will have arms of their own to feed themselves with. If they don't do it, and do it soon, I guess they'll get into a decline that no human skill will cure. They are proper thin now; you can count their ribs e'enamost as far as you can see them. *The only thing that will either make or save Halifax, is a railroad across the country to Bay of Fundy.*

''It will do to talk of,' says one. 'You'll see it some day,' says another. 'Yes,' says a third, 'it will come, but we are too young yet.'

'Darn it all,' said the Clockmaker, rising with great animation, clinching his fist and extending his arm, 'darn it all, it fairly makes my dander rise, to see the nasty, idle, loungin,' good-for-nothing, do-little critters; they ain't fit to tend a bear trap, I vow. They ought to be quilted round and round a room, like a lady's lap-dog, the matter of two hours a day, to keep them from dyin' of apoplexy.'

'Hush, hush!' said I, 'Mr. Slick, you forget.'

'Well,' said he, resuming his usual composure, 'well, it's enough to make one vexed though, I declare,—isn't it?'

Mr. Slick has often alluded to this subject, and always in a most decided manner. I am inclined to think he is right. Mr. Howe's papers on the railroad I read, till I came to his calculations, but I never could read figures; 'I can't cipher,' and there I paused; it is a barrier; I retreated a few paces, took a running leap, and cleared the whole of them. Mr. Slick says he has *under* and not *over* rated its advantages. He appears to be such a shrewd, observing, intelligent man, and so perfectly at home on these subjects, that I confess I have more faith in this humble but eccentric Clockmaker, than in any other man I have met with in this Province. I therefore pronounce, '*There will be a railroad.*'

CHAPTER XIV.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN CUMBERLAND.

'I RECKON,' said the Clockmaker, as we strolled through Am-

herst, 'you have read Hook's story of the boy that one day asked one of his father's guests who his next door neighbour was, and when he heerd his name, asked him if he warn't a fool. 'No, my little feller,' said he, he bean't a fool, he is a most particular sensible man: but why did you ax that 'ere question?' 'Why,' said the little boy, 'mother said t'other day you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you.' His mother felt pretty ugly, I guess, when she heerd him run right slap on that ere breaker.

'Now these Cumberland folks have curious next door neighbours, too; they are placed by their location right atwixt fire and water; they have New Brunswick politics on one side, and Nova Scotia politics on t'other side of them, and Bay Fundy and Bay Varte on t'other two sides; they are actilly in hot water; they are up to their cruppers in politics, and great hands for talking of House of Assembly, political Unions, and what not. Like all folks who wade so deep, they can't always tell the natur' of the ford. Sometimes they strike their shins agin a snag of a rock; at other times, they go whap into a quicksand, and if they don't take special care they are apt to go souse over head and ears into deep water. I guess if they'd talk more of *rotation*, and less of *elections*, more of them 'ere *dykes*, and less of *banks*, and attend more to *top dressing*, and less to *re-dressing*, it'd be better for 'em.'

'Now you mention the subject, I think I have observed,' said I, 'that there is a great change in your countrymen in that respect. Formerly, whenever you met an American, you had a dish of politics set before you, whether you had an appetite for it or not; but lately I have remarked they seldom allude to it. Pray, to what is this attributable?'

'I guess,' said he, 'they have enough of it to home, and are sick of the subject.

'We've had politics with us till we're dog sick of 'em, I tell you. Besides, I guess we are as far from perfection as when we set out a rowin' for it. You may get purity of Election, but how are you to get purity of Members? It would take a great deal of ciphering to tell that. I never heerd tell of one who had seed it.

'The best member I e'enamost ever seed was John Adams. Well John Adams could no more plough a straight furrow in politics than he could haul the plough himself. He might set out straight at beginnin' for a little way, but he was sure to get crooked afore he got to the eend of the ridge, and sometimes he would have two or three crooks in it. I used to say to him, 'How on airth is it, Mr. Adams,'—for he was no way proud like, though he was President of our great nation, and it is allowed to be the greatest nation in the world, too; for you might see him sometimes of an arternoon a swimmin' along with the boys in the Potomac; I do believe that's the way he larned to give the folks the dodge so spry,—well, I used to say to him, 'How on airth is it, Mr. Adams, you can't make straight work on it?' He was a grand hand at an excuse, though minister used to say that folks that were good at an excuse were seldom good for nothin' else; sometimes he said the ground was so tarnation stony, it throwed the plough out; at other times he said the off ox

was such an ugly, wilful tempered critter, there was no doin' nothin' with him; or that there was so much machinery about the plough, it made it plaguy hard to steer; or maybe it was the fault of them that went afore him, that they laid it down so bad,—unless he was hired for another term of four years the work wouldn't look well; and if all them 'ere excuses wouldn't do, why, he would take to scolding the nigger that drove the team, throw all the blame on him, and order him to have an everlastin' lacin' with the cowskin. You might as well catch a weasel asleep as catch him. He had somethin' the matter with one eye; well, he knew I know'd that when I was a boy; so one day a feller presented a petition to him, and he told him it very affectin'. Says he, 'It fairly draws tears from me,' and his weak eye took to lettin' off its water like statiee; so as soon as the chap went, he winks to me with t'other one, quite knowin', as much as to say, 'You see it's all in my eye, Slick, but don't let on to any one about it, that I said so.' That eye was a regular cheat, a New England wooden nutmeg. Folks said Mr. Adams was a very tender-hearted man. Perhaps he was, but I guess that eye didn't pump its water out o' that place.

'Members in general ain't to be depended on, I tell you. Politics makes a man as crooked as a pack does a peddler; not that they are so awful heavy, neither, but *it teaches a man to stoop in the long run*. Arter all, there's not that difference in 'em—at least there ain't in Congress—one would think; for if one of them is clear of one vice, why, as like as not, he has another fault just as bad. An honest farmer, like one of these Cumberland folks, when he goes to choose atwixt two that offers for votes, is just like the flying-fish. That 'ere little critter is not content to stay to home in the water, and mind its business, but he must try his hand at flyin', and he is no great dab at flyin', neither. Well, the moment he's out of water, and takes to flyin', the sea fowl are arter him, and let him have it; and if he has the good luck to escape them, and dive into the sea, the dolphin, as like as not, has a dig at him, that knocks more wind out of him than he got while aping the birds, a plaguy sight. I guess the Bluenoses know jist about as much about politics as this foolish fish knows about flying. *All critters in nature are better in their own element.*

'It is in politics as in horses: when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's e'enamost sure to get one not so good as his own. *My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.*'

CHAPTER XV.

THE DANCING MASTER ABROAD.

'I WISH that 'ere black heifer in the kitchen would give over singing that 'ere everlastin' dismal tune,' said the Clockmaker; 'it makes my head ache. You've heerd a song afore now,' said he, 'haven't you, till you are fairly sick of it? for I have, I vow. The last time I was in Rhode Island,—all the gals sing there, and it's generally allowed there's no such singers anywhere; they beat the *Eye*-talians a long chalk; they sing so high, some on 'em, they go clear out o' hearin' sometimes,

like a lark,—well, you heerd nothin' but 'O no, we never mention her;' well, I grew so plaguy tired of it, I used to say to myself, I'd sooner see it than hear tell of it, I vow; I wish to gracious you would 'never mention her,' for it makes me feel ugly to hear that same thing for ever and ever and amen that way. Well, they've got a cant phrase here, 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' and every feller tells you that fifty times a day.

'There was a chap said to me not long ago at Truro, 'Mr. Slick, this country is rapidly improving; 'the schoolmaster is abroad now,'' and he looked as knowin' as though he had found a mare's nest. 'So I should think,' said I, 'and it would jist be about as well, I guess, if he'd stay to home and mind his business; for your folks are so consoomedly ignorant, I reckon he's abroad e'enamost all his time. I hope when he returns, he'll be the better of his travels, and that's more nor many of our young folks are who go 'abroad,' for they import more airs and nonsense than they dispose of one while, I tell you; some of the stock remains on hand all the rest of their lives.' There's nothin' I hate so much as cant, of all kinds; it's a sure sign of a tricky disposition. If you see a feller cant in religion, clap your hand into your pocket, and lay right hold of your puss, or he'll steal it, as sure as you're alive; and if a man cants in politics, he'll sell you if he gets a chance, you may depend. Law and physic are jist the same, and every mite and morsel as bad. If a lawyer takes to cantin', it's like the fox preaching to the geese; he'll eat up his whole congregation: and if a doctor takes to it, he's a quack as sure as rates. The Lord have massy on you, for he won't. I'd sooner trust my chance with a naked hook any time, than one that's half-covered with bad bait. The fish will sometimes swallow the one, without thinkin', but they get frightened at t'other, turn tail, and off like a shot.

'Now, to change the tune, I'll give the Bluenoses a new phrase. They'll have an election most likely next year, and then '*the Dancin' Master will be abroad.*' A candidate is a most particular polite man, a noddin' here, and a bowin' there, and a shakin' hands all round. Nothin' improves a man's manners like an election. 'The Dancin' Master's abroad then;' nothin' gives the paces equal to that; it makes them as squirmy as an ell; they cross hands and back ag'in, set to their partners, and right and left in great style, and slick it off at the eend, with a real complete bow, and a smile for all the world as sweet as a cat makes at a pan of new milk. Then they get as full of compliments as a dog is full of flies—inquirin' how the old lady is to home, and the little boy that made such a wonderful smart answer, they never can forget it till the next time; a praisin' a man's farm to the nines, and a tellin' of him how scandalous the road that leads to his location has been neglected, and how much he wants to find a real complete hand that can build a bridge over his brook, and axin' him if *he* ever built one. When he gets the hook baited with the right fly, and the simple critter begins to jump out of the water arter it, all mouth and gills, he winds up the reel, and takes leave, a thinkin' to himself, 'Now you see what's to the eend of my line, I guess I'll know

there to find
you.'

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'It's a poor business arter all, is electioneering, and when 'the Dancin' Master is abroad,' he's as apt to teach a man to cut capers and get larfed at as anything else. It ain't every one that's soople enough to dance real complete. Politics take a great deal of time, and grind away a man's honesty near about as fast as cleaning a knife with brick-dust. '*It takes it's steel out.*' What does a critter get arter all for it in this country? Why, nothin' but expenses and disappointment. As King Solomon says,—and that 'ere man was up to a thing or two, you may depend, though our Professor did say he warn't so knowin' as Uncle Sam,—it's all vanity and vexation of spirit.

'I raised a four-year-old colt once, half blood, a perfect pictur' of a horse, and a genuine clipper; could gallop like the wind; a real daisy, a perfect doll; had an eye like a weasel, and nostrils like Commodore Rogers' speakin' trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races at New York, and father he went along with me; for, says he, 'Sam, you don't know everything, I guess: you hain't cut your wisdom teeth yet, and you are going among them that's had 'em through their gums this while past.' Well, when we gets to the races, father gets colt and puts him in an old waggon, with a worn-out Dutch harness and breastband; he looked like Old Nick, that's a fact. Then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girths atwixt his fore legs. Says I, 'Father, what on airth are you at? I vow, I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that, and colt looks like old Satan himself—no soul would know him.' 'I guess I warn't born yesterday,' says he; 'let me be, I know what I'm at. I guess I'll slip into 'em afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I guess I can see as far into a milestone as the best on 'em.'

'Well, father never entered the horse at all, but stood by and seed the races, and the winnin' horse was followed about by the matter of two or three thousand people a praisin' of him and admirin' him. They seemed as if they never had seed a horse afore. The owner of him was all up on eend a boastin' of him, and a stumpin' the course to produce a horse to run ag'in him for four hundred dollars. Father goes up to him, lookin' as soft as dough, and as meechin' as you please, and says he, 'Friend, it ain't every one that has four hundred dollars: it's a plaguy sight of money, I tell you; would you run for one hundred dollars, and give me a little start? if you would, I'd try my colt out of my old waggon ag'n you, I vow.' 'Let's look at your horse,' says he; so away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them to look at colt, and when they seed him they sot up such a larf, I felt e'enamost ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, 'What can possess the old man to act arter that fashion? I do believe he has taken leave of his senses.' 'You needn't larf,' says father, 'he's smarter than he looks; our minister's old horse, Captain Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that 'ere colt can beat him for a lick of a quarter of a mile quite easy; I seed it myself.' 'Well, they larfed ag'in louder than before, and says father, 'If you dispute my word, try me;

what odds will you give?' 'Two to one,' says the owner, 'eight hundred to four hundred dollars.' 'Well, that's a great deal of money, ain't it?' says father: 'if I was to lose it I'd look pretty foolish, wouldn't I? How folks would pass their jokes at me when I went home again. You wouldn't take that 'ere waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you?' says he. 'Well,' says the other, 'sooner than disappoint you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don't care if I do.'

'As soon as it was settled, father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a looking like himself, as proud as a nabob, chock full of spring, like the wire eend of a bran new pair of trouser gallusses. One said, 'That's a plaguy nice-lookin' colt that feller has, arter all.' 'That horse will show play for it yet,' says a third; and I heard one feller say, 'I guess that's a regular Yankee trick, a complete take in.' They had a fair start for it, and off they sot; father took the lead and kept it, and won the race, though it was a pretty tight scratch, for father was too old to ride colt; he was near about the matter of seventy years old.

'Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin' crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him; but says father, 'How am I to get home without him, and what shall I do with that 'ere waggon and harness, so far as I be from Slickville?' So he kept them in talk, till he felt their pulses pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southerner for seven hundred dollars, and we returned, having made a considerable good spec of colt. Says father to me, 'Sam,' says he, 'you seed the crowd a follerin' the winnin' horse, when we came there, didn't you?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I did.' 'Well, when colt beat him, no one follered at all, but come a crowdin' about *him*. That's popularity,' says he, 'soon won, soon lost—cried up sky high one minute, and deserted the next, or run down; colt will share the same fate. He'll get beat afore long, and then he's done for. The multitude are always fickle-minded. Our great Washington found that out, and the British officer that beat Bonaparte; the bread they gave him turned sour afore he got half through the loaf. His soap hardly stiffened afore it ran right back to lye and grease ag'in.

''I was sarved the same way. I like to have missed my pension; the Committee said I warn't at Bunker's Hill at all, the villains. That was a glo'—Thinks I, old boy, if you once get into that 'ere field you'll race longer than colt, a plaguy sight; you'll run clear away to the fence to the far eend afore you stop; so I jist cut in and took a hand myself. 'Yes,' says I, 'you did 'em father, properly; that old waggon was a bright scheme; it led 'em on till you got 'em on the right spot, didn't it?' Says father, '*There's a moral, Sam, in everything in natur.*' Never have nothing to do with elections; you see the vally of popularity in the case of that 'ere horse: sarve the public nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and the thousandth, if they don't agree with you, they desart and abuse you. See how they sarved old John Adams; see how they let Jefferson starve in his old age; see how good old

Munroe like to have got right into jail, after his term of President was up. They may talk of independence,' says father, 'but, Sam, I'll tell you what independence is'—and he gave his hands a slap ag'in his trousers pocket, and made the gold eagles he won at the race all jingle ag'in—'*That!* says he, giving them another wipe with his fist, and winkin', as much as to say, Do you hear that, my boy! '*That I call independence.*' He was in great spirits, the old man; he was so proud of winnin' the race, and puttin' the leake into the New Yorkers, he looked all dander. 'Let them great hungry, ill-favoured, long-legged bitterns,' says he (only he called them by another name that don't sound quite pretty), 'from the outlandish States to Congress, *talk about* independence; but, Sam,' said he, hitting the shiners ag'in till he made them dance right up on eend in his pocket, '*I like to feel it.*'

''No, Sam,' said he, 'line the pocket well first, make that independent, and then the spirit will be like a horse turned out to grass in the spring for the first time; he's all head and tail, a snortin' and kickin' and racin' and carrying on like mad; it soon gets independent too. While it's in the stall it may hold up, and paw, and whinny, and feel as spry as anything, but the leather strap keeps it to the manger, and the lead weight to the eend of it makes it hold down its head at last. No,' says he, 'here's independence!' and he gave the eagles such a drive with his fist, he bust his pocket, and sent a whole raft of them a spinnin' down his leg to the ground. Says I, 'Father,' and I swear I could hardly keep from larfin', he looked so peskily vexed,—'Father,' says I, 'I guess there's a moral in that 'ere too: *Extremes nary way are none o' the best.*' 'Well, well,' says he, kinder snappishly, 'I suppose you're half right, Sam, but we've said enough about it; let's drop the subject; and see if I have picked 'em all up, for my eyes are none of the best, now I'm near hand to seventy.'

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SLICK'S OPINION OF THE BRITISH.

'WHAT success had you,' said I, 'in the sale of your clocks among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? Do you find them as gullible as the Bluenoses?'

'Well,' said he, 'you have hoerd tell that a Yankee never answers one question without axing another, haven't you? Did you ever see an English stage-driver make a bow? because if you hain't obsarved it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin' nod of his head, as much as to say, How do you do? but keep clear o' my wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth as sure as you're born: jist as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose. Well, that's the way I pass them 'ere bare-breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these here Cumberland marshes, how the mosquitoes would tickle them up, wouldn't they? They'd set 'em scratching as an Irishman does his head when he's in search of a lie. Them 'ere fellers cut their eye-teeth afore they ever sot foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact; they open their pouch and drop

it in, and it's got a spring like a fox-trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skin-flints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shakes at best; it ain't even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginny corn; but I guess I warn't long in finding out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin'. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England; the sooner he clears out the better. You can no more put a leake into them, than you can send a chisel into teak wood; it turns the edge of the tool the first drive. If the Bluenoses knew the value of money as well as they do, they'd have more cash, and fewer clocks and tin reflectors, I reckon.

'Now, it's different with the Irish; they never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler,—I dare say you have heerd tell of him; he's a funny feller,—he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, 'The one will set a flame agoin' among my cottons, and t'other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.' When the British wanted our folks to join in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say we had ought to humour them; for, says he, 'They supply us with labour on easier terms, by shippin' out the Irish.' Says he, 'They work better, and they work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor rates for t'other ones.'

'The English are the boys for trading with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather; it flies all over the thrashin' floor: but then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kickin' breed of cattle, as I e'en-amost ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are all bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a pawin' and a roarin' the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.'

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths that need neither proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

'There's no richer sight that I know of,' said he, 'than to see one on 'em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon; his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron; a great awkward hulk of a feller—for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners—a smirkin' at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocket full of one, and a mouthful of t'other: bean't he lovely?' and then he looks as

fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'Say boo to a goose, if you dare.'

'No, 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. It's generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation; they are actilly equal to cash.'

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that anything additional would only weaken its effect; he therefore changed the conversation immediately, by pointing to a tree at some little distance from the house, and remarking that it was the rock maple or sugar tree.

'It's a pretty tree,' said he, 'and a profitable one too to raise. It will bear tapping for many years, though it gets exhausted at last. This Province is like that 'ere tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they don't drive in a spile and stop the everlastin' flow of the sap, it will perish altogether. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid in it, and a pretty considerable portion of rent too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to us to buy bread. It's drained like a bog; it has opened and covered trenches all through it, and then there's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs.

'I went down to Matanzas in the Fulton steamboat once; well, it was the first of the kind they ever seed, and proper scared they were to see a vessel without sails or oars, goin' right straight ahead, nine knots an hour, in the very wind's eye, and a great streak of smoke arter her as long as the tail of a comet. I believe they thought it was Old Nick alive, a treatin' himself to a swim. You could see the niggers a clippin' it away from the shore, for dear life, and the soldiers a movin' about as if they thought that we were a goin' to take the whole country. Presently a little, half-starved, orange-coloured looking Spanish officer, all dressed off in his livery, as fine as a fiddle, came off with two men in a boat to board us. Well, we yawed once or twice, and motioned to him to keep off for fear he should get hurt; but he came right on afore the wheel, and I hope I may be shot if the paddle didn't strike the bow of the boat with that force, it knocked up the starn like a plank tilt, when one of the boys playing on it is heavier than t'other, and chucked him right atop of the wheel-house. You never seed a fellow in such a dunderment in your life. He had picked up a little English from seein' our folks there so much, and when he got up, the first thing he said was, 'D— all sheenery, I say; where's my boat?' and he looked round as if he thought it had jumped on board too. 'Your boat?' said the captain, 'why, I expect it's gone to the bottom, and your men have gone down to look arter it;' for we never seed or heerd tell of one or t'other of them arter the boat was struck. Yes, I'd make 'em stare like that 'ere Spanish officer, as if they had seed out of their eyes for the first time.

'When I was a little boy, about knee high or so, and lived down Connecticut River, mother used to say, 'Sam, if you don't give over acting so like Old Scratch, I'll send you off to Nova Scotia, as sure as you are born; I will, I vow.' Well, Lord, how that 'ere used to frighten me; it made my hair stand right up on eend, like a cat's back when she wrathy; it made me drop it as quick as wink; like a tin night-cap put on a dipped candle agoin' to bed, it put the fun right out. Neighbour Dearborne's darter married a gentleman to Yarmouth, that speculates in the smuggling line. Well, when she went on board to sail down to Nova Scotia, all her folks took on as if it was a funeral; they said she was going to be buried alive, like the nuns of Portengale that get a frolickin', break out of the pastur' and race off, and get catched and brought back ag'in. Says the old Colonel, her father, 'Deliverance, my dear, I would sooner foller you to your grave, for that would be an eend to your troubles, than to see you go off to that dismal country, that's nothin' but an iceberg aground;' and he howled as loud as an Irishman that tries to wake his wife when she is dead. Awful accounts we have of the country, that's a fact; but if the Province is not so bad as they make it out, the folks are a thousand times worse.

CHAPTER XVII.

A YANKEE HANDLE FOR A HALIFAX BLADE.

'I MET a man this mornin',' said the Clockmaker, 'from Halifax, a real conceited lookin' critter as you e'enamost ever seed, all shines and didoes. He looked as if he had picked up his airs arter some officer of the regilars had worn 'em out and cast 'em off. They sot on him like second-hand clothes, as if they hadn't been made for him and didn't exactly fit. He looked fine, but awkward, like a captain of militia when he gets his uniform on, to play sodger; a thinkin' himself mighty hand*sum*, and that all the world is a lookin' at him. He marched up and down afore the street door like a peacock, as large as life and twice as natural; he had a riding-whip in his hand, and every now and then struck it ag'in his thigh, as much as to say, 'Ain't that a splendid leg for a boot, now? Won't I astonish the Amherst folks, that's all?' Thinks I, 'You are a pretty blade, ain't you? I'd like to fit a Yankee handle on to you, that's a fact.' When I came up, he held up his head near about as high as a shot factory, and stood with his fists on his hips, and eyed me from head to foot, as a shakin' Quaker does a town lady; as much as to say, What a queer critter you be! that's toggery I never seed afore; you're some carnal-minded maiden, that's sartain.

''Well,' says he to me, with the air of a man that chucks a cent into a beggar's hat, 'A fine day this, sir.' 'Do you actilly think so?' said I, and I gave it the real Connecticut drawl. 'Why,' said he, quite short, 'if I didn't think so, I wouldn't say so.' 'Well,' says I, 'I don't know, but if I did think so, I guess I wouldn't say so.' 'Why not?' says he. 'Because, I expect,' says I, 'any fool could see that as well as me;' and then I stared at him, as much as to say, 'Now, if you like that 'ere swap, I am ready to trade with you ag'in as soon as you like.' Well,

he turned right round on his heel and walked off, a whistlin' Yankee Doodle to himself. He looked jist like a man that finds whistlin' a plaguy sight easier than thinkin'.

'Presently I heerd him ax the groom who that 'ere Yankee lookin' feller was. 'That?' said the groom, 'why, I guess it's Mr. Slick.' 'Sho!' said he, 'how you talk! What! Slick the Clockmaker? Why, it ain't possible; I wish I had a known that 'ere afore, I declare, for I have a great curiosity to see him; folks say he is amazin' clever feller that;' and he turned and stared, as if it was old Hickory himself. Then he walked round and about like a pig round the fence of a potatoe field, a watchin' for a chance to cut in; so, thinks I, I'll jist give him something to talk about when he gets back to the city; I'll fit a Yankee handle on to him in no time.

''How's times to Halifax, sir,' said I. 'Better,' says he, 'much better; business is done on a surer bottom than it was, and things look bright ag'in. 'So does a candle,' says I, 'jist afore it goes out; it burns up ever so high, and then sinks right down, and leaves nothin' behind but grease, and an everlastin' bad smell. I guess they don't know how to feed their lamp and it can't burn long on nothin'. No, sir, the jig is up with Halifax, and it's all their own fault. If a man sits at his door and sees stray cattle in his field, a eatin' up of his crop, and his neighbours a eatin' off his grain, and won't so much as go and drive 'em out, why, I should say it sarves him right.'

''I don't exactly understand, sir,' said he. Thinks I, it would be strange if you did, for I never see one of your folks yet that could understand a hawk from a handsaw. 'Well,' said I, 'I will tell you what I mean; draw a line from Cape Sable to Cape Cansoo, right through the Province, and it will split it into two, this way;' and I cut an apple into two halves; 'now,' says I, 'the worst half, like the rotten half of the apple, belongs to Halifax, and the other sound half belongs to St. John. Your side of the Province on the seacoast is all stone; I never seed such a proper sight of rocks in my life; it's enough to starve a rabbit. Well, t'other side, on the Bay of Fundy, is a superfine country; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere. Now, wouldn't the folks living away up to the Bay be pretty fools to go to Halifax, when they can go to St. John with half the trouble? St. John is the natural capital of the Bay of Fundy; it will be the largest city in America, next to New York. It has an immense back country as big as Great Britain, a first chop river, and amazin' sharp folks, most as cute as the Yankees; it's a splendid location for business. Well, they draw all the produce of the Bay shores, and where the produce goes, the supplies return; it will take the whole trade of the Province. I guess your rich folks will find they've burnt their fingers; they've put their foot in it, that's a fact. Houses without tenants, wharves without shipping, a town without people—what a grand investment! If you have any loose dollars, let 'em out on mortgage in Halifax, that's a security; keep clear of the country for your life; the people may run but the town can't. No, take away the troops, and you're done, you'll sing the dead march folks

did at Louisburg and Shelburne. Why you hain't got a single thing worth havin', but a good harbour, and as for that the coast is full of 'em. You haven't a pine log, a spruce board, or a refuse shingle; you neither raise wheat, oats, or hay, nor never can; you have no staple on airth, unless it be them iron ones for the padlocks in Bridewell. You've sowed pride and reaped poverty; take care of your crop for it's worth harvestin'. You have no river and no country; what in the name of fortin' have you to trade on?'

'"But,' said he (and he showed the whites of his eyes like a wall-eyed horse), 'but,' said he, 'Mr. Slick, how is it, then, Halifax ever grew at all? hasn't it got what it always had? it's no worse than it was.' 'I guess,' said I, 'that pole ain't strong enough to bear you, neither; if you trust to that, you'll be into the brook as sure as you are born; you once had the trade of the whole Province, but St. John has run off with that now; you've lost all but your trade in blueberries and rabbits with the niggers at Hammond Plains. *You've lost your customers; your rivals have a better stand for business—they've got the corner store; four great streets meet there, and it's near the market slip.*'

'Well, he stared; says he, 'I believe your right, but I never thought of that afore.' Thinks I, nobody'd ever suspect you of the trick of thinkin' that ever I heerd tell of. 'Some of our great men,' said he, 'laid it all to your folks' selling so many clocks and Polyglot Bibles; they say you have taken off a horrid sight of money.' 'Did they indeed?' said I; 'well, I guess it ain't pins and needles that's the expense of housekeepin', it is something more costly than that.' 'Well, some folks say it's the banks,' says he. 'Better still,' says I, 'perhaps you've hearn tell, too, that greasin' the axles makes a gig harder to draw, for there's jist about as much sense in that. 'Well, then,' says he, 'others say it's smugglin' has made us so poor.' 'That guess,' said I, 'is most as good as t'other one; whoever found out that secret ought to get a patent for it, for it's worth knowin'. Then the country has grown poorer, hasn't it, because it has bought cheaper this year than it did the year before? Why, your folks are cute chaps, I vow; they'd puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, they are so amazin' knowin'.' 'Ah,' said he, and he rubbed his hands and smiled, like a young doctor when he gets his first patient; 'ah,' said he, 'if the timber duties are altered, down comes St. John, body and breeches; it's built on a poor foundation—it's all show; they are speculatin' like mad; they'll ruin themselves.' Says I, 'If you wait till they're dead for your fortin', it will be one while, I tell you, afore you pocket the shiners. It's no joke waitin' for a dead man's shoes. Suppose an old feller of eighty was to say, 'When that 'ere young feller dies, I'm to inherit his property,' what would you think? Why, I guess you'd think he was an old fool, *No, sir, if the English don't want their timber, we do want it all; we have used our'n up; we hain't got a stick even to whittle.* If the British don't offer we will, and St. John, like a dear little weeping widow, will dry up her tears and take to frolickin' ag'in, and accept it right off.

'"There isn't at this moment

such a location hardly in America, as St. John; for besides all its other advantages it has this great one: its only rival, Halifax, has got a doze of opium that will send it snoring out of the world, like a feller who falls asleep on the ice of a winter's night. It has been asleep so long, I actilly think it never will wake. It's an easy death, too; you may rouse them up, if you like, but I vow I won't. I once brought a feller to that was drowned, and one night he got drunk and quilted me; I couldn't walk for a week. Says I, 'You're the last chap I'll ever save from drowning in all my born days, if that's all the thanks I get for it.' No, sir, Halifax has lost the run of its custom.

''No, you're done for; you are up a tree, you may depend; pride must fall. Your town is like a ball-room arter a dance. The folks have eat, drank, and frolicked, and left an empty house, the lamps and hangings are left, but the people are gone.'

''Is there no remedy for this?' said he; and he looked as wild as a Cherokee Indian. Thinks I, the handle is fitted on proper tight now. 'Well,' says I, 'when a man has a cold, he had ought to look out pretty sharp, afore it gets seated on his lungs, if he don't, he gets into a gallopin' consumption, and it's a gone goose with him. There is a remedy, if applied in time: *make a railroad to Minas Basin, and you have a way for your customers to get to you, and a conveyance for your goods to them.* When I was in New York last, a cousin of mine, Hezekiah Slick, said to me, 'I do believe, Sam, I shall be ruined, I've lost all my custom; they are widening and improving the streets, and there's so many carts and people to work in it, folks can't come to my shop to trade; what on airth shall I do? and I'm payin' a dreadful high rent too.' 'Stop, Ki,' said I, 'when the street is all finished off and slicked up, they'll all come back ag'in, and a whole raft more on 'em too; you'll sell twice as much as ever you did, you'll put off a proper swad of goods next year, you may depend;' and so he did, he made money hand over hand. A railroad will bring back your customers, if done right off; but wait till trade has made new channels, and fairly gets settled in them, and you'll never divart it ag'in to all eternity. When a feller waits till a gal gets married, I guess it will be too late to pop the question then.

''St. John *must* go ahead, at any rate; you *may*, if you choose, but you must exert yourselves, I tell you. If a man has only one leg, and wants to walk, he must get an artificial one. If you have no river, make a railroad, and that will supply its place.' 'But,' says he, 'Mr. Slick, people say it never will pay in the world; they say it's as mad a scheme as the canal.' 'Do they, indeed?' says I, 'send them to me, then, and I'll fit the handle on to them in tu tu's. I say it will pay, and the best proof is, our folks will take tu thirds of the stock. Did you ever hear any one else but your folks ax whether a dose of medicine would pay when it was given to save life? A bridge makes a town, a river makes a town, a canal makes a town; but a railroad is bridge, river, thoroughfare, canal, all in one: what a whappin' large place that would make, wouldn't it? It would be the dandy, that's a fact. No, when you go back,

take a piece of chalk, and the first dark night, write on every door in Halifax, in large letters—*a railroad;* and if they don't know the meanin' of it, says you, 'It's a Yankee word; if you'll go to Sam Slick, the Clockmaker,' (the chap that fixed a Yankee handle on to a Halifax blade,'—and I made him a scrape of my leg, as much as to say That's you!) ''every man that buys a Clock shall hear all about a Railroad.'''

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GRAHAMITE AND THE IRISH PILOT.

'I THINK,' said I, 'this is a happy country, Mr. Slick. The people are fortunately all of one origin; there are no national jealousies to divide, and no very violent politics to agitate them. They appear to be cheerful and contented, and are a civil, good-natured, hospitable race. Considering the unsettled state of almost every part of the world, I think I would as soon cast my lot in Nova Scotia as in any part I know of.'

'It's a clever country, you may depend,' said he, 'a very clever country; full of mineral wealth, aboundin' in superior water privileges and noble harbours, a large part of it prime land, and it is in the very heart of the fisheries. But the folks put me in mind of a sect in our country they call the Grahamites: they eat no meat, and no exciting food, and drink nothin' stronger than water. They call it Philosophy (and that is such a pretty word it has made fools of more folks than them afore now), but I call it tarnation nonsense. I once travelled all through the State of Maine with one of them 'ere chaps. He was as thin as a whippin' post. His skin looked like a blown bladder arter some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin' on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; a real gander-gutted lookin' critter, as holler as a bamboo walkin' cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet-hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved lookin' critter you, you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as the Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.

'Well, when we came to an inn, and a beefsteak was sot afore us for dinner, he'd say, 'Oh, that is too good for me, it's too exciting; all fat meat is diseased meat: give me some bread and cheese.' 'Well,' I'd say, 'I don't know what you call too good, but it ain't good enough for me, for I call it as tough as laushong, and that will bear chawing all day. When I liquidate for my dinner, I like to get about the best that's goin', and I ain't a bit too well pleased if I don't.' Exciting, indeed! thinks I. Lord, I should like to see you excited, if it was only for the fun of the thing. What a temptin' lookin' critter you'd be among the gals, wouldn't you? Why, you look like a subject the doctor boys had dropped on the road arter they had dug you up, and had cut stick and run for it.

'Well, when tea came he said the same thing: 'It's too exciting; give me some water, do; that's follerin' the law of natur'.' 'Well,' says I, 'if that's

the case, you ought to eat beef.' 'Why,' says he, 'how do you make out that 'ere proposition?' 'Why,' says I, 'if drinking water, instead of tea, is natur', so is eating grass according to natur'; now all flesh is grass, we are told, so you had better eat that and call it vegetable; like a man I once seed, who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had done, whipped a leg o' mutton into the oven, and took it out fish. Says he, 'It's 'changed *plaice*,' that's all;' and '*plaice*' ain't a bad fish. The Catholics fast enough, gracious knows, but then they fast on a great rousin' big salmon, at two dollars and forty cents a pound, and lots of old Madeira to make it float light on the stomach; there's some sense in mortifying the appetite arter that fashion, but plaguy little in your way. No,' says I, 'friend, you may talk about natur' as you please; I've studied natur' all my life, and I vow if your natur' could speak out, it would tell you it don't over half like to be starved arter that plan. If you knowed as much about the marks of the mouth as I do, you'd know that you have carniverous as well as graniverous teeth, and that natur' meant by that, you should eat most anything that 'ere doorkeeper, your nose, would give a ticket to, to pass into your mouth. Father rode a race at New York course, when he was near hand to seventy,—and that's more nor you'll do, I guess,—and he eats as hearty as a turkey-cock; and he never confined himself to water neither, when he could get anything convened him better. Says he, 'Sam, grandfather Slick used to say there was an old proverb in Yorkshire, 'A full belly makes a strong back,' and I guess if you try it, natur' will tell you so too.' If ever you go to Connecticut, jist call into father's, and he'll give you a real right down genuine New England breakfast, and if that don't happify your heart, then my name's not Sam Slick. It will make you feel about among the stiffest, I tell you. It will blow your jacket out like a pig at sea. You'll have to shake a reef or two out of your waistban's and make good stowage, I guess, to carry it all under hatches. There's nothin' like a good pastur' to cover the ribs, and make the hide shine, depend on't.'

'Now this Province is like that 'ere Grahamite lawyer's beef,—it's too good for the folks that's in it; they either don't avail it's value or won't use it, because work ain't arter their 'law of natur'.' As you say, they are quiet enough (there's worse folks than the Bluenoses, too, if you come to that), and so they had ought to be quiet, for they have nothin' to fight about. As for politics, they have nothin' to desarve the name; but they talk about it, and a plaguy sight of nonsense they do talk, too.

'They have two parties here, the Tory party and the Opposition party, and both on 'em run to extremes. Them radicals, says one, are for levelin' all down to their own level, though not a peg lower; that's their gauge, jist down to their own notch and no further; and they'd agitate the whole country to obtain that object, for if a man can't grow to be as tall as his neighbour, if he cuts a few inches off him, why, then they are both of one heighth. They are a most dangerous, disaffected people; they are etarnally appealin' to the worst passions of the mob. Well, says t'other, them aristocrats, they'll ruinate

the country; they spend the whole revenue on themselves. What with Bankers, Councillors, Judges, Bishops, and Public Officers, and a whole tribe of Lawyers, as hungry as hawks, and jist about as marciful, the country is devoured, as if there was a flock of locusts a feedin' on it. There's nothin' left for roads and bridges. If you were to listen to the weak and noisy critters on both sides, you'd believe the House of Assembly was one half rogues and t'other half fools. All this arises from ignorance. *If they knew more of each other, I guess they'd lay aside one half their fears and all their abuse. The upper class don't know one half the virtue that's in the middlin' and lower classes; and they don't know one half the integrity and good feelin' that's in the others; and both are fooled and gulled by their own noisy and designin' champions.* Take any two men that are by the ears, they opinionate all they hear of each other, impute all sorts of onworthy motives, an misconstrue every act; let them see more of each other, and they'll find out to their surprise that they had not only been lookin' through a magnifying glass that warn't very true, but a coloured one also, that changed the complexion, and distorted the features; and each one will think t'other a very good kind of chap, and like as not a plaguy pleasant one too.

'If it was axed which side was farthest from the mark in this Province, I vow I should be puzzled to say. As I don't belong to the country, and don't care a snap of my finger for either of 'em, I suppose I can judge better than any man in it; but I snore I don't think there's much difference. The popular side—I won't say patriotic, for we find in our steamboats a man who has a plaguy sight of property in his portmanter is quite as anxious for its safety as him that's only one pair of yarn stockings and a clean shirt, is for his'n—the popular side are not so well informed as t'other, and they have the misfortin' of havin' their passions addressed more than their reason, therefore they are often out of the way, or rather led out of it, and put astray by bad guides; well, t'other side have the prejudices of birth and education to dim their vision, and are alarmed to undertake a thing, from the dread of ambush, or open foes, that their guides are eternally descrying in the mist; *and besides, power has a natural tendency to corpulency.* As for them guides, I'd make short work of 'em, if it was me.

'In the last war with Britain, the *Constitution* frigate was close in once on the shores of Ireland, a lookin' arter some merchant ships, and she took on board a pilot; well, he was a deep, sly, twistical lookin' chap, as you e'enamost ever seed. He had a sort of dark, down look about him, and a leer out of the corner of one eye, like a horse that's goin' to kick. The captain guessed he read in his face, 'Well, now, if I was to run this here Yankee right slap on a rock and bilge her, the King would make a man of me for ever.' So says he to the first leftenant, 'Reeve a rope through that 'ere block at the tip eend of the fore yard, and clap a runnin' noose in it.' The leftenant did it as quick as wink, and came back, and says he, 'I guess it's done.' 'Now,' says the captain, 'look here, pilot; here's a rope you ain't

seed yet; I'll jist explain the use of it to you in case you want the loan of it. If this here frigate, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, gets aground, I'll give you a ride on the slack of that 'ere rope, right up to that yard by the neck, by Gum.' Well, it rubbed all the writin' out of his face as quick as spittin' on a slate takes a sum out, you may depend. Now, they should rig up a crane over the street door of the State House at Halifax, and when any of the pilots at either eend of the buildin' run 'em on the breakers on purpose, string 'em up like an onsafe dog. A sign of that 'ere kind, with 'A house of public entertainment' painted under it, would do the business in less than no time. If it wouldn't keep the hawks out of the poultry yard, it's a pity; it would scare them out of a year's growth, that's a fact; if they used it once, I guess they wouldn't have occasion for it ag'in in a hurry; it would be like the aloe tree, that bears fruit only once in a hundred years.

'If you want to know how to act any time, 'Squire, never go to books, leave them to gals and schoolboys; but go right off and cipher it out of natur', that's a sure guide; it will never deceive you, you may depend. For instance, '*What's that to me?*' is a phrase so common that it shows it's a natural one, when people have no particular interest in a thing. Well, when a feller gets so warm on either side as never to use that phrase at all, watch him, that's all! keep your eye on him, or he'll walk right into you afore you know where you be. If a man runs to me and says, 'Your fence is down,' 'Thank you,' says I, 'that's kind.' If he comes ag'in and says, 'I guess some stray cattle have broke into your short sarce garden,' I thank him ag'in; says I, 'Come now, this is neighbourly;' but when he keeps eternally telling me this thing of one sarvant, and that thing of another sarvant, hints that my friend ain't true, that my neighbours are inclined to take advantage of me, and that suspicious folks are seen about my place, I say to myself, What on airth makes this critter take such a wonderful interest in my affairs? I don't like to hear such tales; he's arter somethin' as sure as the world, if he warn't he'd say, '*What's that to me?*' I never believe much what I hear said by a man's violent friend, or violent enemy. I want to hear what a disinterested man has to say. *Now, as a disinterested man, I say if the members of the House of Assembly, instead of raisin' up ghosts and hobgoblins to frighten folks with, and to show what swordsmen they be, a cuttin' and a thrustin' at phantoms that only exist in their own brains, would turn to, heart and hand, and develop the resources of this fine country, facilitate the means of transport, promote its internal improvement, and encourage its foreign trade, they would make it the richest and greatest, as it now is one of the happiest sections of all America. I hope I may be skinned if they wouldn't—they would, I swan.*'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOCKMAKER QUILTS A BLUENOSE.

The descendents of Eve have profited little by her example. The curiosity of the fair sex is still insatiable, and, as it is often ill directed, it frequently terminates in error. In the coun-

try this feminine propensity is troublesome to a traveller, and he who would avoid importunities would do well to announce at once, on his arrival at a Cumberland inn, his name and his business, the place of his abode, and the length of his visit.

Our beautiful hostess, Mrs. Pugwash, as she took her seat at the breakfast-table this morning, exhibited the example that suggested these reflections. She was struck with horror at our conversation, the latter part only of which she heard, and of course misapplied and misunderstood.

'She was run down by the *President*,' said I, 'and has been laid up for some time, Gulard's people have stripped her, in consequence of her making water so fast.'

'Stripped whom?' said Mrs. Pugwash, as she suddenly dropped the teapot from her hand; 'stripped whom,—for heaven's sake tell me who it is?'

'The *Lady Ogle*,' said I.

'Lady Ogle?' said she, 'how horrid!'

'Two of her ribs were so broken as to require to be replaced with new ones.'

'Two new ribs!' said she, 'well I never heerd the beat of that in all my born days; poor critter, how she must have suffered.'

'On examining her below the waist they found'—

'Examining her still lower,' said she (all the pride of her sex revolting at the idea of such an indecent exhibition), 'you don't pretend to say they stripped her below the waist! What did the Admiral say? Did he stand by and see her handled in that way!'

'The Admiral, madam,' said I, 'did not trouble his head about it. They found her extremely unsound there, and much worm-eaten.'

'Worm-eaten,' she continued, 'how awful! it must have been them nasty jiggers that got in there; they tell me they are dreadful thick in the West Indies; Joe Crow had them in his feet, and lost two of his toes. Worm-eaten, dear, dear! but still that ain't so bad as having them great he-fellows strip one. I promise you if them Gulards had undertaken to strip me, I'd taught them different guess manners; I'd died first before I'd submitted to it. I always heerd tell the English quality ladies were awful bold, but I never heerd the like o' that.'

'What on airth are you drivin' at?' said Mr. Slick. 'I never seed you so much out in your latitude afore, marm, I vow. We were talkin' of repairin' a vessel, not strippin' a woman: what under the sun could have put that 'ere crochet into your head?' She looked mortified and humbled at the result of her own absurd curiosity, and soon quitted the room. 'I thought I should have snorted right out two or three times,' said the Clockmaker; 'I had to pucker up my mouth like the upper eend of a silk puss, to keep from yawhawin' in her face, to hear the critter let her clapper run that fashion. She is not the first hand that has caught a lobster, by puttin' in her oar afore her turn, I guess. She'll mind her stops next hitch, I reckon.' This was our last breakfast at Amherst.

An early frost that smote the potato fields, and changed the beautiful green colour of the Indian corn into shades of light yellow and dark brown, reminded me of the presence of Autumn, of the season of short days and

bad roads. I determined to proceed at once to Parrsboro', and thence by the Windsor and Kentville route to Annapolis, Yarmouth, and Shelburne, and to return by the shore road, through Liverpool and Lunenburg, to Halifax. I therefore took leave (though not without much reluctance) of the Clockmaker, whose intention had been to go to Fort Lawrence.

'Well,' said he, 'I vow I am sorry to part company along with you; a considerable long journey like our'n, is like sitting up late with the gals: a body knows it's getting on pretty well towards mornin', and yet feels loth to go to bed, for it's just the time folks grow sociable. I got a scheme in my head,' said he, 'that I think will answer both on us; I got debts due to me in all them 'ere places for clocks sold by the consarn; now suppose you leave your horse on these marshes this fall, he'll get as fat as a fool, he won't be able to see out of his eyes in a month; and I'll put '*old Clay*' (I call him Clay arter our senator, who is a prime bit of stuff) into a Yankee waggon I have here, and drive you all round the coast.'

This was too good an offer to be declined. A run at grass for my horse, an easy and comfortable waggon, and a guide so original and amusing as Mr. Slick, were either of them enough to induce my acquiescence.

As soon as we had taken our seats in the waggon, he observed,—

'We shall progress real handsum now, that 'ere horse goes etarnal fast, he near about set my axle on fire twice. He's a spanker, you may depend. I had him when he was a two-year-old, all legs and tail, like a devil's darnin' needle, and had him broke on purpose by father's old nigger, January Snow. He knows English real well, and can do near about anything but speak it. He help me once to gin a Bluenose a proper handsum quiltin'.'

'He must have stood a poor chance indeed,' said I, 'a horse kicking, and a man striking him at the same time.'

'O! not arter that pattern at all,' said he; 'Lord, if Old Clay had kicked him, he'd a smashed him like that 'ere saucer you broke at Pugnose's inn, into ten hundred thousand million flinders. O! no, if I didn't fix his flint for him in fair play it's a pity. I'll tell you how it was. I was up to Truro, at Ezra Whitter's inn. There was an arbitration there atween Deacon Text and Deacon Faithful. Well, there was a nation sight of folks there, for they said it was a biter bit, and they came to witness the sport, and to see which critter would get the ear-mark.

'Well, I'd been doin' a little business there among the folks, and had jist sot off for the river, mounted on Old Clay, arter takin' a glass of Ezra's most particular handsum Jamaiky, and was trottin' off pretty slick, when who should I run ag'in but Tim Bradley. He is a dreadful ugly, cross-grained critter, as you e'enamost ever seed, when he is about half-shaved. Well, I stopped short, and says I, 'Mr. Bradley, I hope you bean't hurt, I'm proper sorry I run ag'in you, you can't feel uglier than I do about it, I do assure you.' He called me a Yankee peddler, a cheatin' vagabond, a woodon nutmeg, and threw a good deal of assorted hardware of that kind at me; and the crowd of folks cried out, 'Down with the Yankee!' 'Let him have it, Tim!' 'Teach

him better manners!' and they carried on pretty high, I tell you. Well, I got my dander up too, I felt all up on eend like; and thinks I to myself, My lad, if I get a clever chance, I'll give you such a quiltin' as you never had since you were raised from a seedlin', I vow. So says I, 'Mr. Bradley, I guess you had better let me be; you know I can't fight no more than a cow; I never was brought up to wranglin', I don't like it.' 'Haul off the cowardly rascal!' they all bawled out, 'haul him off and lay it into him!' So he lays right hold of me by the collar, and gives me a pull, and I lets on as if I'd lost my balance, and falls right down. Then I jumps up on eend, and says I, 'Go ahead, Clay,' and the old horse he sets off a head, so I knew I had him when I wanted him. 'Then,' says I, 'I hope you are satisfied now, Mr. Bradley, with that 'ere ungenteel fall you gin me.' Well, he makes a blow at me, and I dodged it. 'Now,' says I, 'you'll be sorry for this, I tell you; I won't be treated this way for nothin', I'll go right off and swear my life ag'in you, I'm most afeerd you'll murder me.' Well, he strikes at me ag'in, thinkin' he had a genuine soft-horn to deal with, and hits me in the shoulder. 'Now,' says I, 'I won't stand here to be lathered like a dog all day long this fashion, it ain't pretty at all; I guess I'll give you a chase for it.' Off I sets arter my horse like mad, and he arter me (I did that to get clear of the crowd, so that I might have fair play at him). Well, I soon found I had the heels of him, and could play him as I liked. Then I slackened up a little, and when he came close up to me, so as nearly to lay his hand upon me, I squatted right whap down, all short, and he pitched over me near about a rod or so, I guess, on his head, and ploughed up the ground with his nose the matter of a foot or two. If he didn't polish up the coulter, and both mouldboards of his face, it's a pity. 'Now,' says I, 'you had better lay where you be and let me go, for I am proper tired; I blow like a horse that's got the heaves; and besides,' says I, 'I guess you had better wash your face, for I am most afeared you hurt yourself.' That riled him properly; I meant that it should, so he ups and at me awful spiteful, like a bull; then I lets him have it, right, left, right, jist three corkers, beginning with the right hand, shifting to the left, and then with the right hand ag'in. This way I did it,' said the Clockmaker (and he showed me the manner in which it was done); 'it's a beautiful way of hitting, and always does the business—a blow for each eye, and one for the mouth. It sounds like ten pounds ten on a blacksmith's anvil; I bunged up both eyes for him, and put in the dead lights in tu tu's, and drew three of his teeth, quicker a plaguy sight, than the Truro doctor could, to save his soul alive. 'Now,' says I, 'my friend, when you recover your eyesight I guess you'll see your mistake; I warn't born in the woods to be scared by an owl. The next time you feel in a most particular elegant good humour, come to me, and I'll play you the second part of that identical same tune, that's a fact.'

'With that I whistled for Old Clay, and back he comes, and I mounted and off, jist as the crowd came up. The folks looked staggered, and wondered a little grain how it was done so cle-

verly in short metre. If I didn't quilt him in no time, you may depend; I went right slap into him, like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush. He found his suit ready made and fitted afore he thought he was half measured. Thinks I, friend Bradley, I hope you know yourself now, for I vow no livin' soul would; you swallowed your soup without singin' out scaldins, and you're near about a pint and a half nearer cryin' than larfin'.

'Yes, as I was sayin', this Old Clay is a real knowin' one; he's as spry as a colt yet, clear grit, ginger to the backbone; I can't help a thinkin' sometimes the breed must have come from old Kentuck, half horse, half alligator, with a cross of the airthquake.

'I hope I may be teetotally ruinated, if I'd take eight hundred dollars for him. Go ahead, you old clinker-built villain,' says he, 'and show the gentleman how wonderful hand*sum* you can travel. Give him the real Connecticut quickstep. That's it! that's the way to carry the President's message to Congress from Washington to New York in no time! that's the go to carry a gal from Boston to Rhode Island, and trice her up to a Justice to be married, afore her father's out of bed of a summer's mornin'. Ain't he a beauty? a real doll? none of your Cumberland critters, that the more you quilt them, the more they won't go; but a proper one, that will go free gratis for nothin,' all out of his own head volun*terrily*. Yes, a horse like Old Clay is worth the whole seed, breed, and generation of the Amherst beasts put together. He's a horse every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel, is Old Clay.

CHAPTER XX.

SISTER SALL'S COURTSHIP.

'THERE goes one of them 'ere everlastin' rottin' poles in that bridge; they are no better than a trap for a critter's leg,' said the Clockmaker. 'They remind me of a trap Jim Munroe put his foot in one night, that near about made one leg half a yard longer than the t'other. I believe I told you of him, what a desperate idle fellow he was; he came from Onion County in Connecticut. Well, he was courtin' Sister Sall. She was a real handsum looking gal; you scarce ever seed a more out-and-out complete critter than she was; a fine figur' head, and a beautiful model of a craft as any in the State, a real clipper, and as full of fun and frolic as a kitten. Well, he fairly turned Sall's head; the more we wanted her to give him up, the more she wouldn't, and we got plaguy on-easy about it, for his character was none of the best.

'At last, father said to him one evening when he came a courtin', 'Jim,' says he, 'you'll never come to no good, if you act like Old Scratch as you do; you ain't fit to come into no decent man's house at all, and your absence would be ten times more agreeable than your company, I tell you. I won't consent to Sall's goin' to them 'ere huskin' parties and quiltin' frolics along with you no more, on no account, for you know how Polly Brown and Nancy White'— 'Now don't,' says he, 'now don't, Uncle Sam, say no more about that, if you know'd all, you wouldn't say it was my fault; and besides; I have turned right about; I am on t'other track now, and the long leg, too; I am as steady as a pump bolt, now. I intend to settle myself and take a farm.'

'Yes, yes; and you could stock it, too, by all accounts, pretty well, unless you are much misreported,' says father, 'but it won't do. I knew your father, he was our sargeant: a proper clever and brave man he was, too; he was one of the heroes of our glorious Revolution. I had a great respect for him, and I am sorry, for his sake, you will act as you do; but I tell you once for all you must give up all thoughts of Sall, now and for everlastin'.' When Sall heerd this, she began to knit away like mad, in a desperate hurry; she looked foolish enough, that's a fact. First she tried to bite in her breath, and look as if there was nothin' particular in the wind; then she blushed all over like scarlet fever, but she recovered that pretty soon; and then her colour went and came, and came and went, till at last she grew as white as chalk, and down she fell slap off her seat on the floor, in a faintin' fit. 'I see,' says father, 'I see it now, you eternal villain,' and he made a pull at the old-fashioned sword, that always hung over the fireplace (we used to call it old Bunker, for his stories always begun, 'When I was at Bunker's Hill), and drawing it out he made a clip at him as wicked as if he was stabbing a rat with a hay-fork; but Jim, he outs of the door like a shot, and draws it to arter him, and father sends old Bunker right through the panel. 'I'll chop you up as fine as mince-meat, you villain,' said he, 'if ever I catch you inside my door ag'in; mind what I tell you, *you'll swing for it yet*.' Well, he made himself considerable scarce arter that: he never sot foot inside the door ag'in, and I thought he had gin up all hopes of Sall, and she of him; when one night, a most particular uncommon dark night, as I was a comin' home from neighbour Dearborne's, I heerd some one a talkin' under Sall's window. Well, I stops and listens, and who should be near the ash saplin' but Jim Munroe, a tryin' to persuade Sall to run off with him to Rhode Island to be married. It was all settled he should come with a horse and shay to the gate, and then help her out of the window, jist at nine o'clock, about the time she commonly went to bed. Then he axes her to reach down her hand for him to kiss (for he was proper clever at soft sawder), and she stretched it down, and he kisses it; and says he, 'I believe I must have the whole of you out arter all,' and gives her a jerk that kinder startled her; it came so sudden like it made her scream; so off he sot, hot foot, and over the gate in no time.

'Well, I ciphered over this all night, a calculatin' how I should reciprocate that trick with him, and at last I hit on a scheme. I recollected father's words at partin', '*Mind what I tell you, you'll swing for it yet;*' and thinks I, Friend Jim, I'll make that prophecy come true yet, I guess. So the next night, jist at dark, I gives January Snow, the old nigger, a nidge with my elbow, and as soon as he looks up, I winks and walks out, and he arter me. Says I, 'January, can you keep your tongue within your teeth, you old niggar, you?' 'Why, massa, why you axe that 'ere question? you tink old Snow he don't know that 'ere yet? my tongue he got plenty room now, debil a tooth left; he can stretch out ever so far; like a little leg in a big bed, he lay quite enough, massa, neber fear.' 'Well, then,'

says I, 'bend down that 'ere ash saplin' softly, you old Snowball, and make no noise.' The saplin' was no sooner bent than secured to the ground by a notched peg and a noose, and a slip-knot was suspended from the tree, jist over the track that led from the pathway to the house. 'Why my Gor, massa, that's a'— 'Hold your mug, you old nigger,' says I, 'or I'll send your tongue a searchin' arter your teeth; keep quiet, and follow me in presently.'

'Well, jist as it struck nine o'clock, says I, 'Sally, hold this here hank of twine for a minute, till I wind a trifle on it off; that's a dear critter.' She sot down her candle, and I put the twine on her hands, and then I begins to wind and wind away ever so slow, and drops the ball every now and then, so as to keep her down-stairs. 'Sam,' says she, 'I do believe you won't wind that 'ere twine on all night; do give it to January; I won't stay no longer; I'm e'enamost dead asleep.' 'The old feller's arm is so plaguy onsteady,' says I, 'it won't do; but hark! what's that? I'm sure I heerd something in the ash saplin', didn't you, Sall?' 'I heerd the geese there, that's all,' says she; 'they always come under the windows at night;' but she looked scared enough, and says she, 'I vow, I'm tired holdin' out of my arms this way, and I won't do it no longer;' and down she throwed the hank on the floor. 'Well,' says I, 'stop one minute, dear, till I send old January out to see if anybody is there; perhaps some o' neighbour Dearborne's cattle have broke into the sarce garden.' January went out, though Sall said it was no use, for she knew the noise of the geese; they always kept close to the house at night, for fear of the varmin. Presently in runs old Snow, with his hair standin' up on eend, and the whites of his eyes lookin' as big as the rims of a soup-plate. 'O!' said he, 'O massa, O Miss Sally, O!' 'What on airth is the matter with you?' said Sally; 'how you do frighten me; I vow, I believe you're mad.' 'O my Gor,' said he, 'O! massa, Jim Munroe he hang himself on the ash saplin' under Miss Sally's window—O my Gor!' That shot was a settler, it struck poor Sall right atwixt wind and water; she gave a lurch ahead, then heeled over, and sunk right down in another faintin' fit; and Juno, old Snow's wife, carried her off and laid her down on the bed. Poor thing, she felt ugly enough, I do suppose.

'Well, father, I thought he'd a fainted too; he was so struck up all of a heap, he was completely bung fungered. 'Dear, dear!' said he, 'I didn't think it would come to pass so soon, but I knew it would come; I foretold it; says I, the last time I seed him, 'Jim,' says I, 'mind what I say, *you'll swing for it yet.*' Give me the sword I wore when I was at Bunker Hill,—may be there is life yet,—I'll cut him down.' The lantern was soon made ready, and out we went to the ash saplin'. 'Cut me down, Sam! that's a good fellow,' said Jim; 'all the blood in my body has swashed into my head, and's a runnin' out o' my nose; I'm e'enamost smothered; be quick, for Heaven's sake.' 'The Lord be praised,' said father, 'the poor sinner is not quite dead yet. Why, as I'm alive—well if that don't beat all natur'! why he has hanged himself by one leg, and's a swingin' like a rabbit, upside down, that's a fact. Why, if it ain't snared, Sam; he is proper-

ly wired I declare; I vow this is some o' your doins, Sam. Well, it was a clever scheme too, but a little grain too dangerous, I guess.' 'Don't stand starin' and jawin' there all night, said Jim, 'cut me down, I tell you.' 'Roll over that 'ere hogshead, old Snow,' said I, 'till I get atop on it and cut him down.' So I soon released him, but he couldn't walk a bit. His ankle was swelled and sprained like vengeance, and he swore one leg was near about six inches longer than t'other. 'Jim Munroe,' says father, 'little did I think I should ever see you inside my door ag'in, but I bid you enter now; we owe you that kindness, anyhow.'

'Well, to make a long story short, Jim was so chop-fallen, and so down in the mouth, he begged for Heaven's sake it might be kept a secret; he said he would run the State if ever it got wind, he was sure he couldn't stand it. 'It will be one while, I guess,' said father, 'afore you are able to run or stand either; but if you will give me your hand, Jim, and promise to give over your evil ways, I will not only keep it secret, but you shall be a welcome guest at old Sam Slick's once more, for the sake of your father. He was a brave man, one of the heroes of Bunker's Hill; he was our sergeant and'—'He promises,' says I, 'father' (for the old man had stuck his right foot out, the way he always stood when he told about the old war; and as Jim couldn't stir a peg, it was a grand chance, and he was goin' to give him the whole Revolution from General Gage up to Independence), 'he promises,' says I, 'father.' Well, it was all settled, and things soon grew as calm as a pan of milk two days' old; and afore a year was over, Jim was as steady a goin' man as Minister Joshua Hopewell, and was married to our Sall. Nothin' was ever said about the snare till arter the weddin'. When the minister had finished axin' a blessin', father goes up to Jim, and says he, 'Jim Munroe, my boy,' givin' him a rousin' slap on the shoulder that sot him a coughin' for the matter of five minutes (for he was a mortal powerful man, was father), 'Jim Munroe, my boy,' says he, 'you've got the snare round your neck, I guess, now, instead of your leg; the saplin' has been a father to you; you may be the father of many saplins.'

'We had a most special time of it, you may depend, all except the minister; father got him into the corner, and gave him chapter and verse for the whole war. Every now and then as I came near them, I heard Bunker's Hill, Brandy-wine, Clinton, Gates, and so on. It was broad day when we parted, and the last that went was poor minister. Father followed him clean down to the gate, and says he, 'Minister, we hadn't time this hitch, or I'd a told you all about the *Evakyation* of New York, but I will tell you that the next time we meet.'

CHAPTER XXI.

SETTING UP FOR GOVERNOR.

'I NEVER see one of them queer little old-fashioned teapots, like that 'ere in the cupboard of Marm Pugwash,' said the Clockmaker, that I don't think of Lawyer Crowningshield and his wife. When I was down to Rhode Island last, I spent an evening with them. After I had been there awhile, the black house-help brought in a little home-made dipped candle, stuck in a turnip

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sliced in two, to make it stand straight, and sot it down on the table. 'Why,' says the Lawyer to his wife, 'Increase, my dear, what on earth is the meanin' o' that? What does little Viney mean by bringin' in such a light as this, that ain't fit for even a log hut of one of our free and enlightened citizens away down East; where's the lamp?' 'My dear,' says she, 'I ordered it—you know they are a goin' to set you up for Governor next year, and I allot we must economize or we will be ruined; the salary is only four hundred dollars a year, you know, and you'll have to give up your practice; we can't afford nothin' now.'

'Well, when tea was brought in, there was a little wee china teapot, that held about the matter of half a pint or so, and cups and sarcers about the bigness of children's toys. When he seed that, he grew most peskily riled, his under lip curled down like a peach leaf that's got a worm in it, and he stripped his teeth and showed his grinders, like a bull-dog. 'What foolery is this?' said he. 'My dear,' said she, 'it's the foolery of being Governor; if you choose to sacrifice all your comfort to being the first rung in the ladder, don't blame me for it. I didn't nominate you; I had no art nor part in it. It was cooked up at that 'ere Convention, at Town Hall.' Well, he sot for some time without sayin' a word, lookin' as black as a thundercloud, just ready to make all natur' crack ag'in. At last he gets up, and walks round behind his wife's chair, and takin' her face between his two hands, he turns it up and gives her a buss that went off like a pistol; it fairly made my mouth water to see him, thinks I, Them lips ain't a bad bank to deposit one's spare kisses in, neither. 'Increase, my dear,' said he, 'I believe you are half right; I'll decline to-morrow, I'll have nothin' to do with it. *I won't be a Governor, on no account.*'

'Well, she had to haw and gee like, both a little, afore she could get her head out of his hands, and then she said, 'Zachariah,' says she, 'how you do act! ain't you ashamed? Do for gracious sake behave yourself!' and she coloured up all over like a crimson piany; 'if you haven't foozled all my hair too, that's a fact,' says she; and she put her curls to rights, and looked as pleased as fun, though poutin' all the time, and walked right out of the room. Presently in come two well-dressed, house-helps, one with a splendid gilt lamp, a real London touch, and another with a tea-tray, with a large solid silver coffee-pot, and teapot, and a cream-jug, and sugar-bowl, of the same genuine metal, and a most elegant set of real gilt china. Then in came Marm Crowningshield herself, lookin' as proud as if she would not call the President her cousin; and she gave the Lawyer a look, as much as to say, I guess when Mr. Slick is gone, I'll pay you off that 'ere kiss with interest, you dear, you, I'll answer a bill at sight for it, I will, you may depend. 'I believe,' said he ag'in, 'you are right, Increase, my dear, it's an expensive kind of honour that, bein' Governor, and no great thanks neither; great cry and little wool, all talk and no cider. It's enough, I guess, for a man to govern his own family, ain't it, dear?' 'Sartin, my love,' said she, 'sartin, a man is never so much in his own proper sphere as there; and besides,' said she,

'his will is supreme to home; there is no danger of any one non-concurring him there;' and she gave me a sly look, as much as to say, I let him think he is master in his own house, for when ladies wear the breeches, their petticoats ought to be long enough to hide them; but I allot, Mr. Slick, you can see with half an eye that the 'grey mare is the better horse' here.

'What a pity it is,' continued the Clockmaker, 'that the Bluenoses would not take a leave out of Marm Crowningshield's book,—talk more of their own affairs and less of politics. I'm sick of the everlastin' sound of 'House of Assembly,' and 'Council,' and 'great folks.' They never alleviate talking about them from July to etarnity.

'I had a curious conversation about politics once, away up to the right here. Do you see that 'ere house,' said he, 'in the field, that's got a lurch to leeward, like a North River sloop struck with a squall off West Point, lopsided like? It looks like Seth Pine, a tailor down to Hartford, that had one leg shorter than t'other, when he stood at ease at militia trainin', a restin' on the littlest one. Well, I had a special frolic there the last time I passed this way. I lost the linch-pin out of my forrard axle, and I turned up there to get it sot to rights. Just as I drove through the gate, I saw the eldest gal a makin' for the house for dear life. She had a short petticoat on that looked like a kilt, and her bare legs put me in mind of the long shanks of a bittern down in a rush swamp, a drivin' away like mad full chisel arter a frog. I could not think what on airth was the matter. Thinks I, She wants to make herself look decent like afore I get in; she don't like to pull her stockings on afore me. So I pulls up the old horse and let her have a fair start. Well, when I came to the door, I heard a proper scuddin'; there was a regular flight into Egypt, jist such a noise as little children make when the mistress comes suddenly into school, all a huddlin' and scroudgin' into their seats, as quick as wink. 'Dear me!' says the old woman, as she put her head out of a broken window to avail who it was, 'is it you, Mr. Slick? I sniggers, if you didn't frighten us properly; we actilly thought it was the sheriff; do come in.'

'Poor thing, she looked half starved and half savage; hunger and temper had made proper strong lines in her face, like water furrows in a ploughed field; she looked bony and thin, like a horse that has had more work than oats, and had a wicked expression, as though it warn't over safe to come too near her heels, an everlastin' kicker. 'You may come out, John,' said she to her husband, 'it's only Mr. Slick;' and out came John from under the bed backwards, on all fours, like an ox out of the shoein' frame, or a lobster skullin' wrong eend foremost; he looked as wild as a hawk. Well, I swan, I thought I should have split,—I could hardly keep from bursting right out with larfter; he was all covered with feathers, lint, and dust, the savins of all the sweepins since the house was built, shoved under there for tidiness. He actilly sneezed for the matter of ten minutes; he seemed half choked with the flaff and stuff, that came out with him like a cloud. Lord, he looked like a goose half picked, as if all the quills were gone, but the pinfeathers,and down were left, jist

ready for singein' and stuffin'. He put me in mind of a sick Adjutant, a great tall hulkin' bird, that comes from the East Indgies, a'most as high as a man, and most as knowin' as a Bluenose. I'd a gin a hundred dollars to have had that chap as a show at a fair; tar and feathers warn't half as nateral. You've seen a gal both larf and cry at the same time, hain't you? Well, I hope I may be shot if I couldn't have done the same. To see that critter come like a turkey out of a bag at Christmas, to be fired at for ten cents a shot, was as good as a play; but to look round and see the poverty—the half naked children, the old pine stumps for chairs; a small bin of poor, watery, yaller potatoes in the corner; daylight through the sides and roof of the house, looking like the tarred seams of a ship, all black where the smoke got out; no utensils for cookin' or eatin', and starvation wrote as plain as a handbill on their holler cheeks, skinny fingers, and sunk eyes—went right straight to the heart. I do declare I believe I should have cried, only they didn't seem to mind it themselves. They had been used to it; like a man that's married to a thunderin' ugly wife, he gets so accustomed to the look of her everlastin' dismal mug, that he don't think her ugly at all.

'Well, there was another chap a settin' by the fire, and he *did* look as if he saw it, and felt it too; he didn't seem over half pleased, you may depend. He was the district schoolmaster, and he told me he was takin' a spell at boardin' there, for it was their turn to keep him. Thinks I to myself, Poor devil, you've brought your pigs to a pretty market, that's a fact. I see how it is, the Bluenoses can't cipher.' The cat's out of the bag now; it's no wonder they don't go ahead, for they don't know nothin'; the 'schoolmaster is abroad,' with the devil to it, for he has no home at all. Why, 'Squire, you might jist as well expect a horse to go right off in gear, before he is halter broke, as a Bluenose to get on in the world, when he has got no schoolin'.

'But to get back to my story. 'Well,' says I, 'how's times with you, Mrs. Spry?' 'Dull,' says she, 'very dull; there's no markets now, things don't fetch nothin'.' Thinks I, some folks hadn't ought to complain of markets, for they don't raise nothin' to sell, but I didn't say so; *for poverty is keen enough, without sharpening its edge by pokin' fun at it.* 'Potatoes,' says I, 'will fetch a good price this fall, for it's a short crop, in a general way; how's your'n?' 'Grand,' says she, 'as complete as ever you seed; our tops were small and didn't look well; but we have the handsomest bottoms, it's generally allowed, in all our place; you never seed the beat of them; they are actilly worth lookin' at.' I vow I had to take a chaw of tobaccy to keep from snorting right out, it sounded so queer like. Thinks I to myself, Old lady, it's a pity you couldn't be changed eend for eend then, as some folks do their stockings; it would improve the look of your dial-plate amazinly then, that's a fact.

'Now there was human natur', 'Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'there was pride even in that hovel. It is found in rags as well as kings' robes,—where butter is spread with the thumb as well as the silver knife; *natur' is natur' wherever you find it.*'

'Jist then, in came one or two neighbours to see the sport, for they took me for a sheriff, or constable, or something of that breed, and when they saw it was me they sot down to hear the news; they fell right to at politics as keen as anything, as if it had been a dish of real Connecticut slapjacks, or hominy; or what is better still, a glass of real genuine splendid mint julep; *whe-eu-up*, it fairly makes my mouth water to think of it. 'I wonder,' says one, 'what they will do for us this winter in the House of Assembly?' 'Nothin',' says the other, 'they never do nothin' but what the great people at Halifax tell 'em. 'Squire Yeoman is the man; he'll pay up the great folks this hitch; he'll let 'em have their own; he's jist the boy that can do it.' Says I, 'I wish I could say all men were as honest then, for I am afeard there are a great many won't pay me up this winter; I should like to trade with your friend; who is he?' 'Why,' says he, 'he is the member for Isle Sable County, and if he don't let the great folks have it, it's a pity.' 'Who do you call great folks? for,' said I, 'I vow I haven't seed one since I came here. The only one that I know that comes near hand to one is Nicholas Overknocker, that lives all along shore, about Margaret's Bay, and he is a great man,—it takes a yoke of oxen to drag him. When I first seed him, says I, 'What on airth is the matter o' that man? has he the dropsy? for he is actilly the greatest man I ever seed; he must weigh the matter of five hundredweight; he'd cut three inches on the rib; he must have a proper sight of lard that chap. No,' says I, 'don't call 'em great men, for there ain't a great man in the country, that's a fact; there ain't one that desarves the name; folks will only larf at you if you talk that way.'

''Well,' says the Bluenose, 'perhaps they bean't great men, exactly in that sense, but they are great men compared to us poor folks; and they eat up all the revenue; there's nothin' left for roads and bridges; they want to ruin the country, that's a fact.' 'Want to ruin your granny,' says I (for it raised my dander to hear the critter talk such nonsense). 'I did hear of one chap,' says I, 'that sot fire to his own house once, up to Squantum, but the cunnin' rascal insured it first; now how can your great folks ruin the country without ruinin' themselves, unless they have insured the Province? Our folks will insure all creation for half nothin', but I never heerd tell of a country being insured ag'in rich men. Now if you ever go to Wall Street to get such a policy leave the door open behind you, that's all; or they'll grab right hold of you, shave your head and blister it, clap a straight-jacket on you, and whip you right into a madhouse, afore you can say Jack Robinson. No, your great men are nothin' but rich men, and I can tell you for your comfort, there's nothin' to hinder you from bein' rich too, if you will take the same means as they did. They were once all as poor folks as you be, or their fathers afore them; for I know their whole breed, seed, and generation, and they wouldn't thank you to tell them that you knew their fathers and grandfathers, I tell you. If ever you want the loan of a hundred pounds from any of them, keep dark about that; see as far ahead as you please, but it ain't always plea-

sant to have folks see too far back. Perhaps they be a little proud or so, but that's nateral; all folks that grow up right off, like a mushroom in one night, are apt to think no small beer of themselves. A cabbage has plaguy large leaves to the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoats, to hide the ground it sprung from, and conceal its extraction, but what's that to you? If they get too large salaries, dock 'em down at once, but don't keep talkin' about it for everlastinly. If you have too many servants, pay some on 'em off, or when they quit your sarvice don't hire others in their room, that's all; but you miss your mark when you keep firin' away the whole blessed time that way.

"'I went out a gunnin' when I was a boy, and father went with me to teach me. Well, the first flock of plover I seed I let slip at 'em, and missed 'em. Says father, says he, 'What a blockhead you be, Sam! that's your own fault; they were too far off, you hadn't ought to have fired so soon. At Bunker's Hill we let the British come right on till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let them have it slap bang.' Well, I felt kinder grigged at missin' my shot, and I didn't over half like to be scolded too; so says I, 'Yes, father; but recollect you had a mud bank to hide behind, where you were proper safe, and you had a rest for your guns too; but as soon as you seed a little more than the whites of their eyes, you run for your dear life, full split; and so I don't see much to brag on in that arter all, so come now.' 'I'll teach you to talk that way, you puppy you,' said he, 'of that glorious day;' and he fetched me a wipe that I do believe, if I hadn't a dodged, would have spoiled my gunnin' for that hitch; so I gave him a wide berth arter that all day. Well, the next time I missed, says I, 'She hung fire everlastinly, it's no wonder;' and the next miss, says I, 'The powder is no good, I vow.' Well, I missed every shot, and I had an excuse for every one on 'em; the flint was bad, or she flashed in the pan, or the shot scaled, or something or another; and when all wouldn't do, I swore the gun was no good at all. 'Now,' says father, (and he edged up all the time, to pay me off for that hit at his Bunker Hill story, which was the only shot I didn't miss), 'you ain't got the right reason arter all. It was your own fault, Sam.'

"'Now that's jist the case with you; you may blame Banks, and Council, and House of Assembly, and 'the great men,' till you are tired, but it's all your own fault; *you've no spirit and no enterprise; you want industry and economy; use them, and you'll soon be as rich as the people at Halifax you call great folks.* They didn't grow rich by talkin', but by workin'; instead of lookin' arter other folks' business, they looked about the keenest arter their own. You are like the machinery of one of our boats,—good enough, and strong enough, but of no airthly use till you get the steam up; you want to be set in motion, and then you'll go ahead like anythin', you may depend. *Give up politics. It's a barren field, and well watched too; where one critter jumps a fence into a good field and gets fat, more nor twenty are chased round and round, by a whole pack of yelpin' curs. till they are fairly beat out,*

and eend by being half starved, and are at the liftin' at last. Look to your farms, your water powers, your fisheries, and factories. In short,' says I, puttin' on my hat and startin', '*look to yourselves; and don't look to others.*''

CHAPTER XXII.

A CURE FOR CONCEIT.

'It's a most curious, unaccountable thing, but it's a fact,' said the Clockmaker, 'the Bluenoses are so conceited, they think they know everything; and yet there ain't a livin' soul in Nova Scotia knows his own business real complete, farmer or fisherman, lawyer or doctor, or any other folk. A farmer said to me one day, up to Pugnose's inn, at River Philip, 'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'I allot this ain't '*a bread country*;' I intend to sell off the house I improve, and go to the States.' 'If it ain't a bread country,' said I, 'I never seed one that was. There is more bread used here, made of best superfine flour, and No. 1 Genesee, than in any other place of the same population in the univarse. You might as well say it ain't a clock country, when to my sartin knowledge, there are more clocks than Bibles in it. I guess you expect to raise your bread ready made, don't you? Well, there's only one class of our free and enlightened citizens that can do that, and that's them that are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It's a pity you wasn't availed of this truth, afore you up killoch and off; take my advice and bide where you be.'

'Well, the fishermen are jist as bad. The next time you go into the fish-market at Halifax, stump some of the old hands; says you, 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' and I liquidate the bet if you lose it. When I've been along-shore afore now, a vendin' of my clocks, and they began to raise my dander, by belittling the Yankees, I always brought them up by a round turn by that requirement, 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' Well, they never could answer it; and then, says I, 'When you larn your own business, I guess it will be time enough to teach other folks their'n.'

'How different it is with our men folk. If they can't get through a question, how beautiful they can go round it, can't they? Nothin' never stops them; I had two brothers, Josiah and Eldad, one was a lawyer, and the other a doctor. They were a talkin' about their examinations one night, at a huskin' frolic, up to Governor Ball's big stone barn at Slickville. Says Josy, 'When I was examined, the Judge axed me all about real estate; and, says he, 'Josiah,' said he, 'what's a fee?' 'Why,' says I, 'Judge, it depends on the natur' of the case. In a common one,' says I, 'I call six dollars a pretty fair one; but lawyer Webster has got afore now, I've heerd tell, one thousand dollars, and that *I do call* a fee.' Well, the Judge he larfed ready to split his side (thinks I, Old chap, you'll bust like a steam biler, if you haint got a safety-valve somewhere or another), and says he, 'I vow, that's superfine; I'll endorse your certificate for you, young man; there's no fear of you; you'll pass the inspection brand anyhow.'

''Well,' says Eldad, I hope I may be skinned if the same thing didn't e'enamost happen to me at my examination. They axed me a nation sight of questions. Some on 'em I could answer, and some

on 'em no soul could, right off the reel at a word, without a little cipherin'; at last they axed me, 'How would you calculate to put a patient into a sweat when common modes wouldn't work nohow?' 'Why,' says I, 'I'd do as Dr. Comfort Payne sarved father.' 'And how was that?' said they. 'Why,' says I, 'he put him into such a sweat as I never seed him in afore, in all my born days, since I was raised, by sending him in his bill, and if that didn't sweat him it's a pity; it was an *active* dose you may depend.' 'I guess that 'ere chap has cut his eye-teeth,' said the President; 'let him pass as approbated.'

'They both knowed well enough; they only made as if they didn't, to poke a little fun at them, for the Slick family were counted in a general way to be pretty considerable cute.

'They reckon themselves here a chalk above us Yankees, but I guess they have a wrinkle or two to grow afore they progress ahead on us yet. If they hain't got a full cargo of conceit here, then I never seed a load, that's all. They have the hold chock full, deck piled up to the pump-handles, and scuppers under water. They larnt that of the British, who are actilly so full of it, they remind me of Commodore Trip. when he was about half shaved he thought everybody drunk but himself. I never liked the last war; I thought it unnateral, and that we hadn't ought to have taken hold of it at all, and so most of our New England folks thought; and I wasn't sorry to hear Gineral Dearborne was beat, seein' we had no call to go into Canada. But when the *Guerriere* was captivated by our old Ironsides, the *Constitution*, I did feel lifted up amost as high as a stalk of Varginny corn among Connecticut middlins; I grew two inches taller, I vow, the night I heerd that news. Brag, says I, is a good dog, but Hold-fast better. The British navals had been a braggin' and a hectorin' so long, that when they landed in our cities they swaggered e'enamost as much as Uncle Peleg (big Peleg as he was called); and when he walked up the centre of one of our narrow Boston streets, he used to swing his arms on each side of him, so that folks had to clear out of both footpaths; he's cut, afore now, the fingers of both hands agin the shop windows on each side of the street. Many the poor feller's crupper bone he's smashed, with his great thick boots, a throwin' out his feet afore him e'enamost out of sight, when he was in full rig a swigglin' away at the top of his gait. Well, they cut as many shines as Uncle Peleg. One frigate they guessed would captivate, sink, or burn our whole navy. Says a naval, one day, to the skipper of a fishing-boat that he took, says he, 'Is it true, Commodore Decatur's sword is made of an old iron hoop?' 'Well,' says the skipper, 'I'm not quite certified as to that, seein' as I never sot eyes on it; but I guess if he gets a chance he'll show you the temper of it some of these days, anyhow.'

'I mind once a British man-o'-war took one of our Boston vessels, and ordered all hands on board, and sent a party to scuttle her; well, they scuttled the fowls and the old particular genuine rum, but they obliviated their errand and left her. Well, next day another frigate (for they were as thick as toads arter a rain) comes near her, and fires a shot for her

to bring to. No answer was made, there bein' no livin' soul on board, and another shot fired, still no answer. 'Why, what on airth is the meanin' of this?' said the captain; 'why don't they haul down that damn goose and gridiron?' (That's what he called our eagle and stars on the flag.) 'Why,' says the first leftenant, 'I guess they are all dead men; that shot frightened them to death.' 'They are afeared to show their noses,' says another, 'lest they should be shaved off by our shots.' 'They are all down below a '*calculatin*'' their loss, I guess,' says a third. 'I'll take my 'davy,' says the captain, 'it's some Yankee trick,—a torpedo in her bottom, or some such trap; we'll let her be;' and sure enough, next day, back she came to shore of herself. 'I'll give you a quarter of an hour,' says the captain of the *Guerriere* to his men, 'to take that 'ere Yankee frigate, the *Constitution*.' I guess he found his mistake where he didn't expect it, without any great sarch for it either. Yes (to eventuate my story), it did me good; I felt dreadful nice, I promise you. It was as lovely as bitters of a cold mornin'. Our folks beat 'em arter that so often, they got a little grain too much conceit also. They got their heels too high for their boots, and began to walk like Uncle Peleg too, so that when the *Chesapeake* got whipped I warn't sorry. We could spare that one, and it made our navals look round, like a feller who gets a hoist, to see who's a larfin at him. It made 'em brush the dust off, and walk on rather sheepish. It cut their combs, that's a fact. The war did us a plaguy sight of good in more ways than one, and it did the British some good, too. It taught 'em not to carry their chins too high, for fear they shouldn't see the gutters,—a mistake that's spoiled many a bran new coat and trousers afore now.

'Well, these Bluenoses have caught this disease, as folks do the Scotch fiddle, by shakin' hands along with the British. Conceit has become here, as Doctor Rush says (you have heerd tell of him? he's the first man of the age; and it's generally allowed our doctors take the shine off all the world), acclimated; it is citizenized among 'em; and the only cure is a real good quiltin'. I met a first chop Colchester gag this summer, a goin' to the races to Halifax, and he knowed as much about racin', I do suppose, as a Choctaw Ingian does of a railroad. Well, he was a praisin' of his horse, and runnin' on like statiee. He was begot, he said, by Roncesvalles, which was better than any horse that ever was seen, because he was once in a duke's stable in England. It was only a man that had blood like a lord, said he, that knew what blood in a horse was. Captain Currycomb, an officer at Halifax, had seen his horse, and praised him; and that was enough—that stamped him—that fixed his value. It was like the President's name to a bank-note,—it makes it pass current. 'Well,' says I, 'I hain't got a drop of blood in me, nothin' stronger than molasses and water, I vow; but I guess I know a horse when I see him for all that, and I don't think any great shakes of your beast, anyhow. What start will you give me,' says I, 'and I will run Old Clay ag'in you, for a mile lick right on eend?' 'Ten rods,' said he, 'for twenty dollars.' Well, we run, and I made Old Clay bite in his breath, and only

beat him by half a neck. 'A tight scratch,' says I, 'that, and it would have served me right if I had been beat. I had no business to run an old roadster so everlastin' fast; it ain't fair on him, is it?' Says he, 'I will double the bet and start even, and run you ag'in if you dare.' 'Well,' says I, 'since I won the last, it wouldn't be pretty not to give you a chance; I do suppose I oughtn't to refuse, but I don't love to abuse my beast by knockin' him about this way.'

As soon as the money was staked, I said, 'Hadn't we better,' says I, 'draw stakes? that ere blood horse of your'n has such uncommon particular bottom, he'll perhaps leave me clean out of sight.' 'No fear of that,' said he, larfin', 'but he'll beat you easy, anyhow. No flinchin',' says he, 'I'll not let you go back of the bargain. It's run or forfeit.' 'Well,' says I, 'friend, there is fear of it; your horse will leave me out of sight, to a sartainty, that's a fact, for he *can't keep up to me no time.* I'll drop him, bull down, in tu tu's.' If Old Clay didn't make a fool of him, it's a pity. Didn't he gallop pretty, that's all? He walked away from him, jist as the *Chancellor Livingston* steamboat passes a sloop at anchor in the North River. Says I, 'I told you your horse would lead me clean out of sight, but you wouldn't believe me; now,' says I, 'I will tell you something else. That 'ere horse will help you to lose more money to Halifax than you are a thinkin' on; for there ain't a beast gone down there that won't beat him. He can't run a bit, and you may tell the British captain I say so. *Take him home and sell him; buy a good yoke of oxen, they are fast enough for a farmer; and give up blood horses to them that can afford to keep stable-helps to tend 'em, and leave bettin' alone to them as has more money nor wit, and can afford to lose their cash, without thinkin' ag'in of their loss.*' 'When I want your advice,' said he, 'I will ask it,' most peskily sulky. 'You might have got it before you axed for it,' said I, 'but not afore you wanted it, you may depend on it. But stop,' said I, 'let's see that all's right afore we part; so I counts over the fifteen pounds I won of him, note by note, as low as anything, on purpose to rile him; then I mounts Old Clay ag'in, and says I, 'Friend, you have considerably the advantage of me this hitch, anyhow.' 'Possible!' says he, 'how's that?' 'Why,' says I, 'I guess you'll return rather lighter than you came, and that's more nor I can say, anyhow;' and then I gave him a wink and a jupe of the head, as much as to say, 'Do you take?' and rode on and left him standin' and scratchin' his head like a feller who's lost his road. If that citizen ain't a born fool, or too far gone in the disease, depend on't, he found '*a cure for conceit.*'

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BLOWIN' TIME.

THE long, rambling dissertation on conceit, to which I had just listened, from the Clockmaker, forcibly reminded me of the celebrated aphorism '*gnothi seauton*,' know thyself, which, both from its great antiquity and wisdom, has been by many attributed to an oracle.

With all his shrewdness to discover, and his humour to ridicule, the foibles of others, Mr. Slick was blind to the many de-

fects of his own character; and while prescribing 'a cure for conceit,' exhibited in all he said, and all he did, the most overweening conceit himself. He never spoke of his own countrymen, without calling them 'the most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the airth,' or as 'takin' the shine off of all creation.' His country he boasted to be the 'best atween the poles,' 'the greatest glory under heaven.' The Yankees he considered (to use his expression) as 'actilly the class-leaders in knowledge among all the Americans,' and boasted that they have not only 'gone ahead of all others,' but had lately arrived at that most enviable ne plus ultra point, 'goin' ahead of themselves.' In short, he entertained no doubt that Slickville was the finest place in the greatest nation in the world, and the Slick family the wisest family in it.

I was about calling his attention to this national trait, when I saw him draw his reins under his foot (a mode of driving peculiar to himself, when he wished to economize the time that would otherwise be lost by an unnecessary delay), and taking off his hat (which, like a peddlar's pack, contained a general assortment), select from a number of loose cigars one that appeared likely 'to go,' as he called it. Having lighted it by a lucifer, and ascertained that it was 'true in draft,' he resumed his reins, and remarked,—

'This must be an everlastin' fine country beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothin' to do but to ride about and talk politics. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a sleighin' over these here marshes with the gals, or playin' ball on the ice, or goin' to quiltin' frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin' home like mad by moonlight. Natur' meant that season on purpose for courtin'. A little tidy, scrumptious-looking sleigh, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin' for the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gathering time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin' right into you, and the other talkin' right at you—is e'enamost enough to drive one ravin', tarin', distracted mad with pleasure, ain't it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din, there's no hearin' one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help looking right at them instead of the horse, and then whap you both go capsized into a snowdrift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin' from a pond, a chatterin' away all the time like a canary bird, and you a haw-hawin' with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way Bluenose gets led on to offer himself as a lovier, afore he knows where he bees.

'But when he gets married, he recovers his eyesight in little less than half no time. He soon finds he's treed; his flint is fixed then, you may depend. She learns him how vinegar is made: '*Put plenty of sugar into the water aforehand, my dear,*' says she, '*if you want to make it real sharp.*' The larf is on the other side of his mouth then. If his sleigh gets upsot, it's no longer a funny matter, I tell you; he catches it

right and left. Her eyes don't look right up to his'n any more, nor her little tongue ring, ring, ring, like a bell any longer; but a great big hood covers her head, and a whappin' great muff covers her face, and she looks like a bag of soiled clothes a goin' to the brook to be washed. When they get out, she don't wait any more for him to walk lock and lock with her, but they march like a horse and cow to water, one in each gutter. If there ain't a transmogrification it's a pity. The difference atween a wife and a sweetheart is near about as great as there is between new and hard cider: a man never tires of puttin' one to his lip, and makes plaguy wry faces at t'other. It makes me so kinder wamblecropt when I think on it, that I'm afeared to venture on matrimony at all.

'The Bluenoses are all a stirrin' in winter. The young folks drive out the gals, and talk love and all sorts of things as sweet as doughnuts. The old folks find it near about as well to leave the old woman to home, for fear they shouldn't keep tune together; so they drive out alone to chat about House of Assembly with their neighbours, while the boys and hired helps do the chores. When the spring comes, and the fields are dry enough to be sowed, they all have to be ploughed, '*cause fall rains wash the lands too much for fall ploughin'*. Well, the ploughs have to be mended and sharpened, '*cause what's the use of doing that afore its wanted?* Well, the wheat gets in too late, and then comes rust; but whose fault is that? *Why, the climate, to be sure, for Nova Scotia ain't a bread country.*

'When a man has to run ever so far as fast as he can clip, he has to stop and take breath; you must do that or choke. So it is with a horse: run him a mile, and his flanks will heave like a blacksmith's bellows; you must slack up the rein and give him a little wind, or he'll fall right down with you. It stands to reason, don't it? Atwixt spring and fall work is '*Blowin' time.*' Then courts come on, and grand jury business, and militia trainin', and race trainin', and what not; and a fine spell of ridin' about and doin' nothin', a real '*Blowing time.*' Then comes harvest, and that is proper hard work: mowin' and pitchin' hay, and reapin' and bindin' grain, and potato diggin'. That's as hard as sole-leather, afore it's hammered on the lapstone; it's a'most next to anything. It takes a feller as tough as Old Hickory (General Jackson) to stand that.

'Ohio is 'most the only country I know of where folks are saved that trouble; and where the freshets come jist in the nick of time for 'em, and sweep all the crops right up in a heap for 'em, and they have nothin' to do but take it home and house it; and sometimes a man gets more than his own crop, and finds a proper swad of it already piled up, only a little wet or so; but all countries ain't like Ohio. Well, arter harvest comes fall, and then there's a grand 'blowin' time' till spring. Now, how the Lord the Bluenoses can complain of their country, when it's only one-third work and two-thirds 'blowin' time,' no soul can tell.

'If folks would only give over talking about that everlastin' House of Assembly and Council, and see to their farms, it would be better for 'em, I guess; for arter all, what is it? Why it's

only a sort of first chop Grand Jury, and nothin' else. It's no more like Congress or Parliament, than Marm Pugwash's keepin'-room is like our State Hall. It is jist nothin'. Congress makes war and peace, has a say in all treaties, confarms all great nominations of the President, regulates the army and navy, governs twenty-four independent States, and snaps its fingers in the face of all the nations of Europe, as much as to say, Who be you? I allot I am as big as you be. If you are six foot high, I am six foot six in my stockin' feet, by gum, and can lambaste any two on you in no time. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. But this little House of Assembly that folks make such a touse about, what is it? Why jist a decent Grand Jury. They make their presentments of little money votes, to mend these everlastin' rottin' little wooden bridges, to throw a poultice of mud once a year on the roads, and then take a 'blowin' time' of three months and go home. The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high-heel boots, and a high-crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight 'most any one, to show he was a man every inch of him.

'I met a member the other day who swaggered near about as large as Uncle Peleg. He looked as if he thought you couldn't find his 'ditto' anywhere. He used some most particular educational words, genuine jaw-breakers. He put me in mind of a squirrel I once shot in our wood location. The little critter got a hickory nut in his mouth; well, he found it too hard to crack, and too big to swallow, and for the life and soul of him, he couldn't spit it out ag'in. If he didn't look like a proper fool, you may depend. We had a pond back of our barn, about the bigness of a good sizable wash-tub, and it was chock full of frogs. Well, one of these little critters fancied himself a bull-frog, and he puffed out his cheeks, and took a rael 'blowin' time' of it; he roared away like thunder; at last he puffed and puffed out till he bust like a biler. If I see the Speaker this winter (and I shall see him to a sartainty if they don't send for him to London, to teach their new Speaker; and he's up to snuff, that 'ere man; he knows how to cipher), I'll jist say to him, 'Speaker,' says I, 'if any of your folks in the House go to swell out like dropsy, give 'em a hint in time. Says you, If you have 'ere a little safety valve about you, let off a little steam now and then, or you'll go for it; recollect the Clockmaker's story of the 'Blowin' time.''

CHAPTER XXIV.

FATHER JOHN O'SHAUGHNESSY.

'To-morrow will be Sabbath day,' said the Clockmaker; 'I guess we'll bide where we be till Monday. I like a Sabbath in the country; all natur' seems at rest. There's a cheerfulness in the day here, you don't find in towns. You have natur' before you here, and nothin' but art there. The deathly stillness of a town, and the barred windows, and shut shops, and empty streets, and great long lines of big brick buildins look melancholy. It seems as if life had ceased tickin', but there hadn't been time for decay to take hold on there; as if day had broke but man slept. I can't describe exactly what I mean, but I always feel kinder gloomy and wamblecropt there.

'Now in the country it's jist what it ought to be—a day of rest for man and beast from labour. When a man rises on the Sabbath, and looks out on the sunny fields and wavin' crops, his heart feels proper grateful, and he says, Come, this is a splendid day, ain't it? let's get ready and put on our bettermost close, and go to meetin'. His first thought is prayerfully to render thanks; and then when he goes to worship he meets all his neighbours, and he knows them all, and they are glad to see each other, and if any two on 'em hain't exactly gee'd together durin' the week, why, they meet on kind of neutral ground, and the minister or neighbours make peace atween them. But it ain't so in towns. You don't know no one you meet there. It's the worship of neighbours, but it's the worship of strangers, too, for neighbours don't know nor care about each other. Yes, I love a Sabbath in the country.'

While uttering this soliloquy, he took up a pamphlet from the table, and turning to the title-page, said, 'Have you ever seen this here book on the 'Elder Controversy' (a controversy on the subject of Infant Baptism). This author's friends say it's a clincher; they say he has sealed up Elder's mouth as tight as a bottle.'

'No,' said I, 'I have not; I have heard of it, but never read it. In my opinion the subject has been exhausted already, and admits of nothing new being said upon it. These religious controversies are a serious injury to the cause of true religion; they are deeply deplored by the good and moderate men of all parties. It has already embraced several denominations in the dispute in this Province, and I hear the agitation has extended to New Brunswick, where it will doubtless be renewed with equal zeal. I am told all the pamphlets are exceptionable in point of temper, and this one in particular, which not only ascribes the most unworthy motives to its antagonist, but contains some very unjustifiable and gratuitous attacks upon other sects unconnected with the dispute. The author has injured his own cause, for *an intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe.*'

'There is no doubt on it,' said the Clockmaker; 'it is as clear as mud, and you are not the only one that thinks so, I tell you. About the hottest time of the dispute, I was to Halifax, and who should I meet but Father John O'Shaughnessy, a Catholic priest. I had met him afore in Cape Breton, and had sold him a clock. Well, he was a leggin' it off hot foot. 'Possible!' says I, 'Father John, is that you? Why, what on airth is the matter of you? what makes you in such an everlastin' hurry, drivin' away like one ravin' distracted mad?' 'A sick visit,' says he; 'poor Pat Lanigan,—him that you mind to Bradore Lake,—well, he's near about at the p'int of death.' 'I guess not,' said I, 'for I jist heerd tell he was dead.' Well, that brought him up all standin', and he 'bouts ship in a jiffy, and walks a little way with me, and we got a talkin' about this very subject. Says he, 'What are you, Mr. Slick?' Well, I looks up to him, and winks,—'A Clockmaker,' says I. Well, he smiled, and says he, 'I see;' as much as to say, I hadn't ought to have axed that 'ere question at all, I guess, for every man's religion is his own, and no-

body else's business. 'Then,' says he, 'you know all about this country. Who does folks say had the best of the dispute?' Says I, 'Father John, it's like the battles up to Canada lines last war, each side claims victory; I guess there ain't much to brag on nary way,—damage done on both sides, and nothin' gained, as far as I can learn.' He stopped short, and looked me in the face, and says he, 'Mr. Slick, you are a man that has seen a good deal of the world, and a considerable of an understandin' man, and I guess I can talk to you. Now,' says he, 'for gracious' sake do jist look here, and see how you heretics—Protestants I mean,' says he, (for I guess that 'ere word slipped out without leave) 'are by the ears, a drivin' away at each other the whole blessed time, tooth and nail, hip and thigh, hammer and tongs, disputin', revilin', wranglin', and beloutin' each other with all sorts of ugly names that they can lay their tongues to. Is that the way you love your neighbours as yourself? *We say this is a practical comment on schism*, and by the powers of Moll Kelly,' said he, 'but they all ought to be well lambasted together, the whole batch on 'em entirely.' Says I, 'Father John, give me your hand; there are some things I guess, you and I don't agree on, and most likely never will, seein' that you are a Popish priest; but in that idee I do opinionate with you, and I wish, with all my heart, all the world thought with us.'

'I guess he didn't half like that 'ere word Popish priest, it seemed to grig him like; his face looked kinder riled, like well water arter a heavy rain; and said he, 'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'your country is a free country, ain't it?' 'The freest,' says I, 'on the face of the airth; you can't 'ditto' it nowhere. We are as free as the air, and when our dander's up, stronger than any hurricane you ever seed—tear up all creation 'most; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere.' 'Do you call this a free country?' said he. 'Pretty considerable middlin',' says I, 'seein' that they are under a king.' 'Well,' says he, 'if you were seen in Connecticut a shakin' hands along with a Popish priest, as you are pleased to call me' (and he made me a bow, as much as to say, Mind your trumps the next deal), 'as you now are in the streets of Halifax along with me, with all your crackin' and boastin' of freedom, I guess you wouldn't sell a clock ag'in in that State for one while, I tell you;' and he bid me good mornin' and turned away. 'Father John!' says I. 'I can't stop,' says he; 'I must see that poor critter's family; they must be in great trouble, and a sick visit is afore controversy in my creed.' 'Well,' says I, 'one word with you afore you go; if that 'ere name Popish priest was an ongenteel one, I ax your pardon; I didn't mean no offense, I do assure you, and I'll say this for your satisfaction, tu; you're the first man in this Province that ever gave me a real right down complete checkmate since I first sot foot in it, I'll be skinned if you ain't.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Slick, 'Father John was right; these antagonizing chaps ought to be well quilted, the whole raft of 'em. It fairly makes me sick to see the folks, each on 'em a backin' up of their own man. Our old minister, Mr. Hopewell (a real good man, and a larned man too at

that), they sent to him once to write ag'in the Unitarians, for they are agoin' ahead like statice in New England, but he refused. Said he, 'Sam,' says he, 'when I first went to Cambridge, there was a boxer and wrastler came there, and he beat every one wherever he went. Well, old Mr. Possit was the Church of England parson at Charleston at the time, and a terrible powerful man he was—a rael sneezer, and as *active* as a weasel. Well, the boxer met him one day, a little way out of town, a takin' of his evenin' walk, and said he, 'Parson,' says he, 'they say you are a most plaguy strong man and uncommon stiff too.' 'Now,' says he, 'I never seed a man yet that was a match for me; would you have any objection jist to let me be availed of your strength here in a friendly way, by ourselves, where no soul would be the wiser? if you will, I'll keep dark about it, I swan.' 'Go your way,' said the parson, 'and tempt me not; you are a carnal-minded, wicked man, and I take no pleasure in such vain, idle sports.' 'Very well,' said the boxer; 'now here I stand,' says he, 'in the path, right slap afore you; if you pass round me then I take it as a sign that you are afeard on me, and if you keep the path, why then you must first put me out—that's a fact.' The parson jist made a spring forrard and ketched him up as quick as wink, and throwed him right over the fence whap on the broad of his back, and then walked on as if nothing had happened—as demure as you please, and lookin' as meek as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. 'Stop,' said the boxer, as soon as he picked himself up, 'stop, Parson,' said he, 'that's a good man, and jist chuck over my horse too, will you, for I swan I believe you could do one near about as easy as t'other. My!' said he, 'if that don't bang the bush; you are another guess chap from what I took you to be, anyhow.'

''Now,' said Mr. Hopewell, says he, 'I won't write, but if 'ere a Unitarian crosses my path, I'll jist over the fence with him in no time, as the parson did the boxer; *for writin' only aggravates your opponents, and never convinces them. I never seed a convart made by that way yet; but I'll tell you what I have seed, a man set his own flock a doubtin' by his own writin'. You may happify your enemies, cantankerate your opponents, and injure your own cause by it, but I defy you to sarve it.* These writers,' said he, 'put me in mind of that 'ere boxer's pupils. He would sometimes set two on 'em to spar; well, they'd put on their gloves, and begin, larfin' and jokin', all in good humour. Presently one on 'em would put in a pretty hard blow; well, t'other would return it in airnest. 'O,' says the other, 'if that's your play, off gloves and at it;' and sure enough, away would fly their gloves, and at it they'd go, tooth and nail.

''No, Sam, the misfortun' is, we are all apt to think Scriptur' intended for our neighbours, and not for ourselves. The poor all think it made for the rich. 'Look at that 'ere Dives,' they say, 'what an all-fired scrape he got into by his avarice, with Lazarus; and ain't it writ as plain as anything, that them folks will find it as easy to go to heaven, as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle?' Well, then, the rich think it all made for the poor—that they sha'n't steal nor bear

false witness, but shall be obedient to them that's in authority. And as for them 'ere Unitarians,' and he always got his dander up when he spoke of them, 'why, there's no doin' nothin' with them,' says he. 'When they get fairly stumped, and you produce a text that they can't get over, nor get round, why, they say, 'It ain't in our version at all; that's an interpolation, it's an invention of them 'ere everlastin' monks;' there's nothin' left for you to do with them, but to sarve them as Parson Possit detailed the boxer—lay right hold of 'em and chuck 'em over the fence, even if they were as big as all out-doors. That's what our folks ought to have done with 'em at first, pitched 'em clean out of the State, and let 'em go down to Nova Scotia, or some outlandish place, for they ain't fit to live in no Christian country at all.

''Fightin' is no way to make convarts; *the true way is to win 'em*. You may stop a man's mouth, Sam,' says he, 'by a crammin' a book down his throat, but you won't convince him. It's a fine thing to write a book all covered over with Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, like a bridle that's real jam, all spangled with brass nails, but who knows whether it's right or wrong? Why, not one in ten thousand. If I had my religion to choose, and warn't able to judge for myself, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd jist ask myself *Who leads the best lives?* Now,' says he, 'Sam, I won't say who do, because it would look like vanity to say it was the folks who hold to our platform, but I'll tell you who don't. *It ain't them that makes the greatest professions always;* and mind what I tell you, Sam, when you go a tradin' with your clocks away down East to Nova Scotia, and them wild provinces, keep a bright look-out on them as cant too much, for *a long face is plaguy apt to cover a long conscience*—that's a fact.''

CHAPTER XXV.

TAMING A SHREW.

THE road from Amherst to Parrsboro' is tedious and uninteresting. In places it is made so straight that you can see several miles of it before you, which produces an appearance of interminable length, while the stunted growth of the spruce and birch trees bespeaks a cold, thin soil, and invests the scene with a melancholy and sterile aspect. Here and there occurs a little valley, with its meandering stream, and verdant and fertile interval, which though possessing nothing peculiar to distinguish it from many others of the same kind, strikes the traveller as superior to them all, from the contrast to the surrounding country. One of these secluded spots attracted my attention, from the number and neatness of the buildings which its proprietor, a tanner and currier, had erected for the purposes of his trade. Mr. Slick said he knew him, and he guessed it was a pity he couldn't keep his wife in as good order as he did his factory.

'They didn't hitch their horses together well at all. He is properly henpecked,' said he; he is afeared to call his soul his own, and he leads the life of a dog; you never seed the beat of it, I vow. Did you ever see a rooster hatch a brood of chickens?'

'No,' said I, 'not that I can recollect.'

'Well, then, I have,' said he, 'and if he don't look like a fool all the time he is a settin' on the eggs, it's a pity; no soul could

help larfin' to see him. Our old nigger, January Snow, had a spite agi'n one of father's roosters, seein' that he was a coward, and wouldn't fight. He used to call him Dearborne, arter our General that behaved so ugly to Canada; and says he one day, 'I guess you are no better than a hen, you everlasting old chicken-hearted villain, and I'll make you a larfin'-stock to all the poultry. I'll put a trick on you you'll bear in mind all your born days.' So he catches old Dearborne, and pulls all the feathers off his breast, and strips him as naked as when he was born, from his throat clean down to his tail, and then takes a bundle of nettles and gives him a proper switchin', that stung him and made him smart like mad; then he warms some eggs and puts them in a nest, and sets the old cock right atop of 'em. Well, the warmth of the eggs felt good to the poor critter's naked belly, and kinder kept the itchin' of the nettles down, and he was glad to bide where he was; and whenever he was tired and got off, his skin felt so cold, he'd run right back and squat down ag'in; and when his feathers began to grow, and he got obstropulous, he got another ticklin' with the nettles, that made him return double quick to his location. In a little time he larnt the trade real complete. Now, this John Porter (and there he is on the bridge, I vow; I never seed the beat o' that,—speak of old Saytin and he's sure to appear), well, he's jist like old Dearborne, only fit to hatch eggs.'

When we came to the bridge, Mr. Slick stopped his horse, to shake hands with Porter, whom he recognized as an old acquaintance and customer. He inquired after a bark-mill he had smuggled from the States for him, and enlarged on the value of such a machine, and the cleverness of his countrymen who invented such useful and profitable articles; and was recommending a new process of tanning, when a female voice from the house was heard, vociferating, 'John Porter, come here this minute.' 'Coming, my dear,' said the husband. 'Come here, I say, directly; why do you stand talking to that Yankee villain there?' The poor husband hung his head, looked silly, and bidding us good-bye, returned slowly to the house.

As we drove on, Mr. Slick said, 'That was me—I did that.'

'Did what?' said I.

'That was me that sent him back; I called him, and not his wife. I had that 'ere bestowment ever since I was knee high or so; I'm a real complete hand at ventriloquism; I can take off any man's voice I ever heard to the very nines. If there was a law agin forgin' that, as there is for handwritin', I guess I should have been hanged long ago. I've had high goes with it many a time, but it's plaguy dangersome, and I don't prac*tise* it now but seldom. I had a real bout with that 'ere citizen's wife once, and completely broke her in for him; she went as gentle as a circus horse for a space, but he let her have her head ag'in, and she's as bad as ever now. I'll tell you how it was.

'I was down to the Island a sellin' clocks, and who should I meet but John Porter; well, I traded with him for one, part cash, part truck, and pro*duce*, and also put off on him that 'ere bark-mill you heerd me axin' about, and it was pretty considerable on in the evenin' afore we finished our trade. I came home

along with him, and had the clock in the waggon to fix it up for him, and to show him how to regilate it. Well, as we neared his house, he began to fret and take on dreadful oneasy; says he, 'I hope Jane won't be abed, 'cause if she is she'll act ugly, I do suppose.' I had heerd tell of her afore—how she used to carry a stiff upper lip, and make him and the broomstick well acquainted together; and says I, 'Why do you put up with her tantrums? I'd make a fair division of the house with her, if it was me; I'd take the inside and allocate her the outside of it pretty quick, that's a fact.' Well, when we came to the house, there was no light in it, and the poor critter looked so streaked and down in the mouth, I felt proper sorry for him. When he rapped at the door, she called out, 'Who's there?' 'It's me, dear,' says Porter. 'You, is it,' said she, 'then you may stay where you be; them as gave you your supper may give you your bed, instead of sendin' you sneakin' home at night like a thief.' Said I, in a whisper, says I, 'Leave her to me John Porter; jist take the horses up to the barn, and see to them, and I'll manage her for you; I'll make her as sweet as sugary candy, never fear.' The barn, you see, is a good piece off to the eastward of the house; and as soon as he was cleverly out of hearin', says I, a imitatin' of his voice to the life, 'Do let me in, Jane,' says I, 'that's a dear critter; I've brought you home some things you'll like, I know.' Well, she was an awful jealous critter; says she, 'Take 'em to her you spent the evenin' with; I don't want you nor your presents neither.' Arter a good deal of coaxin' I stood on the t'other tack, and began to threaten to break the door down; says I, 'You old unhansum-lookin' sinner, you vinerger cruet you, open the door this minit or I'll smash it right in.' That grigged her properly, it made her very wrathy (for nothin' sets up a woman's spunk like callin' her ugly; she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she's all eyes, claws, and bristles).

'I heerd her bounce right out of bed, and she came to the door as she was, ondressed, and onbolted it; and as I entered it, she fetched me a box right across my cheek with the flat of her hand, that made it tingle ag'in. 'I'll teach you to call names ag'in,' says she, 'you varmint.' It was jist what I wanted; I pushed the door to with my foot, and seizin' her by the arm with one hand, I quilted her with the horsewhip real handsum with the other. At first she roared like mad; I'll give you the ten commandments,' says she (meaning her ten claws), 'I'll pay you for this, you cowardly villain, to strike a woman. How dare you lift your hand, John Porter, to your lawful wife!' and so on; all the time runnin' round and round, like a colt that's breakin', with the mouthin' bit, rarin', kickin,' and plungin' like statiee. Then she began to give in. Says she, 'I beg pardon, on my knees I beg pardon; don't murder me, for Heaven's sake—don't, dear John, don't murder your poor wife, that's a dear; I'll do as you bid me; I promise to behave well, upon my honour I do; O! dear John, do forgive me, do dear.' When I had her properly brought to, for havin' nothin' on but a thin undergarment, every crack of the whip told like a

notch on a baker's tally, says I, 'Take that as a taste of what you'll catch when you act that way, like Old Scratch. Now go and dress yourself, and get supper for me and a stranger I have brought home along with me, and be quick, for I vow I'll be master in my own house.' She moaned like a dog hit with a stone, half whine, half yelp. 'Dear, dear,' says she, 'if I ain't all covered over with welts as big as my finger; I do believe I'm flayed alive!' and she boohoo'd right out like anything.

'When I went to the barn, says I, 'John Porter, your wife made right at me, like one ravin' distracted mad, when I opened the door, thinkin' it was you; and I was obliged to give her a crack or two of the cowskin to get clear of her. It has effectuated a cure completely; now foller it up, and don't let on for your life it warn't you that did it, and you'll be master once more in your own house. She's all docity jist now,—keep her so.' As we returned we saw a light in the keepin' room, the fire was blazin' up cheerfulsome, and Marm Porter moved about as brisk as a parched pea, though as silent as dumb, and our supper was ready in no time. If you had seed how she stared at Porter, it would have made you snicker. She couldn't credit her eyes. He warn't drunk, and he warn't crazy, but there he sot as peeked and as meechin' as you please. She seemed all struck up of a heap at his rebellion. The next day when I was about startin', I advised him to act like a man, and keep the weather-gauge now he had it, and all would be well; but the poor critter only held on a day or two, she soon got the upper hand of him and made him confess all, and by all accounts he leads a worse life now than ever. I put that 'ere trick on him jist now to try him, and I see it's a gone goose with him; the jig is up with him; she'll soon call him with a whistle like a dog. I often think of the hornpipe she danced there in the dark along with me to the music of my whip; she touched it off in great style, that's a fact. I shall mind that go one while, I promise you. It was actilly equal to a play at old Bow'ry. You may depend, 'Squire, the only way to tame a shrew is by the cowskin. Grandfather Slick was raised all along the coast of Kent in Old England, and he used to say there was an old saying there, which, I expect, is not far off the mark:—

'A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you lick them the better they be.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MINISTER'S HORN MUG.

'This country,' said Mr. Slick, 'abounds in superior mill privileges, and one would naterally calculate that such a sight of water power would have led to a knowledge of machinery. I guess if a Bluenose was to go to one of our free and enlightened citizens, and tell him Nova Scotia was intersected with rivers and brooks in all directions, and nearly one quarter of it covered with water, he'd say, 'Well, I'll start right off and see it, I vow, for I guess I'll larn somethin', I allot I'll get another wrinkle away down East there. With such splendid chances for experimentin', what first-chop mills they must have, to a sartainty. I'll see such new combinations, and such new applications of the force of water to motion, that I'll make my fortin', for we can improve on anything

a'most.' Well, he'd find his mistake out, I guess, as I did once, when I took passage in the night at New York for Providence, and found myself the next mornin' clean out to sea, steerin' away for Cape Hatteras, in the Charleston steamer. He'd find he'd gone to the wrong place, I reckon; there ain't a mill of any kind in the Province fit to be seen. If we had 'em, we'd sarve 'em as we do the gamblin' houses down South,—pull 'em right down; there wouldn't be one on 'em left in eight and forty hours.

'Some domestic factories they ought to have here; it's an essential part of the social system. Now we've run to the other extreme; it's got to be too big an interest with us, and ain't suited to the political institutions of our great country. Natur' designed us for an agricultural people, and our government was predicated on the supposition that we would be so. Mr. Hopewell was of the same opinion. He was a great hand at gardenin', orchardin', farmin', and what not. One evenin' I was up to his house, and says he, 'Sam, what do you say to a bottle of my old genu*ine* cider? I guess I got some that will take the shine off of your father's by a long chalk, much as the old gentleman brags of his'n. I never bring it out afore him. He thinks he has the best in all Connecticut. It's an innocent ambition that; and, Sam, it would be but a poor thing for me to gratify my pride at the expense of humblin' his'n. So I never lets on that I have any better, but keep dark about this superfine particular article of mine, for I'd as lives he'd think so as not.' He was a real prim*itive* good man was minister. 'I got some,' said he, 'that was bottled that very year that glorious action was fought atween the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*. Perhaps the whole world couldn't show such a brilliant whippin' as that was. It was a splendid deed, that's a fact. The British can whip the whole airth, and we can whip the British. It was a bright promise for our young eagle; a noble bird that, too—great strength, great courage, and surpassing sagacity.'

'Well, he went down to the cellar, and brought up a bottle, with a stick tied to its neck, and day and date to it, like the lye-bills on the trees in Squire Hendrick's garden. 'I like to see them 'ere cobwebs,' says he, as he brushed 'em off, 'they are like grey hairs in an old man's head; they indicate venerable old age.' As he uncorked it, says he, 'I guess, Sam, this will warm your gizzard, my boy; I guess our great nation may be stumped to produce more eleganter liquor than this here. It's the dandy, that's a fact. That,' said he, a smackin' his lips, and lookin' at its sparklin' top, and layin' back his head, and tippin' off a horn mug brimful of it—'that,' said he, and his eyes twinkled ag'in, for it was plaguy strong—'that is the produce of my own orchard.' 'Well,' I said, 'minister,' says I, 'I never see you a swiggin' it out of that 'ere horn mug, that I don't think of one of your texts.' 'What's that, Sam?' says he, 'for you always had a most a special memory when you was a boy.' 'Why,' says I, 'that 'the horn of the righteous man shall be exalted;' I guess that's what they mean by 'exaltin' the horn,' ain't it?' Lord, if ever you was to New Or*leens*, and seed a black thundercloud rise right up and cover the whole sky in a minit, you'd a thought of it

if you had seed his face. It looked as dark as Egypt. 'For shame!' says he, 'Sam, that's ondecent; and let me tell you that a man that jokes on such subjects, shows both a lack of wit and sense too. I like mirth, you know I do, for it's only the Pharisees and hypocrites that wear long faces, but then mirth must be innocent to please me; and when I see a man make merry with serious things, I set him down as a lost sheep. That comes of your speculatin' to Lowell; and, I vow, them factorin' towns will corrupt our youth of both sexes, and become hotbeds of iniquity.'

'Thinks I, here's a pretty how do you do; I'm in for it now, that's a fact; he'll jist fall to and read a regular sarmon, and he knows so many by heart he'll never stop. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to answer him. So, says I, 'Minister, I ax your pardon; I feel very ugly at havin' given you offence, but I didn't mean it, I do assure you. It jist popped out unexpectedly, like a cork out of one of them 'ere cider bottles. I'll do my possibles that the like don't happen ag'in, you may depend; so 'spose we drink a glass to our reconciliation.' 'That I will,' said he, 'and we will have another bottle too, but I must put a little water into *my glass* (and he dwelt on that word, and looked at me, quite feelin', as much as to say, Don't for goodness' sake make use of that word *horn* ag'in, for it's a joke I don't like), 'for my head han't quite the strength my cider has. Taste this, Sam,' said he (openin' of another bottle); 'it's of the same age as the last, but made of different apples, and I am fairly stumped sometimes to say which is best.'

''These are the pleasures,' says he, 'of a country life. A man's own labour provides him with food, and an appetite to enjoy it. Let him look which way he will, and he sees the goodness and bounty of his Creator, his wisdom, his power, and his majesty. There never was anything so true, as that 'ere old sayin', 'Man made the town, but God made the country,' and both bespeak their different architects in terms too plain to be misunderstood. The one is filled with virtue, and the other with vice. One is the abode of plenty, and the other of want; one is a wareduck of nice pure water, and t'other one a cess-pool. Our towns are gettin' so commercial and factoring, that they will soon generate mobs, Sam' (how true that 'ere has turned out, hain't it? He could see near about as far into a millstone as them that picks the hole into it), 'and mobs will introduce disobedience and defiance to laws, and that must eend in anarchy and bloodshed. No,' said the old man, raising his voice, and giving the table a wipe with his fist that made the glasses all jingle ag'in, 'give me the country—that country to which He that made it said, 'Bring forth grass, the herb yieldin' seed, and the tree yieldin' fruit,' *and who saw it that it was good.* Let me jine with the feathered tribe in the mornin' (I hope you get up airly now, Sam; when you was a boy there was no gettin' you out of bed at no rate) and at sunset, in the hymns which they utter in full tide of song to their Creator. Let me pour out the thankfulness of my heart to the Giver of all good things, for the numerous blessings I enjoy, and intreat Him to bless my increase, that I may have wherewithal to

relieve the wants of others, as He prevents and relieves mine. No! give me the country. It's'—Minister was jist like a horse that has the spavin'; he sot off considerable stiff at first, but when he once got under way, he got on like a house afire. He went like the wind, full split. He was jist beginnin' to warm on the subject, and I knew if he did, what wonderful bottom he had; how he would hang on forever a'most; so says I, 'I think so too, Minister; I like the country; I always sleep better there than in towns; it ain't so plaguy hot, nor so noisy neither; and then it's a pleasant thing to set out on the stoop and smoke in the cool, ain't it? I think,' says I, 'too, Minister, that 'ere uncommon handsum cider of your'n desarves a pipe; what do you think?' 'Well,' says he, 'I think myself a pipe wouldn't be amiss, and I got some rael good Varginny as you e'enamost ever seed, a present from Rowland Randolph, an old college chum; and none the worse to my palate, Sam, for bringin' bygone recollections with it. Phœbe, my dear,' said he to his darter, 'bring the pipes and tobacco.' As soon as the old gentleman fairly got a pipe in his mouth, I give Phœbe a wink, as much as to say, Warn't that well done? That's what I call a most particular handsum fix. He can talk now (and that I do like to hear him do); but he can't make a speech, or preach a sarmon, and that I don't like to hear him do, except on Sabbath day, or up to Town Hall, on oration times.

'Agriculture is not only neglected but degraded here. What a number of young folks there seem to be in these parts, a ridin' about, titivated out real jam, in their go-to-meetin' clothes, a doin' nothin'. It's melancholy to think on it. That's the effect of the last war. The idleness and extravagance of those times took root, and bore fruit abundantly, and now the young people are above their business. They are too high in the instep, that's a fact.

'Old Drivvle, down here to Maccan, said to me one day, 'For gracious' sake,' said he, 'Mr. Slick, do tell me what I shall do with Johnny. His mother sets great store by him, and thinks he's the makins of a considerable smart man; he's growin' up fast now, and I am pretty well to do in the world, and reasonable forehanded, but I don't know what the dogs to put him to. The Lawyers are like spiders, they've eat up all the flies, and I guess they'll have to eat each other soon, for there's more on 'em than causes now every court. The Doctor's trade is a poor one, too; they don't get barely cash enough to pay for their medicines; I never seed a country practitioner yet that made anything worth speakin' of. Then, as for preachin', why church and dissenters are pretty much tarred with the same stick; they live in the same pastur' with their flocks, and, between 'em, it's fed down pretty close I tell you. What would you advise me to do with him?' 'Well,' say I, 'I'll tell you if you won't be miffy with me.' 'Miffy with you indeed,' said he, 'I guess I'll be very much obliged to you; it ain't every day one gets a chance to consult with a person of your experience; I count it quite a privilege to have the opinion of such an understandin' man as you be.' 'Well,' says I, 'take a stick and give him a rael good quiltin'; jist tantune him blazes,

and set him to work. What does the critter want? you have a good farm for him, let him go and airn his bread; and when he can raise that, let him get a wife to make butter for it; and when he has more of both than he wants, let him sell 'em and lay up his money, and he will soon have his bread buttered on both sides. Put him to, eh! why, put him to the PLOUGH, *the most natural, the most happy, the most innocent, and the most healthy employment in the world.*' 'But,' said the old man (and he did not look over half pleased), 'markets are so confounded dull, labour so high, and the banks and great folks a swallerin' all up so, there don't seem much encouragement for farmers; it's hard rubbin', nowadays, to live by the plough—he'll be a hard workin' poor man all his days.' 'O!' says I, 'if he wants to get rich by farmin,' he can do that too. Let him sell his wheat, and eat his oatmeal and rye; send his beef, mutton, and poultry to market, and eat his pork and potatoes; make his own cloth, weave his own linen, and keep out of shops, and he'll grow rich: there are more fortins got by savin' than by makin', I guess, a plaguy sight; he can't eat his cake and have it too, that's a fact. *No, make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society; more honest than traders, more independent than professional men, and more respectable than either.*'

''Ahem!' says Marm Drivvle, and she began to clear her throat for action; she slumped down her knittin' and clawed off her spectacles, and looked right straight at me, so as to take good aim. I seed a regular nor'wester a brewin', I knew it would bust somewhere sartin, and make all smoke ag'in, so I cleared out and left old Drivvle to stand the squall. I conceit he must have had a tempestical time of it, for she had got her Ebenezer up, and looked like a proper sneezer. Make her Johnny a farmer, eh! I guess that was too much for the like o' her to stomach.'

'*Pride, Squire,*' continued the Clockmaker (with such an air of concern, that, I verily believe, the man feels an interest in the welfare of a Province in which he has spent so long a time), '*Pride, Squire, and a false pride, too, is the ruin of this country; I hope I may be skinned if it ain't.*'

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WHITE NIGGER.

ONE of the most amiable, and at the same time most amusing traits, in the Clockmaker's character, was the attachment and kindness with which he regarded his horse. He considered 'Old Clay' as far above a Provincial horse, as he did one of his 'free and enlightened citizens' superior to a Bluenose. He treated him as a travelling companion, and when conversation flagged between us, would often soliloquize to him, a habit contracted from pursuing his journeys alone.

'Well, now,' he would say, 'Old Clay, I guess you took your time agoin' up that 'ere hill—s'pose we progress now. Go along, you old sculpin, and turn out your toes. I reckon you are as deaf as a shad, do you hear there? Go ahead! Old Clay. There now,' he'd say, ''Squire, ain't that dreadful pretty? There's action. That looks about right; legs all under him—gathers all up snug—no bobbin of his head

—no rollin' of his shoulders—no wabblin' of his hind parts, but steady as a pump bolt, and the motion all underneath. When he fairly lays himself to it, he trots like all vengeance. Then look at his ear—jist like rabbit's, none o' your flop-ears like them Amherst beasts, half horses, half pigs, but straight up and p'inted, and not too near at the tips; for that 'ere, I consait, always shows a horse ain't true to draw. *There are only two things, 'Squire, worth lookin' at in a horse, action and soundness; for I never saw a critter that had good action that was a bad beast.* Old Clay puts me in mind of one of our free and enlightened'—

'Excuse me,' said I, 'Mr. Slick, but really you appropriate the word 'free' to your countrymen, as if you thought no other people in the world were entitled to it but yourselves.'

'Neither be they,' said he. 'We first sot the example. Look at our Declaration of Independence. It was writ by Jefferson, and he was the first man of the age; perhaps the world never seed his ditto. It's a beautiful piece of penmanship that; he gave the British the but-eend of his mind there. I calculate you couldn't fault it in no particular; it's generally allowed to be his cap-sheaf. In the first page of it, second section, and first varse, are these words: 'We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' I guess King George turned his quid when he read that. It was somethin' to chaw on, he hadn't been used to the flavour of, I reckon.'

'Jefferson forgot to insert one little word,' said I; 'he should have said, 'all white men;' for as it now stands, it is a practical untruth in a country which tolerates domestic slavery in its worst and most forbidding form. It is a declaration of *shame*, and not of *independence*. It is as perfect a misnomer as ever I knew.'

'Well,' said he, 'I must admit there is a screw loose somewhere thereabouts, and I wish it would convene to Congress to do somethin' or another about our niggers, but I am not quite certified how that is to be sot to rights; I consait that you don't understand us. But,' said he, evading the subject with his usual dexterity, 'we deal only in niggers,—and those thick-skulled, crooked-shanked, flat-footed, long-heeled, whoolly-headed gentlemen don't seem fit for much else but slavery, I do suppose; they ain't fit to contrive for themselves. They are just like grasshoppers; they dance and sing all summer, and when winter comes they have nothin' provided for it, and lay down and die. They require some one to see arter them. Now, we deal in black niggers only, but the Bluenoses sell their own species — they trade in white slaves.'

'Thank God!' said I, 'slavery does not exist in any part of his Majesty's dominions now; we have at last wiped off that national stain.'

'Not quite, I guess,' said he, with an air of triumph, 'it ain't done with in Nova Scotia, for I have seed these human cattle sales with my own eyes; I was availed of the truth of it up here to old Furlong's last November. I'll tell you the story,' said he; and as this story of the Clockmaker's contained some extraordinary statements which I had never heard of before, I noted it in my journal, for the purpose of ascertaining their truth; and, if

founded on fact, of laying them before the proper authorities.

'Last fall,' said he, 'I was on my way to Partridge Island, to ship off some truck and *produce* I had taken in, in the way of trade; and as I neared old Furlong's house, I seed an amazin' crowd of folks about the door; I said to myself, says I, Who's dead, and what's to pay now? what on airth is the meanin' of all this? Is it a vandew, or a weddin', or a rollin' frolic, or a religious stir, or what is it? Thinks I, I'll see; so I hitches Old Clay to the fence, and walks in. It was some time afore I was able to wiggle my way through the crowd, and get into the house. And when I did, who should I see but Deacon Westfall, a smooth-faced, slick-haired, meechin' lookin' chap as you'd see in a hundred, a standin' on a stool, with an auctioneer's hammer in his hand; and afore him was one Jerry Oaks and his wife, and two little orphan children, the prettiest little toads I ever beheld in all my born days. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I will begin the sale by putting up Jerry Oaks, of Apple River; he's a considerable of a smart man yet, and can do many little chores besides feedin' the children and pigs; I guess he's near about worth his keep.' 'Will you warrant him sound, wind and limb?' says a tall, ragged lookin' countryman, 'for he looks to me as if he was foundered in both feet, and had a string halt into the bargain.' 'When you are as old as I be,' says Jerry, 'mayhap you may be foundered too, young man; I have seen the day when you wouldn't dare to pass that joke on me, big as you be.' 'Will any gentleman bid for him,' says the Deacon, 'he's cheap at 7*s*. 6*d*.' 'Why Deacon,' said Jerry, 'why surely your honour isn't agoin' for to sell me separate from my poor old wife, are you? Fifty years have we lived together as man and wife, and a good wife has she been to me, through all my troubles and trials, and God knows I have had enough of 'em. No one knows my ways and my ailments but her; and who can tend me so kind, or who will bear with the complaints of a poor old man but his wife? Do, Deacon, and Heaven bless you for it, and yours, do sell us together; we have but a few days to live now, death will divide us soon enough. Leave her to close my old eyes, when the struggle comes, and when it comes to you, Deacon, as come it must to us all, may this good deed rise up for you, as a memorial before God. I wish it had pleased Him to have taken us afore it came to this, but his will be done;' and he hung his head, as if he felt he had drained the cup of degradation to its dregs. 'Can't afford it, Jerry—can't afford it, old man,' said the Deacon, with such a smile as a November sun gives, a passin' atween clouds. 'Last year they took oats for rates, now nothin' but wheat will go down, and that's as good as cash; and you'll hang on, as most of you do, yet these many years. There's old Joe Crowe, I believe in my conscience he will live for ever.' The biddin' then went on, and he was sold for six shillings a week. Well, the poor critter gave one long, loud, deep groan, and then folded his arms over his breast, so tight that he seemed tryin' to keep in his heart from bustin'. I pitied the misfortunate wretch from my soul; I don't know as I ever felt so streaked afore. Not so his wife,—she was all tongue.

She begged, and prayed, and cried, and scolded, and talked at the very tip eend of her voice, till she became, poor critter, exhausted, and went off in a faintin' fit, and they ketched her up and carried her out to the air, and she was sold in that condition.

'Well, I couldn't make head or tail of all this, I could hardly believe my eyes and ears; so says I to John Porter,—him that has that catamount of a wife, that I had such a touse with,—'John Porter,' says I, 'who ever seed or heerd tell of the like of this? what under the sun does it all mean? What has that 'ere critter done that he should be sold arter that fashion?' 'Done?' said he, 'why nothin', and that's the reason they sell him. This is town-meetin' day, and we always sell the poor for the year, to the lowest bidder. Them that will keep them for the lowest sum, gets them.' 'Why,' says I, 'that feller that bought him is a pauper himself, to my sartin knowledge. If you were to take him up by the heels and shake him for a week, you couldn't shake sixpence out of him. How can he keep him? it appears to me the poor buy the poor here, and that they all starve together.' Says I, 'there was a very good man once lived to Liverpool, so good, he said he hadn't sinned for seven years: well, he put a mill-dam across the river, and stopped all the fish from goin' up, and the court fined him fifty pounds for it; and this good man was so wrathy, he thought he should feel to swear a little, but conscience told him it was wicked. So he compounded with conscience, and cheated the devil, by calling it a 'dam fine business.' Now, friend Porter, if this is your poor-law, it is a damn poor law, I tell you, and no good can come of such hard-hearted doins. It's no wonder your country don't prosper, for who ever heerd of a blessin' on such carryins on as this?' Says I, 'Did you ever hear tell of a cartain rich man, that had a beggar called Lazarus laid at his gate, and how the dogs had more compassion than he had, and came and licked his sores? cause if you have, look at that forehanded and 'sponsible man there, Deacon Westfall, and you see the rich man. And then look at that 'ere pauper, dragged away in that ox-cart from his wife for ever, like a feller to States' Prison, and you see Lazarus. Recollect what follered, John Porter, and have neither act or part in it, as you are a Christian man.'

'It fairly made me sick all day. John Porter follered me out of the house, and as I was a turnin' Old Clay, said he, Mr. Slick,' says he, 'I never seed it in that 'ere light afore, for it's our custom, and custom, you know, will reconcile one to 'most anything. I must say, it does appear, as you lay it out, an unfeelin' way of providin' for the poor; but, as touchin' the matter of dividin' man and wife, why' (and he peered all round to see that no one was within hearin'), 'why, I don't know, but if it was my allotment to be sold, T'd as lieves they'd sell me separate from Jane as not, for it appears to me it's about the best part of it.'

'Now, what I have told you, Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'is the truth; and if members, instead of their everlastin' politics, would only look into these matters a little, I guess it would be far better for the country. So, as for our Declaration of Inde-

pendence, I guess you needn't twit me with our slave-sales, for we deal only in blacks; but Bluenoses approbates no distinction in colours, and when reduced to poverty, is reduced to slavery, and is sold—*a white nigger*.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIRE IN THE DAIRY.

As we approached within fifteen or twenty miles of Parrsboro', a sudden turn of the road brought us directly in front of a large wooden house, consisting of two stories and an immense roof, the height of which edifice was much increased by a stone foundation, rising several feet above-ground.

'Now, did you ever see,' said Mr. Slick, 'such a catamaran as that? there's a proper goney for you, for to go and raise such a buildin' as that 'ere, and he as much use for it, I do suppose, as my old waggon here has for a fifth wheel. Bluenose always takes keer to have a big house, 'cause it shows a big man, and one that's considerable forehanded, and pretty well to do in the world. These Nova Scotians turn up their blue noses as a bottle-nose porpoise turns up his snout, and puff and snort exactly like him at a small house. If neighbour Carrit has a two-story house, all filled with winders, like Sandy Hook lighthouse, neighbour Parsnip must add jist two feet more on to the post of his'n, and about as much more to the rafter, to go ahead of him; so all these long sarce gentlemen strive who can get the furdest in the sky, away from their farms. In New England our maxim is a small house, and a most an everlastin' almighty big barn; but these critters revarse it; they have little hovels for their cattle, about the bigness of a good sizable bear-trap, and a house for the humans as grand as Noah's Ark. Well, jist look at it and see what a figur' it does cut. An old hat stuffed into one pane of glass, and and old flannel petticoat, as yaller as jaundice, in another, finish off the front; an old pair of breeches, and the pad of a bran new cart-saddle worn out, titivate the eend, while the backside is all closed up on account of the wind.

'Whenever you come to such a grand place as this, 'Squire, depend on't the farm is all of a piece, great crops of thistles, and an everlastin' yield of weeds, and cattle the best fed of any in the country, for they are always in the grain fields or mowin' lands, and the pigs a rootin' in the potato patches. A spic and span new gig at the door, shinin' like the mud banks of Windsor when the sun's on 'em, and an old wrack of a hay-waggon, with its tongue onhitched, and stickin' out behind, like a pig's tail, all indicate a big man. He's above thinkin' of farmin' tools, he sees to the bran new gig; and the hired helps look arter the carts. Catch him with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a rubbin' agin their nasty greasy axles, like a tarry nigger; not he, indeed, he'd stick you up with it.

'The last time I came by here, it was a little bit arter daylight down, rainin' cats and dogs, and as dark as Egypt; so thinks I, I'll jist turn in here for shelter to 'Squire Bill Blake's. Well, I knocks away at the front door, till I thought I'd a split it in; but arter a rappin' awhile to no purpose, and findin' no one come, I gropes my way round to the back door, and opens it, and feelin' all along the partition for the latch of the keepin' room, without finding it, I knocks ag'in,

when some one from inside calls out 'Walk!' Thinks I, I don't cleverly know whether that indicates 'walk in,' or 'walk out;' it's plaguy short metre, that's a fact; but I'll see anyhow. Well, arter gropin' about awhile, at last I got hold of the string and lifted the latch and walked in, and there sot old Marm Blake, close into one corner of the chimbley fireplace, a see-sawin' in a rockin' chair, and a half-grown black house-help, half asleep in t'other corner, a scroudgin' up over the embers. 'Who be you?' said Marm Blake, 'for I can't see you.' 'A stranger,' said I. 'Beck!' says she, speakin' to the black heifer in the corner, 'Beck!' says she ag'in, raisin' her voice, 'I believe you are as def as a post, get up this minit and stir the coals, till I see the man.' After the coals were stirred into a blaze, the old lady surveyed me from head to foot; then she axed me my name, and where I came from, where I was agoin', and what my business was. 'I guess,' said she, 'you must be reasonable wet, sit to the fire and dry yourself, or mayhap your health may be endamnified p'r'aps.'

'So I sot down, and we soon got pretty considerably well acquainted, and quite sociable like, and her tongue when it fairly waked up, began to run like a mill-race when the gate's up. I hadn't been talkin' long, 'fore I well-nigh lost sight of her altogether ag'in, for little Beck began to flourish about her broom, right and left, in great style, a clearin' up, and she did raise such an awful thick cloud o' dust, I didn't know if I should ever see or breath either ag'in. Well, when all was sot to rights and the fire made up, the old lady began to apologize for havin' no candles; she said she'd had a grand tea-party the night afore, and used them all up, and a whole sight of vittles too; the old man hadn't been well since, and had gone to bed airly. 'But,' says she, 'I do wish with all my heart you had a come last night, for we had a most a special supper,—punkin pies and dough-nuts, and apple-sarce, and a roast goose stuffed with Indian puddin', and a pig's harslet stewed in molasses and onions, and I don't know what all; and the fore part of to-day folks called to finish. I actilly have nothing left to set afore you; for it was none o' your skim-milk parties, but superfine upper-crust, real jam, and we made clean work of it. But I'll make some tea, anyhow, for you, and perhaps, after that,' said she, alterin' of her tone, 'perhaps you'll expound the Scriptures, for it's one while since I've heerd them laid open powerfully. I hain't been fairly lifted up since that good man Judas Oglethrop travelled this road,' and then she gave a groan and hung down her head, and looked corner-ways, to see how the land lay thereabouts. The teakettle was accordingly put on, and some lard fried into oil, and poured into a tumbler; which, with the aid of an inch of cotton wick, served as a makeshift for a candle.

'Well, arter tea we sot and chatted awhile about fashions, and markets, and sarmons, and scandal, and all sorts o' things; and, in the midst of it, in runs the nigger wench, screamin' out at the tip eend of her voice, 'O Missus! missus! there's Fire in the dairy, Fire in the dairy!' 'I'll give it to you for that,' said the old lady, 'I'll give it you for that, you good-for-nothin' hussy; that's all your carelessness; go

and put it out this minit; how on airth did it get there? my night's milk gone, I dare say; run this minit and put it out, and save the milk.' I am dreadful afeard of fire, I always was from a boy, and seein' the poor foolish critter seize a broom in her fright, I ups with the tea-kettle and follows her; and away we clipped through the entry, she callin' out, 'Mind the cellar-door on the right!' 'Take kear of the close-horse on the left!' and so on, but as I couldn't see nothin', I kept right straight ahead. At last my foot kotched in somethin' or another, that pitched me somewhat less than a rod or so, right ag'in the poor black critter, and away we went heels over head. I heerd a splash and a groan, and I smelt somethin' plaguy sour, but I couldn't see nothin'; at last I got hold of her and lifted her up, for she didn't scream, but made a strange kind of chokin' noise, and by this time up came Marm Blake with a light. If poor Beck didn't let go then in airnest, and sing out for dear life, it's a pity, for she had gone head first into the swill-tub, and the tea-kettle had scalded her feet. She kept a dancin' right up and down, like one ravin' distracted mad, and boo-hoo'd like anything, clawin' away at her head the whole time, to clear away the stuff that stuck to her wool.

'I held in as long as I could, till I thought I should have busted, for no soul could help a larfin,' and at last I haw-hawed right out. 'You good-for-nothin' stupid slut, you,' said the old lady to poor Beck, 'it sarves you right, you had no business to leave it there—I'll pay you.' 'But,' said I, interferin' for the unfortunate critter, 'good gracious, marm! you forget the fire.' 'No I don't,' said she, 'I see him,' and seizin' the broom that had fallen from the nigger's hand, she exclaimed, 'I see him, the nasty varmint,' and began to belabour most unmercifully a poor half-starved cur that the noise had attracted to the entry. 'I'll teach you,' said she, 'to drink milk; I'll larn you to steal into the dairy,' and the besot critter joined chorus with Beck, and they both yelled together, till they fairly made the house ring ag'in. Presently old 'Squire Blake popped his head out of a door, and rubbin' his eyes half asleep and half awake, said, 'What the devil's to pay now, wife?' 'Why nothin',' says she, 'only, *Fire's in the dairy*, and Beck's in the swill-tub, that's all.' 'Well, don't make such a touse, then,' said he, 'if that's all,' and he shot tu the door and went to bed ag'in. When we returned to the keepin' room, the old lady told me that they always had had a dog called '*Fire*' ever since her grandfather, Major Donald Fraser's time, 'and what was very odd,' says she, 'every one on 'em would drink milk if he had a chance.'

'By this time the shower was over, and the moon shinin' so bright and clear that I thought I'd better be up and stirrin', and arter slippin' a few cents into the poor nigger wench's hand, I took leave of the grand folks in the big house. Now, 'Squire, among these middlin'-sized farmers you may lay this down as a rule: *The bigger the house the bigger the fools be that's in it.*

'But howsomever, I never call to mind that 'ere go in the big house up to the right, that I don't snicker when I think of '*Fire in the dairy.*'

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BODY WITHOUT A HEAD.

'I ALLOT you had ought to visit our great country, 'Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'afore you quit for good and all. I calculate you don't understand us. The most splendid location atween the poles is the United States, and the first man alive is Gineral Jackson, the hero of the age, him that's skeered the British out of their seven senses. Then there's the great Daniel Webster; it's generally allowed he's the greatest orator on the face of the airth, by a long chalk, and Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Clay, and Amos Kindle, and Judge White, and a whole raft of statesmen, up to everything and all manner of politics; there ain't the beat of 'em to be found anywhere. If you was to hear 'em I consait you'd hear genuine pure English for once, anyhow; for it's generally allowed we speak English better than the British. They all know me to be an American citizen here, by my talk, for we speak it complete in New England.

'Yes, if you want to see a free people—them that makes their own laws, accordin' to their own notions—go to the States. Indeed, if you can fault them at all, they are a little grain too free. Our folks have their head a trifle too much, sometimes, particular in elections, both in freedom of speech and freedom of press. One hadn't ought to blart right out always all that comes uppermost. A horse that's too free frets himself and his rider too, and both on 'em lose flesh in the long run. I'd e'enamost as lives use the whip sometimes, as to be for everlastinly a pullin' at the rein. One's arm gets plaguy tired, that's a fact. I often think of a lesson I larnt Jehiel Quirk once, for lettin' his tongue outrun his good manners.

'I was down to Rhode Island one summer, to larn gildin' and bronzin', so as to give the finishin' touch to my clocks. Well, the folks elected me a hog-reeve, jist to poke fun at me, and Mr. Jehiel, a beanpole of a lawyer, was at the bottom of it. So one day, up to Town Hall, where there was an oration to be delivered on our Independence, jist afore the orator commenced, in runs Jehiel in a most all-fired hurry; and says he, 'I wonder,' says he, 'if there's ary a hog-reeve here? because if there be I require a turn of his office.' And then, said he, a lookin' up to me, and callin' out at the tip eend of his voice. 'Mr. Hog-reeve Slick,' says he, 'here's a job out here for you.' Folks snickered a good deal, and I felt my spunk a risin' like half flood, that's a fact; but I bit in my breath, and spoke quite cool. 'Possible?' says I; 'well, duty, I do suppose, must be done, though it ain't the most agreeable in the world. I've been a thinkin',' says I, 'that I would be liable to a fine of fifty cents for sufferin' a hog to run at large, and as you are the biggest one, I presume, in all Rhode Island, I'll jist begin by ringin' your nose, to prevent you for the futur' from pokin' your snout where you hadn't ought to;' and I seized him by the nose and nearly wrung it off. Well, you never heerd such a shoutin' and clappin' of hands, and cheerin', in your life; they haw-hawed like thunder. Says I, 'Jehiel Quirk, that was a superb joke of your'n; how you made the folks larf, didn't you? You are e'enamost the wittiest critter I ever seed. I guess you'll mind your parts o' speech, and study the *accidence*

ag'in afore you let your clapper run arter that fashion, won't you?'

'I thought,' said I, 'that among you republicans, there were no gradations of rank or office, and that all were equal, the Hog-reeve and the Governor, the Judge and the Crier, the master and his servant; and although from the nature of things, more power might be entrusted to one than the other, yet that the rank of all was precisely the same.'

'Well,' said he, 'it is so in theory, but not always in practice; and when we do practise it, it seems to go a little ag'in the grain, as if it warn't quite right neither. When I was last to Baltimore there wasa court there, and Chief Justice Marshall was detailed there for duty. Well, with us in New England, the Sheriff attends the Judge to court, and says I to the Sheriff, 'Why don't you escort that 'ere venerable old Judge to the State House; He's a credit to our nation, that man; he's actilly the first pothook on the crane; the whole weight is on him; if it warn't for him the fat would be in the fire in no time. I wonder you don't show him that respect—it wouldn't hurt you one morsel, I guess.' Says he, quite miffy like, 'Don't he know the way to court as well as I do? If I thought he didn't, I'd send one of my niggers to show him the road. I wonder who was his lacky last year, that he wants me to be his'n this time? It don't convene to one of our free and enlightened citizens to tag arter any man, that's a fact; it's too English, and too foreign for our glorious institutions. He's bound by law to be there at ten o'clock, and so be I, and we both know the way there I reckon.'

'I told the story to our minister, Mr. Hopewell (and he has some odd notions about him, that man, though he don't always let out what he thinks). Says he, 'Sam, that was in bad taste' (a great phrase of the old gentleman's, that), 'in bad taste, Sam. That 'ere Sheriff was a goney; don't cut your cloth arter his pattern, or your garment won't become you, I tell you. We are too enlightened to worship our fellow-citizens as the ancients did, but we ought to pay great respect to vartue and exalted talents in this life, and, arter their death, there should be statues of eminent men placed in our national temples, for the veneration of arter ages, and public ceremonies performed annually to their honour. Arter all, Sam,' said he (and he made a considerable of a long pause, as if he was dubersome whether he ought to speak out or not), 'arter all, Sam,' said he, 'atween ourselves (but you must not let on I said so, for the fullness of time hain't yet come), half a yard of blue ribbon is a plaguy cheap way of rewardin' merit, as the English do; and, although we larf at 'em (for folks always will larf at what they hain't got, and never can get), yet titles ain't bad things as objects of ambition, are they?' Then tappin' me on the shoulder, and lookin' up and smilin', as he always did when he was pleased with an idee, 'Sir Samuel Slick would not sound bad, I guess, would it, Sam?'

''When I look at the English House of Lords,' said he, 'and see so much larning, piety, talent, honour, vartue, and refinement collected together, I ax myself this here question: Can a system which produces and sustains such a body of men as the

world never saw before and never will see ag'in, be defective? Well, I answer myself, perhaps it is, for all human institutions are so, but I guess it's e'enabout the best arter all. It wouldn't do here now, Sam, nor perhaps for a century to come; but it will come sooner or later with some variations. Now the Newtown pippin, when transplanted to England, don't produce such fruit as it does in Long Island, and English fruits don't presarve their flavour here neither; allowance must be made for difference of soil and climate.' (O Lord! thinks I, if he turns into his orchard, I'm done for; I'll have to give him the dodge somehow or another, through some hole in the fence, that's a fact; but he passed on that time,) 'So it is,' said he, 'with constitutions; our'n will gradually approximate to their'n, and their'n to our'n. As they lose their strength of executive, they will varge to republicanism, and as we invigorate the form of government (as we must do, or go the old boy), we shall tend towards a monarchy. If this comes on gradually, like the changes in the human body, by the slow approach of old age, so much the better; but I fear we shall have fevers and convulsion-fits, and colics, and an everlastin' gripin' of the intestines first; you and I won't live to see it, Sam, but our posteriors will, you may depend.'

'I don't go the whole figur' with minister,' said the Clockmaker, 'but I do opinionate with him in part. In our business relations we belie our political principles; we say every man is equal in the Union, and should have an equal vote and voice in the government; but in our Banks, Railroad Companies, Factory Corporations, and so on, every man's vote is regilated by his share and proportion of stock; and if it warn't so, no man would take hold on these things at all.

'Natur' ordained it so; a father of a family is head, and rules supreme in his household; his eldest son and darter are like first leftenants under him, and then there is an overseer over the niggers; it would not do for all to be equal there. So it is in the univarse, it is ruled by one Superior Power; if all the angels had a voice in the government I guess'—Here I fell fast asleep; I had been nodding for some time, not in approbation of what he said, but in heaviness of slumber, for I had never before heard him so prosy since I first overtook him on the Colchester road. I hate politics as a subject of conversation; it is too wide a field for chit-chat, and too often ends in angry discussion. How long he continued this train of speculation I do not know, but, judging by the different aspect of the country, I must have slept an hour.

I was at length aroused by the report of his rifle, which he had discharged from the waggon. The last I recollected of his conversation was, I think, about American angels having no voice in the government, an assertion that struck my drowsy faculties as not strictly true; as I had often heard that the American ladies talked frequently and warmly on the subject of politics, and knew that one of them had very recently the credit of breaking up General Jackson's cabinet. When I awoke, the first I heard was, 'Well! I declare, if that ain't an amazin' fine shot, too, considerin' how the critter was a runnin' the whole blessed time;

if I hain't cut her head off with a ball, jist below the throat, that's a fact. There's no mistake in a good Kentucky rifle, I tell you.'

'Whose head?' said I, in great alarm, 'whose head, Mr. Slick? for Heaven's sake what have you done?' (for I had been dreaming of those angelic politicians, the American ladies).

'Why that 'ere hen-partridge's head, to be sure,' said he; 'don't you see how special wonderful wise it looks, a flutterin' about arter its head?'

'True,' said I, rubbing my eyes, and opening them in time to see the last muscular spasms of the decapitated body; 'true, Mr. Slick, it is a happy illustration of our previous conversation —*a body without a head*.'

CHAPTER XXX.

A TALE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

Mr. Slick, like all his countrymen whom I have seen, felt that his own existence was involved in that of the Constitution of the United States, and that it was his duty to uphold it upon all occasions. He effected to consider its government and its institutions as perfect, and if any doubt was suggested as to the stability or character of either, would make the common reply of all Americans, 'I guess you don't understand us,' or else enter into a laboured defence. When left, however, to the free expression of his own thoughts, he would often give utterance to those apprehensions which most men feel in the event of an experiment not yet fairly tried, and which has in many parts evidently disappointed the sanguine hopes of its friends. But, even on these occasions, when his vigilance seemed to slumber, he would generally cover them, by giving them as the remarks of others, or concealing them in a tale. It was this habit that gave his discourse rather the appearance of thinking aloud than a connected conversation.

'We are a great nation, 'Squire,' he said, 'that's sartain, but I'm afeard we didn't altogether start right. It's in politics as in racin', everything depends upon a fair start. If you are off too quick, you have to pull up and turn back ag'in, and your beast gets out of wind and is baffled; and if you lose in the start you hain't got a fair chance arterwards, and are plaguy apt to be jockeyed in the course. When we set up housekeepin', as it were, for ourselves, we hated our stepmother, Old England, so dreadful bad, we wouldn't foller any of her ways of managin' at all, but made new receipts for ourselves. Well, we missed it in many things most consumedly, somehow or another. Did you ever see,' said he, 'a congregation split right in two by a quarrel, and one part go off and set up for themselves?'

'I am sorry to say,' said I, 'that I have seen some melancholy instances of the kind.'

'Well, they shoot ahead, or drop astern, as the case may be, but they soon get on another tack, and leave the old ship clean out of sight. When folks once take to emigratin' in religion in this way, they never know where to bide. First they try one location, and then they try another; some settle here, and some improve there, but they don't hitch their horses together long. Sometimes they complain they *have too little water*, at other times that they *have too much*; they are never satisfied, and wherever these separatists go, they onsettle

others as bad as themselves. *I never look on a desarter as any great shakes.*

'My poor father used to say, 'Sam, mind what I tell you; if a man don't agree in all particulars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he ain't justified on that account, nohow, to separate from them, for, Sam, '*Schism is a sin in the eye of God.*' The whole Christian world,' he would say, 'is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and, Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that 'ere family will grub out t'other one, stalk, branch, and root; it won't so much as leave the seed of it in the ground, to grow by chance as a natural curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withed up together (which it never was and never will be to all etarnity), no great shakes of a bundle arter all; you might take it up under one arm, and walk off with it without winkin'. But, when all lying loose as it always is, jist look at it, and see what a sight it is; all blowin' about by every wind of doctrine, some away up e'enamost out of sight, others rollin' over and over in the dirt; some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather and cracked by the sun—no two of 'em will lie so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects, railin', quarrellin', separatin', and agreein' in nothin' but hatin' each other. It is awful to think on. T'other family will some day or other gather them all up, put them into a bundle and bind them up tight, and condemn 'em as fit for nothin' under the sun, but the fire. Now he who splits one of these here sects by schism, or he who preaches schism, commits a grievous sin, and, Sam, if you vally your own peace of mind, have nothin' to do with such folks.

''It's pretty much about the same in politics. I ain't quite clear in my conscience, Sam, about our glorious Revolution. If that 'ere blood was shed justly in the rebellion, then it was the Lord's doin', but if unlawfully, how am I to answer for my share in it? I was at Bunker's Hill (the most splendid battle it's generally allowed that ever was fought); what effect my shots had, I can't tell, and I am glad I can't, all except one, Sam, and that shot'—Here the old gentleman became dreadful agitated, he shook like an ague fit, and he walked up and down the room, and rung his hands, and groaned bitterly. 'I have wrastled with the Lord, Sam, and have prayed to Him to enlighten me on that pint, and to wash out the stain of that 'ere blood from my hands. I never told you that 'ere story, nor your mother, neither, for she could not stand it, poor critter, she's kinder narvous.

''Well, Doctor Warren (the first soldier of his age, though he never fought afore) commanded us all to resarve our fire till the British came within pint-blank shot, and we could cleverly see the whites of their eyes, and we did so; and we mowed them down like grass, and we repeated our fire with awful effect. I was among the last that remained behind the breast-work, for most on 'em, arter the second shot, cut and run full split. The British were close to us; and an officer, with his sword drawn, was leading on his men, and encouragin'

them to the charge. I could see his features; he was a rael handsum man: I can see him now with his white breeches and black gaiters, and red coat, and three-cornered cocked hat, as plain as if it was yesterday instead of the year '75. Well, I took a steady aim at him, and fired. He didn't move for a space, and I thought I had missed him, when all of a sudden he sprung right straight up on eend, his sword slipped through his hands up to the pint, and then he fell flat on his face atop of the blade, and it came straight out through his back. He was fairly skivered. I never seed anything so awful since I was raised; I actilly screamed out with horror; and I threw away my gun and joined them that were retreatin' over the neck to Charlestown. Sam, that 'ere British officer, if our rebellion was onjust or onlawful, was murdered, that's a fact; and the idee, now I am growin' old, haunts me day and night. Sometimes I begin with the Stamp Act, and I go over all our grievances, one by one, and say, Ain't they a sufficient justification? Well, it makes a long list and I get kinder satisfied, and it appears as clear as anything. But sometimes there come doubts in my mind, jist like a guest that's not invited or not expected, and takes you at a short like, and I say, Warn't the Stamp Act repealed, and concessions made, and warn't offers sent to settle all fairly? and I get troubled and oneasy ag'in. And then I say to myself, says I, O yes, but them offers came too late. I do nothin' now, when I am alone, but argue it over and over ag'in. I actilly dream on that man in my sleep sometimes, and then I see him as plain as if he was afore me; and I go over it all ag'in till I come to that 'ere shot, and then I leap right up in bed and scream like all vengeance, and your mother, poor old critter, says, 'Sam,' says she, 'what on airth ails you, to make you act so like Old Scratch in your sleep? I do believe there's somethin' or another on your conscience.' And I say, 'Polly, dear, I guess we're a goin' to have rain, for that plaguy cute rheumatiz has seized my foot, and it does antagonize me so I have no peace. It always does so when it's like for a change.' 'Dear heart,' she says (the poor simple critter), 'then I guess I had better rub it, hadn't I, Sam?' and she crawls out of bed and gets her red flannel petticoat, and rubs away at my foot ever so long. O, Sam, if she could rub it out of my heart as easy as she thinks she rubs it out of my foot, I should be in peace, that's a fact.

"'What's done, Sam, can't be helped, there is no use in cryin' over spilt milk, but still one can't help a thinkin' on it. But I don't love schisms, and I don't love rebellion.

"'Our Revolution has made us grow faster and grow richer; but, Sam, when we were younger and poorer, we were more pious and more happy. We have nothin' fixed, either in religion or politics. What connection there ought to be atween Church and State, I am not availed, but some there ought to be, as sure as the Lord made Moses. Religion, when left to itself, as with us, grows too rank and luxuriant. Suckers and sprouts, and intersecting shoots, and superfluous wood, make a nice shady tree to look at, but where's the fruit, Sam? that's the question—where's the fruit? No; the pride of human wisdom, and the presumption it breeds,

will ruinate us. Jefferson was an infidel, and avowed it, and gloried in it, and called it the enlightenment of the age. Cambridge College is Unitarian, 'cause it looks wise to doubt, and every drumstick of a boy ridicules the belief of his forefathers. If our country is to be darkened by infidelity, our government defied by every State, and every State ruled by mobs—then, Sam, the blood we shed in our Revolution will be atoned for in the blood and suffering of our fellow-citizens. The murders of that civil war will be expiated by a political suicide of the State.'

'I am somewhat of father's opinion,' said the Clockmaker, 'though I don't go the whole figur' with him; but he needn't have made such an everlastin' touse about fixin' that 'ere British officer's flint for him, for he'd a died of himself by this time, I do suppose, if he had a missed his shot at him. P'r'aps we might have done a little better, and p'r'aps we mightn't, by stickin' a little closer to the old Constitution. But one thing I will say; I think, arter all, your colony government is about as happy and as good a one as I know on. A man's life and property are well protected here at little cost, and he can go where he likes, and do what he likes, provided he don't trespass on his neighbour.

'I guess that's enough for any on us, now ain't it?'

CHAPTER XXXI.

GULLING A BLUENOSE.

'I ALLOT,' said Mr. Slick, 'that the Bluenoses are the most gullible folks on the face of the airth,—rigular soft horns, that's a fact. Politics and such stuff set 'em a gapin', like children in a chimbly corner listenin' to tales of ghosts, Salem witches, and Nova Scotia snow-storms; and while they stand starin' and yawpin', all eyes and mouth, they get their pockets picked of every cent that's in em. One candidate chap says, 'Feller-citizens, this country is goin' to the dogs hand over hand: look at your rivers, you have no bridges; at your wild lands, you have no roads; at your treasury, you hain't got a cent in it; at your markets, things don't fetch nothin'; at your fish, the Yankees ketch 'em all. There's nothin' behind you but sufferin', around you but poverty, afore you but slavery and death. What's the cause of this unheerd of awful state of things, ay, what's the cause? Why, Judges, and Banks, and Lawyers, and great folks, have swallered all the money. They've got you down, and they'll keep you down to all etarnity, you and your posteriors arter you. Rise up, like men! arouse yourselves like freemen, and elect me to the legislatur', and I'll lead on the small but patriotic band; I'll put the big wigs through their facins, I'll make 'em shake in their shoes, I'll knock off your chains and make you free.' Well, the goneys fall tu and elect him, and he desarts right away, with balls, rifle, powder, horn, and all. *He promised too much.*

'Then comes a rael good man, and an everlastin' fine preacher, a most a special spiritual man; renounces the world, the flesh, and the devil, preaches and prays day and night, so kind to the poor, and so humble, he has no more pride than a babe, and so short-handed, he's no butter to his bread—all self-denial, mortifyin' the flesh. Well, as soon as he can work it, he marries the rich-

est gal in all his flock, and then his bread is buttered on both sides. *He promised too much.*

'Then comes a doctor, and a prime article he is, too, 'I've got,' says he, 'a screw auger emetic and hot crop, and if I can't cure all sorts o' things in natur' my name ain't Quack.' Well, he turns stomach and pocket both inside out, and leaves poor Bluenose—a dead man. *He promised too much.*

'Then comes a lawyer, an honest lawyer too, a rael wonder under the sun, as straight as a shingle in all his dealins. He's so honest he can't bear to hear tell of other lawyers; he writes ag'in 'em, raves ag'in 'em, votes ag'in 'em; they are all rogues but him. He's jist the man to take a case in hand, 'cause *he* will see justice done. Well, he wins his case, and fobs all for costs, 'cause he's sworn to see justice done to—himself. *He promised too much.*

'Then comes a Yankee clockmaker' (and here Mr. Slick looked up and smiled), 'with his 'soft sawder,' and 'human natur',' and he sells clocks warranted to run from July to Etarnity, stoppages included, and I must say they do run as long as—as wooden clocks commonly do, that's a fact. But I'll show you presently how I put the leak into 'em, for here's a feller a little bit ahead on us, whose flint I've made up my mind to fix this while past.' Here we were nearly thrown out of the waggon by the breaking down of one of those small wooden bridges, which prove so annoying and so dangerous to travellers. 'Did you hear that 'ere snap?' said he; well, as sure as fate, I'll break my clocks over them 'ere etarnal log bridges, if Old Clay clips over them arter that fashion. Them 'ere poles are plaguy treacherous; they are jist like old Marm Patience Doesgood's teeth, that keeps the great United Independent Democratic Hotel at Squaw Neck Creek, in Massachusetts,—one half gone, and t'other half rotten eends.'

'I thought you had disposed of your last clock,' said I, 'at Colchester, to Deacon Flint.'

'So I did,' he replied, 'the last one I had to sell to *him*, but I've got a few left for other folks yet. Now there is a man on this road, one Zeb Allen, a rael genu*ine* skinflint, a proper close-fisted customer as you'll a'most see anywhere, and one that's not altogether the straight thing in his dealin' neither. He don't want no one to live but himself; and he's mighty handsum to me,—sayin' my clocks are all a cheat, and that we ruinate the country, a drainin' every drop of money out of it, a callin' me a Yankee broom, and what not. But it ain't all jist gospel that he says. Now I'll put a clock on him afore he knows it; I'll go right into him as slick as a whistle, and play him to the eend of my line like a trout. I'll have a hook in his gills, while he's a thinkin' he's only smellin' at the bait. There he is now, I'll be darned if he ain't, standin' afore his shop lookin' as strong as high proof Jamaiky; I guess I'll whip out of the bung while he's a lookin' arter the spicket, and p'r'aps he'll be none o' the wiser till he finds it out, neither.'

'Well, 'Squire, how do you do,' said he; 'how's all at home?'

'Reasonable well, I give you thanks, won't you alight?'

'Can't to-day,' said Mr. Slick, 'I'm in a considerable of a hurry to ketch the packet; have you

any commands for Sou'west? I'm goin' to the Island, and across the Bay to Windsor. Any word that way?'

'No,' says Mr. Allen, 'none that I can think on, unless it be to inquire how butter's goin'; they tell me cheese is down, and pro*duce* of all kinds particular dull this fall.'

'Well, I'm glad I can tell you that question,' said Slick, 'for I don't calculate to return to these parts; butter is risin' a cent or two; I put mine off mind at tenpence.'

'Don't return! possible? why, how you talk! Have you done with the clock trade?'

'I guess I have; it ain't worth follerin' now.'

''Most time,' said the other, laughing, 'for by all accounts the clocks warn't worth havin', and most infarnal dear too; folks begin to get their eyes open.'

'It warn't needed in your case,' said Mr. Slick, with that peculiarly composed manner that indicates suppressed feeling, 'for you were always wide awake: if all the folks had cut their eyeteeth as airly as you did, there'd be plaguy few clocks sold in these parts, I reckon; but you are right, 'Squire, you may say that, they actilly were *not* worth havin', and that's the truth. The fact is,' said he, throwing down his reins, and affecting a most confidential tone, 'I felt almost ashamed of them myself, I tell you. The long and short of the matter is jist this: they don't make no good ones nowadays, no more, for they calculate 'em for shippin' and not for home use. I was all stuck up of a heap, when I seed the last lot I got from the States; I was properly bit by them, you may depend—they didn't pay cost; for I couldn't recommend them with a clear conscience, and I must say I do like a fair deal, for I'm straight up and down, and love to go right ahead, that's a fact. Did you ever see them I fetched when I first came, them I sold over the Bay?'

'No,' said Mr. Allen, 'I can't say I did.'

'Well,' continued he, 'they *were* a prime article, I tell you—no mistake there—fit for any market; it's generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere. If you want a clock, and can lay your hands on one of them, I advise you not to let go the chance; you'll know 'em by the 'Lowell' mark, for they were all made at Judge Beler's factory. 'Squire Shepody, down to Five Islands, axed me to get him one, and a special job I had of it, near about more sarch arter it than it was worth; but I did get him one, and a particular handsum one it is, copal'd and gilt superior. I guess it's worth ary half-dozen in these parts, let t'others be where they may. If I could a got supplied with the like o' them, I could a made a grand spec out of them, for they took at once, and went off quick.'

'Have you got it with you?' said Mr. Allen, 'I should like to see it.'

'Yes, I have it here, all done up in tow, as snug as a bird's egg, to keep it from jarrin', for it hurts 'em consumedly to jolt 'em over them 'ere etarnal wooden bridges. But it's no use to take it out, it ain't for sale; it's bespoke, and I wouldn't take the same trouble to get another for twenty dollars. The only one that I know off that there's any chance of gettin', is one that Increase Crane has up to Wilmot; they say he's a sellin' off.'

After a good deal of persuasion, Mr. Slick unpacked the clock, but protested against his asking for it, for it was not for sale. It was then exhibited, every part explained and praised, as new in invention and perfect in workmanship. Now Mr. Allen had a very exalted opinion of 'Squire Shepody's taste, judgment, and saving knowledge; and, as it was the last and only chance of getting a clock of such superior quality, he offered to take it at the price the 'Squire was to have it, at seven pounds ten shillings. But Mr. Slick vowed he couldn't part with it at no rate, he didn't know where he could get the like again (for he warn't quite sure about Increase Crane's), and the 'Squire would be confounded disappointed; he couldn't think of it. In proportion to the difficulties, rose the ardour of Mr. Allen; his offers advanced to £8, to £8. 10s., to £9.

'I vow,' said Mr. Slick, 'I wish I hadn't let on that I had it at all. I don't 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 couldn't think of putting the 'Squire's pipe out arter that fashion, for he was a very clever man, and as fair as a bootjack.

'Now,' said Mr. Slick, as we proceeded on our way, 'that 'ere feller is properly sarved; he got the most inferior article I had, and I jist doubled the price on him. It's 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 mimicking 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 ain't worth havin', and most infarnal dear too; folks begin to get their eyes open.' Better for you, if you'd a had your'n open, I reckon; a joke is a joke, but I consait you'll find that no joke.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

We had a pleasant sail of three hours from Parrsboro' to Windsor. The arrivals and departures by water are regulated at this place by the tide, and it was sunset before we reached Mrs. Wilcox's comfortable inn. Here, as at other places, Mr. Slick seemed to be perfectly at home; and he pointed to a wooden clock, as a proof of his successful and extended trade, and of the universal influence of 'soft sawder,' and a knowledge of 'human natur'.' Taking out a penknife, he cut off a splinter from a stick of firewood, and balancing himself on one leg of his chair, by the aid of his right foot, commenced his favourite amusement of whittling, which he generally pursued in silence. Indeed, it appeared to have become with him an indispensable accompaniment of reflection.

He sat in this abstracted manner until he had manufactured into delicate shavings the whole of his raw material, when he very deliberately resumed a position of more ease and security, by resting his chair on two legs instead of one, and putting both his feet on the mantel-piece. Then, lighting his cigar, he said in his usual quiet manner,—

'There's a plaguy sight of truth in them 'ere old proverbs. They are distilled facts steamed

down to an essence. They are like portable soup, an amazin' deal of matter in a small compass. They are what I vally most,—experience. Father used to say, I'd as lieves have an old home-spun, self-taught doctor as ary a professor in the college at Philadelphia or New York to attend me; for what they do know, they know by experience, and not by books; and experience is everything; it's hearin', and seein', and tryin'; and after that, a feller must be a born fool if he don't know. That's the beauty of old proverbs; they are as true as a plumb-line, and as short and sweet as sugar-candy. Now when you come to see all about this country you'll find the truth of that 'ere one—'*A man that has too many irons in the fire is plaguy apt to get some on 'em burnt.*'

'Do you recollect that 'ere tree I showed you to Parrsboro'? It was all covered with black knobs, like a wart rubbed with caustic. Well, the plum-trees had the same disease a few years ago, and they all died, and the cherry-trees I consait will go for it too. The farms here are all covered with the same 'black knobs,' and they do look like Old Scratch. If you see a place all gone to wrack and ruin, it's mortgaged you may depend. The 'black knob' is on it. My plan, you know, is to ax leave to put a clock in a house, and let it be till I return. I never say a word about sellin' it, for I know when I come back, they won't let it go arter they are once used to it. Well, when I first came, I knowed no one, and I was forced to inquire whether a man was good for it, afore I left it with him; so I made a pint of axin' all about every man's place that lived on the road. 'Who lives up there in the big house?' says I; 'it's a nice location that, pretty considerable improvements, them.' 'Why, sir, that's A. B.'s; he was well to do in the world once, carried a stiff upper lip, and keered for no one; he was one of our grand aristocrats,—wore a long-tailed coat, and a ruffled shirt; but he must take to ship-buildin', and has gone to the dogs.' 'O,' said I, 'too many irons in the fire. Well, the next farm, where the pigs are in the potato field, whose is that?' 'O, sir, that's C. D.'s; he was a considerable fore-handed farmer, as any in our place, but he sot up for an Assembly-man, and opened a store, and things went ag'in him somehow; he had no luck arterwards. I hear his place is mortgaged, and they've got him cited in chancery.' ''The black knob' is on him,' said I. 'The black what, sir?' says Bluenose. 'Nothin',' say I. 'But the next, who improves that house?' 'Why, that's E. F.'s; he was the greatest farmer in these parts, another of the aristocracy; had a most noble stock o' cattle, and the matter of some hundreds out in j'int notes. Well, he took the contract for beef with the troops; and he fell astarn, so I guess it's a gone goose with him. He's heavy mortgaged.' ''Too many irons' ag'in,' said I. 'Who lives to the left there? that man has a most special fine interval, and a grand orchard too; he must be a good mark, that.' 'Well, he was once, sir, a few years ago; but he built a fullin' mill, and a cardin' mill, and put up a lumber establishment, and speculated in the West Indy line; but the dam was carried away by the freshets, the lumber fell, and faith he fell too; he's shot up, he hain't been seed these two years; his farm

is a common, and fairly run out.' 'O,' said I, 'I understand now, my man; these folks had too many irons in the fire, you see, and some on 'em have got burnt.' 'I never heerd tell of it,' says Bluenose; 'they might, but not to my knowledge;' and he scratched his head, and looked as if he would ask the meanin' of it, but didn't like to. Arter that I axed no more questions; I knew a mortgaged farm as far as I could see it. There was a strong family likeness in 'em all—the same ugly features, the same cast o' countenance. The black knob was discernible, there was no mistake; barn doors broken off, fences burnt up, glass out of windows; more white crops than green, and both lookin' weedy; no wood pile, no sarce garden, no compost, no stock; moss in the mowin' lands, thistles in the ploughed lands, and neglect everywhere; skinnin' had commenced—takin' all out and puttin' nothin' in—gittin' ready for a move, *so as to leave nothin' behind.* Flittin' time had come. Forega-therin', for foreclosin'. Preparin' to curse and quit.

'I was down there last fall, and who should I see but Thomas Rigby, of Windsor. He knew me the minit he laid eyes upon me, for I had sold him a clock the summer afore. (I got paid for it though, for I seed he had too many irons in the fire not to get some on 'em burnt; and besides, I knew every fall and spring the wind set in for the lines from Windsor very strong—a regular trade-wind—a sort of monshune, that blows all one way for a long time without shiftin'.) Well, I felt proper sorry for him, for he was a very clever man, and looked cut up dreadfully, and amazin' down in the mouth. 'Why,' says I, 'possible? is that you, Mr. Rigby? why, as I am alive! if that hain't my old friend—why how do you?' 'Hearty, I thank you,' said he, 'how be you?' 'Reasonable well, I give you thanks,' says I; 'but what on airth brought you here?' 'Why,' says he, 'Mr. Slick, I couldn't well avoid it; times are uncommon dull over the Bay! there's nothin' stirrin' there this year, and never will, I'm thinkin'. No mortal soul *can* live in Nova Scotia. I do believe that our country was made of a Saturday night, arter all the rest of the univarse was finished. One half of it has got all the ballast of Noah's ark thrown out there; and the other half is eat up by bankers, lawyers, and other great folks. All our money goes to pay salaries, and a poor man has no chance at all.' 'Well,' says I, 'are you done up stock and fluke—a total wrack?' 'No,' says he, 'I have two hundred pounds left yet to the good, but my farm, stock, and utensils, them young blood horses, and the bran new vessel I was a buildin', are all gone to pot,—swept as clean as a thrashin' floor, that's a fact; Shark and Co. took all.' 'Well, says I, 'do you know the reason of all that misfortin'?' 'O,' says he, 'any fool can tell that—bad times to be sure; everything has turned ag'in the country; the banks have it all their own way, and much good may it do 'em.' 'Well,' says I, 'what's the reason the banks don't eat us up too, for I guess they are as hungry as your'n be, and no way particular about their food neither, considerable sharp set—cut like razors, you may depend. I'll tell you,' says I, 'how you got that 'ere

slide, that sent you heels over head—*You had too many irons in the fire.* You hadn't ought to have taken hold of ship buildin' at all; you knowed nothin' about it. You should have stuck to your farm, and your farm would have stuck to you. Now go back, afore you spend your money; go up to Douglas, and you'll buy as good a farm for two hundred pounds as what you lost, and see to that, and to that only and you'll grow rich. As for banks, they can't hurt a country no great, I guess, except by breakin', and I consait there's no fear of your'n breakin'; and as for lawyers, and them kind o' heavy coaches, give 'em half the road, and if they run ag'in you, take the law of 'em. *Undivided, unremitting attention paid to one thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will insure success; but you know the old sayin' about 'too many irons.'*

''Now' says I, 'Mr. Rigby, what o'clock is it?' 'Why,' says he, 'the moon is up a piece, I guess it's seven o'clock or thereabouts. I suppose it's time to be a movin'.' 'Stop,' says I, 'jist come with me; I got a rael nateral curiosity to show you—such a thing as you never laid your eyes on in Nova Scotia, I know.' So we walked along towards the beach. 'Now,' says I, 'look at that 'ere man, old Lunar, and his son, a sawin' plank by moonlight, for that 'ere vessel on the stocks there; come ag'in to-morrow mornin' afore you can cleverly discarn objects the matter of a yard or so afore you, and you'll find 'em at it ag'in. I guess that vessel won't ruinate those folks. *They know their business and stick to it.*' Well, away went Rigby, considerable sulky, (for he had no notion that it was his own fault, he laid all the blame on the folks to Halifax); but I guess he was a little grain posed, for back he went, and bought to Sowack, where I hear he has a better farm than he had afore.

'I mind once we had an Irish gal as a dairy help; well, we had a wicked devil of a cow, and she kicked over the milk pail, and in ran Dora, and swore the Bogle did it. Jist so poor Rigby, he wouldn't allow it was nateral causes, but laid it all to politics. Talkin' of Dora, puts me in mind of the gals, for she warn't a bad-lookin' heifer, that. My! what an eye she had, and I consaited she had a particular small foot and ankle too, when I helped her up once into the haymow, to sarch for eggs; but I can't exactly say, for when she brought 'em in, mother shook her head and said it was dangerous; she said she might fall through and hurt herself, and always sent old Snow afterwards. She was a considerable of a long-headed woman, was mother; she could see as far ahead as most folks. She warn't born yesterday, I guess. But that 'ere proverb is true as respects the gals too. Whenever you see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off, and another cools off, and before she brings any one on 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone, and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up ag'in to save her soul alive. I never see a clever lookin' gal in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear, You dear little critter, you, take care! *you have too many irons in the fire; some on 'em will get stone*

cold, and t'other ones will get burnt so, they'll never be no good in natur'.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

WINDSOR AND THE FAR WEST.

THE next morning the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighbourhood. 'You hadn't ought,' says he, 'to be in a hurry; you should see the *vicinity* of this location; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere.'

While the servants were harnessing Old Clay, we went to see a new bridge which had recently been erected over the Avon River. 'That,' said he, 'is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it.'

'You mean of Halifax,' said I, 'St. John is in the other Province.'

'I mean what I say,' he replied, 'and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country; they wouldn't take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are a good many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and nothin' else, who don't call it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the Bluenoses. They have got about as much regard for the country, as a pedler as, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *walks*, 'cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts*, 'cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, 'cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, 'cause he intends to *move all* at last.

'But what a country this Bay country is, isn't it? Look at that medder; bean't it lovely? The prayer-eyes of Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dykes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that's sartin. The land in our Far West, it is generally allowed, can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin'. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an etarnal dyspepsy you can't digest it? A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran new vessels built down in Maine, of best hackmatack, or what's better still, of our rael American live oak (and that's allowed to be about the best in the world); send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck-shot through it; you wouldn't believe what *a bore* they be. Well, that's jist the case with the Western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame ricketty.

'We like the smell of the salt water; it seems kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a ploughin' of the seas, than ploughin' of a prayer-eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut River, to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler or a Salem tea ship. And

then to leave one's folks, and native place, where one was raised, halter broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States for them 'ere new ones, don't seem to go down well at all. Why, the very sight of the Yankee gals is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters! they do look so scrumptious, I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin' like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adams's diamonds (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light), neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses—lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to think on 'em. But it's no use talkin', they are just made critters, that's a fact, full of health and life, and beauty. Now, to change them 'ere splendid white water-lilies of Connecticut and Rhode Island for the yaller crocuses of Illanoy, is what we don't like. It goes most confoundedly ag'in the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed lath; their little peepers are as dull as a boiled cod-fish; their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem all mouth like a crocodile. And that's not the worst of it, neither; for when a woman begins to grow saller it's all over with her; she's up a tree then, you may depend, there's no mistake. You can no more bring back her bloom, than you can the colour to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. It's a gone goose with her that's a fact. And that's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek too. When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin' apt to start along with it. A bilious cheek and a sour temper are like the Siamese twins, there's a nateral cord of union atween them. The one is a signboard, with the name of the firm written on it in big letters. He that don't know this, can't read, I guess. It's no use to cry over spilt milk, we all know, but it's easier said than done, that. Womenkind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin' of their roses, and their frettin' only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall (and when she was young she was a rael witch, a most an everlastin' sweet girl), 'Sally,' he used to say, 'now's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.*' Sall wrote it down; she said it warn't a bad idee, that: but father larfed; he said he guessed minister's courtin' days warn't over, when he made such pretty speeches as that 'ere to the gals. Now, who would go to expose his wife, or his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of thirty bushels of wheat to the acre instead of fifteen? There seems a kinder somethin' in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West go there, I say.

'This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the globe, and right alongside of the salt water; but the folks want three things—*Industry, Enterprise, Economy.* These Bluenoses don't know how to vally this location; only look at it, and see what a place for bisness it is: the centre of the Pro-

vince; the nateral 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 exports of lime, gypsum, freestone, and grindstone; the dykes—but it's no use talkin'; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock-maple tree; stick 'em in anywhere but eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin' fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it, we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin' of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, 'O we are too poor and too young.' Says I, 'You put me in mind of a great long-legged, long-tailed colt father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin' post. He was colt all his days—always young—always poor; and young and poor you'll be I guess to the eend of the chapter.'

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 impassable. 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 humour, rendered his conversation at once valuable and interesting. There are many subjects on which I should like to draw him out; and I promised 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 Havanas—no mistake—the clear thing. When you smoke 'em, think sometimes of your old companion, SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER.'

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.

WHOEVER has condescended to read the First Series of 'The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville,' will recollect that our tour of Nova Scotia terminated at Windsor last autumn, in consequence of bad roads and bad weather, and that it was mutually agreed upon between us to resume it in the following spring. But, alas! spring came not. They retain in this country the name of that delightful portion of the year, but it is 'Vox et preterea nihil.' The short space that intervenes between the dissolution of winter and the birth of sum-

mer deserves not the appellation. Vegetation is so rapid here, that the valleys are often clothed with verdure before the snow has wholly disappeared from the forest.

When I found Mr. Slick at Windsor, I expressed my regret to him that we could not have met earlier in the season; 'but really,' said I, 'they appear to have no spring in this country.' 'Well, I don't know,' said he; 'I never see'd it in that light afore; I was athinkin' we might stump the whole universal world for climate. It's ginerally allowed, our climate in America can't be no better. The spring may be a little short or so, but then it is added to t'other eend, and makes a'most an everlastin' fine autumn. Where will you ditto our fall? It whips English weather by a long chalk, none of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather, but a clear sky and a good breeze, rael cheerfulsome.'

'That,' said I, 'is evading the question; I was speaking of the shortness of spring, and not of the comparative merit of your autumn, which I am ready to admit is a very charming portion of the year in America. But there is one favour I must beg of you during this tour, and that is to avoid the practice you indulged in so much last year, of exalting everything American by depreciating everything British. This habit is, I assure you, very objectionable, and has already had a very perceptible effect on your national character. I believe I am as devoid of what is called national prejudices as most men, and can make all due allowances for them in others. I have no objection to this superlative praise of your country, its institutions or its people, provided you do not require me to join in it, or express it in language disrespectful of the English.'

'Well, well, if that don't beat all,' said he; 'you say, you have no prejudices, and yet you can't bear to hear tell of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens. Captain Aul (Hall), as he called himself, for I never seed an Englishman yet that spoke good English, said he hadn't one mite or morsel of prejudice, and yet in all his three volumes of travels through the *U*-nited States (the greatest nation it's ginerally allowed atween the Poles), only found two things to praise, the kindness of our folks to him, and the State prisons. None are so blind, I guess, as them that won't see; but your folks can't bear it, that's a fact.' 'Bear what?' said I. 'The superiority of the Americans,' he replied; 'it does seem to grig 'em, there's no denyin' it; it does somehow or another seem to go ag'in their grain to admit it most consumedly; nothin' a'most ryles them so much as that. But their sun has set in darkness and sorrow, never again to peer above the horizon. They will be blotted out of the list of nations. Their glory has departed across the Atlantic to fix her everlastin' abode in the *U*-nited States. Yes, man to man,—baganut to baganut,—ship to ship,—by land or by sea,—fair fight, or rough and tumble,—we've whipped 'em, that's a fact, deny it who can; and we'll whip 'em ag'in to all etarnity. 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 hope I may be shot if we ain't.

On fresh or on salt water, on the lakes or the ocean, down comes the red cross and up goes the stars. From Bunker's Hill clean away up to New Orleens the land teems with the glory of our heroes. Yes, our young Republic is a Collossus, with one foot in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific, its head above the everlastin' hills, graspin' in its hands a tri——' 'A rifle, shooting squirrels,' said I; 'a very suitable employment for such a tall, overgrown, long-legged youngster.'

'Well, well,' said he, resuming his ordinary quiet demeanour, and with that good humour that distinguished him, 'put a rifle, if you will, in his hands, I guess you'll find he's not a bad shot neither. But I must see to Old Clay, and prepare for our journey, which is a considerable of a long one, I tell *you*,'—and taking up his hat, he proceeded to the stable. 'Is that fellow mad or drunk,' said a stranger who came from Halifax with me in the coach; 'I never heard such a vapouring fool in my life;—I had a strong inclination, if he had not taken himself off, to show him out of the door.—Did you ever hear such insufferable vanity?' 'I should have been excessively sorry,' I said, 'if you had taken any notice of it. He is, I assure you, neither mad nor drunk, but a very shrewd, intelligent fellow. I met with him accidentally last year while travelling through the eastern part of the province; and although I was at first somewhat annoyed at the unceremonious manner in which he forced his acquaintance upon me, I soon found that his knowledge of the province, its people and government, might be most useful to me. He has some humour, much anecdote, and great originality;—he is, in short, quite a character. I have employed him to convey me from this place to Shelburne, and from thence along the Atlantic coast to Halifax. Although not exactly the person one would choose for a travelling companion, yet if my guide must also be my companion, I do not know that I could have made a happier selection. He enables me to study the Yankee character, of which in his particular class he is a fair sample; and to become acquainted with their peculiar habits, manners, and mode of thinking. He has just now given you a specimen of their national vanity; which, after all, is, I believe, not much greater than that of the French, though perhaps more loudly and rather differently expressed. He is well informed and quite at home on all matters connected with the machinery of the American government, a subject of much interest to me. The explanations I received from him enabled me to compare it with the British and Colonial constitutions, and throw much light on the speculative projects of our reformers. I have sketched him in every attitude and in every light, and I carefully note down all our conversations, so that I flatter myself, when this tour is completed, I shall know as much of America and Americans as some who have even written a book on the subject.'

CHAPTER II.

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

THE day after our arrival at Windsor being Sunday, we were compelled to remain there until the following Tuesday, so as to have one day at our command to visit the College, Retreat Farm,

and the other objects of interest in the neighbourhood. One of the inhabitants having kindly offered me a seat in his pew, I accompanied him to the church, which, for the convenience of the College, was built nearly a mile from the village. From him I learned, that independently of the direct influence of the Church of England upon its own members, who formed a very numerous and respectable portion of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, its indirect operation has been both extensive and important in this colony.

The friends of the establishment, having at an early period founded a college, and patronized education, the professions have been filled with scholars and gentlemen, and the natural and very proper emulation of other sects being thus awakened to the importance of the subject, they have been stimulated to maintain and endow academies of their own.

The general diffusion through the country of a well-educated body of clergymen, like those of the establishment, has had a strong tendency to raise the standard of qualification among those who differ from them, while the habits, manners, and regular conduct of so respectable a body of men naturally and unconsciously modulate and influence those of their neighbours, who may not perhaps attend their ministrations. It is therefore, among other causes doubtless, owing in a great measure to the exertions and salutary example of the Church in the Colonies that a higher tone of moral feeling exists in the British Provinces than in the neighbouring States, a claim which I find very generally put forth in this country, and though not exactly admitted, yet certainly not denied even by Mr. Slick himself. The suggestions of this gentleman induced me to make some inquiries of the Clockmaker, connected with the subject of an establishment; I therefore asked him what his opinion was of the Voluntary System. 'Well, I don't know,' said he: 'what is your'n?' 'I am a member,' I replied, 'of the Church of England; you may, therefore, easily suppose what my opinion is.' 'And I am a citizen,' said he, laughing, 'of Slickville, Onion county, State of Connecticut, United States of America: you may therefore guess what my opinion is too: I reckon we are even now, ar'n't we? To tell you the truth,' said he, 'I never thought much about it. I've been a considerable of a traveller in my day; arovin' about here and there and everywhare: atradin' wherever I seed a good chance of making a speck; paid my shot into the plate, whenever it was handed round in meetin', and axed no questions. It was about as much as I could cleverly do, to look arter my own consarns, and I left the ministers to look arter theirn; but take 'em in a gineral way they are pretty well to do in the world with us, especially as they have the women on their side. Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, Squire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they *do* contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way in the eend, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.

'I recollect when I was last up to Albama, to one of the new

cities lately built there, I was awalkin' one mornin' airly out o' town to get a leetle fresh air, for the weather was so plaguy sultry I could hardly breathe a'most, and I seed a most splendid location there near the road; a beautiful white two-story house with a grand virandah runnin' all round it, painted green, and green vernitians to the winders, and a white pallisade fence in front lined with a row of Lombardy poplars, and two rows of 'em leadin' up to the front door, like two files of sodgers with fixt baganuts; each side of the avenue was a grass plot, and a beautiful image of Adam stood in the centre of one on 'em,—and of Eve, with a fig-leaf apron on, in t'other made of wood by a *native* artist and painted so nateral no soul could tell 'em from stone.

'The avenue was all planked beautiful, and it was lined with flowers in pots and jars, and looked a touch above common, I tell *you*. While I was a stoppin' to look at it, who should drive by but the milkman with his cart. Says I, Stranger,' says I, 'I suppose you don't know who lives here, do you?' 'I guess you are a stranger,' said he, 'ain't you?' 'Well,' says I, 'I don't exactly know as I ain't, but who lives here?' 'The Rev. Ahab Meldrum,' said he, 'I reckon.' 'Ahab Meldrum,' said I, to myself; 'I wonder if it can be the Ahab Meldrum I was to school with to Slickville, to minister's, when we was boys. It can't be possible it's him, for he was fitter for a State's prisoner than a State's preacher, by a long chalk. He was a poor stick to make a preacher on, for minister couldn't beat nothin' into him a'most, he was so cussed stupid; but I'll see anyhow;' so I walks right through the gate and raps away at the door, and a tidy, well-rigged nigger help opens it, and shows me into a'most an elegant farnished room. I was most darnted to sit down on the chairs, they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and varses, and lamps, and picturs, and crinkum-crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a bazaar a'most, it was fill'd with such an everlastin' sight of curosities.

'The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skeared to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin' gound, and carrying a'most a beautiful-bound book in his hand. 'May I presume,' says he, 'to inquire who I have the onexpected pleasure of seeing this mornin'.' 'If you'll jist throw open one o' them are shutters,' says I; 'I guess the light will save us the trouble o' axin' names. I know who you be by your voice anyhow, tho' it's considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick,' says I,—'what's left o' me at least.' 'Verily,' said he, 'friend Samuel, I'm glad to see you; and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, and my good friend your father? Is the old gentleman still alive? if so, he must anow be ripefull of years as he is full of honours. Your mother, I think I heer'd, was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her!—she had a good and a kind heart. I loved her as a child: but the Lord taketh whom he loveth.' 'Ahab,' says I, 'I have but a few minutes

to stay with you, and if you think to draw the wool over my eyes, it might perhaps take you a longer time than you are athinking on, or than I have to spare;—there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho',—there's Polly Bacon and her little boy.'

'' Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend,' says he; 'open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee.' 'Well,' says I, 'none o' your nonsense then; show me into a room where I can spit, and feel to home, and put my feet upon the chairs without adamagin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes; in fact I don't care if I stop and breakfast with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin'.' 'Sam,' says he, atakin' hold of my hand, 'you were always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealins. I can trust *you* I know, but mind,'—and he put his fingers on his lips—'mum is the word;—by-gones are by-gones,—you wouldn't blow an old chum among his friends, would you?' 'I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action,' says I, 'as I do a nigger.' 'Come, foller me, then,' says he;—and he led me into a back room, with an oncarpeted painted floor, farnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books and pipes and cigars, pig-tail and what not. 'Here's liberty-hall,' said he; 'chew, or smoke, or spit as you please;—do as you like here; we'll throw off all resarve now; but mind that cursed nigger; he has a foot like a cat, and an ear for every keyhole—don't talk too loud.'

'' Well, Sam,' said he, 'I'm glad to see you too, my boy; it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old Hunks'—(it made me start, that he meant Mr. Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I wouldn't let any one speak disrespectful of him afore me for nothin', I know,)—'when old Hunks thought we was abed. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on 'em too with pleasure.' 'Well, Ahab,' says I, 'I don't jist altogether know as I do; there are some things we might jist as well a'most have left alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact.' 'Ahem!' said he, so loud, I looked round and I seed two niggers bringin' in the breakfast, and a grand one it was,—tea and coffee and Indgian corn and cakes, and hot bread and cold bread, fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, boiled, and fried; presarves, pickles, fruits; in short, everything a'most you could think on. 'You needn't wait,' said Ahab, to the blacks; 'I'll ring for you when I want you; we'll help ourselves.'

'Well, when I looked round and seed this critter alivin' this way, on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know how he worked it so cleverly, for he was thought always, as a boy, to be rather more than half onderbaked, considerable soft-like. 'So,' says I, 'Ahab,' says I, 'I calculate you'r like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garret winder, when we was abordin' there to school.' 'How so, Sam?' said he. 'Why,' says I, 'you always seem to come on your feet some how or another. You have got a plaguy nice thing of it here; that's a fact, and no mistake' (the critter had three thousand dollars a-year); 'how on airth did you manage it? I

wish in my heart I had ataken up the trade o' preachin' too; when it does hit it does capitally, that's sartain.' 'Why,' says he, 'if you'll promise not to let on to any one about it, I'll tell you.' 'I'll keep dark about it you may depend,' said I. 'I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blart out all I hear. I know a thing worth two o' that, I guess.' 'Well,' says he, 'it's done by a new rule I made in grammar—the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine: I jist soft sawder the women. It 'taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical—he'll laugh like anything. They are the forred wheels, start them, and the hind ones foller of course. Now it's mostly women that tend meetin' here; the men-folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go considerable rigular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters. I jist lay myself out to get the blind side o' them and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swaller. Last Lord's day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widder's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of women's hearts, their forgiving disposition—(the Lord forgive me for saying so, tho', for if there is a created critter that never forgives, it's a woman; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over and looks all heal'd up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot ag'in, and see how cute their memory is)—their sweet temper, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministrin' angels.—I make all the virtues of the feminine gender always,—then I wound up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, do the ladies, and Sheakspeare, Scott, and Byron are amazin' favourites; they go down much better than them old-fashioned staves o' Watts.

'Oh woman in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

If I didn't touch it off to the nines it's a pity. 'I never heerd you preach so well,' says one, 'since you was located here.' 'I drew from natur',' says I, a squezin' of her hand. 'Nor never so touchin',' says another. 'You know my moddle,' says I, lookin' spooney on her. 'I fairly shed tears,' said a third; 'how often have you drawn them from me,' says I? 'So true,' says they, 'and so nateral, and truth and natur' is what we call eloquence.' 'I feel quite proud,' says I, 'and considerable elated, my admired sisters,'—for who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own virtues? I must say I feelt somehow kinder inadequate to the task too, I said,—for the depth and strength and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'.

''When I left 'em I heard 'em say, 'Ain't he a dear man, a feelin' man, a sweet critter, a'most a splendid preacher? none o' your mere moral lecturers, but a rael right down genu*ine* gospel preacher.' Next day I receives to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars *pro*duce, presents from one and another. The truth is, if a minister wants to be

popular he should remain single, for then the gals all have a chance for him; but the moment he marries he's up a tree; his flint is fixed then; you may depend it's a gone goose with him arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillars of the temple, the dear little critters.—And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn, perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down a tradin' with the benighted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. *The way to the head lies through the heart.*' 'Pocket, you mean, instead of head, I guess,' said I; 'and if you don't travel that road full chisselit's a pity. Well,' says I, 'Ahab, when I go to Slickville I'll jist tell Mr. Hopewell what a'most a precious superfine, superior darn'd rascal you have turned out; if you ain't No. 1, letter A, I want to know who is, that's all.' 'You do beat all, Sam,' said he; 'it's *the system that's vicious and not the preacher*. If I didn't give 'em the soft sawder they would neither pay me nor hear me, that's a fact. Are you so soft in the horn now, Sam, as to suppose the gals would take the trouble to come to hear me tell 'em of their corrupt natur' and fallen condition; and first thank me, and then pay me for it? Very entertainin' that to tell 'em the worms will fatten on their pretty little rosy cheeks, and that their sweet plump flesh is nothin' but grass, flourishin' to-day, and to be cut down withered and rotten to-morrow, ain't it? It ain't in the natur' o' things; if I put them out o' concait o' themselves, I can put them in concait o' me; or that they will come down handsome, and do the thing ginteel, its jist onpossible. It warn't me made the system, but the system made me. *The voluntary don't work well.*'

''System or no system,' said I, 'Ahab, you are Ahab still, and Ahab you'll be to the eend o' the chapter. You may decaive the women by soft sawder, and yourself by talkin' about systems, but you won't walk into me so easy, I know. It ain't pretty at all.'

'How different this cussed critter was from poor, dear, good, old Joshua Hopewell. I seed him not long arter. On my return to Connecticut, jist as I was apassin' out o' Molasses into Onion County, who should I meet but minister amounted upon his horse, old Captain Jack. Jack was a racker, and in his day about as good a beast as ever hoisted tail, (you know what a racker is, don't you, Squire?' said the clockmaker; 'they brings up the two feet on one side first, together like, and then t'other two at once, the same way; and they do get over the ground at a most an amazin' size, that's sartain,) but poor old critter, he looked pretty streak'd. You could count his ribs as far as you could see him, and his skin was drawn so tight over him, every blow of minister's cane on him sounded like a drum, he was so holler. A candle poked into him lighted would have shown through him like a lantern. Minister had two bags roll'd up and tied on behind him, like a portmanter, and was ajoggin' on alookin' down on his horse, and the horse alookin' down on the road, as if he was seekin' a soft spot to tumble down upon.

'The poor skilliton of a beast was ginger to the backbone, you may depend—all clear grit; what there was of him was whalebone: that's a fact. But minister had

no rally *about him*; he was proper chop-fallen, and looked as dismal as if he had lost every friend that he had on airth. 'Why, minister,' says I, 'what onder the sun is the matter of you? You and Captain Jack look as if you had had the cholera; what makes *you* so dismal and your *horse* so thin? what's out o' joint now? Nothin' gone wrong, I hope, since I left?' 'Nothin' has gone right with me, Sam, of late,' said he; 'I've been sorely tried with affliction, and my spirit is fairly humbled. I've been more insulted this day, my son, than I ever was afore, in all my born days.' 'Minister,' says I, 'I've jist one favour to ax o' you; give me the sinner's name, and afore daybreak to-morrow mornin' I'll bring him to a reck'nin' and see how the balance stands. I'll kick him from here to Washington, and from Washington back to Slickville, and then I'll cow-skin him, till this riding-whip is worn up to shoe-strings, and pitch him clean out o' the State. The infarnal villain! tell me who he is, and if he war as big as all out-doors, I'd walk into him. I'll teach him the road to good manners, if he can save eyesight to see it,—hang me if I don't. I'd like no better fun, I vow. So jist show me the man that darst insult you, and if he does so ag'in, I'll give you leave to tell me of it.' 'Thank you, Sam,' says he; 'thank you, my boy, but it's beyond your help. It ain't a parsonal affront of that natur', but a spiritual affront. It ain't an affront offered to me as Joshua Hopewell, so much as an affront to the minister of Slickville.' 'That is worst still,' said I, 'because you can't resent it yourself. Leave him to me, and I'll fix his flint for him.'

''It's a long story, Sam, and one to raise grief, but not anger; —you mustn't talk or think of fightin', its not becoming a Christian man; but here's my poor habitation, put up your horse and come in, and we'll talk this affair over by and by. Come in and see me,—for, sick as I am, both in body and mind, it will do me good. You was always a kind-hearted boy, Sam, and I'm glad to see the heart in the right place yet;—come in, my son.' Well, when we got into the house, and sot down,—says I, 'Minister, what the dickens was them two great rolls o' canvass for, I seed snugg'd up and tied to your crupper? You looked like a man who had taken his grist to mill, and was returnin' with the bags for another; what onder the sun had you in them?' 'I'll tell you, Sam,' said he,—'you know,' said he, 'when you was to home, we had a State Tax for the support o' the Church, and every man had to pay his share to some church or another.' 'I mind,' says I, 'quite well.' 'Well,' said he, 'the inimy of souls has been to work among us, and instigated folks to think this was too compulsory for a free people, and smelt too strong of establishments, and the legislatur' repealed the law; so now, instead o' havin' a rigilar legal stipind, we have what they call the voluntary,—every man pays what he likes, when he likes, and to whom he likes, or if it don't convene him he pays nothin';—do you apprehend me?' 'As clear as a bootjack,' says I; 'nothin' could be plainer, and I suppose that some o' your factory people that make canvas have given you a present of two rolls of it to make bags to hold your pay in?' 'My breeches pockets,' says he,

'Sam,' ashakin' o' his head, 'I estimate, are big enough for that. No, Sam; some subscribe and some don't. Some say, 'we'll give, but we'll not bind ourselves;'—and some say, 'we'll see about it.' Well, I'm e'en a'most starved, and Captain Jack does look as poor as Job's turkey; that's a fact. So I thought, as times was hard, I'd take the bags and get some oats for him, from some of my subscribin' congregation;—it would save them the cash, and suit me jist as well as the blunt. Wherever I went, I might have fill'd my bags with excuses, but I got no oats; —but that warn't the worst of it neither, they turn'd the tables on me and took me to task. A new thing that for me, I guess, in my old age, to stand up to be catekised like a convarted Heathen. 'Why don't you,' says one, 'jine the Temperance Society, minister?' 'Because,' says I, 'there's no warrant for it in Scriptur', as I see. A Christian obligation to sobriety is, in my mind, afore any engagement on honour.' 'Can't think,' says he, 'of payin' to a minister that countenances drunkenness.' Says another, — 'Minister, do you smoke?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I do sometimes; and I don't care if I take a pipe along with you now; —it seems sociable like.' 'Well,' says he, 'it's an abuse o' the critter,—a waste o' valuable time and an encouragement of slavery; I don't pay to upholders of the slave system; I go the whole figur' for abolition.' One found me too Calvinistic, and another too American; one objected to my praying for the President,—for, he said, he was an everlastin' almighty rascal;—another to my wearin' a gown, for it was too Popish. In short, I git nothin' but objections to a'most everything I do or say, and I see considerable plain my income is gone; I may work for nothin' and find thread now, if I choose. The only one that paid me, cheated me. Says he, 'Minister, I've been alookin' for you for some time past, to pay my contribution, and I laid by twenty dollars for you.' 'Thank you,' said I, 'friend, but that is more than your share; ten dollars, I think, is the amount of your subscription.' 'Well, says he, 'I know that, but I like to do things handsum', and he who gives to a minister lends to the Lord; — but,' says he, 'I'm afeer'd it won't turn out so much now, for the bank has fail'd since. It's a pity you hadn't acall'd afore, but you must take the will for the deed.' And he handed me a roll of the Bubble Bank paper, that ain't worth a cent. 'Are you sure,' said I, 'that you put this aside for me when it was good?' 'O sartain,' says he, 'I'll take my oath of it.' 'There's no 'casion for that,' says I, 'my friend, nor for me to take more than my due neither;—here are ten of them back again. I hope you may not lose them altogether, as I fear I shall.' But he cheated me,—I know he did.'

''This is the blessin' of the voluntary, as far as I'm consarned. Now I'll tell you how it's agoin' to work upon them; not through my agency tho', for I'd die first;—afore I'd do a wrong thing to gain the whole univarsal world. But what are you adoin' of, Sam,' said he, 'acrackin' of that whip so,' says he; 'you'll e'en a'most deefen me.' 'Atrying of the spring of it,' says I. 'The night afore I go down to Nova Scotia, I'll teach 'em Connecticut quick-step—I'll larn

'em to make somersets—I'll make 'em cut more capers than the caravan monkey ever could to save his soul alive, I know. I'll quilt 'em, as true as my name is Sam Slick; and if they follers me down east, I'll lambaste them back a plaguy sight quicker than they came; the nasty, dirty, mean, sneaking villains. I'll play them a voluntary—I'll fa la sol them, to a jig tune, and show 'em how to count a baker's dozen. Crack, crack, crack, that's the music, minister; crack, crack, crack, I'll set all Slickville ayelpin'!'

'"I'm in trouble enough, Sam,' says he, 'without addin' that are to it; don't quite break my heart, for such carryins on would near about kill me. Let the poor deludid critters be, promise me now.' 'Well, well,' says I, 'if you say so it shall be so;—but I must say, I long to be at 'em. But how is the voluntary agoin' for to operate on them?' 'They will be the greatest sufferers themselves,' says he, 'poor critters, havin' destroyed the independence of their minister,—their minister will pander to their vanity. He will be afeer'd to tell them unpalatable truths. Instead of tellin' 'em they are miserable sinners in need of repentance, he will tell 'em they are a great nation and a great people, will quote history more than the Bible, and give 'em orations not sarmons, encomiums and not censures. Presents, Sam, will bribe indulgences. *The minister will be a dumb dog!*' 'It sarves 'em right,' says I; 'I don't care what becomes of them.'

'"But,' says I, 'minister, talkin' of presents, I've got one for you that's somethin' like the thing, I know;' and I took out my pocket-book and gave him a hundred dollars. I hope I may be shot if I didn't. I felt so sorry for him.

'"Who's this from?' said he, smilin'. 'From Alabama,' said I; 'but the giver told me not to mention his name.' 'Well,' said he, 'I'd arather he'd asent me a pound of good Virginy pig-tail, because I could have thank'd him for that, and not felt too much obligation. *Presents of money iniure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect:* but it's all right; it will enable me to send neighbour Dearbourn's two sons to school. It will do good. 'Cute little fellers them, Sam, and will make considerable smart men, if they are properly seed to; but the old gentleman, their father, is, like myself, nearly used up, and plaguy poor.' Thinks I, if that's your sort, old gentleman, I wish I had my hundred dollars in my pocket-book ag'in, as snug as a bug in a rug, and neighbour Dearbourn's two sons might go and whistle for their schoolin'. Who the plague cares whether they have any larning or not? I'm sure I don't. It's the first of the voluntary system I've tried, and I'm sure it will be the last.

'Yes, yes, Squire, the voluntary don't work well,—that's a fact. Ahab has lost his soul to save his body, minister has lost his body to save his soul, and I've lost my hundred dollars slap to save my feelins. The deuce take the voluntary, I say.'

CHAPTER III.

TRAINING A CARRIBOO.

In the evening we sauntered out on the bank of the river, Mr. Slick taking his rifle with him, to shoot blue-winged duck, that

often float up the Avon with the tide in great numbers. He made several shots with remarkable accuracy, but having no dogs we lost all the birds, but two, in the eddies of this rapid river. It was a delightful evening, and on our return we ascended the cliff that overlooks the village and the surrounding country, and sat down on the projecting point of limestone rock, to enjoy the glories of the sunset.

'This evenin',' said Mr. Slick, 'reminds me of one I spent the same way at Toronto, in Upper Canada, and of a conversation I had with a British traveller there. There was only himself and me at the inn, and havin' nothin' above partickilar to do, says I, ''spose we take the rifle and walk down by the lake this splendid afternoon; who knows but we might see somethin' or another to shoot? So off we sot, and it was so cool and pleasant we stroll'd a considerable distance up the beach, which is like this, all limestone gravel, only cleaner and less sedement in it.

'When we got tired of the glare of the water, and a nasty yallor scum that was on it at that season, we turned up a road that led into the woods. 'Why,' says I, 'if there ain't a Carriboo, as I'm alive.' 'Where?' said he, seizin' the rifle, and bringin' it to his shoulder with great eagerness,—'where is it? for heaven sake let me have a shot at it! I have long wish'd,' said he, 'to have it to say, before I leave the province, that I had performed that feat of killin' a Carriboo.' 'Oh, Lord!' said I, throwin' up the point of the gun to prevent an accident, 'Oh, Lord! it ain't one o' them are sort o' critters at all; it's a human Carriboo. It's a member, him that's in that are gig, lookin' as wise as a barber's block with a new wig on it. The Toronto folks call 'em Carriboos, 'cause they are ontamed wild critters from the woods, and come down in droves to the legislatur'. I guess he's a goin' to spend the night to the hotel, where we be; if he is, I'll bring him into our room and train him: you'll see what sort o' folks makes laws sometimes. I do believe, arter all,' says I, 'this univarsal suffrage will make universal fools of us all;—it ain't one man in a thousand knows how to choose a horse, much less a member, and yet there are some standin' rules about the horse, that most any one can larn, if he'll give his mind to it. There's the mark o' mouth,—then there's the limbs, shape, and make, and soundness of 'em; the eye, the shoulder, and, above all, the action. It seems all plain enough, and yet it takes a considerable 'cute man to make a horse-jockey.

'In the course of the evenin' Mr. Buck, the member elect for the township of Flats, in the Home district, came in, and I introduced him with much ceremony to the Britisher, agivin' of him a wink at the same time, as much as to say, 'Now I'll show you the way to train a Carriboo.' 'Well, Squire Buck,' said I, 'I vow I'm glad to see you;—how did you leave Mrs. Buck and all to home?—all well, I hope?' 'Reasonable well, I give you thanks, sir,' said he. 'And so they've elected you a member, eh? Well, they wanted some honest men among 'em—that's a fact, and some onderstandin' men too; how do you go, Tory or Radical?' 'Oh, pop'lar side of course,' said Mr. Buck. 'M'Kenzie and Papinau have open'd my eyes I tell you; I had no notion

afore our government was so rotten—I'm for elective councils, short parliaments, ballot, universal suffrage, and ag'in all officials.' 'Right,' said I, 'you are on the right side then, and no mistake. You've a plain path afore you; go straight ahead, and there's no fear.' 'I should like to do so,' said he, 'but I don't onderstand these matters enough, I'm afeer'd to probe 'em to the bottom; perhaps you'll be so good as to advise me a little. I should like to talk over these things with you, as they say you are a considerable of an onderstandin' man, and have seed a good deal of the world.' 'Well,' said I, 'nothin' would happify me more, I do assure you. Be independant, that's the great thing; be independant, that is, attack everything. First of all, there's the Church; that's a grand target, fire away at that till you are tired. *Raise a prejudice if you can, and then make everything a Church question.*' 'But I'm a churchman myself, Mr. Slick; you wouldn't have me attack my own Church, would you?' 'So much the better,' said I; it looks liberal;—*true liberality, as far as my experience goes, lies in praisin' every other church, and abusin' of your own;* it's only bigots that attack other folks' doctrine, and tenets; no strong-minded, straight-a-head, right up and down man does that. It shows a narrer mind and narrer heart that.' 'But what fault is there with the Church?' said he: 'they mind their own business, as far as I see, and let other folks alone; they have no privilege here that I know on, that other sects ha'en't got.' 'It's pop'lar talk among some folks, and that's enough,' said I. 'They are rich, and their clergy are larned and genteel, and there's a good many envious people in the world;—there's radicals in religion as well as in politics, that would like to see 'em all brought to a level. And then there's church lands; talk about dividin' them among other sects, givin' them to schools, and so on. There's no harm in robbing Peter if you pay Paul with it—a fair exchange is no robbery, all the world over; then wind up with a Church tithe sale, and a military massacre of a poor dissentin' old woman that was baganuted by bloody-minded sod*gers while* tryin' to save her pig. It will make an affectin' speech, draw tears from the gallery, and thunders of applause from the House.

''Then there's judges, another grand mark; and councillors and rich men; call 'em the little big men of a little colony, the would-be aristocracy—the official gang—the favoured few; call them by their Christian and surnames; John Den and Richard Fen; turn up your noses at 'em like a horse's tail, that's double-nick'd. Salaries are a never-ending theme for you; officials shouldn't be paid at all; the honour is enough for 'em; a patriot sarves his country for nothin'. Take some big salary for a text, and treat it this way; says you, 'There's John Doe's salary, it is seven hundred and thirty pounds a year, that is two pounds a day. Now,' says you, 'that is sixteen common labourers' pay at two and sixpence each per day;—shall it be said that one great mammoth official is worth sixteen free citizens who toil harder and fare worse than he does?' Then take his income for ten years and multiply it. 'See,' says you, 'in ten years he has received the enormous sum of seven thousand

five hundred pounds:' then run over all the things seven thousand five hundred pounds would effect on roads, bridges, schools, and so on, and charge him with havin' been the means of robbin' the country of all these blessin's; call 'em blood-suckers, pampered minions, bloated leeches. 'Then there's the college,' says you; 'it's for the aristocracy, to keep up distinctions, to rivit our fetters, to make the rich richer, and the strong stronger;' talk of native genius and self-taught artists, of natur's scholars, of home-spun talent; it flatters the multitude this—it's pop'lar, you may depend. Call the troops mercenaries, vile hirelings, degraded slaves; turn up your eyes to the ceiling and invoke defeat and slaughter on 'em; if they dare to enforce the law, talk of standing armies, of slavery, of legionary tyrants,—call them foreigners, vulturs thirsting for blood, —butchers,—every man killed in a row, or a mob, call a victim, a *murdered man*,—that's your sort, my darlin'—go the whole hog, and do the thing genteel. *Any thing that gives power to masses will please the masses.* If there was nothin' to attack there would be no champions; if there is no grievance you must make one: call all changes reform, whether it makes it better or not, —anything you want to alter, call an abuse. All that oppose you, call anti-reformers, upholders of abuses, bigots, sycophants, office-seeking Tories. Say they live by corruption, by oppressin' the people, and that's the reason they oppose all change. How streaked they'll look, won't they? It will make them scratch their heads and stare, I know. If there's any man you don't like, use your privilege and abuse him like old Scratch,—lash him like a niggar, cut him up beautiful—oh, it's a grand privilege that! Do this, and you'll be the speaker of the House, the first pot-hook on the crane, the truckle-head and cap-sheave — you will, I snore.' 'Well, it does open a wide field, don't it,' said Mr. Buck, 'for an ambitious man? I vow, I believe I'll take your advice; I like the idea amazin'ly. Lord, I wish I could talk like you,—you do trip it off so glib—I'll take your advice tho'—I will, I vow.' 'Well, then, Mr. Buck, if you really will take my advice, *I'll give it you,' said I, 'free-gratis for nothin'. Be honest, be consistent, be temperate; be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change; of rational reform, but not organic alterations. Neither flatter the mob, nor flatter the government; support what is right, oppose what is wrong; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected; popularity lasts but a day, respect will descend as a heritage to your children.'*

CHAPTER IV.

NICK BRADSHAW.

We left Gaspereaux early in the morning, intending to breakfast at Kentville. The air was cool and bracing, and the sun, which had just risen, shed a lustre over the scenery of this beautiful and fertile valley, which gave it a fresh and glowing appearance. 'A splendid country this, Squire,' said the Clockmaker; 'that's a fact; the Lord never made the beat of it. I wouldn't ax no better location in the farmin' line than any of these allotments; grand grazin' grounds and super-

fine tillage lands. A man that know'd what he was about might live like a fightin'-cock here, and no great scratchin' for it neither. Do you see that are house on that risin' hummock to the right there? Well, jist look at it, that's what I call about right. Flanked on both sides by an orchard of best-grafted fruit, a tidy little clever flower-garden in front, that the galls see to, and a'most a grand sarce garden over the road there sheltered by them are willows. At the back side see them everlastin' big barns; and, by gosh! there goes the dairy cows; a pretty sight too, that fourteen of them marchin' Indgian file arter milkin', down to that are medder. Whenever you see a place all snuged up and lookin' like that are, depend on it the folks are of the right kind. Them flowers too, and that are honeysuckle, and rose-bushes, show the family are brought up right; somethin' to do to home, instead of racin' about to quiltin' parties, huskin' frolicks, gossipin', talkin' scandal, and neglectin' their business. Them little matters are like throwin' up straws, they show which way the wind is. When galls attend to them are things, it shows they are what our minister used to call 'right-minded.' It keeps them busy, and when folks are busy, they ha'n't time to get into mischief; and it amuses them too, and it keeps the dear little critters healthy and cheerful. I believe I'll alight and breakfast there, if you've no objection. I should like you to see that citizen's improvements, and he's a plaguy nice man too, and will be proud to see you, you may depend.'

We accordingly drove up to the door, where we were met by Squire James Horton, a respectable, intelligent, cheerful-looking man, apparently of about fifty years of age. He received me with all the ease and warmth of a man to whom hospitality was habitual and agreeable,—thanked Mr. Slick for bringing me to see him, and observed that he was a plain farmer, and lived without any pretensions to be other than he was, and that he always felt pleased and gratified to see any stranger who would do him the favour to call upon him, and would accommodate himself to the plain fare of a plain countryman. He said, he lived out of the world, and the conversation of strangers was often instructive, and always acceptable to him. He then conducted us into the house, and introduced us to his wife and daughters, two very handsome and extremely interesting girls, who had just returned from superintending the operations of the dairy. I was particularly struck with the extreme neatness and propriety of their attire, plain and suitable to their morning occupations, but scrupulously nice in its appearance.

As the clock struck seven, (a wooden clock, to which Mr. Slick looked with evident satisfaction as a proof of his previous acquaintance,) the family were summoned, and Mr. Horton addressed a short but very appropriate prayer to the Throne of Grace, rendering the tribute of a grateful heart for the numerous blessings with which he was surrounded, and supplicating a continuance of Divine favour. There was something touching in the simplicity and fervour of his manner and in the unpretending style of his devotion, while there was a total absence of that familiar tone of address so common in

America, which, often bordering on profanity, shocks and disgusts those who have been accustomed to the more decorous and respectful language of our beautiful liturgy.

Breakfast was soon announced, and we sat down to an excellent and substantial repast, everything abundant and good of its kind, and the whole prepared with a neatness that bespoke a well-regulated and orderly family. We were then conducted round the farm, and admired the method, regularity, and good order of the establishment. 'I guess this will compare with any of your Englsh farms,' said the Clockmaker; 'it looks pretty considerable slick this—don't it?' 'We have great advantages in this country,' said Mr. Horton; 'our soil is naturally good, and we have such an abundance of salt sludge on the banks of the rivers, that we are enabled to put our uplands in the highest state of cultivation. 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. God grant that it may long continue so! and that we may render ourselves worthy of these blessings, by yielding the homage of grateful hearts to the Great Author and Giver of all good things.' A bell ringing at the house at this time, reminded us that we were probably interfering with some of his arrangements, and we took leave of our kind host, and proceeded on our journey, strongly impressed with those feelings which a scene of domestic happiness and rural felicity like this never fails to inspire.

We had not driven more than two or three miles before Mr. Slick suddenly checked his horse, and pointing to a farm on the right-hand side of the road, said, 'Now there is a contrast for you, with a vengeance. The critter,' said he, 'when he built that wrack of a house, (they call 'em a-half-houses here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimbley outside, to sarve the new part as well as the old. He has been too lazy, you see, to remove the bankin' put there, the first fall, to keep the frost out o' the cellar, and it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with that great stick of timber, to keep it from comin' down on its knees altogether. All the windows are boarded up but one, and that has all the glass broke out. Look at the barn!—the roof has fell in in the middle, and the two gables stand starin' each other in the face, and as if they would like to come closer together if they could, and consult what was best to be done. Them old geese and vetren fowls, that are so poor the foxes won't steal 'em for fear of hurtin' their teeth,—that little yaller, lantern-jaw'd, long-legg'd, rabbit-eared, runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up,—that old frame of a cow, astandin' there with its eyes shot-to, acontemplatin' of its latter eend,—and that varmint-lookin' horse, with his hocks swell'd bigger than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral,—is all his stock, I guess. The goney has showed his sense in one thing, however, he has burnt all his

fence up; for there is no danger of other folks' cattle breakin' into his field to starve, and gives his Old Mooley a chance o' sneakin' into his neighbours' fields o' nights if she find an open gate, or a pair of bars down, to get a treat of clover now and then. O dear, if you was to get up airly of a mornin', afore the dew was off the ground, and mow that are field with a razor, and rake it with a fine-tooth comb, you wouldn't get stuff enough to keep one grasshopper through the winter, if you was to be hang'd for it. 'Spose we drive up to the door to light a cigar; if Nick Bradshaw is to home, I should like to have a little chat with him. It's worth knowin' how he can farm with so little labour; for anything that saves labour in this country, where help is so plaguy dear, is worth larnin', you may depend.'

Observing us pause and point towards his domain, Nicholas lifted off the door and laid it on its side, and, emerging from his den of dirt and smoke, stood awhile reconnoitring us. He was a tall, well-built, athletic-looking man, possessed of great personal strength and surprising activity, but looked like a good-natured, careless fellow, who loved talking and smoking better than work, and preferred the pleasures of the tap-room to the labours of the field. 'He thinks we want his vote,' said the Clockmaker. 'He's looking as big as all outdoors, jist now, and waitin' for us to come to *him*. He wouldn't condescend to call the king his cousin jist at this present time. It's independance day with him, I calculate; happy-lookin' critter, too, ain't he, with that are little, short, black pipe in his mouth? The fact is, Squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosifer;—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and make a man patient onder trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this univarsal world. The Indgians always buried a pipe and a skin of tobacco with their folks, in case smokin' should be the fashion in the next world, that they mightn't go onprovided. Jist look at him; his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers ond jacket are all flying in tatters of different colour'd patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an ontanned mocasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep-shearin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet you see the critter has a rakish look too. That are old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trousers pockets, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there, while one eye shut-to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that didn't smoke couldn't do that now, Squire. You may talk about fortitude, and patience, and Christian resignation, and all that sort of thing, till you're tired; I've seen it and heerd tell of it too, but I never knew an instance yet, where it didn't come a little grain-heavy or sour out of the oven. Philosophy is like most other guests I've seed, it likes to visit them as keeps good tables, and though it has some poor acquaintances, it ain't more nor half pleased to be seen walkin'

lock and lock with 'em. But smokin'——Here he comes, tho', I swan; he knows Old Clay, I reckon; he sees it ain't the candidate chap.'

This discovery dispelled the important airs of Nicholas, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, he retreated a pace or two, and took a running leap of ten or twelve feet across a stagnant pool of green water that graced his lawn, and served the double purpose of rearing goslins and breeding moschetoes, and by repeating these feats of agility on the grass several times, (as if to keep himself in practice,) was by the side of the waggon in a few minutes.

'Mornin', Mr. Bradshaw,' said the Clockmaker; 'how's all to home to-day?' 'Reasonable well, I give you thanks:—won't you alight?' 'Thank you, I jist stopt to light a cigar.'—'I'll bring you a bit o' fire,' said Nick, 'in the twinklin' of an eye;' and bounding off to the house with similar gigantic strides, he was out of sight in a moment. 'Happy, good-natured citizen, that you see, Squire,' said Mr. Slick; 'he hain't been fool enough to stiffen himself by hard work neither; for you see he is as supple as an eel. The critter can jump like a catamount, and run like a deer; he'd catch a fox a'most, that chap.'

Presently out bounded Nick in the same antelope style, waving over his head a lighted brand of three or four feet long. 'Here it is,' said he, 'but you must be quick, for this soft green wood won't hold fire in no time—it goes right out. It's like my old house there, and that's so rotten it won't hold a nail now; after you drive one in you can pull it out with your finger.' 'How are you off for tobacco?' said Mr. Slick. 'Grand,' said he, 'got half a fig left yet. Get it for you in a minit, and the old ladies' pipe too,' and without waiting for a reply, was curvetting again off to the house. 'That goney,' said the Clockmaker, 'is like a gun that goes off at half cock—there's no doin' nothin' with him. I didn't want his backey, I only wanted an excuse to give him some; but it's a strange thing that, Squire, but it's as sure as rates, *the poor are everywhere more liberal, more obligin', and more hospitable, accordin' to their means, than the rich are:* they beat them all hollar,—it's a fact, I assure you.'

When he returned, Mr. Slick told him that 'he was so spry, he was out of hearing before he could stop him; that he didn't require any himself, but was going to offer him a fig of first chop genuine stuff he had.' 'Thank you,' said he, as he took it, and put it to his nose;—'it has the right flavour that—rather weak for me, tho'. I'm thinking it'll jist suit the old lady. She smokes a good deal now for the cramp in her leg. She's troubled with the cramp sometimes, away down somewhere about the calf, and smokin', they say, is good for it.'

He then took the tobacco very scientifically between the forefinger and thumb of his left hand, and cut it into small shreds that fell into the palm. Then holding both knife and fig between his teeth, he rolled, untwisted, and pulverized the cut tobacco by rubbing and grinding it between his two hands, and refilled and lighted his pipe, and pronouncing the tobacco a prime article, looked the very picture of happiness. 'How's crops in a general way

this year?' said Mr. Slick. 'Well, they are just about midlin',' said he; 'the seasons hant'e been very good lately, and somehow the land don't bear as it used to when I was a boy; but I'm in great hopes times are goin' to be better now. They say things look brighter; *I feel a good deal encouraged myself.* They tell me the governor's agoin' to appoint a new council; I guess, they'll do sun'thin' for the country.' 'Ah,' said the Clockmaker, 'that indeed, that would be sun'thin' like,—it would make times quite brisk ag'in—farmers could afford to live then. It would raise markets considerable.' 'So I see in the papers,' said Nick: 'the fact o' the matter is the assembly men must do sun'thin' for the country, or it will go to the dogs, that's sartain. They tell me too that the council doors are to be opened, so that we can hear the debates;—that will be a great privilege, won't it?' 'Very,' said the Clockmaker; 'it will help the farmers amazin'ly that; I should count that a great matter: they must be worth hearin', them counsellors. It's quite a treat to hear the members in the House, particularly when they talk about bankin', currency, constitution, bounties, and such tough knotty things;—they go so deep into these matters, and know so much about 'em, it's quite edifyin'. I've larnt more new things, and more things I niver knew afore, in half an hour in the assembly, than ever I heard afore in my life, and I expect t'other House will be quite as wise.' 'Well, I'm glad to hear you say so,' said Nicholas; '*I feel somehow quite encouraged myself:* if we had a bounty of about a shilling a bushel for raisin' potatoes, two and sixpence a bushel for wheat, and fifteen pence for oats, I think a body *might* have a chance to make out to scratch along to live here; and I'm told when the council doors are opened, we shall actually get them. I must say, *I feel quite encouraged myself.* But stop,' said he, laying his hand on Mr. Slick, 'do you see that are varmint alookin' arter the old lady's chickens over there by the barn? I had a crack at him yesterday, but he was too far off—wait abit;' and he scampered off to the house, brought out his gun, which had been previously loaded, and throwing himself on all fours, proceeded towards the barn as rapidly as a quadruped. 'Stop, stop, daddy,' said a little half-naked imp of a boy, 'stop till I get my cock-shy.' 'Well, bear a hand then,' said he, 'or he'll be off; I won't wait a minit.'

The boy darted into the house, and returned in an instant with a short round hard wood club in his hand, and throwing himself in the same posture, thrust his head under the skirts of his father's coat, and crawled after him, between his legs, the two appearing like one long monstrous reptile. The hawk, observing this unusual motion, rose higher into the air, as he slowly sailed round the building; but Nicholas, not liking to be balked of his shot, fired at a venture, and fortunately broke his wing. 'Stop, daddy,' said the boy, recovering his feet, 'stop, daddy, it's my turn now;' and following the bird, that fled with inconceivable rapidity, like an ostrich, half running, half flying, threw his cock-shy at him with unerring aim, and killed him. 'Ain't he whopper, daddy?' said he. 'See!' and he stretched out his wings to their full extent—'he's a sneez-

er, ain't he? I'll show him to mammy, I guess,' and off he ran to the house to exhibit his prize. —'Make a smart man that,' said Nick, regarding his boy, as he carried off the bird, with looks of entire satisfaction; 'make a considerable of a smart man that, if the Assembly men would only give us a chance; but *I feel quite encouraged now.* I think we shall have a good brood of chickens this year, now that thievin' rascal has got his flint fixt; and if them three regiments come to Halifax that's talked of this winter, poultry will fetch a'most a grand price, that's sartain. It appears to me there's a hawk, or a wild cat, or a fox, or a lawyer, or a constable, or a somethin' or another for everlastin'ly a botherin' of a poor man; but I feel *quite encouraged now.*'

'I never seed that critter yet,' said the clockmaker, 'that he didn't say he felt 'quite encouraged;' he's always lookin' for the Assembly to do great things for him, and every year feels 'quite encouraged' that they will do sun'thin' at the next session that will make his fortin. *I wonder if folks will ever larn that politicks are the seed mentioned in Scriptur' that fell by the road-side, and the fowls came and picked them up. They don't benefit the farmer, but they feed them hungry birds,—the party leaders.*'

CHAPTER V.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

'Did you ever drink any Thames water, Squire?' said the Clockmaker; 'because it is one of the greatest nateral curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland, in the hair spekelation, I sailed from London, and we had Thames water on board. Says I to the captain, says I, 'I guess you want to pyson us, don't you, with that are nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin' such water as that?' 'Why,' says he, 'Mr. Slick, it does make the best water in the warld—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter too;—it farments, works off the scum, clarifies itself, and beats all natur';—and yet look at all them are sewers, and drains, and dye stuffs, and factory wash, and onmentionables that are poured into it;—it beats the bugs, don't it?' Well, Squire, our great country is like that are Thames water,—it does receive the outpourin's of the world,—homicides and regecides,—jail-birds and galley-birds,—poor-house chaps and workhouse chaps, —rebels, infidels, and forgers,—rogues of all sorts, sizes, and degrees,—but it farments, you see, and works clear; and what a'most a beautiful clear stream o' democracy it does make,—don't it? Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice, nor limey enough to fur up the bylers, nor too hard to wash clean, nor raw enough to chop the skin,—but jist the thing; that's a fact. I wish to gracious you'd come and see for yourself. I'd go with you and cost you nothin'. I'd take a prospectus of a new work and get subscribers; take a pattern book of the Lowell factories for orders; and spikilate a little by the way, so as to clear my shot wherever we went.

'You must see for yourself,—you can't larn nothin' from books. I've read all the travels in America, and there ain't one that's worth a cent. They don't understand us. They remind me of a lawyer examinin' of a witness; he don't want either the truth, the whole truth, or nothin' but the truth, but he wants to pick

out of him jist so much as will prove his case, d'ye see, and would like him to keep dark about the rest; puts artful questions to him on purpose to get an answer to suit him; stops him when he talks too fast, leads him when he goes too slow, praises his own witnesses sky high, and abuses the other side for lyin', equivocatin', parjured villains. That's jist the case with English travellers; instead of lookin' all round and seein' into things first, and then comin' to an opinion, they make up their minds afore they come, and then look for facts to support their views. First comes a great high tory, and a republic smells so bad in his nostrils, he's got his nose curl'd up like a pug-nose dog all thro' his journey. He sees no Established Church, and he swears there's no religion; and he sees no livery helps, and he says it's all vulgar; and if he sees a citizen spit, he jumps a one side as scared as if it wor a rifle agoin' off. Then comes a radical, (and them English radicals are cantankerous-lookin' critters—that's a fact,) as sour as vinegar, and lookin' as cross and as hungry as a bear jist starved out in the spring, and *they* say we have the slavery of opinion here; that our preachers want moral courage, and that our great cities are cursed with the aristocracy of wealth. There is no pleasin' either on 'em. Then come what minister used to call the Optimists, a set of folks who talk you deaf about the perfectibility of human natur'; that men, like caterpillars, will all turn into beautiful critters with wings like butterflies,—a sort of grub angels;—that our great nation is a paradise, and our folks jist agettin' out o' the chrysolis state into somethin' divine.

'I seldom or never talk to none o' them, unless it be to bam 'em. They think they know everything, and all they got to do is, to up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleens full chisel, back to New York and up Killock, and home in a liner, and write a book. They have a whole stock of notes. Spittin', — gougin', — lynchin', — burnin' alive,—steamboats blowed up,—snags,—slavery,—stealin',—Texas,—State prisons,—men talk slow,—women talk loud,—both walk fast,—chat in steamboats and stage-coaches,—anecdotes,—and so on. Then out comes a book. If it's a tory writes it, then the tory papers say it's the best pictur' they have seen;—lively, interestin', intelligent. If a radical, then radical papers say it's a very philosophical work, (whenever a feller gets over his head in it, and cruel unintelligible, he's deep in philosophy, that chap,) statesman-like view, able work, throws great light on the politics of the day. I wouldn't give a chaw of tobackey for the books of all of 'em tied up and put into a meal bag together.

'Our folks sarve 'em as the Endgians used to sarve the gulls down to Squantum in old pilgrim times. The cunnin' critters used to make a sort o' fish flakes, and catch herrin' and Tom cods, and such sort o' fish, and put 'em on the flakes, and then crawl onder themselves, and as soon as the gulls lighted to eat the fish, catch hold o' their legs and pull 'em thro'. Arter that, whenever a feller was made a fool on and took in, they used to say he was gulled. Well, if our folks don't gull them British travellers, it's a pity. They do make proper fools on 'em; that's a fact.

'Year afore last, I met an English gall a travellin' in a steam-boat; she had a French name that I can't recollect, tho' I got it on the tip o' my tongue too; you know who I mean—she wrote books on economy—not domestic economy, as galls ought, but on political economy, as galls oughtent, for they don't know nothin' about it. She had a trumpet in her hand,—thinks I, who on airth is she agoin to hail, or is she agoin' to try echoes on the river? I watched her for some time, and I found it was an ear trumpet.

''Well, well,' says I, 'that's onlike most English travellers any way, for in a giniral way they wear magnifying glasses, and do enlarge things so, a body don't know 'em ag'in when he sees 'em. Now, this gall won't hear one half that's said, and will get that half wrong, and so it turned out.' Says she to me, 'Beautiful country this, Mr. Slick;' says she, 'I'm transported.' 'Transported,' said I, 'why, what onder the sun did you do to home to get transported?'—but she larfed right out like anything; 'delighted, I mean,' said she, 'it's so beautiful.' 'It is splendid,' said I, 'no doubt: there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere.' 'Oh!' said she, 'what views, what scenery, what woods, what a river! how I should like to soar away up with that are eagle into the blue sky, and see all its beauties spread out afore me like a map! How grand—everything is on a gand scale!' 'Have you seen the Kentuckians?' said I. 'Not yet,' said she. 'Stop then,' said I, 'till you see *them*. They *are* on a scale that will please you, I guess; whopping big fellows them, I tell you; half horse, half alligator, with a touch of the airthquake. 'I wasn't a talking of the men,' said she, ''tis the beauties of natur' I was admiring.' 'Well,' said I, 'once on a time I used to admire the beauties of natur' too, but I got cured of that.' 'Sit down on this bench,' said she, 'and tell me how it was;—these kind o' anecdotes serve to illustrate the 'moral of feelin'.'' Thinks I, 'this is philosophy now, 'moral of feelin'!' Well, if the moschetoes don't illustrate your moral of feeling for you, some of these nights, I'm mistaken. Very immoral fellows, those 'skeeters.'

''Well,' said I, 'my first tower in the clock-trade was up Canada way, and I was the first ever went up Huron with clocks. When I reached our fort, at Gratiot, who did I find there as commander of the party, but the son of an old American hero, a sargeant at Bunker's Hill. Well, bein' the son of an old veteran hero myself, it made quite a fellowship atween us, like. He bought a clock o' me, and invited me to stay with him till a vessel arrived for Michigan. Well, in the arternoon, we went for to take tea with a gentleman that had settled near the fort, and things were sot out in an arbour, surrounded with honeysuckle, and Isabella grape, and what not; there was a view of the fort from it, and that elegant lake and endless forest; it was lovely—that's a fact; and the birds flocked round the place, lighted on it and sung so sweet,—I thought it was the most romantic thing I ever seed since I was a created sinner. So said I to his wife, (a German lady from one of the emigrant ships,) 'I prefer,' said I, 'your band of birds to the Bowery band of New York, by a long chalk; it's natur's music,

it's most delightful, it's splendid!' 'Furder off,' said she, 'I like 'em more better hash nearer; for the nasty, dirty tivils they tirt in the tay and de shukar; look there,' said she, 'that's de tird cup now spilte.' Lord it make me sick; I never had any romance in me arter that.

'Here the English gall turned round and looked at me for a space quite hard. Said she, 'You are a humourous people, Mr. Slick; you resemble the Irish very much,—you remind me greatly of that lively, light-hearted, agreeable people.' 'Thank you,' said I, 'marm, for that compliment; we are generally thought to resemble each other very much, both in looks and dress; there's often great mistakes made when they first land from the likeness.'

'Arter a considerable of a pause, she said, 'This must be a religious country,' said she, 'ain't it? for religion is the 'hightest fact in man's right, and the root of all democracy.'' 'If religion is the root of democracy,' said I, 'it bears some strange fruit sometimes, as the man said of the pine tree the five gamblers were Lynched up to Vixburg.' 'I'm glad to see,' said she, 'you have no establishment—it's an incubus—a dead weight—a nightmare.' 'I ain't able,' said I; 'I can't afford it nohow; and besides,' said I, 'I can't get no one to have me. Them that I would have won't have me, and them that would have me, the devil wouldn't have, so I don't see as I'm like to be troubled with a nightmare for one while.' 'I don't mean that,' said she, laughin'; 'I mean an Established Church.' 'Oh! an Established Church,' said I; 'now I understand; but when I hear ladies talk of establishments, I always think they have matrimony in their heads.' The truth is, Squire, I don't like to hear English people come out here, and abuse their Church; they've got a Church and throve under it, and a national character under it, for honour and upright dealin', such as no other people in Europe have: indeed, I could tell you of some folks who have to call their goods English to get them off in a foreign land at all. *The name sells 'em.* You may boast of this tree or that tree, and call 'em this dictionary name and that new-fangled name, *but give me the tree that bears the best fruit, I say.*

''As to religion,' says I, 'bein' the 'root of democracy,' it's the root of monarchy too, and all governments, or ought to be; and there ain't that wide difference arter all atween the two countries some folks think on. Government here, both in theory and practice, resides with the people; and religion is under the care of the rael government. With you, government is in the executive, and religion is in the hands of the government there. Church and State are to a sartain extent connected therefore in both. The difference with us is, we don't prefer one and establish it, and don't render its support compulsory. Better, perhaps, if we did, for it burns pretty near out sometimes here, and has to be brought to by revivals and camp-meetin's, and all sort of excitements; and when it does come to, it don't give a steady clear light for some time, but spits and sputters and cracks like a candle that's got a drop o' water on the wick. It don't seem kinder rational, neither, that screamin' and screetchin', and hoopin' and hol-

lerin', like possest, and tumblin' into faintin's, and fits, and swoons, and what not.'

''*I don't like preachin' to the narves, instead of the judgment.*—I recollect a lady once, tho' convarted by preachin' to her narves, that was an altered woman all the rest o' her days.' 'How was that?' said she: 'these stories illustrate the 'science of religion.' I like to hear *them*.' 'There was a lady,' said I, (and I thought I'd give her a story for her book,) 'that tried to rule her husband a little tighter than was agreeable,—meddlin' with things she didn't onderstand, and dictatin, in matters of politicks and religion, and everything a'most. So one day her husband had got up considerable airly in the mornin', and went out and got a tailor, and brought him into his wife's bed-room afore she was out o' bed:—'Measure that woman,' said he, 'for a pair of breeches; she's determined to wear 'em, and I'm resolved folks shall know it,' and he shook the cow-skin over the tailor's head to show him he intended to be obeyed. It cured her,—she begged and prayed, and cried, and promised obedience to her husband. He spared her, but it effectuated a cure. Now that's what I call *preachin' to the narves;* Lord, how she would have kicked and squeeled if the tailor had a————.' 'A very good story,' said she, abowin' and amovin' a little, so as not to hear about the measurin',—'a very good story indeed.'

''If you was to revarse that maxim o' yourn,' said I, 'and say democracy is too often found at the root of religion, you'd be nearer the mark, I reckon. I knew a case once exactly in point.' 'Do tell it to me,' said she; 'it will illustrate 'the spirit of religion.'' 'Yes,' said I, 'and illustrate your book too, if you are a writin' one, as most English travellers do. Our congregation,' said I, 'at Slickville, contained most of the wealthy and respectable folk there, and a most powerful and united body it was. Well, there came a split once on the election of an Elder, and a body of the upper-crust folks separated and went off in a huff. Like most folks that separate in temper, they laid it all to conscience; found out all at once they had been adrift afore all their lives, and joined another church as differed from our'n in creed as chalk is from cheese; and to show their humility, hooked on to the poorest congregation in the place. Well, the minister was quite lifted up in the stirrups when he saw these folks jine him; and to show his zeal for them the next Sunday, he looked up at the gallery to the niggers, and, said he, 'My brether'n,' said he, 'I beg you won't spit down any more on the aisle seats, for there be gentlemen there now. Just turn your heads, my sable friends, and let go over your shoulders. Manners, my brothers, manners before backey.' Well, the niggers seceded; they said, it was an infringement on their rights, on their privilege of spittin', as freemen, where they liked, how they liked, and when they liked, and they quit in a body. 'Democracy,' said they, 'is the root of religion.''

''Is that a fact?' said she. 'No mistake,' said I; 'I seed it myself; I know 'em all.' 'Well, it's a curious fact,' said she, 'and very illustrative. It illustrates the universality of spittin', and the universality of democracy. It's characteristic. I have no

fear of a people where the right of spittin' is held sacred from the interminable assaults of priest-craft.' She laid down her trumpet, and took out her pocket-book, and began to write it down. She swallar'd it all. I have seen her book since, it's jist what I expected from her. The chapter on religion strikes at the root of all religion; and the effect of such doctrines are exhibited in the gross slander she has written ag'in her own sex in the States, from whom she received nothin' but kindness and hospitality. I don't call that pretty at all; it's enough to drive hospitality out of the land.'

'I know what you allude to,' said I, 'and fully concur with you in opinion, that it is a gross abominable slander, adopted on insufficient authority, and the more abominable from coming from a woman. Our Church may be aristocratic; but if it is, it teaches good manners, and a regard for the decencies of life. Had she listened more to the regular clergy, and less to the modern illuminati, she might have learned a little of that charity which induces us to think well of others, and to speak ill of none. It certainly was a great outrage, and I am sorry that outrage was perpetrated by an English woman.' 'I am proper glad you agree with me, Squire,' said he; 'but come and see for yourself, and I will explain matters to you; for without some one to let you into things you won't understand us. I'll take great pleasure in bein' your guide, for I must say I like your conversation.'—'How singular this is! to the natural reserve of my country, I *add* an uncommon taciturnity; but this peculiar adaptation to listening has everywhere established for me that rare, but most desirable reputation, of being a good companion. It is evident, therefore, that listeners are everywhere more scarce than talkers, and are valued accordingly. Indeed, without them, what would become of the talkers?

CHAPTER VI.

ELECTIVE COUNCILS.

'WHAT would be the effect, Mr. Slick,' said I, 'of elective councils in this country, if government would consent to make the experiment?'

'Why, that's a thing,' said he, 'you can't do in your form o' government, tryin' an experiment, tho' we can; you can't give the word of command, if it turns out a bunglin' piece of business, that they use in militia trainin',—'as you were.' It's different with us—we can,—our government is a democracy,—all power is in the people at large; we can go on, and change from one thing to another, and try any experiment we choose, as often as we like, *for all changes have the like result, of leavin' the power in the same place and the same hands.* But you must know beforehand how it will work in your mixed government, and shouldn't make no change you ain't sure about. What good would an elective council be?' 'It is thought it would give the upper branches,' said I, 'more community of feeling, more sympathy, and more weight with the country at large; that being selected by the people, the people would have more confidence in them, and that more efficient and more suitable men would be chosen by the freeholders than by the crown.' 'You would jist get the identical same sort o' critters,' said he,

'in the eend, as the members of Assembly, if they were elected, and no better; they would be selected by the same judges of horseflesh as t'other, and chosen out o' the same flock. It would be the same breed o' cattle at last.' 'But,' said I, 'you forget that it is proposed to raise the qualifications of the voters from forty shillings to forty pounds per year; whereby you would have a better class of electors, and insure a better selection.' 'Jist you try it,' said he, 'and there never would be an eend to the popular motions in the House of Assembly to extend the suffrages—for every *thing that gives power to numbers, will carry numbers*, and be popular, and every feller who lived on excitement, would be for everlastin'ly a agitatin' of it, Candidate, Slangwhanger, and Member. You'd have no peace, you'd be for ever on the move as our citizens are to New York, and they move into a new house every first o' May-day. If there be any good in that are Council at all, it is in their bein' placed above popular excitement, and subject to no influence but that of reason, and the fitness of things; chaps that have considerable stake in the country, and don't buy their seats by pledges and promises, pledges that half the time ruin the country if they are kept, and always ruins the man that breaks 'em. It's better as it is, in the hands of the government. It's a safety-valve now, to let off the fume, and steam, and vapour, generated by the heat of the lower House. *If you make that branch elective you put government right into the gap, and all difference of opinion, instead of bein' between the two branches as it is now (that is, in fact, between the people themselves,) would then occur in all cases between the people and the governor.* Afore long that would either seal up the voice of the executive, so that they darn't call their souls their own, or make 'em onpopular, and whenever the executive once fairly gets into that are pickle, there's an eend of the colony, and a declaration of independence would soon foller. Papinor knows that, and that's the reason he's so hot for it,—he knows what it would lead to in the eend. That critter may want ginger, for aught I know; but we don't want for gumption you may depend. *Elective councils are inconsistent with colonial dependance.* It's takin' away the crane that holds up the pot from the fire, to keep it from boilin' over, and clappin' it right on the hot coals: what a gallopin' boil it would soon come into, wouldn't it? In all mixed governments like your'n, the true rule is never to interfere with pop'lar rights established. Amend what is wrong, concede what is right, and do what is just always; but *presarve the balance of the constitution* for your life. One pound weight only taken off the executive, and put on t'other eend, is like a shift of the weight on a well-balanced plank till it won't play true no more, but keeps a slidin' and a slidin' down by leetle and leetle to the heaviest eend, till it all stays down to one side, and won't work no longer. It's a system of checks now, but when all the checks run together, and make only one weight, they'll do as our senate did once (for that ain't no check no more)—it actilly passed that cussed embargo law of Jefferson's that ruined our trade, rotted our shippin', and bankrupted the

whole nation, arter it come up from the House of Representatives thro' all its three readins in four hours; I hope I may be skinned if it didn't. It did, I snore. That's the beauty of havin' two bodies to look at things thro' only one spyglass, and blow bubbles thro' one pipe. There's no appeal, no redress, in that case, and what's more, when one party gives riders to both horses, they ride over you like wink, and tread you right under foot, as arbitrary as old Scratch himself. There's *no tyranny on airth equal to the tyranny of a majority;* you can't form no notion of it unless you seed it. Just see how they sarved them chaps to Baltimore last war, General Lingan and thirty other fellers that had the impudence to say they didn't approve of the doin's of the administration; they jist lynched 'em and stoned 'em to death like dogs.

'We find among us *the greatest democrats are the greatest tyrants.* No Squire; repair, amend, enlarge, ventilate, modernize a little too, if you like, your structure; put new roof, new porch, winders and doors, fresh paint and shingle in, make it more attractive and pleasanter to inhabit, and of course it will be more valuable;—but do you leave the foundation alone—don't you meddle with the frame, the braces, and girts for your life, or it will spread, bilge out, leak like the divil, and come to pieces some o' these stormy nights about your ears as sure as you are born. *Make no organic changes.* There are quacks in politics, Squire, as well as in med'cine,—critters who have unevarsal pills to cure all sorts o' diseases; and many's the constitution, human and politick, they've fixt atween them. There's no knowin' the gripes and pains and cholicks they've caused; and the worst of it is, the poor devils that get in their hands, when they are on the broad of their backs, can't help themselves, but turn up the whites of their eyes, and say, 'Oh dear! I'm very bad: how will it go?' 'Go,' says they; 'why, like a house afire,—full split,—goin' on grandly,—couldn't do no better,—jist what was expected. *You'll have a new constitution,* strong as a lion; oh! goin' on grandly.' 'Well, I don't know,' says the misfortunate critter; 'but I feels a plaguy sight more like goin' *off* than goin' *on*, I tell *you*.' Then come apickin' o' the bed-clothes, a clammy sweat, cold feet, the hiccup, rattles, and death. 'Sarve him right,' says quack; 'the cussed fool has had doctors too long about him in former days, and they sapped his constitution, and fixt his flint for him: why didn't he call me in sooner? The consaited ass thought he knowed everything, and didn't foller out all *my* prescriptions;—one comfort, though—his estate shall pay for it, I vow.' Yes, Squire, and that is the pity, win or lose, live or die, the estate does pay for it—that's a fact; and what's worser, too, many on 'em care more about dividin' the spoil than effectin' the cure, by a long chalk.'

'Yes, presarve the principle of the mechanism of your constitution, for it ain't a bad one, and presarve the balances, and the rest you can improve on without endangerin' the whole engin'. One thing too is sartain,—*a power imprudently given to the executive, or to the people, is seldom or never got back.* I ain't been to England since your Reform Bill passed, but some folks do

say it works complete, that it goes as easy as a loaded waggon down-hill, full chisel. Now suppose that bill was found to be alterin' of the balances, so that the constitution couldn't work many years longer, without acomin' to dead stand, could you repeal it? and say 'as you were?' Let a bird out o' your hand and try to catch it ag'in, will you? *No, Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'you have laws aregilatin' of quack doctors, but none aregilatin' of quack politicians; now a quack doctor is bad enough, and dangerous enough, gracious knows, but a quack politician is a devil outlawed,—that's a fact.'*

CHAPTER VII.

SLAVERY.

THE road from Kentville to Wilmot passes over an extensive and dreary sand plain, equally fatiguing to man and horse, and after three hours' hard dragging on this heavy road, we looked out anxiously for an inn to rest and refresh our gallant 'Clay.'

'There it is,' said Mr. Slick: 'you'll know it by that high post, on which they have jibitted one of their governors ahorseback as a sign. The first night I stopt there, I vow I couldn't sleep a wink for the creakin' of it, as it swung backwards and forwards in the wind. It sounded so nateral like, that I couldn't help thinkin' it was a rael man hung in chains there. It put me in mind of the slave to Charleston, that was strung up for pysonin' his master and mistress.' When we drove up to the door, a black man came out of the stable, and took the horse by the head in a listless and reluctant manner, but his attention was shortly awakened by the animal, whom he soon began to examine attentively. 'Him don't look like blue nose.' said blacky,—'sartin him stranger. Fine critter, dat, by gosh,—no mistake.'

From the horse his eye wandered to us; when, slowly quitting his hold of the bridle, and stretching out his head, and stepping anxiously and cautiously round to where the Clockmaker was standing, he suddenly pulled off his hat, and throwing it up in the air, uttered one of the most piercing yells I think I ever heard, and throwing himself upon the ground, seized Mr. Slick round the legs with his arms. 'Oh, Massa Sammy! Massa Sammy! Oh, my Gor!—only tink old Scippy see you once more! How you do, Massa Sammy? Gor Ormighty bless you! How you do?' 'Why, who on airth are *you?*' said the Clockmaker; 'what onder the sun do you mean by actin' so like a ravin' distracted fool? Get up this minnit, and let me see who you be, or I'll give you a slockdologer in the ear with my foot, as sure as you are born. Who be *you*, you nigger you?' 'Oh, Massa Sam, you no recollect Old Scip,—Massa 'Siah's nigger boy? How's Massa Sy, and Missey Sy, and all our children, and all our folks to our house to home? De dear little lily, de sweet little booty, de little missy baby. Oh, how I do lub 'em all!'

In this manner the creature ran on, incoherently asking questions, sobbing, and blaming himself for having left so good a master, and so comfortable a home. 'How is dat black villain, dat Cato?' he continued;—'Massa no hang him yet.' 'He is sold,' said Mr. Slick, 'and has gone to New Orl*eens*, I guess.' 'Oh, I grad, upon my soul, I wery grad; then he catch it, de

dam black nigger—it sarve him right. I hope dey cowskin him well—I grad of dat,—oh Gor! dat is good. I tink I see him de ugly brute. I hope they lay it into him well, dam *him!*' 'I guess you'd better onharness Old Clay, and not leave him standin' all day in the sun,' said Mr. Slick. 'O goody gracy, yes,' said the overjoyed negro, 'dat I will, and rab him down too till him all dry as bone,—debil a wet hair left. Oh, only tink, Massa Sammy Slick,—Massa Sammy Slick,—Scip see you again!'

The Clockmaker accompanied him to the stable, and there gratified the curiosity of the affectionate creature by answering all his inquiries after his master's family, and the state of the plantation and the slaves. It appears that he had been inveigled away by the mate of a Boston vessel that was loading at his master's estate; and, notwithstanding all the sweets attending a state of liberty, was unhappy under the influence of a cold climate, hard labour, and the absence of all that real sympathy, which, notwithstanding the rod of the master, exists nowhere but where there is a community of interests. He entreated Mr. Slick to take him into his employment, and vowed eternal fidelity to him and his family if he would receive him as a servant, and procure his manumission from his master.

This arrangement having been effected to the satisfaction of both parties, we proceeded on our journey, leaving the poor negro happy in the assurance that he would be sent to Slickville in the Autumn. 'I feel provoked with that black rascal,' said Mr. Slick, 'for bein' such a born fool as to run away from so good a master as Josiah, for he is as kind-hearted a critter as ever lived,—that's a fact,—and a plaguy easy man to his niggers. I used to tell him, I guessed he was the only slave on his plantation, for he had to see arter everythin'; he had a dreadful sight more to do than they had. It was all work and no play with *him*.' 'You forget,' said I, 'that his labour was voluntary, and for his own benefit, while that of the negro is compulsory, and productive of no advantage to himself. What do you think of the abolition of slavery in the United States?' said I: 'the interest of the subject appears to have increased very much of late.' 'Well, I don't know,' said he,—'what is your opinion?' 'I ask,' I replied, 'for information.' 'It's a considerable of a snarl, that question,' said he; 'I don't know as I ever onraveled it altogether, and I ain't jist quite sartain I can—it's not so easy as it looks. I recollect the English gall I met atravelin' in the steamboat, axed me that same question. 'What do you think of slavery,' said she, 'sir?' 'Slavery, marm,' said I, 'is only fit for *white lovers* (and I made the old lady a scrape of the leg),—only fit,' said I, 'for *white* lovers and *black* niggers.' 'What an idea,' said she, 'for a free man in a land of freedom to utter! How that dreadful political evil demoralizes a people! how it deadens our feelin's, how it hardens the heart! Have you no pity for the *blacks?*' said she; 'for you treat the subject with as much levity as if, to use one of the elegant and fashionable phrases of this country, you thought it all '*in my eye.*'' 'No, marm,' said I, with a very grave face, 'I hav'n't no pity at all for 'em, not the least mite nor morsel in the world.' 'How dreadful,'

said she, and she looked ready to expire with sentiment. 'No feelin' at all,' said I, 'marm, for the *blacks*, but a great deal of feelin' for the *whites*, for instead of beein' all in *my eye*, it's all in *my nose*, to have them nasty, horrid, fragrant critters agoin' thro' the house like scent-bottles with the stoppers out, aparfumin' of it up, like skunks—it's dreadful! Oh!' said I, 'it's enough to kill the poor critters. Phew! it makes me sick, it does. No; I keeps my pity for the poor whites, for they have the worst of it by a long chalk.'

''The constant contemplation of this painful subject,' said she, 'destroys the vision, and its deformities are divested of their horrors by their occurring so often as to become familiar.' 'That,' I said, 'Miss, is a just observation, and a profound and a cute one too—it is actilly founded in natur'. I know a case in pint,' I said. 'What is it?' said she, for she seemed mighty fond of anecdotes (she wanted 'em for her book, I guess, for travels without anecdotes is like a puddin' without plums—all dough). 'Why,' said I, 'marm, father had an English cow, a pet cow too, and a beautiful critter she was, a brindled short-horn; he gave the matter of eighty dollars for her; —she was begot by ——.' 'Never mind her pedigree,' said she. 'Well,' says I, 'when the great eclipse was (you've heerd tell how it frightens cattle, hav'n't you?) Brindle stared and stared at it so, —she lost her eyesight, and she was as blind as a bat ever afterwards. I hope I may be shot if she warn't. Now, I guess, we that see more of slavery than you do, are like Brindle; we have stared at it so long we can't see it as other folks do.' 'You are a droll man,' said she, 'very droll; but seriously, now, Mr. Slick, do you not think these unfortunate fellow-critters, our sable brothers, if emancipated, educated, and civilized, are capable of as much refinement, and as high a degree of polish as the whites?' 'Well,' said I, 'joking apart, miss,—there's no doubt on it. I've been considerable down South atradin' among the whites,—and a kind-hearted, hospitable, liberal race o' men they be, as ever I was among—generous, frank, manly folks. Well, I seed a good deal of the —niggers too; it couldn't be otherwise. I must say your conclusion is a just one,—I could give you several instances; but there is one in pitickelar that settles the question: I seed it myself with my own eyes to Charleston, South Car.' 'Now,' said she, 'that's what I like to hear; give me fact,' said she, 'for I am no visionary, Mr. Slick; I don't build up a theory, and then go alookin' for facts to support it; but gather facts candidly and impartially, and then coolly and logically draw the inferences. Now tell me this instance which you think conclusive, for nothin' interests us English so much as what don't consarn us; our West Indgy emancipation has worked so well, and improved our islands so much, we are enchanted with the very word emancipation; it has a charm for English ears, beyond anything you can conceive.—*Them islands will have spontaneous production afore long.* But the refinement and polish of these interestin' critters the blacks,—your story if you please, sir.'

''I have a younger brother, miss,' said I, 'that lives down to Charleston;—he's a lawyer by

trade—Squire Josiah Slick; he is a considerable of a literary character. He's well known in the great world as the author of the 'Historical, Statistical, and Topographical account of Cuttyhunck,' in five volumes; a work that has raised the reputation of American genius among foreign nations amazin', I assure you. He's quite a self-taught author too. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him.' 'Me!' said she, adrawin' up her neck like a swan. 'You needn't look so scared,' said I, 'marm, for he is a married man, and has one white wife and four white children.' 'I wanted to hear, sir,' said she, quite snappishly, 'of the negroes, and not of your brother and his domestic arrangements.' 'Well, marm,' said I; 'one day there was a dinner-party to Josiah's, and he made the same remark you did, and instanced the rich black marchant of Philadelphia, which position was contradicted by some other gentlemen there; so 'Siah offered to bet one thousand dollars he could produce ten black gentlemen, who should be allowed, by good judges, to be more polished than any like number of whites that could be selected in the town of Charleston. Well, the bet was taken, the money staked, and a note made of the tarms.

''Next day at ten o'clock, the time fixed, Josiah had his ten niggers nicely dressed, paraded out in the streets a facin' of the sun, and brought his friends and the umpires to decide the bet. Well, when they got near 'em, they put their hands to their eyes and looked down to the ground, and the tears ran down their cheeks like anything.' 'Whose cheeks?' said she; 'blacks or whites? this is very interestin'.' 'Oh, the whites, to be sure,' said I. 'Then,' said she, 'I will record that mark of feelin' with great pleasure—I'll let the world know it. It does honour to their heads and hearts.' 'But not to their eyes tho',' said I; they swore they couldn't see a bit. 'What the devil have you got there, Slick?' says they; 'it has put our eyes out; damn them, how they shine! they look like black japanned tea-trays in the sun—it's blindin'—it's the devil, that's a fact.' 'Are you satisfied?' said 'Sy. 'Satisfied of what?' says they; 'satisfied with bein' as blind as buzzards, eh?' 'Satisfied of the high polish niggers are capable of,' said Josiah; 'why shouldn't nigger-hide, with lots of Day and Martin's blackin' on it, take as good a polish as cow-hide, eh?' Oh lord? if you'd aheerd what a roar of larfter there was, for all Charleston was there a'most; what a hurrain' and shoutin': it was grand fun. I went up and shook hands with Josiah, for I always liked a joke from a boy. 'Well done, 'Sy,' says I; 'you've put the leake into 'em this hitch rael complete; it's grand?' 'But,' says he, 'don't look so pleased, Sam; they are cussed vexed, and if we crow I'll have to fight every one on 'em, that's sartin, for they are plaguy touchy, them Southerners; fight for nothin' a'most. But, Sam,' said he, 'Connecticut ain't a bad school for a boy arter all, is it?' I could tell you fifty such stories miss,' says I. She drew up rather stately. 'Thank you, sir,' said she, 'that will do; I am not sure whether it is a joke of your brother's or a hoax of yourn, but whose ever it is, it has more practical wit than feelin' in it.'

'The truth is,' said the Clockmaker, 'nothin' raises my dan-

der more, than to hear English folks and our Eastern citizens atalkin' about this subject that they don't onderstand, and have nothin' to do with.

'Every critter must work in this world, and a labourer is a slave; but the labourer only gets enough to live on from day to day, while the slave is tended in infancy, sickness, and old age, and has spare time enough given him to airn a good deal too. A married woman, if you come to that, is a slave, call her what you will, wife, woman, angel, termegant, or devil, she's a slave; and if she happens to get the upper hand, the husband is a slave, and if he don't lead a worse life than any black nigger, when he's under petticoat government, then my name is not Sam Slick. I'm no advocate of slavery, Squire, nor are any of our folks; it's bad for the niggers, worse for the masters, and a cuss to any country; but we have got it, and the question is, what are we to do with it? Let them answer that know—I don't pretend to be able to.'

The subject was a disagreeable one, but it was a striking peculiarity of the Clockmaker's, that he never dwelt long upon anything that was not a subject of national boast; he therefore very dexterously shifted both the subject and the scene of it to England, so as to furnish himself with a retort, of which he was at all times exceedingly fond. 'I have heerd tell,' said he, 'that you British have 'mancipated your niggers.' 'Yes,' said I, 'thank God! slavery exists not in the British empire.' 'Well, I take some credit to myself for that,' said the Clockmaker; 'it was me that sot that agoin' any way.' 'You!' said I, with the most unfeigned astonishment;—'*you!* how could *you*, by any possibility, be instrumental in that great national act?' 'Well, I'll tell you,' said he, 'tho' it's a considerable of a long story too. When I returned from Poland, viâ London, in the hair speckelation of Jabish Green, I went down to Sheffield to execute a commission; I had to bribe some Master Workmen to go out to America, and if I didn't fix 'em it's a pity. The critters wouldn't go at no rate, without the most extravagant onreasonable wages, that no business could afford nohow. Well, there was nothin' to be done but to agree to it; but things worked right in the long run; our folks soon larnt the business, and then they had to work for half nothin', or starve. It don't do to drive too hard a bargain always.

'When I was down there a gentleman called on me one arternoon, one John Canter by name, and says he, 'Mr. Slick, I've called to see you, to make some inquiries about America; me and my friends think of emigratin' there.' 'Happy,' says I, 'to give you any information in my power, sir,' and a sociable dish o' chat is what I must say I do like most amazin',—it's kind o' nateral to be talkin' is. So we sot down and chatted away about our great nation all arternoon and evenin', and him and me got as thick as two thieves afore we parted.—'If you will be to home to-morrow evenin',' says he, 'I will call again, if you will give me leave.' 'Sartain,' says I, 'most happy.'

'Well, next evenin' he came ag'in; and in the course of talk, 'says he, 'I was born a quaker, Mr. Slick.' 'Plenty on 'em with us,' says I, 'and well to do in the world too,—considerable stiff

folks in their way them quakers, —you can't no more move 'em than a church steeple. I like the quakers too,' says I, 'for there are worse folks than them agoin' in the world by a long chalk.' 'Well, lately I've dissented from 'em,' says he.—'Curious that too,' says I. 'I was a thinkin' the beaver didn't shade the inner man quite as much as I have seed it; but,' says I, 'I like dissent; it shows a man has both a mind and a conscience too; if he hadn't a mind he couldn't dissent, and if he hadn't a conscience he wouldn't; a man, therefore, who quits his church, always stands a notch higher with me than a stupid obstinate critter that sticks to it 'cause he was born and brought up in it, and his father belonged to it—there's no sense in that.'

''Well,' says he, 'Mr. Slick, this country is an aristocratic country, a very aristocratic country indeed, and it tante easy for a man to push himself when he has no great friends or family interest; and besides, if a man has some little talent'—says he, (and he squeezed his chin between his fore-finger and thumb, as much as to say, tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, I have a very tolerable share of it at any rate,) 'he has no opportunity of risin' by bringin' himself afore the public. Every avenue is filled. A man has no chance to come forward,—money won't do it, for that I have,—talent won't do it, for the opportunity is wantin'. I believe I'll go to the States where all men are equal, and one has neither the trouble of risin' nor the vexation of fallin'.' 'Then you'd like to come forward in public life here, would you,' said I, 'if you had a chance?' 'I would,' says he, 'that's the truth.' 'Give me your hand then,' says I, 'my friend, I've got an idea that it will make your fortin'. I'll put you in a track that will make a man of you first, and a nobleman arterwards, as sure as *thou* says *thee*. *Walk into the niggers,' says I, 'and they'll help you to walk into the whites, and they'll make you walk into parliament.*' 'Walk into the niggers!' said he; and he sot and stared like a cat awatchin' of a mouse-hole:—'walk into the niggers!—what's that? I don't onderstand you.' —'Take up 'mancipation,' says I, 'and work it up till it works you up; call meetin's and make speeches to 'em;—get up societies and make reports to 'em;—get up petitions to parliament, and get signers to 'em. Enlist the women on your side, of all ages, sects, and denominations. Excite 'em first tho', for women folks are poor tools till you get 'em up; but excite them, and they'll go the whole figur',—wake up the whole country. It's a grand subject for it,—broken-hearted slaves killin' themselves in despair, or dyin' a lingerin' death, —task-master's whip acuttin' into their flesh,—burnin' suns,—days o' toil—nights o' grief—pestilential rice-grounds—chains —starvation—misery and death, —grand figur's them for ora*try*, and make splendid speeches, if well put together.'

''Some good men, some weak men, and a'most a plaguy sight of hypocritical men will join you. Cant carries sway always now. A large party in the House, and a wappin' large party out o' the House, must be kept quiet, concilitated, or whatever the right word is, and John Canter is made Lord Lavender.'

''I see, I see,' said he; 'a

glorious prospect of doin' good, of aidin' my fellow-mortals, of bein' useful in my generation. I hope for a more imperishable reward than a coronet,—the approbation of my own conscience.' 'Well, well,' says I to myself, 'if you ain't the most impudent as well as the most pharisaical villain that ever went onhung, then I never seed a finished rascal,—that's all.' He took my advice, and went right at it, tooth and nail; worked day and night, and made a'most a duce of a stir. His name was in every paper;—a meetin' held here to-day,—that great and good man John Canter in the chair;—a meetin' held there to-morrow,—addressed most eloquently by that philanthropist, philosopher, and Christian, John Canter;—a society formed in one place, John Canter secretary; — a society formed in another place, John Canter president:—John Canter everywhere;—if you went to London, he handed you a subscription list,—if you went to Brighton, he met you with a petition,—if you went to Sheffield, he filled your pockets with tracts;—he was a complete Jack-o'-lantern, here, and there, and everywhere. The last I heerd tell o' him he was in parliament, and agoin' out governor-general of some of the colonies. I've seen a good many superfine saints in my time, Squire, but this critter was the most uppercrust one I ever seed,—he did beat all.

'Yes, the English desarve some credit, no doubt; but when you substract electioneerin' party spirit, hippocrasy, ambition, ministerial flourishes, and all the other ondertow causes that operated in this work, which at best was but clumsily contrived, and bunglin'ly executed, it don't leave so much to brag on arter all, does it now?'

CHAPTER VIII.

TALKING LATIN.

'Do you see them are country galls there,' said Mr. Slick, 'how they are tricked out in silks, and touched off with lace and ribbon to the nine's, a mincin' along with parasols in their hands, as if they were afear'd the sun would melt them like wax, or take the colour out of their face, like a printed cotton blind? Well, that's jist the ruin of this country. It ain't poverty the bluenoses have to fear, for that they needn't know, without they choose to make acquaintance with it; but it's gentility. They go the whole hog in this country, you may depend. They ain't content to appear what they be, but want to be what they ain't; they live too extravagant, and dress too extravagant, and won't do what's the only thing that will supply this extravagance: that is, be industrious. Jist go into one of the meetin'-houses, back here in the woods, where there ought to be nothin' but homespun cloth, and home-made stuffs and bonnets, and see the leghorns and palmettors, and silks and shalleys, morenos, gauzes, and blonds, assembled there, enough to buy the best farm in the settlement. There's somethin' not altogether jist right in this; and the worst of these habits is, they ruinate the young folks, and they grow up as big goneys as the old ones, and eend in the same way, by bein' half-starved at last; there's a false pride, false feelin', and false edication here. I mind once, I was down this way to New Canaan, a vendin' o' my clocks, and who should I overtake but Nabal Green, apokin' along in his wag-

gon, half-loaded with notions from the retail shops, at the cross roads. 'Why, Nabal,' said I, 'are you agoin' to set up for a merchant, for I see you've got a considerable of an assortment of goods there? you've got enough o' them to make a pedlar's fortin' a'most. Who's dead, and what's to pay now?'

''Why, friend Slick,' said he, 'how do you do? who'd a thought o' seein' you here? You see my old lady,' said he, 'is agoin' for to give our Arabella, that's jist returned from boardin' school to Halifax, a let off to-night. 'Most all the bettermost folks in these parts are axed, and the doctor, the lawyer, and the minister is invited; it's no skimmilk story, I do assure you, but upper crust, real jam. Ruth intends to do the thing handsome. She says she don't do it often, but when she does, she likes to go the whole figur', and do it genteel. If she hasn't a show of dough-nuts and prasarves, and apple sarse and punkin pies and sarsages, it's a pity; it's taken all hands of us, the old lady and her galls too, besides the helps, the best part of a week past preparin'. I say nothin' but it's 'most turned the house inside out, a settin' up things in this room, or toatin' 'em out of that into t'other, and all in such a conflustrigation, that I'm glad when they send me of an arrand to be out of the way. It's lucky them harry-canes don't come every day, for they do scatter things about at a great rate, all topsy-turvey like, — that's sartin. Won't you call in and see us to-night, Mr. Slick? folks will be amazin' glad to see you, and I'll show you some as pretty-lookin' galls, to my mind, in our settlement here, as you'll see in Connecticut, I know.'

'Well,' says I, 'I don't care if I do; there's nothin' I like more nor a frolic, and the dear little critters I do like to be among 'em too,—that's sartin.'

'In the evenin' I drives over to Nabal's, and arter puttin' up my beast, Old Clay, I goes into the house, and sure enough, there they was as big as life. The young ladies asittin' on one side, and the men a standin' up by the door, and a chatterin' away in great good humour. There was a young chap a holdin' forth to the men about politics; he was a young trader, set up by some marchant in Halifax, to ruinate the settlement with good-for-nothin' trumpery they hadn't no occasion for,—chock full of concait and affectation, and beginning to feel his way with the yard stick to assembly already.

'Great dandy was Mr. Bobbin; he looked jist as if he had come out of the tailor's hands, spic and span; put out his lips and drew down his brow, as if he had a trick o' thinkin' sometimes— nodded his head and winked, as if he knew more than he'd like to tell—talked of talent quite glib, but disdainful, as if he wouldn't touch some folks with a pair of tongs; a great scholar too was Mr. Bobbin, always spoke dictionary, and used heavy artillery words. I don't entertain no manner of doubt if government would take him at his own valuation, he'd be found to be a man o' great worth. I never liked the critter, and always gave him a poke when I got a chance. He was a town meetin' orator; a grand school that to larn public speakin', Squire; a nice muddy pool for young ducks to larn to swim in. He was a grand hand to read lectures in blacksmiths' shops at Vandues and the like,

and talked politics over his counter at a great size. He looked big and talked big, and altogether was a considerable big man in his own consait. He dealt in reform. He had ballot tape, suffrage ribbon, radical lace, no tythe hats, and beautiful pipes with a democrat's head on 'em, and the maxim, 'No sinecure,' under it. Everything had its motto. 'No, sir,' said he, to some one he was a talkin' to as I came in, 'this country is attenuated to pulverization by its aristocracy—a proud, a haughty aristocracy; a corrupt, a lignious, and lapidinous aristocracy; put them into a parcel, envelope 'em with a panoply of paper, tie them up and put them into the scales, and they will be found wantin'. There is not a pound of honesty among 'em, hay not an ounce, nay not a pennyweight. The article is wanting—it is not in their catalogue. The word never occurs either in their order, or in their invoice. They won't bear the inspection,—they are not marchantable,—nothin' but refuse.'

''If there is no honesty in market,' says I, 'why don't you import some, and retail it out? you might make some considerable profit on it, and do good to the country too; it would be quite patriotic that. I'm glad to see,' says I, 'one honest man a talkin' politics anyhow, for there's one thing I've obsarved in the course of my experience, whenever a man suspects all the world that's above him of roguery, he must be a pretty considerable superfine darned—' ('rogue himself,' whispered some critter standin' by, loud enough for all on 'em to hear, and to set the whole party achockin' with larfter)—'judge of the article himself,' says I. 'Now,' says I, 'if you do import it, jist let us know how you sell it,—by the yard, the quart, or the pound, will you? for it ain't set down in any tradin' tables I've seen, whether it is for long measure, dry measure, or weight.'

''Well,' says he,' atryin' to larf, as if he didn't take the hint, 'I'll let you know, for it might be of some use to you, perhaps, in the clock trade. May be, you'll be a customer, as well as the aristocrats. But how is clocks now?' and he gave his neighbour a nudge with his elbow, as much as to say, I guess it's my turn now,—'how do clocks go?' 'Like some young country traders I've seen in my time,' says I; 'don't go long afore they run down, and have to be wound up again. They are considerable better too, like them, for bein' kept in their own place, and plaguy apt to go wrong when moved out of it.' Thinks I to myself, 'take your change out o' that, young man, will you?' for I heerd tell the goney had said they had cheats enough in Nova Scotia, without havin' Yankee clockmakers to put new wrinkles on their horns. 'Why, you are quite witty this evenin',' said he; 'you've been masticatin' mustard, I apprehend.' 'I was always fond of it from a boy,' said I, 'and it's a pity the bluenoses didn't chew a little more of it, I tell you; it would help 'em p'r'aps, to disgest their jokes better, I estimate.' 'Why, I didn't mean no offence,' said he, 'I do assure you.' 'Nor I, neither,' said I; 'I hope you didn't take it any way parsonal.'

'Says I, 'Friend Bobbin, you have talked a considerable hard o' me afore now, and made out the Yankees 'most as big rogues

as your great men be; but I never thought anything hard on it; I only said,' says I, 'he puts me in mind of Mrs. Squire Ichobad Birch.' 'What's that?' says the folks. 'Why,' says I, 'Marm Birch was acomin' downstairs one mornin' airly, and what should she see but the stable help akissin' of the cook in the corner of the entry, and she afendin' off like a brave one. 'You good-for-nothin' hussy,' said Marm Birch, 'get out o' my house this minit; I won't have no such on-decent carryin's on here, on no account. You horrid critter, get out o' my sight; and as for you,' said she to the Irishman, 'don't you never dare to show your ugly face here ag'in. I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourselves,—both on you begone; away with you, bag and baggage!'

'"'Hullo!' said the Squire, as he foller'd down in his dressin' gownd and slippers; 'hullo!' says he, 'what's all this touss about?' 'Nothin',' says Pat, scratchin' of his head, 'nothin', your honour,—only the mistress says she'll have no kissing in the house, but what she does herself. The cook had my jack knife in her pocket, your honour, and wouldn't give it to me, but sot off and ran here with it, and I arter her, and caught her. I jist put my hand in her pocket promisc'ously to sarch for it,—and when I found it I was atryin' to kiss her by the way of forfeit like, and that's the long and the short o' the matter. The mistress says she'll let no one but herself in the house do that same.' 'Tut, — tut, — tut!' says the Squire, and larfed right out; 'both on you go and attend to your work then, and let's hear no more about it.' Now, you are like Marm Birch, friend Bobbin,' says I—'you think nobody has a right to be honest but yourself; but there is more o' that arter all agoin' in the world, than you have any notion of, I tell you.'

'Feelin' a hand on my arm, I turns round, and who should I see but Marm Green. 'Dear me,' said she, 'is that you, Mr. Slick? I've been lookin' all about for you for ever so long.—How do you do?—I hope I see you quite well.' 'Hearty as brandy, marm,' says I, 'tho' not quite as strong, and a great deal heartier for a seein' of you.—How be you?' 'Reasonable well, and stirrin',' says she: 'I try to keep amovin'; but I shall give the charge of things soon to Arabella: have you seen her yet?' 'No,' says I, 'I haven't had the pleasure since her return; but I hear folks say she is a'most a splendid fine gall,' 'Well, come, then,' said she, atakin' of my arm, 'let me introduce you to her. She *is* a fine gall, Mr. Slick, that's a fact; and tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, she's a considerable of an accomplished gall too. There is no touch to her in these parts; minister's daughter that was all one winter to St. John can't hold a candle to her.' 'Can't she, tho?' said I. 'No,' said she, 'that she can't, the concaited minx, tho' she does carry her head so high. One of the gentlemen that played at the show of the wild beasts said to me, says he, 'I'll tell you what it is, Marm Green,' said he, 'your darter has a beautiful touch—that's a fact; most galls can play a little, but yours does the thing complete.' And so she ought,' say she, 'takin' her five quarters into view.' 'Five quarters!' said I; 'well, if that don't beat all! well, I never heerd tell of a gall havin' five quarters afore since I was

raised! The skin, said I, 'I must say, is a most beautiful one; but as for the tallow, who ever heerd of a gall's tallow?'

''The fifth quarter! — Oh, Lord!' said I, 'marm, you'll kill me,'—and I haw-hawed right out. 'Why, Mr. Slick,' says she, 'ain't you ashamed? do, for gracious sake, behave yourself; I meant five quarters' schoolin'; what a droll man you be.' 'Oh! five quarters' schoolin'!' says I; 'now I understand.' 'And,' said she, 'if she don't paint it's a pity?' 'Paint!' said I; 'why, you don't say so! I thought that are beautiful colour was all nateral. Well, I never could kiss a gall that painted. Mother used to say it was sailin' under false colours—I most wonder you could allow her to paint, for I'm sure there ain't the least morsel of occasion for it in the world; you may say *that*—it *is* a pity!' 'Get out,' said she, 'you imperance: you know'd better nor that; I meant her pictures.' 'Oh! her pictures,' said I; 'now I see;—does she, tho'? Well, that *is* an accomplishment you don't often see, I tell you.'—'Let her alone for that,' said her mother. 'Here, Arabella, dear,' said she, 'come here, dear, and bring Mr. Slick your pictur' of the river that's got the two vessels in it,—Captain Noah Oak's sloop, and Peter Zinck's schooner.' 'Why, my sakes, mamma,' said Miss Arabella, with a toss of her pretty little saucy mug, 'do you expect me to show that to Mr. Slick? why, he'll only larf at it,—he larfs at everything that ain't Yankee.' 'Larf,' said I, 'now do tell; I guess I'd be very sorry to do such an ongenteel thing to any one,—much less, miss, to a young lady like you. No indeed, not I.' 'Yes,' said her mother, 'do, Bella dear; Mr. Slick will excuse any little defects, I'm sure; she's had only five quarters you know, and you'll make allowances, won't you, Mr. Slick?' 'I dare say,' I said, 'they don't stand in need of no allowances at all, so don't be so backward, my dear.' Arter a good deal of mock modesty, out skips Miss Arabella, and returns with a great large water-colour drawin' as big as a winder-shutter, and carried it up afore her face as a hookin' cow does a board over her eyes to keep her from makin' right at you. 'Now,' said her mother, lookin' as pleased as a peacock when it's in full fig with its head and tail up, 'now,' says she, 'Mr. Slick, you are a considerable of a judge of paintin'—seein' that you do bronzin' and gildin' so beautiful, —now don't you call that splendid?' 'Splendid!' says I; 'I guess there ain't the beat of it to be found in this country, anyhow; I never seed anything like it; you couldn't ditto it in the province I know.' 'I guess not,' said her mother, 'nor in the next province neither.' 'It sartainly beats all,' said I. And so it did, Squire; you adied if you'd aseed it, for larfin'. There was the two vessels one right above t'other, a great big black cloud on the top, and a church steeple standin' under the bottom of the schooner.

'Oh dear!' said I to myself, what pains some folks do take to make fools of their children: here's as nice a little heifer as ever was, alettin' of her clapper run away with her like an onruly horse; she don't know where it will take her to yet, no more than the man in the moon.'

'As she carried it out again her mother said, 'Now, I take some credit to myself, Mr. Slick, for that;—she is throwed away here;

but I was determined to have her educated, and so I sent her to bordin' school, and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afore she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district, that includes both Dalhousie and Shanbrooke: you have combined schools in the States, hav'n't you, Mr. Slick?' 'I guess we have,' said I; 'boys and galls combined; I was to one on 'em, when I was considerable well grown up: Lord, what fun we had! It's a grand place to larn the multiplication table at, ain't it? I recollect once.'—'Oh fie! Mr. Slick, I mean a seminary for young gentlemen and ladies where they larn Latin and English combined.' 'Oh, latten!' said I; 'they larn latten there, do they?—Well, come, there is some sense in that; I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make latten; father sent me clean away to New York to larn it. You mix up calamine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pea is like another; and then there is another kind o' latten workin' tin over iron,—it makes a most complete imitation of silver. Oh! a knowledge of latten has been of great sarvice to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation sight of the genu*wine* metals—that's a fact.'

'Why, what on airth are you atalkin' about?' said Mrs. Green. 'I don't mean that latten at all; I mean the Latin they larn at schools.' 'Well, I don't know,' said I; 'I never seed any other kind o' latten, nor ever heerd tell of any.—What is it?' 'Why, its a——its a——. Oh, you know well enough,' said she; 'only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me. I believe, on my soul, you've been abammin' of me the whole blessed time.' 'I hope I be shot if I do,' said I; 'so do tell me what it is. Is it anything in the silk factory line, or the straw-plat, or the cotton warp way?' 'Your head,' said she, considerably miffy, 'is always a runnin' on a factory. Latin is a——Nabal,' said she, 'do tell me what Latin is.' 'Latin,' says he,—why, Latin is——ahem, its——what they teach at the Combined School.' 'Well,' says she, 'we all know that as well as you do, Mr. Wisehead; but what is it? Come here, Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is?' 'Why, Latin, ma,' said Arabella, is,—am-o, I love; am-at, he loves; am-amus, we love;—that's Latin.' 'Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho', don't it?' says I; 'and yet, if Latin is love and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion'—and I got up, and slipt my hand into hers—'you hadn't no occasion to go to the Combined School to larn it; for natur',' says I, 'teaches that a'—and I was a whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said,—'Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are asaying of?' 'Talkin' Latin,' says I,—'awinkin' to Arabella;—'ain't we, miss?' 'Oh yes,' said she,—returnin' the squeeze of my hand and larfin';—'oh yes, mother, arter all he understands it complete.' 'Then take my seat here,' says the old lady, 'and both on you sit down and talk it, for it will be a good practice for you;'—and away she sailed to the eend of the room, and left us a—*talking Latin.*

'I hadn't been asittin' there long afore doctor Ivory Hovey came up, asmirkin', and asmilin', and arubbin' of his hands, as if he was agoin' to say somethin'

very witty; and I observed, the moment he came, Arabella took herself off. She said, she couldn't 'bide him at all. 'Well, Mr. Slick,' said he, 'how are you? how do you do, upon an average, eh? Pray, what's your opinion of matters and things in general, eh? Do you think you could exhibit such a show of fine bloomin' galls in Slickville, eh? Not a bad chance for you, I *guess*,'—(and he gave that word guess a twang that made the folks larf all round,)—said he, 'for you to speckilate for a wife, eh?' 'Well,' says I, 'there is a pretty show o' galls,—that's sartain,—but they wouldn't condescend to the like o' me. I was athinkin' there was some on 'em that would jist suit you to a T.' '*Me*,' says he, adrawin' of himself up and looking big,—'*me!*' and he turned up his nose like a pointer dog when the birds flowed off. 'When *I* honour a lady with the offer of *my* hand,' says he, 'it *will* be a *lady*.' 'Well,' thinks I, 'if you ain't a consaited critter it's a pity; most on 'em are a plaguy sight too good for you, so I will jist pay you off in your own coin.' Says I, 'you put me in mind of Lawyer Endicot's dog.' 'What's that?' says the folks acrowdin' round to hear it, for I sced plain enough that not one on 'em liked him one morsel. Says I, 'he had a great big black dog that he used to carry about with him everywhere he went, into the churches and into the court. The dog was always abotherin' of the judges, agettin' between their legs, and they used to order him to be turned out every day, and they always told the lawyer to keep his dog to home. At last, old Judge Porson said to the constable one day, in a voice of thunder, 'Turn out that dog!' and the judge gave him a kick that sent him half-way across the room, yelpin' and howlin' like anything. The lawyer was properly vexed at this, so says he to the dog, 'Pompey,' says he, 'come here!' and the dog came up to him. 'Didn't I always tell you,' said he, 'to keep out o' bad company? Take that,' said he, agivin' of him a'most an awful kick,—'take that!—and the next time only go among gentlemen;' and away went the dog, lookin' foolish enough, you may depend.' 'What do you mean by that are story, sir?' said he, abristlin' up like a mastiff. 'Nothin',' says I; 'only that a puppy sometimes gets into company that's too good for him, by mistake; and, if he forgets himself, is plaguy apt to get bundled out faster than he came in;'—and I got up and walked away to the other side.

'Folks gave him the nickname of Endicot's dog arter that, and I was glad on it; it sarved him right, the consaited ass. I heerd the critter amutterin' sun'thin' of the Clockmaker illustratin' his own case, but, as I didn't want to be personal, I made as if I didn't hear him. As I went over towards the side table, who should I see aleanin' up against it but Mr. Bobbin, pretty considerably well shaved, with a glass of grog in his hand, alookin' as cross as you please, and so far gone, he was athinkin' aloud, and atalkin' to himself. 'There comes 'soft sawder,' says he, 'and 'human natur'', '—ameanin' me,—'a Yankee broom—wooden nutmegs,—cussed sarcy,—great mind to kick him. Arabella's got her head turned,—consaited minx;—good exterior, but nothin' in her,—like Slick's clocks, all gilded and varnished

outside, and soft wood within. Jist do for Ivory Hovey,—same breed,—big head,—long ears,—a pair of donkeys! Shy old cock, that, deacon,—joins Temperance Societies to get popular,—slips the gin in, pretends it's water;—I see him. But here goes, I believe I'll slip off.' Thinks I, 'it's gettin' on for mornin'; I'll slip off too;' so out I goes and harnesses up Old Clay, and drives home.

'Jist as I came from the barn and got opposite to the house, I heerd some one acrackin' of his whip, and abawlin' out at a great size, and I looked up, and who should I see but Bobbin in his waggon ag'in the pole fence. Comin' in the air had made him blind drunk. He was alickin' away at the top pole of the fence, and afancyin' his horse was there, and wouldn't go.—'Who comes there?' said he. 'Clockmaker,' said I. 'Jist take my horse by the head,—that's a good fellor,—will you?' said he, 'and lead him out as far as the road. Cuss him, he won't stir.' 'Spiles a good horse to lead him,' says I; 'he always looks for it again. Jist you lay it on to him well,—his hams ain't made o' hickory like mine. Cut away at him; he'll go by and by;'—and I drove away and left him a cuttin' and aslashin' at the fence for dear life. Thinks I, 'you are not the first ass that has been brought *to a poll*, anyhow.'

'Next day, I met Nabal. 'Well,' said he, 'Mr. Slick, you hit our young trader rather hard last night; but I warn't sorry to hear you, tho', for the critter is so full of consait, it will do him good. He wants to pull every one down to his own level, as he can't rise to theirs, and is for everlastin'ly spoutin' about House of Assembly business, officials, aristocrats, and such stuff; he'd be a plaguy sight better, in my mind, attendin' to his own business, instead of talking of other folks's; and usin' his yardstick more, and his tongue less. And between you and me, Mr. Sick,' said he,—'though I hope you won't let on to any one that I said anything to you about it,—but atween ourselves, as we are alone here, I am athinkin' my old woman is in a fair way to turn Arabella's head too. All this paintin', and singin', and talkin' Latin is very well, I consait, for them who have time for it, and nothin' better to do to home. It's better p'r'aps to be adoin' of that than adoin' of nothin'; but for the like o' us, who have to live by farmin', and keep a considerable of a large dairy, and upwards of a hundred sheep, it does seem to me sometimes as if it were a little out of place. Be candid now,' said he, 'for I should like to hear what your rael genu*wine* opinion is touchin' this matter, seein' that you know a good deal of the world.'

''Why, friend Nabal,' says I, 'as you've asked my advice, I'll give it to you; tho' anythin' partainin' to the apron-string, is what I don't call myself a judge of, and feel delicate of meddlin' with. Woman is woman,' says I; 'that's a fact; and a fellor that will go for to provoke hornets, is plaguy apt to get himself stung, and I don't know as it does not sarve him right too; but this I must say, friend, that you're just about half right,—that's a fact. The proper music for the farmer's house is the spinnin'-wheel,—the true paintin' the dye stuffs,—and the tambaurin' the loom. Teach Arabella to be useful and not showy, prudent and not ex-

travagant. She is jist about as nice a gall as you'll see in a day's ride; now don't spoil her, and let her get her head turned, for it would be a rael right down pity. One thing you may depend on for sartain, as a maxim in the farmin' line,—*a good darter and a good housekeeper, is plaguy apt to make a good wife and a good mother.*'

CHAPTER IX.

THE SNOW WREATH.

WHOEVER has read Haliburton's 'History of Nova Scotia' (which, next to Mr. Josiah Slick's 'History of Cuttyhank,' in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen,) will recollect that this good city of Annapolis is the most ancient one in North America; but there is one fact omitted by that author, which I trust he will not think an intrusion upon his province, if I take the liberty of recording, and that is, that in addition to its being the most ancient,—it is also the most loyal city of this Western Hemisphere. This character it has always sustained, and 'royal,' as a mark of peculiar favour, has ever been added to its cognomen by every government that has had dominion over it.

Under the French, with whom it was a great favourite, it was called Port Royal; and that good Queen Anne, who condescended to adopt it, permitted it to be called Annapolis Royal. A book issuing from Nova Scotia is, as Blackwood very justly observes, in his never-to-be-forgotten, nor ever-to-be-sufficiently-admired review of the first series of this work, one of those unexpected events that, from their great improbability, appear almost incredible. Entertaining no doubt, therefore, that every member of the cabinet will read this *lusus naturæ*, I take this opportunity of informing them that our most gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, has not in all her widespread dominions more devoted or more loyal subjects than the good people of Annapolis Royal.

'Here it was,' said I, 'Mr. Slick, that the egg was laid of that American bird, whose progeny have since spread over this immense continent.' 'Well, it is a'most a beautiful bird too, ain't it?' said he; 'what a plumage it has! what a size it is! It is a whopper,—that's sartain; it has the courage and the soarin' of the eagle, and the colour of the peacock, and his majestic step and keen eye; the world never seed the beat of it; that's a fact. How streaked the English must feel when they think they once had it in the cage and couldn't keep it there; it is a pity they are so invyous tho', I declare.' 'Not at all, I assure you,' I replied; 'there is not a man among them who is not ready to admit all you have advanced in favour of your national emblem; the fantastic strut of the peacock, the melodious and attic tones, the gaudy apparel, the fondness for display which is perpetually exhibiting to the world the extended tail with painted stars, the amiable disposition of the bird towards the younger and feebler offspring of others.' 'I thought so,' said he; 'I hadn't ought to have spoke of it afore you, for it does seem to ryle you; that's sartain; and I don't know as it was jist altogether right to allude to a thin' that is so humblin' to your national pride. But, Squire, ain't this been a hot day? I think it would pass muster among the hot one of the West Indgies

a'most. I do wish I could jist slip off my flesh and sit in my bones for a space, to cool myself, for I ain't seed such thawy weather this many a year, I know. I calculate I will brew a little lemonade, for Marm Bailey ginerally keeps the materials for that Temperance Society drink.

'The climate o' Nova Scotia does run to extremes; it has the hottest and the coldest days in it I ever seed. I shall never forget a night I spent here three winters ago. I come very near freezin' to death. The very thought of that night will cool me the hottest day in summer. It was about the latter eend of February, as far as my memory sarves me, I came down here to cross over the bay to St. John, and it was considerable arter daylight down when I arrived. It was the most violont slippery weather, and the most cruel cold, I think, I ever mind seein' since I was raised.

'Says Marm Bailey to me, Mr. Slick,' says she, 'I don't know what onder the sun I'm agoin' to do with you, or how I shall be able to accommodate you, for there's a whole raft of folks from Halifax here, and a batch of moose-hunting officers, and I don't know who all; and the house is chock full, I declare.' 'Well,' says I, 'I'm no ways partikilar—I can put up with 'most anything. I'll jist take a stretch here, afore the fire on the floor;—for I'm e'en a'most chilled to death, and awful sleepy too; first come,' says I, 'first sarved, you know's an old rule, and luck's the word now-a-days. Yes, I'll jist take the hearthrug for it, and a good warm birth it is too.' 'Well,' says she, 'I can't think o' that at no rate; there's old Mrs. Fairns in the next street but one; she's got a spare bed she lets out sometimes; I'll send up to her to get it ready for you, and to-morrow these folks will be off, and then you can have your old quarters again.'

'So arter supper, old Johnny Farquhar, the English help, showed me up to the widder's. She was considerable in years, but a cheerfulsome old lady and very pleasant, but she had a darter, the prettiest gall I ever seed since I was created. There was somethin' or another about her that made a body feel melancholy too; she was a lovely-looking critter, but her countenance was sad; she was tall and well made, had beautiful-lookin' long black hair and black eyes; but, oh! how pale she was!—and the only colour she had, was a little fever-like-lookin' red about her lips. She was dressed in black, which made her countenance look more marble like; and yet whatever it was,—natur', or consumption, or desartion, or settin' on the anxious benches, or what not,—that made her look so, yet she hadn't fallen away one morsel, but was full formed and well waisted. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her.

'I felt a kind o' interest in her; I seemed as if I'd like to hear her story, for somethin' or another had gone wrong,—that was clear; some little story of the heart, most like, for young galls are plaguy apt to have a tender spot thereabouts. She never smiled, and when she looked on me, she looked so streaked and so sad, and cold withal, it made me kinder superstitious. Her voice, too, was so sweet, and yet so doleful, that I felt proper sorry, and amazin' curious too; thinks I, I'll jist ax to-morrow all about her, for folks have pretty cute ears in Annapolis; there ain't a

smack of a kiss that ain't heard all over town in two twos, and sometimes they think they heer 'em even afore they happen. It's a'most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed. Well, I tried jokin' and funny stories, and every kind o' thing to raise a larf, but all wouldn't do; she talked and listened and chatted away as if there was nothin' above partikilar; but still no smile; her face was cold and clear and bright as the icy surface of a lake, and so transparent too, you could see the veins in it. Arter a while, the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it; but, oh! my sakes, how cold! it was like goin' down into a well in summer—it made my blood fairly thicken ag'in. Your tumbler is out, Squire; try a little more of that lemonade; that iced water is grand. Well, I sot over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands and kindlin' wood (for the logs were green, and wouldn't burn up at no rate); and then I ondressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed, with only half clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes round me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets, — and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad,—they went off like thunder, and, now and then, you'd hear some one run along ever so fast, as if he couldn't show his nose to it for one minit, and the snow crackin' and crumplin' onder his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the window looked all fuzzy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a sartainty. If I go for to drop off a sleep, as sure as the world I'll never wake up ag'in. I've heer-in' tell of folks afore now feelin' dozy like, out in the cold, and layin' down to sleep, and goin' for it, and I don't half like to try it, I vow. Well, I got considerable narvous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in another,—then I doubled up all of a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend;—at last I began to nod and doze, and fancy I see'd a flock o' sheep a takin' a splint for it, over a wall, and tried to count 'em, one by one, and couldn't; and then I'd start up, and then nod ag'in. I felt it a comin' all over, in spite of all I could do; and, thinks I, it ain't so everlastin' long to day-light now; I'll try it anyhow—I'll be darn'd if I don't—so here goes.

'Just as I shot my eyes, and made up my mind for a nap, I hears a low moan and a sob; well, I sits up, and listens, but all was silent again. Nothin' but them etarnal nails agoin' off, one arter t'other, like anything. Thinks I to myself, the wind's a gettin' up, I estimate; it's as like as not we shall have a change o' weather. Presently I heerd a light step on the entry, and the door opens softly, and in walks the widder's darter on tiptoe, dressed in a long white wrapper; and after peerin' all round to see if I was asleep, she goes and sits down in the chimbley corner, and picks up the coals and fixes the fire, and sits alookin' at it for ever

so long. Oh! so sad, and so melancholy; it was dreadful to see her. Says I to myself says I, 'what on airth brings the poor critter here, all alone, this time o' night; and the air so plaguy cold, too. I guess, she thinks I'll freeze to death; or, perhaps, she's walkin' in her sleep.' But there she sot lookin' more like a ghost than a human,—first she warmed one foot, and then the other; and then held her hands over the coals, and moaned bitterly. 'Dear! dear!' thinks I, 'that poor critter is afreezin' to death as well as me; I do believe the world is acomin' to an eend right off, and we shall all die of cold,' and I shivered all over. Presently she got up, and I saw her face part covered, with her long black hair, and the other parts so white and so cold, it chilled me to look at it, and her footsteps I consaited sounded louder, and I cast my eyes down to her feet, and I actilly did fancy they looked froze. Well, she come near the bed, and lookin' at me, stood for a space without stirrin', and then she cried bitterly. 'He, too, is doomed,' said she; 'he is in the sleep of death, and so far from home, and all his friends too.' 'Not yet,' said I, 'you dear critter you, not yet, you may depend;—but you will be, if you don't go to bed;—so,' says I, 'do for gracious sake, return to your room, or you will perish.' 'It's frozen,' says she, 'it's deathy cold; the bed is a snow wreath, and the pillow is ice, and the coverlid is congealed; the chill has struck into my heart, and my blood has ceased to flow. I'm doomed, I'm doomed to die; and oh! how strange, how cold is death!' Well, I was all struck up of a heap; I didn't know what on airth to do; says I to myself, says I, 'here's this poor gall in my room carryin' on like ravin' distracted mad in the middle of the night here: she's oneasy in her mind, and is awalkin' as sure as the world, and how it's agoin' to eend, I don't know,—that's a fact.' 'Katey,' says I, 'dear, I'll get up and give you my bed if you are cold, and I'll go and make up a great rousin' big fire, and I'll call up the old lady, and she will see to you, and get you a hot drink; somethin' must be done, to a sartainty, for I can't bear to hear you talk so.' 'No,' says she, 'not for the world; what will my mother say, Mr. Slick? and me here in your room, and nothin' but this wrapper on; it's too late now, it's all over;' and with that she fainted and fell right across the bed. Oh, how cold she was! the chill struck into me, I feel it yet; the very thoughts is enough to give one the ague. Well, I'm a modest man, Squire; I was always modest from a boy,—but there was no time for ceremony now, for there was a sufferin', dyin' critter—so I drew her in, and folded her in my arms, in hopes she would come to, but death was there.

'I breathed on her icy lips, but life seemed extinct, and every time I pressed her to me, I shrunk from her till my back touched the cold gypsum wall. It felt like a tomb, so chill, so damp, so cold —(you have no notion how cold them are kind o' walls are, they beat all natur')—squeezed between this frozen gall on one side, and the icy plaster on the other, I felt as if my own life was aebbin' away fast. 'Poor critter!' says I, 'has her care of me brought her to this pass? I'll press her to my heart once more; p'r'aps

the little heat that's left there may revive her, and I can but die a few minutes sooner. It was a last effort, but it succeeded; she seemed to breathe again—I spoke to her, but she couldn't answer' tho' I felt her tears flow fast on my bosom; but I was actilly sinkin' fast myself now,—I felt my eend approaching.' Then came reflection, bitter and sad thoughts they were too, I tell you. 'Dear, dear!' said I; 'here's a pretty kettle o' fish, ain't there? we shall be both found dead here in the mornin', and what will folks say of this beautiful gall, and of one of our free and enlightened citizens, found in such a scrape? Nothin' will be too bad for 'em that they can lay their tongues to; that's a fact: the Yankee villain, the cheatin' Clockmaker: the thought gave my heart a jupe, so sharp, so deep, so painful, I awoke and found I was ahuggin' a snow wreath, that had sifted thro' a hole in the roof on the bed; part had melted and trickel'd down my breast, and part had froze to the clothes, and chilled me through. I woke up, proper glad—it was all a dream, you may depend—but amazin' cold and dreadful stiff, and I was laid up at this place for three weeks with the 'cute rheumatis,—that's a fact.'

'But your pale young friend,' said I; 'did you ever see her again? pray, what became of her?' 'Would you believe it?' said he; 'the next mornin', when I came down, there sot Katey by the fire, lookin' as bloomin' as a rose, and as chipper as a canary bird;—the fact is, I was so uncommon cold, and so sleepy too, the night afore, that I thought everybody and everything looked cold and dismal too. 'Mornin', sir,' said she, as I entered the keepin' room; 'mornin' to you Mr. Slick, how did you sleep last night? I'm most afeard you found that are room dreadful cold, for little Biney opened the window at the head of the bed to make the fire draw and start the smoke up, and forgot to shut it again, and I guess it was wide open all night;—I minded it arter I got to bed, and I thought I should ha' died a larfin'.' 'Thank you,' said I, 'for that; but you forget you come and shot it yourself.' 'Me!' said she; 'I never did no such a thing.—Catch me indeed agoin' into a gentleman's chamber: no, indeed, not for the world!' 'If I wasn't cold,' said I, it's a pity,—that's all; I was 'een a'most frozen as stiff as a poker, and near about frightened to death too, for I seed you or your ghost last night, as plain as I see you now; that's a fact.' 'A ghost!' said she: 'how you talk! do tell. Why, how was that?' Well, I told her the whole story from beginning to eend. First she larfed ready to split at my account of the cold room, and my bein' afeer'd to go to sleep; but then she stopt pretty short, I guess, and blushed like anything when I told her about her comin' into the chamber, and looked proper frightened, not knowin' what was to come next; but when she heerd of her turnin' first into an icecicle, and then into a snowdrift, she hawhawed right out. I thought she actilly would have gone into hysterics. 'You might have frozen,' said she, 'in rael right down earnest, afore I'd agone into your chamber at that time o' night to see arter you, or your fire either,' said she, 'you may depend: I can't think what on airth could have put that are crotchet into your head.' 'Nor

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I neither,' said I; 'and besides,' said I, aketchin' hold of her hand, 'arter bein' mocked all night,' says I, 'by them are icy lips of your ghost, now I see them are pretty little sarcy ones of your'n, I think I must, and I'll be darned if I won't have a——.' 'Well, I estimate you won't, then,' said she, 'you impedence,'—and she did fend off like a brave one—that's a fact; she made frill, shirt collar, and dicky fly like snow; she was as smart as a fox-trap, and as wicked as a meat axe;—there was no gettin' near her no how. At last, says she, 'if there ain't mother acomin', I do declare, and my hair is all spificated, too, like a mop,—do, for gracious sake, set things to rights a little afore mother comes in, and then cut and run: my heart is in my mouth, I declare.' Then she sot down in a chair, and put both hands behind her head a puttin' in her combs. 'Quick,' says she, aopenin' of the door,—'I hear mother on the steps;—quick, be off; but mind you don't tell any one that ghost story, people might think there was more in it than met the ear.' 'Well, well,' said I to myself; 'for a pale face, sad, melancholy-lookin' gall, if you hav'n't turned out as rosy, a rompin', larkin', light-hearted a heifer as ever I seed afore, it's a pity.'—There's another lemon left, Squire, s'pose we mix a little more sourin' afore we turn in, and take another glass 'to the widder's darter.'

CHAPTER X.

THE TALISMAN.

It was our intention to have left Annapolis this morning after breakfast, and proceed to Digby, a small but beautiful village, situated at the entrance of that magnificent sheet of water, once known as Port Royal Bason, but lately by the more euphonious appellation of the 'Gut.' But Mr. Slick was missing, nor could any trace of him be found; I therefore ordered the horse again to the stable, and awaited his return with all due patience. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before he made his appearance. 'Sorry to keep you awaitin',' said he, 'but I got completely let in for it this mornin': I put my foot in it, you may depend. I've got a grand story to tell you, and one that will make you larf too, I know. Where do you think I've been of all places onder the sun? Why, I've been to court; that's a fact. I seed a great crowd of folks about the door, and thinks I, who's dead, and what's to pay now? I think I'll just step in for a minit and see.

''What's on the carpet to-day?' says I to a blue nose; 'what's goin' on here?' 'Why,' said he, 'they are agoin' for to try a Yankee.' 'What for?' said I. 'Stealin',' says he. 'A Yankee,' says I to myself; 'well, that's strange too; that beats me anyhow; I never heerd tell of a Yankee bein' such a born fool as to steal. If the feller has been such a ravin' destracted goney, I hope they will hang him, the varmint; that's a fact. It's mostly them thick-skulled, wrong-headed, cussed stupid fools the British that do that are; they ain't brought up well, and hav'n't got no edication; but our folks know better; they've been better larned than to do the like o' that—they can get 'most anything they want by gettin' hold on the right eend in a bargain; they do manage beautiful in a trade, a slight o' hand, a loan, a failin', a speckelation, swap, thimble-rig, or somehow or an-

other in the regular way within the law; but as for steelin'—never—I don't believe he's a Yankee. No,' thinks I, 'he can't be American, bred and born, for we are too enlightened for that, by a long chalk.' We have a great respect for the laws, Squire; we've been bred to that, and always uphold the dignity of the law. I recollect once that some of our young citizens away above Montgomery got into a flare-up with a party of boatmen that lives on the Mississippi; a desperate row it was, too, and three of the Kentuckians were killed as dead as herrins. Well, they were had up for it afore Judge Cotton.. He was one of our revolutionary heroes, a starn, hard-featured old man, quite a Cato,—and he did curry 'em down with a heavy hand, you may depend;—he had no marcy on 'em. There he sot with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, lookin' as sour as an onripe lemon. 'Bring up them culprits,' said he, and when they were brought up he told 'em it was scandulous, and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners that sit on the outer porch of darkness, and not high-minded and intelligent Americans. 'You are a disgrace,' said he, 'to our great nation, and I hope I shall never hear the like of it ag'in. If I do, I'll put you on your trial as sure as you are born; I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats, if I don't.' Well, they didn't like this kind o' talk at all, so that night away they goes to the judge's house, to teach him a thing or two, with a cow-skin, and kicked up a deuce of a row; and what do you think the neighbours did? Why, they jist walked in, seized the ringleaders and lynched them in less than ten minits, on one of the linden trees afore the judge's door.

'They said *the law must be vindicated*,—and that courts must be upheld by all quiet, orderly people, for a terror to evil-doers. The law must take its course. 'No,' thinks I, 'he can't be a Yankee;—if he was, and had awanted the article, he would ha' done him out of it, p'r'aps, in a trade, bein' too experienced a man of business for him; but steal it, never, never—I don't believe it, I vow.' Well, I walked into the court-house, and there was a great crowd of folks there, a jabberin' and a talkin' away like anything (for bluenose needn't turn his back on any one for talkin'—the critter is all tongue, like an old horse),—presently in come one or two young lawyers, in a dreadful hurry, with great piles of books under their arms with white leather covers, and great bundles of papers tied with red tape, and put 'em down on the table afore 'em, lookin' very big with the quantity of larnin' they carried; thinks I, 'young shavers, if you had more of that in your heads, and less under your arms, you would have the use of your hands to play with your thumbs, when you had nothin' to do.' Then came in one or two old lawyers, and sot down and nodded here and there, to some o' the upper-crust folks o' the county, and then shook hands amazin' hearty with the young lawyers, and the young lawyers larfed, and the old ones larfed, and they all nodded their heads together like a flock of geese agoin' thro' a gate.

'Presently the sheriff calls out at the tip eend of his voice, 'Clear the way for the judge;'—and the judge walks up to the

bench, lookin' down to his feet to see he didn't tread on other folks' toes, and put his arm behind his back, and twirls the tail of his gown over it so, that other folks mightn't tread on hisn. Well, when he gets to the bench, he stands up as straight as a liberty pole, and the lawyers all stand up straight too, and clap their eyes on his till he winks, then both on 'em slowly bend their bodies forward till they nearly touch the tables with their noses, and then they sot down, and the judge took a look all round, as if he saw everything in gineral and nothin' in partikilar,—I never seed anything so queer afore, I vow. It puts me in mind o' the Chinese, but they bob their foreheads clean away down to the very floor.

'Well, then said the crier, 'Oh yes! Oh yes! His Majesty's (I mean her Majesty's) court is now opened. God save the King (I mean the Queen).' Oh! if folks didn't larf it's a pity,—for I've often obsarved it takes but a very small joke to make a crowd larf. They'll laugh at nothin' a'most. 'Silence,' said the sheriff, and all was as still as moonlight. It looked strange to me, you may depend, for the lawyers looked like so many ministers all dressed in black gowns and white bands on, only they acted more like players than preachers, a plaguy sight.' 'But,' said I, 'is this not the case in your country; is there not some sort of professional garb worn by the bar of the United States, and do not the barristers and the court exchange those salutations which the common courtesies of life not only sanction but imperatively require as essential to the preservation of mutual respect and general good breeding?' 'What on airth,' said the Clockmaker, 'can a black gown have to do with intelligence? Them sort of liveries may do in Europe, but they don't convene to our free and enlightened citizens. It's too foreign for us, too unphilosophical, too feudal, and a remnant o' the dark ages. No, sir; our lawyers do as they like. Some on 'em dress in black, and some in white; some carry walking-sticks, and some umbrellas, some whittle sticks with penknives, and some shave the table, and some put their legs under the desks, and some put 'em a top of them, just as it suits them. They sit as they please, dress as they please, and talk as they please; we are a free people. I guess if a judge in our country was to order the lawyers to appear all dressed in black, they'd soon ax him who elected him director-general of fashions, and where he found such arbitrary power in the constitution, as that, committed to any man.

'But I was agoin' to tell you 'bout the trial.—Presently one o' the old lawyers got up, and said he, 'My lord,' said he, 'I *move*, your lordship, that the prisoner may be brought up.' And if it warn't a *move* it was a pity. The lawyer *moved* the judge, and the judge *moved* the sheriff, and the sheriff *moved* the crowd, for they all *moved* out together, leavin' hardly any one on them, but the judge and the lawyers; and in a few minits they all *moved* back ag'in with a prisoner. They seemed as if they had never seen a prisoner before. When they came to call the jury they didn't all answer; so says the sheriff to me, 'Walk in the box, sir,—you, sir, with the blue coat.' 'Do you indicate me, sir?' said I. 'Yes,' says he, 'I do: walk in the box.' 'I give you thanks,

sir,' says I, 'but I'd rather stand where I be; I've no occasion to sit; and besides, I guess, I must be a movin'.' 'Walk in the box, sir,' said he, and he roared like thunder. 'And,' says the judge, alookin' up, and smilin' and speakin' as soft as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, 'you *must* walk in the box, sir.' 'Well,' says I, 'to oblige you,' says I, 'my lord, I will; but there don't seem much room in it *to* walk, I vow.' 'You are called upon, sir,' says the judge, 'as a talisman; take your seat in the box, and be silent.' 'If I must,' says I, 'I do suppose I must; but I don't like the office, and I don't believe I've got a marker about me; but if you've are a piece of chalk about you, you could give me, or lend me an old pencil, I'll try to cypher it as well as I can, and do my possibles to give you satisfaction, my lord.' 'What are you atalkin' about, sir?' said he;—'what do you mean by such nonsense?' 'Why,' says I, 'my lord, I've been told that in this country, and indeed I know it is the *practice* almost all over ourn, for the jury to *chalk*, that is, every man chalks down on the wall his vote; one man ten pounds, one twenty, another thirty, and another five pounds, and so; and then they add them all up, and divide by twelve, and that makes the verdict. Now if I'm to be *talysman*,' says I, 'and keep *count*, I'll chalk it as straight as a boot-jack.' The judge throwed himself back in his chair, and turning to the sheriff, says he, 'Is it possible, Mr. Sheriff, that such an abominable practice as this exists in this country? or that people, under the solemn obligation of an oath, can conduct themselves with so much levity as to make their verdict depend upon chance, and not upon reason? If I was to know an instance of the kind,' said he,—and he looked battle, murder, and sudden death,—'I'd both fine and imprison the jury;—I would, by ——' (and he gave the corner of his mouth a twist just in time to keep in an oath that was on the tip of his tongue,) and he hesitated a little to think how to get out of the scrape,—at least I concaited so,—by and with the full consent of my brethern on the bench.

'I have my suspicions,' said the Clockmaker, that the judge had heerd tell of that prac*tice* afore, and was only waitin' for a complaint to take notice of it regilar-like, for them old judges are as cunnin' as foxes; and if he had, I must say he did do the surprise very well, for he looked all struck up of a heap, like a vessel taken aback with a squall, agoin' down starn formost.

''Who is that man?' said he. 'I am a clockmaker, sir,' said I. 'I didn't ask you what you were, sir,' says he, acolourin' up; 'I asked you who you were.' 'I'm Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, sir,' says I; 'a clockmaker from the Onion County, State of Connecticut, in the United States of America.' 'You are exempt,' said he,—'you may walk *out of the box*.' Thinks I to myself, 'old chap, next time you want a talisman, take one of your own folks, will you?' Well, when I looked up to the prisoner, sure enough I seed he was one of our citizens, one 'Expected Thorne,' of our town, an endless villain, that had been two or three times in the State's prison. The case was a very plain one. Captain Billy Slocum produced a watch, which he said was hisn; he said he went out arter dinner, leavin'

his watch ahangin' up over the mantelpiece, and when he returned to tea it was gone, and that it was found in Expected Thorne's possession. Long before the evidence was gone through, I seed he was guilty, the villain.

'"Gentlemen of the jury,' says Expected, 'I am a stranger and a sojourner in this land, but I have many friends and received much kindness, thanks be to Divine Providence for all his goodness to me a sinner; and I don't make no doubt that tho' I be a stranger, his lordship's honour will, under Providence, see justice done to me. The last time I was to Captain Billy's house I seed his watch, and that it was out of order, and I offered to clean it and repair it for him for nothin', free gratis, *that I can't prove*. But I'll tell you what *I can prove*, and it's a privilege for which I desire to render thanks; that when that gentleman, the constable, came to me, and said he came about the watch, I said to him, right out at once, 'She's cleaned,' says I, 'but wants regulatin'; if Captain Billy is in a hurry for her he can have her, but he had better leave her two or three days to get the right beat.' And never did I deny havin' it as a guilty man would have done. And, my lord,' said he, 'and gentleman of the jury' (and he turned up his ugly cantin' mug full round to the box)—'I trust I know too well the awful account I must one day give of the deeds done in the flesh to peril my immortal soul for vain, idle, sinful toys;' and he held up his hands together, and looked upwards till his eyes turned in like them are ones in a marble statue, and his lips kept amovin' some time as if he was lost in inward prayer.

'Well, the constable proved it word for word, and the judge said it *did* appear that there was some mistake; at all events it *did not* appear there was evidence of a felonious takin', and he was acquitted. As soon as it was over, Expected comes to me in the corner, and, says he, quite bold like, 'Mornin', Slick, how do you do?' And then whisperin' in my ear, says he, 'Didn't I do 'em pretty? cuss 'em—that's all. Let old Connecticut alone yet—she's too much for any on 'em, I know. The truth is, the moment I seed that cussed critter, that constable, acomin', I seed his arrand with half an eye, and had that are story ready-tongued and grooved for him, as quick as wink.' Says I, 'I wish they had ahanged you, with all my heart; it's such critters as you that lower the national character of our free and enlightened citizens, and degrade it in the eyes of foreigners.' 'The eyes of foreigners be d——d!' said he. 'Who cares what they think?—and as for these bluenoses, they ain't able to think. They ain't got two ideas to bless themselves with,—the stupid, punkin-headed, concaited blockheads! cuss me if they have.' 'Well,' says I, 'they ain't such enlightened people as we are, that's sartain, but that don't justify you a bit; you hadn't ought to have stolen that watch. That was wrong, very wrong indeed. You might have traded with him, and got it for half nothin'; or bought it and failed, as some of our importin' marchants sew up the soft-horned British; or swapped it and forgot to give the exchange; or bought it and give your note, and cut stick afore the note became due. There's a thousand ways of doin' it honestly and legally,

without resortin', as foreigners do, to stealin'. We are a moral people, — a religious, a high-minded, and a high-spirited people; and can do any and all the nations of the univarsal world out of anything, in the hundred of millions of clever shifts there are in trade; but as for stealin', I despise it; it's a low, blackguard, dirty, mean action; and I must say you're a disgrace to our great nation. *An American Citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage!*'

CHAPTER XI.

ITALIAN PAINTINGS.

THE next morning we resumed our journey, and travelling through the township of Clements, and crossing Moose and Bear rivers, reached Digby early in the afternoon! It was a most delightful drive. When we left Annapolis the fog was slowly rising from the low grounds and resting on the hills, to gather itself up for a flight into the upper air, disclosing, as it departed, ridge after ridge of the Granville Mountain, which lay concealed in its folds, and gradually revealing the broad and beautiful basin that extends from the town to Digby.

At a short distance from the town of Annapolis, we passed the Court House, the scene of Mr. Slick's adventures the preceding day, and found a crowd of country people assembled about the door. More than a hundred horses were tied to the fences on either side of the road, and groups of idlers were seen scattered about on the lawn, either discussing the last verdict, or anticipating the jury in the next.

'I think,' said Mr. Slick, 'we have a right to boast of the justiciary of our two great nations; for yourn is a great nation—that *is* a fact; and if all your colonies were joined together, and added on to Old England, she would be 'most as great a nation as ourn.' 'You have good reason to be proud of your judiciary,' said I; 'if profound learning, exalted talent, and inflexible integrity can make an establishment respectable, the Supreme Court of the United States is pre-eminently so; and I have heard, from those who have the honour of their acquaintance, that the judges are no less distinguished for their private worth than their public virtues. I rejoice that it is so, for I consider the justiciary of America as its sheet-anchor. Amidst the incessant change of men and institutions so conspicuous there, this forms a solitary exception. To the permanency and extensive power of this court you are indebted for the only check you possess, either to popular tumult or arbitrary power, affording, as it does, the only effectual means of controlling the conflicts of the local and general governments, and rendering their movements regular and harmonious.'

'It is so,' said he; 'but your courts and ourn are both tarred with the same stick,—*they move too slow*. I recollect, once I was in Old Kentuck, and a judge was sentincin' a man to death for murder: says he, 'Sooner or later punishment is sure to overtake the guilty man. The law moves slow, but it is sure and sartain. Justice has been represented with a heel of lead, from its slow and measured pace, but its hand is a hand of iron, and its blow is death.' Folks said it was a beautiful idea that, and every chap that you met said, 'Ain't that splendid?—did ever old Mansfield or Ellen Borough come up to that?'

'' Well,' says I, 'they might come up to that, and not go very far neither.' A funny sort o' figure of justice that; when it's so plaguy heavy-heeled, 'most any one can outrun it; and when its great iron fist strikes so uncommon slow, a chap that's any way spry is e'en a'most sure to give it the dodge. No; they ought to clap on more steam. The French courts are the courts for me. I had a case once in Marsailles, and if the judge didn't turn it out of hand ready hooped and headed in less than no time, it's a pity. But I believe I must first tell you how I came for to go there.

'In the latter eend of the year twenty-eight, I think it was, if my memory sarves me, I was in my little back studio to Slickville, with off coat, apron on, and sleeves up, as busy as a bee, abronzin' and gildin' of a clock case, when old Snow, the nigger-help, popped in his head in a most a terrible of a conflustrigation, and says he, 'Master,' says he, 'if there ain't Massa Governor and the Gineral at the door, as I'm alive! what on airth shall I say?' 'Well,' says I, 'they have caught me at a nonplush, that's sartain; but there's no help for it as I see,—show 'em in. 'Mornin',' says I, 'gentlemen, how do you do? I am sorry,' says I, 'I didn't know of this pleasure in time to have received you respectfully. You have taken me at a short, that's a fact; and the worst of it is,—I can't shake hands along with you neither, for one hand, you see, is all covered with ile, and t'other with copper bronze.' 'Don't mention it, Mr. Slick,' said his excellency, 'I beg of you;—the fine arts do sometimes require detergants, and there is no help for it. But that's a most a beautiful thing,' said he, 'you are adoin' of; may I presume to chatichise what it is?' 'Why,' said I, 'governor, that landscape on the right, with the great white two-storey house in it, havin' a washin' tub of apple sarce on one side, and a cart chockfull of pumkin pies on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise, our great country, Amerika; and the gold letters A. P. initialize it Airthly Paradise.' 'Well,' says he, 'who is that *he* one on the left?'—'I didn't intend them letters H and E to indicate he at all,' said I, 'tho' I see now they do; I guess I must alter that. That tall graceful figur',' says I, 'with wings, carryin' a long Bowie knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles, are angels emigratin' from heaven to this country. H and E means heavenly emigrants.'

'' It's alle—*go*—ry.'—'And a beautiful alle—*go*—ry it is,' said he, 'and well calculated to give foreigners a correct notion of our young growin' and great Republic. It is a fine conception that. It is worthy of West. How true to life—how much it conveys—how many chords it strikes. It addresses the heart—it's splendid.'

'' Hallo!' says I to myself, 'what's all this?' It made me look up at him. Thinks I to myself, 'you laid that soft sawder on pretty thick anyhow. I wonder whether you are in rael right down airnest, or whether you are only arter a vote.' Says he, 'Mr. Slick, it was on the subject of pictur's we called. It's a thing I'm enthusiastic upon myself; but my official duties leave me no time to fraternize with the brush.

I've been actilly six weeks adoin' of a bunch of grapes on a chair, and it's not yet done. The department of paintin' in our Atheneum,—in this risin' and flourishin' town of Slickville—is placed under the direction of the General and myself, and we propose detailing you to Italy to purchase some originals for our gallery, seein' that you are a na*tive* artist yourself, and have more practical experience than most of our citizens. There is a great aspiration among our free and enlightened youth for perfection, whether in the arts or sciences. Your expenses will be paid, and eight dollars a day while absent on this diplomacy. One thing, however, do pray remember,—don't bring any pictur's that will evoke a blush on female cheeks, or cause vartue to stand afore 'em with averted eyes or indignant looks. The statues imported last year we had to clothe, both male and female, from head to foot, for they actilly came stark naked, and were right down ondecent. One of my factory ladies went into fits on seein' 'em, that lasted her a good hour; she took Jupiter for a rael human, and said she thought she had got into a bathin' room among the men by mistake. Her narves received a heavy shock, poor critter; she said she never would forget what she seed there the longest day she lived. So none o' your Potiphar's wives, or Susannahs, or sleepin' Venuses; such pictur's are repugnant to the high tone o' moral feelin' in this country.'

'Well, if there is one thing I hate more nor another it is that cussed mock modesty some galls have, pretendin' they don't know nothin'. It always shows they know too much. 'Now,' says his excellency,—'a pictur', Mr. Slick, may exhibit great skill and great beauty, and yet display very little flesh beyond the face and the hands. You apprehend me, don't you?' 'A nod's as good as a wink,' says I, 'to a blind horse; if I can't see thro' a ladder, I reckon I'm not fit for that mission; and,' says I, 'tho' I say it myself, that shouldn't say it, I must say, I do account myself a considerable of a judge of these matters,—I won't turn my back on any one in my line in the Union.' 'I think so,' said he; 'the alle—*go*—ry you jist show'd me displays taste, tact, and a consummate knowledge of the art. Without genius there can be no invention,—no plot without skill, and no character without the power of discrimination. I should like to associate with you Ebenezer Peck, the Slickville Poet, in this diplomatic mission, if our funds authorized the exercise of this constitutional power of the executive committee, for the fine arts are closely allied, Mr. Slick. Poetry is the music of words, music is the poetry of sounds, and paintin' is the poetry of colours;—what a sweet, interestin' family they be, ain't they? We must locate, domesticate, acclimate, and fraternate them among us. Conceivin' an elective governor of a free and enlightened people to rank afore an hereditary prince, I have given you letters of introduction to the *Eye*talian princes and the Pope, and have offered to reciprocate their attentions should they visit Slickville. Farewell, my friend, farewell, and fail not to sustain the dignity of this great and enlightened nation abroad—farewell!'

'A very good man, the governor, and a genu*wine* patriot too,' said Mr. Slick. 'He knowed a

good deal about paintin', for he was a sign-painter by trade; but he often used to wade out too deep, and got over his head now and then afore he knowed it. He warn't the best o' swimmers neither, and sometimes I used to be scared to death for fear he'd go for it afore he'd touch bottom ag'in. Well, off I sot in a vessel to Leghorn, and I laid out there three thousand dollars in pictur's. Rum-lookin' old cocks them saints, some on 'em, too, with their long beards, bald heads, and hard featur's, bean't they? but I got a lot of 'em of all sizes. I bought two Madonnas, I think they call them—beautiful little pictur's they were too,—but the child's legs were so naked and on-decent, that to please the governor and his factory galls, I had an artist to paint trousers, and a pair of lace boots on him, and they look quite genteel now. It improved 'em amazin'ly; but the best o' the joke was those Macaroni rascals, seein' me a stranger, thought to do me nicely (most infarnal cheats them dealers too, —walk right into you afore you know where you be). The older a pictur' was and the more it was blacked, so you couldn't see the figur's, the more they axed for it; and they'd talk and jabber away about their Tittyan tints and Guido airs by the hour. 'How soft we are, ain't we?' said I. Catch a weasel asleep, will you? Second-hand furniture don't suit our market. We want pictur's, and not things that look aplaguy sight more like the shutters of an old smoke-house than paintins, and I hope I may be shot if I didn't get bran new ones for half the price they axed for them rusty old vetrans. Our folks were well pleased with the shipment, and I ought to be too, for I made a trifle in the discount of fifteen per cent. for comin' down handsom' with the cash on the spot. Our Atheneum is worth seein', I tell you; you won't ditto it easy, I know; it's actilly a sight to behold.

'But I was agoin' to tell you about the French court. Arter I closed the consarn about the pictur's, and shipped 'em off in a Cape codder that was there, I fell in with some of our folks on their way to London, where I had to go to afore I returned home; 'so,' says I, 's'pose we hire a vessel in Co. and go by water to Marsailles; we'll get on faster and considerable cheaper too, I calculate, than goin' by land.' Well, we hired an *Eye*taliano to take us, and he was to find us in bed, board, and liquor, and we paid him one-third in advance, to enable him to do it genteel; but the everlastin' villian, as soon as he got us out to sea, gave us no bed-clothes and nothin' to eat, and we almost perished with hunger and damp, so when we got to Marsailles, 'Meo friendo,' says I, for I had picked up a little *Eye*talian, 'meo friendo, cumma longo alla courto, will you?' and I took him by the scruff of the neck and toated him into court. 'Where is de pappia?' says a little skip-jack of a French judge, that was chock full of grins and grimaces like a monkey arter a pinch of snuff,—'where is de pappia?' So I handed him up the pappia signed by the master, and then proved how he cheated us. No sooner said than done, Mount Shear Bullfrog gave the case in our favour in two-twoes, said *Eye*taliano had got too much already, cut him off the other two-thirds, and made him pay all costs. If he didn't look bum-squabbled it's a pity. It took the rust off of him pretty slick, you may depend.

"'Begar,' he says to the skipper, 'you keep de bargain next time; you von very grand rogue,' and he shook his head and grinned like a crocodile, from ear to ear, all mouth and teeth. You may depend, I warn't long in Marsailles arter that. I cut stick and off, hot foot for the Channel, without stopping to water the horses or liquor the drivers, for fear *Eye*-taliano would walk into my ribs with his stiletto, for he was as savage as a white bear afore breakfast. Yes, our courts move too slow. It was that ruinated Expected Thorne. The first time he was taken up and sent to jail, he was as innocent as a child, but they kept him there so long afore his trial, it broke his spirits, and broke his pride,—and he came out as wicked as a devil. *The great secret is speedy justice.* We have too much machinery in our courts, and I don't see but what we prize juries beyond their rael valy. One half the time with us they don't onderstand a thing, and the other half they are prejudiced.' 'True,' said I, 'but they are a great safeguard to liberty, and indeed the only in all cases between the government and the people. The executive can never tyrannize where they cannot convict, and juries never lend themselves to oppression. Tho' a corrupt minister may appoint corrupt judges, he can never corrupt a whole people.' 'Well,' said he, 'far be it from me to say they are no use, because I know and feel that they be in sartain cases most invaluable, but I mean to say that they are only a drag on business, and an expensive one too one half the time. I want no better tribunal to try me or my cases than our supreme judges to Washington, and all I would ax is a resarved right to have a jury when I call for one. That right I never would yield, but that is all I would ax. You can see how the lawyers valy each by the way they talk to 'em. To the court they are as cool as cucumbers,—dry argument, sound reasonin', an application to judgment. To the jury, all fire and tow and declamations,—all to the passions, prejudices, an' feelin's. The one they try to convince, they try to *do* the other. I never heerd tell of judges chalkin'. I know brother Josiah the lawyer thinks so too. Says he to me once, 'Sam,' says he, 'they ain't suited to the times now in all cases, and are only needed occasionally. *When juries first came into vogue* there were no judges, but the devil of it is when public opinion runs all one way, in this country you might just as well try to swim up Niagara as to go for to stem it,—it will roll you over and over, and squash you to death at last. You may *say* what you like here, Sam, but other folks may *do* what they like here too. Many a man has had a goose's jacket lined with tar here, that he never bought at the tailor's, and a tight fit it is too, considerin' its made without measurin'. So as I'm for Congress some day or another, why, I jist fall to and flatter the people by chimin' in with them. I get up on a stump, or the top of a whiskey barrel, and talk as big as any on 'em about that birthright—that sheet-anchor, that mainstay, that blessed shield, that glorious institution — the rich man's terror, the poor man's hope, the people's pride, the nation's glory—*Trial by Jury.*'"

CHAPTER XII.

SHAMPOOING THE ENGLISH.

DIGBY is a charming little town.

It is the Brighton of Nova Scotia, the resort of the valetudinarians of New Brunswick, who take refuge here from the unrelenting fogs, hopeless sterility, and calcareous waters of St. John.

'About as pretty a location this for business,' said the Clockmaker, 'as I know on in this country. Digby is the only safe harbour from Blowmedown to Briar Island. Then there is that everlastin' long river runnin' away up from the wharves here almost across to Minas Basin, bordered with dikes and interval, and backed up by good upland. A nice, dry, pleasant place for a town, with good water, good air, and the best herrin' fishery in America, but it wants one thing to make it go ahead.' 'And pray what is that?' said I, 'for it appears to me to have every natural advantage that can be desired.' 'It wants to be made a free port,' said he. 'They ought to send a delegate to England about it; but the fact is, they don't onderstand diplomacy here, nor the English either. They hav'n't got no talents that way.

'I guess we may stump the univarse in that line. Our statesmen, I concait, *do* onderstand it. They go about so beautiful, tack so well, sail so close by the wind, make so little leeway, shoot ahead so fast, draw so little water, keep the lead agoin' constant, and a bright lookout a-head always; it's very seldom you hear o' them runnin' aground, I tell *you*. Hardly anything they take in hand they don't succeed in. How glib they are in the tongue too! how they *do* lay in the soft sawder! They *do* rub John Bull down so pretty.

'There are no people in the univarsal world so eloquent as the Americans; they beat the ancients all hollor; and when our diplomatists go for to talk it into the British, they do it so pretty, it's a sight to behold. Descended, they say, from a common stock, havin' one common language, and *a community of interests*, they cannot but hope for justice from a power distinguished alike for its honour and its generosity. Indebted to them for the spirit of liberty they enjoy,—for their laws, literature, and religion,—they feel more like allies than aliens, and more like relatives than either. Though unfortunate occurrences may have drawn them asunder, with that frankness and generosity peculiar to a brave and generous people, both nations have now forgotten and forgiven the past, and it is the duty and the interest of each to cultivate these amicable relations, now so happily existing, and to draw closer those bonds which unite two people essentially the same in habits and feelings. Though years have rolled by since they left the paternal roof, and the ocean divides them, yet they cannot but look back at the home beyond the waters with a grateful remembrance, — with veneration and respect.

'Now that's what I call dictionary,' said the Clockmaker. 'It's splendid penmanship, ain't it? Oh dear! how John Bull swallers this soft sawder, don't he? I think I see him astandin' with his hands in his trousers-pockets, alookin' as big as all out-doors, and as sour as cider sot out in the sun for vinegar. At first he looks suspicious and sulky, and then one haughty frown relaxes, and then another, and so on, till all starnness is gone, and his whole face wears one great benevolent expression, like

a full moon, till you can eye him without winkin', and lookin' about as intelligent all the time as a skim-milk cheese. Arter his stare is gone, a kind o' look comes over his face as if he thought, 'Well, now, this d—d Yankey sees his error at last, and no mistake; that comes o' that good lickin' I gave him last war; there's nothin' like fightin' things out. The critter seems humble enough now tho'; give me your fist, Jonathan, my boy,' says he; 'don't look so cussed dismal: what is it?'

''Oh, nothin',' says our diplomatist; 'a mere trifle,' and he tries to look as onconcarned as possible all the time; 'nothin' but what your sense of justice, for which you are always distinguished, will grant; a little strip of land, half fog half bog, atween the State of Maine and New Brunswick; it's nothin' but wood, water, and snakes, and no bigger than Scotland.' 'Take it, and say no more about it,' says John; 'I hope it will be accepted as a proof of my regard. I don't think nothin' of half a colony. And then when our chap gets home to the President, doen't he say, as Expected Thorne did of the Bluenose jury, '*Didn't I do him pretty? cuss him, that's all.*'

'Then he takes Mount-Sheer on another tack. He desires to express the gratitude of a free and enlightened people to the French,—their first alley, their dearest friend, — for enablin' them, under Providence, to lay the foundation-stone of their country. They never can forget how kindly, how *disinterestedly*, they stept in to aid their infant struggles,—to assist them to resist the unnatural tyranny of England, who, while affectin' to protect liberty abroad, was enslavin' her children to home. Nothin' but the purest feelin', unalloyed by any jealousy of England, dictated that step; it emanated from a virtuous indignation at seein' the strong oppress the weak,—from a love of constitutional freedom, — from pure philanthropy. How deeply is seated in American breasts a veneration of the French character! how they admire their sincerity,—their good faith,—their stability! Well may they be called the Grand Nation! Religious, not bigoted—brave, not rash—dignified, not volatile—great, yet not vain! Magnanimous in success,—cheerful and resolved under reverses,—they form the beau-ideal to American youth, who are taught, in their first lessons, to emulate, and imitate, and venerate the virtues of their character! Don't it run off the tongue like oil? Soft and slick, ain't it pretty talk?

'Lord! how Mount-Sheer skips, and hops, and bows, and smirks when he hears that are, don't he? How he claps his hand upon his heart, and makes faces like a monkey that's got a pain in his side from swallowin' a nut without crackin' it. With all other folks, but these great powers, it's a very different tune they sing. They make short metre with them little powers; they never take the trouble to talk much; they jist make their demands and ax them for their answer, right off the reel. If they say, 'Let us hear your reasons?' 'Oh! by all means,' says our diplomatist, 'jist come along with me;' and he takes the minister under his arm, walks lock and lock with him down to the harbour, claps him aboard a barge, and rows him off to one of our

little hundred-gun sloops of war. 'Pretty little sloop o' war, that of ourn, I reckon, ain't it?' says he. 'Oh, very pretty, very pretty, indeed,' says foreigner; 'but if that be your *little* sloop, what must be your *great big* men-o'-war?' 'That's just what I was agoin' for to say,' says Jonathan, —'a Leviathan, a Mammoth, blow all creation to atoms a'most, like a hurricane tipt with lightning,' and then he looks up to the captain and nods. Says he, 'Captain, I guess you may run out your guns,' and he runs them out as quick as wink. 'These are my reasons,' says Jonathan, 'and pretty strong arguments too, I guess; that's what I call showin' our teeth; and now you, mister, with your answer, if you please. You don't understand us, I see, foreigner; we got chaps in our country, that can stand on one side of the Mississippi, and kill a racoon on t'other side, with a sneeze,—rigular ring-tail roarers; don't provoke us; it wouldn't be over-safe, I assure you. We can out-talk thunder, out-run a flash of lightnin', and out-reach all the world—we can whip our weight of wild cats. The British can lick all the world, and we can lick the British.' 'I believe, I believe,' says he, and he claps his name to the treaty in no time. We made these second-class gentry shell out a considerable of cash, these few years past, on one excuse or another, and frightened some on them, as the naked statue did the factory gall, into fits a'most. But the English we have to soft sawder, for they've got little sloops o' war, too, as well as we have; and not only show their teeth, but bite like bull-dogs. We shampoo them, —you know what shampooing is, Squire, don't you?' 'It is an Eastern custom, I think,' said I: 'I have heard of it, but I do not retain a very distinct recollection of the practice.' 'Well,' said the Clockmaker, 'I estimate I ought to know what it means anyhow? for I came plaguy nigh loosin' my life by it once. When I was jist twenty years old, I took it into my head I'd like to go to sea,—so father gets me a berth of super-cargo of a whaler at New Bedford, and away we went arter sperm: an amazin' long voyage we had of it too—gone nearly three years. Well, we put into Sandwich Island for refreshments; and says the captain, ''Spose we go and call on the queen!' So all us cabin party went, and dressed ourselves up full fig, and were introduced in due form to the young queen. Well, she was a rael, right-down, pretty-lookin' heifer, and no mistake; well-dressed and well-demeaned, and a plaguy sight clearer skin'd than some white folks —for they bathe every day a'most. Where you'd see one piece of furniture better than her, you'll see fifty worser ones *I* know.

''What is your father, Mr. Shleek?' says she. 'A prince, marm,' said I. 'And hisn, ugly man's?' says she, pintin' to the captain. 'A prince too,' said I, 'and all this party are princes; fathers all sovereigns to home,—no bigger men than them, neither there nor anywhere else in the univarsal world.' 'Then,' said she, 'you all dine wid me to-day; me proud to have de prinches to my table.'

'If she didn't give us a rigular blow-out, it's a pity, and the whole on us were more than half-seas over; for my part, the hot mulled wine actilly made me feel like a prince, and what put me

in tip-top spirits was the idee of the hoax I played off on her about our bein' princes; and then my rosy cheeks and youth pleased her fancy, so that she was uncommon civil to me—talked to no one else a'most. Well, when we rose from table, (for she stayed there till the wine made her eyes twinkle ag'in,) 'Prince Shleek,' said she, atakin' o' my hand, and puttin' her saucy little mug close up to me, (and she raelly did look pretty, all smiles and sweetness,) 'Prince Shleek, will you have one shampoo?' said she. 'A shampoo?' said I; 'to be sure I will, and thank you too; you are jist the gall I'd like to shampoo,' and I clapt my arms round her neck, and gave her a buss that made all ring again. 'What the devil are you at?' said the captain, and he seized me round the waist and lugged me off. 'Do you want to lose your head, you fool, you?' said he; 'you've carried this joke too far already, without this rompin'—go aboard.' It was lucky for me she had a wee drop in her eye, herself—for arter the first scream, she larfed ready to split; says she, 'No kissy, no kissy,—shampoo is shampoo, but kissy is anoder ting.' The noise brought the sarvants in, and says the queen, pinting to me, 'shampoo him'—and they up with me, and into another room, and before I could say Jack Robinson, off went my clothes, and I was gettin' shampoo'd in airnest. It is done by a gentle pressure, and rubbin' all over the body with the hand; it is delightful,—that's a fact, and I was soon asleep.

'I was pretty well corned that arternoon, but still I knew what I was about; and recollected when I awoke the whisper of the captain at partin'—'Mind your eye, Slick, if ever you want to see Cape Cod ag'in.' So, airly next mornin', while it was quite moony yet, I went aboard, and the captain soon put to sea, but not before there came a boat-load of pigs and two bullocks off to 'Prince Shleek.' So our diplomatists shampoo the English, and put 'em to sleep. How beautiful they shampoo'd them in the fishery story. It was agreed we was to fish within three leagues of the coast; 'but then,' says Jonathan, 'wood and water, you know, and shelter, when it blows like great guns, are rights of hospitality. You wouldn't refuse us a port in a storm, would you? so noble, so humane, so liberal, so confidin' as you be.' 'Certainly not,' says John Bull; 'it would be inhuman to refuse either shelter, wood, or water.' 'Well, then, if there was a snug little cove not settled, disarted like, would you have any objection to our dryin' our fish there?—they might spile, you know, so far from home;—a little act of kindness like that would bind us to you for ever, and ever, and amen.' 'Certainly,' says John, 'its very reasonable that—you are perfectly welcome—happy to oblige you.' It was all we wanted, an excuse, for enterin', and now we are in and out when we please, and smuggle like all vengeance: got the whole trade and the whole fishery. It was splendidly done, warn't it?

'Well, then, we did manage the boundary line capitally too. We know we haven't got no title to that land—*it wasn't given to us by the treaty*, and *it warn't in our possession when we declared independence or made peace*. But our maxim is, it is better to get things by treaty than by war; it is more Christian-

like, and more intellectual. To gain that land, we asked the navigation of the St. Lawrence and the St. John, which we knew would never be granted; but then it gave us somethin' to concede on our part, and brag on as liberal, and it is nateral and right for the English to concede on their side somethin' too,—so they will concede the disputed territory.

'Ah, Squire,' said he, 'your countrymen may have a good heart, and I believe they have; indeed, it would be strange if a full puss didn't make a full heart; but they have a most plaguy poor head, that's a fact.'—This was rather too bad. To be first imposed upon and then ridiculed, was paying rather too heavy a penalty for either negligence or ignorance. There was unhappily too much truth in the remark for me to join in the laugh. 'If your diplomatists,' said I, 'have in one or two instances been successful by departing from the plain intelligible path, and resorting to flattery and cunning, (arts in which I regret to say diplomatists of all nations are but too apt to indulge,) it is a course which carries its own cure; and, by raising suspicion and distrust, will hereafter impose difficulties in their way even when their objects are legitimate and just. I should have thought that the lesson read on a celebrated occasion (which you doubtless remember) by Mr. Canning, would have dictated the necessity of caution for the future.—Recollect that confidence once withdrawn is seldom restored again. You have, however, omitted to state your policy with Russia.'—'Oh!' said he, 'Old Nick in the North is sarved in the same way.'

'Excuse me,' said I, (for I felt piqued,) 'but if you will permit I will suggest some observations to you relative to Russia that may not have occurred to you. Your diplomatists might address the Emperor thus: May it please your Majesty, there is an astonishing resemblance between our two countries; in fact there is little or no difference except in name,—the same cast of countenance, same family-likeness, same Tartar propensity to change abode. All extremes meet. You take off folk's heads without law, so do our mobs. You send fellows to Siberia, our mobs send them to the devil. No power on airth can restrain you, no power on airth can restrain our mobs. You make laws and break 'em as suits your convenience, so do our lynchers. You don't allow any one to sport opinions you don't hold, or you stifle them and their opinions too. It's just so with us; our folks forbid all talking about niggers; and if a man forgets himself, he is reminded of it by his head supporting his body instead of his heels. You have got a liquorish mouth for fertile lands beyond your borders, so have we; and yet both have got more land than tenants. You foment troubles among your neighbours, and then step in to keep the peace, and hold possession when you get there, so do we. You are a great slave-holder, so are we. Folks accuse you of stealin' Poland, the same libellin' villains accuse us of stealin' Texas, and a desire to have Canada too; and yet the one is as much without foundation as the other. You plant colonies in Tartar lands, and then drive out the owners; we sarve the Indians the same way. You have extarminated some of your enemies, we've extarminated some of ourn. Some folks say your empire will

split to pieces—it's too big; the identical same prophecy they make of us, and one is just about as likely as the other. Every man in Russia must bow to the pictur' of his Emperor; every man must bow to the pictur' of our great nation, and swear through thick and thin he admires it more nor anything on the face of the airth. Every man in Russia may say what he likes *if he dare*, so he may in the *U*-nited States. If foreign newspapers abusin' Polish matters get into the Russian mail, the mail is broken open and they are taken out; if abolition papers get into the Southern mail, our folks break open the bags and burn 'em, as they did at Charleston. The law institutes no inquiries in your dominions as to your acts of execution, spoliation, and exile; neither is there any inquest with us on similar acts of our mobs. There is no freedom of the press with you, neither is there with us. If a paper offends you, you stop it; if it offends our sovereigns, they break the machinery, gut the house, and throw the types into the street; and if the printer escapes, he may thank God for giving him a good pair of legs. In short, they may say to him—it's generally allowed the freedom of one country is as like the despotism of the other as two peas—no soul could tell the difference; and therefore there ought to be an actual as there is a natural alliance between us. And then the cunnin' critters, if they catch him alone where they won't be overheard, they may soft sawder him, by tellin' him they never knew before the blessin' of havin' only one tyrant instead of a thousand, and that it is an amendment they intend to propose to the constitution when they return home, and hope they'll yet live to see it. From this specimen, you may easily perceive that it requires no great penetration or ability to deceive even an acute observer whenever recourse is had to imagination for the facts. How far this parallel holds good I leave you to judge; I desire to offer you no offence, but I wish you to understand that all the world are not in love with your republican institutions or your people, and that both are better understood than you seem to suppose.' 'Well, well,' says he, 'I didn't mean to ryle you, I do assure you; but if you haven't made a good story out of a Southern mob or two, neither of which are half as bad as your Bristol riot or Irish frays, it's a pity. Arter all,' said he, 'I don't know whether it wouldn't comport more with our dignity to go straight ahead. I believe it's in politics as in other matters, *honest is the best policy*.'

CHAPTER XIII.

PUTTING A FOOT IN IT.

One amusing trait in the Clockmaker's character was his love of contradiction. If you suggested any objection to the American government he immediately put himself on the defensive; and if hard pressed, extricated himself by changing the topic. At the same time he would seldom allow me to pass a eulogy upon it without affecting to consider the praise as misapplied, and as another instance of 'our not understanding them.' In the course of our conversation I happened to observe that the American government was certainly a very cheap one; and that the economy practised in the expenditure of the public revenue, tho' in some instances carried so far as to border on

meanness, was certainly a very just subject of national pride. 'Ah,' said he, 'I always said you don't understand us. Now it happens that that is one of the few things, if you were only availed of it, that you could fault us in. It is about the most costly government in the world, considering our means. We are actilly eat up by it—it is a most plaguy sore, and has spread so like statiee that it has got its root into the very core. Cheap government!—well, come, that beats all!!'

'I should like to know,' said I, 'how you can make that appear, for the salaries paid to your public officers are not only small, but absolutely mean; and, in my opinion, wholly inadequate to procure the services of the best and most efficient men.' 'Well,' said he, 'which costs most, to keep one good horse well, or half a dozen poor ones ill, or to keep ten rael complete good servants, or fifty lazy, idle, do-nothin' critters? because that's jist our case,—we have too many of 'em altogether. We have twenty-four independent states, beside the general government; we have therefore twenty-five presidents, twenty-five secretaries of state, twenty-five treasurers, twenty-five senates, twenty-five houses of representatives, and fifty attorney-generals, and all our legislators are paid every soul of 'em; and so are our magistrates, for they all take fees and seek the office for pay, so that we have as many paid legislators as soldiers, and as many judges of all sorts and sizes as sailors in our navy. Put all these expenses together, of state government, and general government, and see what an awful sum it comes to, and then tell me it's a cheap government.'

'True,' said I, 'but you have not that enormous item of expenditure known in England under the name of half pay. We have more officers of the navy on half pay than you have in your navy altogether.' 'So much the better for you,' says he, 'for ourn are all on full pay, and when they ain't employed we set 'em down as absent on leave. Which costs the most, do you suppose? That comes of not callin' things by their right names, you see. Our folks know this, but our popularity-seekin' patriots have all their own interests in multiplying these offices; yes, our folks have put their foot in it; that's a fact. They cling to it as the baar did to Jack Fogler's mill-saw; and I guess it will sarve them the same way. Did I never tell you that are story? for I'm most afeard sometimes I've got father's fashion of tellin' my stories over twice.' 'No,' said I, 'it is new to me; I have never heard it.' 'Well,' says he, 'I will tell you how it was.

'Jack Fogler lives to Nictau-road, and he keeps a saw-mill and tavern; he's a sneezer that feller; he's near hand to seven feet high, with shoulders as broad as a barn-door; he is a giant, that's a fact, and can twitch a mill-log as easy as a yoke of oxen can—nothin' never stops him. But that's not all, for I've seen a man as big as all out doors afore him; but he has a foot that beats all—folks call him the man with the foot. The first time I seed him I could not keep my eyes off of it. I actilly could not think of anything else. 'Well,' says I, 'Jack, your foot is a whopper, that's a fact; I never seed the beat of that in all my born days,—it beats Gasper Zwicher's all holler, and his is so big, folks

say he has to haul his trousers on over his head.' 'Yes,' says he, 'lawyer Yule says it passes *all understandin'*.' Well, he has a darter most as big as he is, but for all that she is near about as pretty a gall as I ever laid eyes on, but she has her father's foot; and, poor thing, she can't bear to hear tell of it. I mind once when I came there, there was no one to home, and I had to see to Old Clay myself; and arter I had done, I went in and sot down by the fire and lighted a cigar. Arter a while in come Lucy, lookin' pretty tired. 'Why,' said I, 'Lucy, dear, where on airth have you been? you look pretty well beat out.' 'Why,' says she, 'the bears are plaguy thick this while past, and have killed some of our sheep, so I went to the woods to drive the flock home ag'in night-fall, and, fogs! I lost my way. I've been gone ever so long, and I don't know as I'd even afound my way out ag'in, if I hadn't a met Bill Zink alookin' up his sheep, and he showed me the way out.'

'Thinks I to myself, let the galls alone for an excuse; I see how the cat jumps. 'Well,' says I, 'Lucy, you are about the luckiest gall I ever seed.' 'Possible,' says she;—'how's that?' 'Why,' says I, 'many's the gall I've known that's lost her way with a sweetheart afore now, and got on the wrong track; but you're the first one that ever I seed that got put on the right way by one, anyhow.' Well, she larfed, and says she, 'you men always suspect evil; it shows how bad you must be yourselves.' 'Perhaps it may be so,' says I, 'but mind your eye, and take care you *don't put your foot in it*.' She looked at me the matter of a minute or so without sayin' a word, and then burst out acryin'. She said, 'if she had such an awful big foot, it warn't her fault, and it was very onkind to larf at it to her face—that way.' Well, I felt proper sorry too, you may depend, for I vow she was so oncommon handsom' I had never noticed that big foot of hern till then. I had hardly got her pacified when in come Jack, with two halves of a bear, and threw 'em down on the floor, and larfed ready to kill himself. 'I never see the beat o' that,' said he, 'since I was raised from a seedlin'. I never see a feller so taken in in all *my* life, that's a fact.' 'Why,' says I, 'what is it?' It was some time afore he could speak ag'in for larfin',—for Jack was considerable in the wind, pretty nearly half shaved. At last, says he, 'you know my failin', Mr. Slick; I like a drop of grog better than it likes me. 'Well, when the last rain came, and the brook was pretty considerable full, I kag'd for a month,' (that is, said the Clockmaker, he had taken an oath to abstain from drawing liquor from the keg—they calls it kaggin',) 'and my kag was out to-day at twelve o'clock. Well, I had just got a log on the ways when the sun was on the twelve o'clock line, so I stops the mill and takes out my dinner, and sets it down on the log, and then runs up to the house to draw off a bottle of rum. When I returned, and was just about to enter the mill, what should I see but that are bear asitin' on the pine stick in the mill aeatin' of my dinner, so I jist backs out, takes a good swig out of the bottle, and lays it down, to run off home for the gun, when, says I to myself, says I, 'he'll make a plaguy sight shorter work of that are dinner

than I would, and when he's done he'll not wait to wipe his mouth with the towel neither. Maybe he'll be gone afore I gets back,' so I jist crawls under the mill—pokes up a stick thro' the j'ice and starts the plug, and sets the mill agoin'. Well, the motion was so easy, and he was so busy, he never moves, and arter a little the saw just gives him a scratch on the back; well, he growls and shoves forward a bit on his rump; presently it gives him another scratch, with that it wheels short round and lays right hold of it, and gives it a most devil of a hug with his paws, and afore he knowed what he was about it pinned him down and sawed him right in two, he squelin' and kickin' and singin' out like a good feller the whole blessed time. Thinks I, *he put his foot in it*, that feller, anyhow.

'Yes, our folks have put their foot in it; a cheap article ain't always the best; if you want a rael right down first chop, genu*wine* thing, you must pay for it. Talent and integrity ain't such common things anywhere, that they are to be had for half nothin'. A man that has them two things can go a-head anywhere, and if you want him to give up his own consarns to see arter those of the public, and don't give him the fair market price for 'em, he is plaguy apt to put his integrity in his pocket, and put his talents to usury. What he loses one way he makes up another; if he can't get it out of his pay, he takes it out of parquesits, jobs, patronage, or somethin' or another. Folks won't serve the public for nothin' no more than they will each other free-gratis. An honest man won't take office, if it won't support him properly, but a dishonest one will, 'cause he won't stand about trifles, but goes the whole figur',—and where you have a good many such critters, as public sarvants—why, a little slip of the pen or trip of the foot, ain't thought nothin' of, and the tone of public feelin' is lowered, till at last folks judge of a man's dishonesty by the 'cuteness of it. If the slight-o'-hand ain't well done, they say, when he is detected, he is a fool—cuss him, it sarves him right; but if it is done so slick that you can't hardly see it even when it's done afore your eyes, people say, a fine bold stroke that—splendid business talent—that man—considerable powers—a risin' character,—eend by bein' a great man in the long run.

'You recollect the story of the quaker and his insurance, don't you? He had a vessel to sea that he hadn't heerd of for a considerable time, and he was most plaguy afeerd she had gone for it; so he sent an order to his broker to insure her. Well, next day he larnt for sartain that she was lost, so what does he do but writes to his broker as if he meant to save the premium by recallin' the order: 'If thee hast not insured, thee need'st not do it, esteemed friend, for I have heerd of the vessel.' The broker, thinkin' it would be all clear gain, falls right into the trap; tells him his letter came too late, for he had effected the insurance half an hour afore it arrived. 'Verily, I am sorry for thee, friend,' said the quaker, 'if that be the case, for a heavy loss will fall on thee; of a sartainty I have heerd of the vessel, but she is lost.' Now that was what I call handsom'; it showed great talents that, and a knowledge of human natur' and soft sawder.'

'I thought,' said I, 'that your annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and system of rotation of office, had a tendency to prevent corruption, by removing the means and the opportunity to any extent.' 'Well, it would, perhaps, to a certain point,' said the Clockmaker, 'if you knew where that point was, and could stop there; but wherever it is, I'm afeerd we have passed it. Annual parliaments bring in so many raw hands every year, that they are jist like pawns in the game of chess, only fit for tools to move about and count while the game is played by the bigger ones. They get so puzzled—the critters, with the forms o' the house, that they put me in mind of a feller standin' up for the first time in a quadrille. One tells him to cross over here, and afore he gets there another calls him back ag'in; one pushes him to the right and another to the left; he runs ag'in everybody, and everybody runs ag'in him; he treads on the heels of the galls and takes their skin and their shoes off, and they tread on his toes, and return the compliment to his corns; he is no good in natur', except to bother folks and put them out. The old hands that have been there afore, and cut their eye-teeth, know how to bam these critters, and make 'em believe the moon is made of green cheese. That gives great power to the master movers, and they are enabled to spikelate handsum in land stock, bank stock, or any other corporate stock, for they can raise or depress the article jist as they please by legislative action.

'When the government is in the many, as with us, and rotation of office is the order of the day, there is a nateral tendency to multiply offices, so that every one can get his share of 'em, and it increases expenses, breeds office-seekers, and corrupts the whole mass. It is in politics as in farmin',—one large farm is worked at much less expense and much greater profit, and is better in many ways than half a dozen small ones; and the head farmer is a more 'sponsible man, and better to do in the world, and more influence than the small fry. Things are better done too on *his* farm—the tools are better, the teams are better, and the crops are better; it's better altogether. Our first-rate men ain't in politics with us. It don't pay 'em, and they won't go thro' the mill for it. Our principle is to consider all public men rogues, and to watch 'em well that they keep straight. Well, I ain't jist altogether certified that this don't help to make 'em rogues; where *there is no confidence, there can be no honesty;* locks and keys are good things, but if you can't never trust a sarvant with a key he don't think the better of his master for all his suspicions, and is plaguy apt to get a key of his own. Then they do get such a drill thro' the press, that no man that thinks any great shakes of himself can stand it. A feller must have a hide as thick as a bull's to bear all the lashing our public men get the whole blessed time, and if he can bear it without winkin', it's more perhaps than his family can. There's nothin' in office that's worth it. So our best men ain't in office—they can't submit to it.

'I knew a judge of the state court of New York, a first chop man too, give it up, and take the office of clerk in the identical same court. He said he couldn't afford to be a judge; it was only them who couldn't make a livin'

by their practice that it would suit. No, Squire, it would be a long story to go through the whole thing; but we ain't the cheapest government in the world,—that's a fact. When you come to visit us and go deep into the matter, and see gineral government and state government, and local taxes and gineral taxes, although the items are small, the sum total is a'most a swingin' large one, I tell you. You take a shop account and read it over. Well, the thing appears reasonable enough, and cheap enough; but if you have been arunnin' in and out pretty often, and goin' the whole figur,' add it up to the bottom, and if it don't make you stare and look corner ways, it's a pity.

'What made me first of all think o' these things, was seein' how they got on in the colonies: why, the critters don't pay no taxes at all a'most—they actilly don't desarve the name o' taxes. They don't know how well they're off, that's sartain. I mind when I used to be agrumblin' to home when I was a boy about knee high to a goose or so, father used to say, 'Sam, if you want to know how to valy home, you should go abroad for a while among strangers. It ain't all gold that glitters, my boy. You'd soon find out what a nice home you've got; for mind what I tell you, home is home, however homely,—that's a fact.' These Bluenoses ought to be jist sent away from home a little while; if they were, when they returned, I guess, they'd larn how to valy their location.

'But as touchin' the matter o' cheap government, why, it's as well as not for our folks to hold out that ourn is so; but the truth is, atween you and me, though I wouldn't like you to let on to any one I said so, the truth is, somehow or another, *we've put our foot in it*—that's a fact.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY AND YANKEE MOBOCRACY.

'When we have taken our tower,' said the Clockmaker, 'I estimate I will return to the *U*-nited States for good and all. You had ought to visit our great nation, you may depend: it's the most splendid location atween the poles. History can't show nothin' like it; you might bile all creation down to an essence, and not get such a concrete as New England. It's a sight to behold twelve million of free and enlightened citizens, and I guess we shall have all these provinces, and all South America. There is no eend to us; old Rome that folks made such a touss about, was nothin' to us—it warn't fit to hold a candle to our federal government,—that's a fact.' 'I intend,' said I, 'to do so before I go to Europe, and may perhaps avail myself of your kind offer to accompany me. Is an Englishman well received in your country now?' 'Well, he is now,' said Mr. Slick; 'the last war did that; we licked the British into a respect for us; and if it warn't that they are so plaguy jealous of our factories, and so invyus of our freedom, I guess we should be considerable sociable, but they can't stomach our glorious institutions no how. *They don't understand us.* Father and our minister used to have great arguments about the British. Father hated them like pyson, as most of our revolutionary heroes did; but minister used to stand up for 'em considerable stiff.

'I mind one evenin' arter hay harvest, father said to me, 'Sam,'

said he, ''spose we go down and see minister; I guess he's a little miffey with me, for I brought him up all standin' t'other night by sayin' the English were a d——d overbearin' tyrannical race, and he hadn't another word to say. 'When you make use of such language as that are, Colonel Slick,' said he, 'there's an eend of all conversation.'—I allow it is very disrespectful to swear afore a minister, and very onhandsum to do so at all, and I don't approbate such talk at no rate. So we will drop the subject if you please. Well, I got pretty grumpy too, and we parted in a huff. I think myself,' says father, 'it warn't pretty to swear afore him; for, Sam, if there is a good man agoin' it is minister,—that's a fact. But, Sam,' says he, 'we military men,'—and he straightened himself up considerable stiff, and pulled up his collar, and looked as fierce as a lion,—'we military men,' says he, 'have a habit of rappin' out an oath now and then. Very few of our heroes didn't swear; I recollect that tarnation fire-eater, Gineral Gates, when he was in our sarvice, ordered me once to attack a British outpost and I didn't much more than half like it. 'Gineral,' says I, 'there's a plaguy stone wall there, and the British have lined it, I guess; and I'm athinkin' it ain't altogether jist safe to go too near it.' 'D—m—n,—Captain Slick,' says he,—(I was jist made a Captain then)—'d—m—n, Captain Slick,' says he, 'ain't there two sides to a stone wall? Don't let me hear the like ag'in from you,' said he, 'Captain, or I hope I may be tetotally and effectually d—d if I don't break you—! I will, by gosh!' He warn't a man to be trifled with, you may depend; so I drew up my company, and made at the wall double quick, expectin' every minit would be our last.

''Jist as we got near the fence, I heerd a scramblin' and a scuddin' behind it, and I said, 'Now,' says I, 'for'ard, my boys, for your lives! hot foot, and down onder the fence on your bellies! and then we shall be as safe as they be, and p'rhaps we can loophole 'em.' Well, we jist hit it, and got there without a shot, and down on our faces as flat as flounders. Presently we heerd the British run for dear life, and take right back across the road, full split. 'Now,' says I, 'my hearties, up and let drive at 'em, right over the wall!' Well, we got on our knees, and cocked our guns, so as to have all ready, and then we jump'd up on eend; and seein' nothin' but a great cloud o' dust, we fired right into it, and down we heerd 'em tumble; and when the dust clear'd off, we saw the matter o' twenty white breeches turned up to us sprawlin' on the ground. Jist at that moment we heerd three cheers from the inemy at the fort, and a great shout of larfin' from our army too; they haw-hawed like thunder. 'Well,' says I, as soon as I could see, 'if that don't bang the bush. I'll be darn'd if it ain't a flock of sheep belongin' to Elder Solomon Longstaff, arter all,—and if we ain't killed the matter of a score of 'em too, as dead as mutton; that's a fact.' Well, we returned considerable down in the mouth, and says the gineral, 'Captain,' says he, 'I guess you made the enemy look pretty sheepish, didn't you?' Well, if the officers didn't larf, it's a pity; and says a Varginy officer that was there, in a sort of half-whisper, 'that wall was

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well lined, you may depend—sheep on one side, and asses on the other!' Says I, 'Stranger, you had better not say that are ag'in, or I'll——' 'Gintlemen,' says the gineral, 'resarve your heat for the inemy; no quarrels among ourselves'—and he rode off, havin' first whispered in my ear, 'Do you hear, captain, d—n you! there are two sides to a wall.' 'Yes,' says I, 'gineral, and two sides to a story too. And don't for gracious' sake, say any more about it.' Yes, we military men all swears a few,—it's the practice of the camp, and seems kinder nateral. But I'll go and make friends with minister.'

'Well, we walked down to Mr. Hopewell's, and we found him in a little summer house, all covered over with honeysuckle, as busy as you please with a book he was astudyin', and as soon as he seed us he laid it down, and came out to meet us. 'Colonel Slick,' says he, 'I owe you an apology, I believe; I consait I spoke too abrupt to you t'other evenin'. I ought to have made some allowance for the ardour of one of our military heroes.' Well, it took father all aback that, for he know'd it was him that was to blame, and not minister, so he began to say that it was him that ought to ax pardon; but minister wouldn't hear a word,—(he was all humility was minister—he had no more pride than a babe,)—and says he, 'Come, colonel, walk in and sit down here, and we will see if we cannot muster a bottle of cider for you, for I take this visit very kind of you.' Well, he brought out the cider, and we sot down quite sociable like. 'Now,' says he, 'colonel, what news have you?'

''Well,' says father, 'neighbour Dearbourn tells me that he heerd from excellent authority that he can't doubt, when he was to England, that King George the Third has been dead these two years; but his ministers darsen't let the people know it, for fear of a revolution; so they have given out that he took the loss of these States so much to heart, and fretted and carried on so about it, that he ain't able to do business no more, and that they are obliged to keep him included. They say the people want to have a government jist like ourn, but the lords and great folks won't let 'em,—and that if a poor man lays by a few dollars, the nobles send and take it right away, for fear they should buy powder and shot with it. It's awful to think on, ain't it? I allow the British are about the most enslaved, oppressed, ignorant, and miserable folks on the face of creation.'

''You mustn't believe all you hear,' said minister; 'depend upon it, there ain't a word of truth in it. I have been a good deal in England, and I do assure you, they are as free as we be, and a most aplaguy sight richer, stronger, and wiser. Their government convenes them better than ourn would, and I must say there be some things in it I like better than ourn too. Now,' says he, 'colonel, I'll pint out to you where they have a'most an amazin' advantage over us here in America. First of all, there is the King on his throne, an hereditary King,—a born King,—the head of his people, and not the head of a party; not supported, right or wrong, by one side because they chose him,—nor hated and opposed, right or wrong, by t'other because they don't vote for him; but loved and supported by all because he *is* their

King; and regarded by all with a feelin' we don't know nothin' of in our country,—a feelin' of loyalty.' 'Yes,' says father, 'and they don't care whether it's a man, woman, or child; — the ignorant, benighted critters.' 'They are considerable sure,' says minister, 'he ain't a rogue, at any rate.

''Well, the next link in the chain'——('Chains enough, poor wretches!' says father; 'but it's good enough for 'em tho', I guess')—'Well, the next link in the chain is the nobility, independent of the crown on one side, and the people on the other; a body distinguished for its wealth, —its larnin',—its munificence,—its high honour,—and all the great and good qualities that ennoble the human heart.' 'Yes,' says father, 'and yet they can sally out o' their castles, seize travellers, and rob 'em of all they have; hav'n't they got the whole country enslaved?—the debauched, profligate, *effeminate*, tyrannical gang as they be;—and see what mean offices they do fill about the King's parson. They put me in mind of my son Eldad when he went to larn the doctor's trade,—they took him the first winter to the dissectin' room. So in the spring, says I, 'Eldad,' says I, 'how do you get on?' 'Why,' says he, 'father, I've only had my first lesson yet.' 'What is that?' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'when the doctors are dissectin' of a carcass of cold meat, (for that's the name a subject goes by,) I have to stand by 'em and keep my hands clean, to wipe their noses, give 'em snuff, and light cigars for 'em;—and the snuff sets 'em a sneezin' so, I have to be a wipin' of their noses everlastin'ly. It's a dirty business, that's a fact;—but dissectin' is a dirty affair, I guess, altogether.' Well, by all accounts the nobility fill offices as mean as the doctors' apprentices do the first winter.'

''I tell you, these are mere lies,' says minister, 'got up here by a party to influence us ag'in the British.' 'Well, well!' said father, 'go on,' and he threw one leg over the other, tilted back in his chair, folded his arms over his breast, and looked as determined as if he thought—now you may jist talk till you are hoarse, if you like, but you won't convince me, I can tell you. 'Then there is an established Church, containin' a body o' men distinguished for their piety and larnin', uniform practice, Christian lives, and consistent conduct: jist a breach that keeps off the assaults of the waves o' infidelity and enthusiasm from the Christian harbour within—the great bulwark and breakwater that protects and shelters Protestantism in the world.' 'Oh dear! oh dear!' said father, and he looked over to me, quite streaked, as much as to say, 'Now, Sam, do only hear the nonsense that are old critter is atalkin' of: ain't it horrid?' 'Then there is the gentry, and a fine, honourable, manly, hospitable, independent race they be; all on 'em suns in their little spheres, illuminatin', warmin', and cheerin' all within their reach. Old families, attached to all around them, and all attached to them, both them and the people recollectin' that there have been twenty generations of 'em kind landlords, good neighbours, liberal patrons, indulgent masters: or if any of 'em went abroad, heroes by field and by flood.' 'Yes,' says father, 'and they carried back somethin' to brag on from Bunker's Hill, I guess, didn't

they? We spoilt the pretty faces of some of their landlords, that hitch, anyhow,—ay, and their tenants too; hang me if we didn't. When I was at Bu——'

''Then there is the professional men, rich marchants, and opulent factorists, all so many out-works to the king, and all to be beat down afore you can get at the throne. Well, all these blend and mix, and are entwined and interwoven together, and make that great, harmonious, beautiful, social and political machine, the British constitution. The children of nobles ain't nobles'—('I guess not,' says father—'why should they be? ain't all men free and equal? read Jefferson's declara——')—'but they have to mix with the commons, and become commoners themselves, and part of the great general mass,'—('and enough to pyson the whole mass too,' said father, 'jist yeast enough to farment it, and spile the whole batch.')—'Quite the revarse,' says minister; 'to use a homely simile, it's like a piece of fat pork thrown into a boilin' kettle of maple syrup; it checks the bubblin' and makes the boilin' subside, and not run over. Well, you see, by the House o' Lords getting recruits from able commoners, and the commoners gettin' recruits from the young nobility, by intermarriage—and by the gradual branchin' off of the young people of both sexes, it becomes the *people's nobility*, and not the *king's nobility*, sympathizin' with both, but independent of either. That's jist the difference 'atween them and foreigners on the Continent; that's the secret of their power, popularity and strength. The king leans on 'em, and the people leans on 'em—they are the key-stone of the arch. They don't stand alone, a high cold snowy peak, a' overlookin' of the world beneath, and athrowin' a dark deep shadow o'er the rich and fertile regions below it. They ain't like the cornish of a room, pretty to look at, but of no airthly use whatever; a thing you could pull away, and leave the room standin', jist as well without, but they are the pillars of the state—the flooted, and groov-ed, and carved, and ornamental, but solid pillars—you can't take away the pillars, or the state comes down—you can't cut out the flootin', or groovin', or carvin', for it's in so deep you'd have to cut the pillars away to nothin' a'most to get it out.' 'Well,' says father, araisin' of his voice till he screamed, 'have you nothin', sir, to praise to home, sir? I think you whitewashed that British sepulchre of rottenness and corruption, that House o' Lords, pretty well, and painted the harlot's eldest darter, till she looks as flarnty as the old one of Babylon herself; let's have a touch o' your brush to home now, will you?' 'You don't onderstand me yet, Colonel Slick,' said he; 'I want to show you somethin' in the workin' o' the machinery you ain't thought of, I know. Now, you see, colonel, all these parts I described are checks we ain't got,'—('And I trust in God we never shall,' says father—'we want no check—nothin' can never stop us but the limits o' creation,')—'and we ain't provided any in their place, and I don't see what on airth we shall do for these drag-chains on popular opinion. There's nothin' here to make it of,—nothin' in the natur' of things to substitute,—nothin' invented, or capable of the wear-and-tear, if invented,

that will be the least morsel of use in the world.' 'Explain what you mean, for gracious sake,' says father, 'for I don't onderstand one word of what you are asayin' of: who dares talk of chains to the popular opinion of twelve million of free and enlightened citizens?' 'Well,' says minister, 'jist see here, colonel, instead of all these gradations and circles, and what not, they've got in England—each havin' its own principal of action, harmonizin' with one another, yet essentially independant—we got but one class, one mass, one people. Some natur' has made a little smarter than others, and some education has distinguished; some are a little richer, some a little poorer—but still we have nothin' but a mass, a populace, a people; all alike in great essentials, all havin' the same power, same rights, same privileges, and of course same feelin's;—*call it what you will, it's a populace*, in fact.'

''Our name is Legion,' says father, ajumpin' up in a great rage. 'Yes, sir, legion is our name—we have twelve millions of freemen, ready to march to the utmost limits o' creation, and fight the devil himself if he was there, with all his hosts; and I'm the man to lead 'em, sir; I'm the boy that jist will do it. Rear rank, take open order, right shoulders for'ard,—march!' And the old man begun to step out as if he was aleadin' of 'em on their way ag'in old Nick,—whistling Yankee-doodle all the time, and lookin' as fierce as if he could whip his weight in wild cats. 'Well,' says minister, 'I guess you won't have to go quite so far to find the devils to fight with as the eend of creation neither; you'll find them nearer to home than your athinkin' on some o' these days, you may depend. But, colonel, our people present one smooth, unbroken surface—do you see?—of the same uniform materials, which is *acted on all over alike by one impulse*. It's like a lake. Well, one gust o' wind sweeps all over it, and puts all in agitation, and makes the waters look angry and dangerous—(and shaller waters makes the ugliest seas always.) Well, as soon as the squall is over, what a'most a beautiful pitchin' and heavin' there is for a while, and then down it all comes as calm and as stagnant and tiresome as you please. That's our case.

''There is nothin' to check popular commotion here, nothin' to influence it for good, but much to influence it for evil. There is one tone and one key here; strike the octaves where you like, and when you like, and they all accord.

''The press can lash us up to a fury here in two twos any day, because a chord struck at Maine vibrates in Florida, and when once roused, and our dander fairly up, where are the bodies above all this commotion, that can soften, moderate, control, or even influence it? The law, we see, is too feeble; people disregard it; the clergy can't, for if they dare to disagree with their flocks, their flocks drive 'em out of the pastur' in little less than half no time; the legislators can't, for they are parts of the same turbid water themselves; the president can't, for he is nothin' but a heap of froth thrown up by conflictin' eddies at the central point, and floats with the stream that generated him. He has no motion of himself, no locomotive power. It ain't the drift-log that directs

the river to the sea, but the river that carries the drift-log on its back. Now in England, a lyin', agitatin', wicked press, demagogues and political jugglers, and them sort o' cattle, finds a check in the Executive, the great, the larned, the virtuous, the prudent, and the well-established nobility, church, and gentry. It can't deceive them, they are too well informed;—it can't agitate them, for they don't act from impulse, but from reason. It can't overturn 'em for they are too strong. Nothin' can move so many different bodies but somethin' genu*wine* and good, somethin' that comes recommended by common sense for the public weal by its intrinsic excellence. Then the clergy bless it, the nobles sanction it, and the king executes it. It's a well-constructed piece o' machinery that, colonel, and I hope they won't go adabblin' too much with it;—*there's nothin' like leavin' all's well alone.*

"I'll suppose a case now:—If the French in Canada were to rebel—as they will, like that priest that walked on crutches till they elected him Pope, and when he got into the chair he up crutches and let 'em fly at the heads of the cardinals, and told 'em to clear out, or he'd kick 'em out,—they'll rebel as soon as they can walk alone, for the British have made 'em a French colony instead of an English one, and then they'll throw away their crutches. If they do rebel, see if our people don't go to war, tho' the government is to peace. They'll do jist as they please, and nothin' can stop 'em. What do they care for a President's proclamation, or a marshal's advertisements? they'd lynch one, or tar and feather the other of those chaps as quick as wink, if they dared to stand in the way one minit. No; we want the influence of an independent united clergy—of a gentry, of an upper class, of a permanent one too,—of a somethin' or another, in short, we haven't got, and I fear never will get. What little check we had in Washington's time is now lost; our senate has degenerated into a mere second house of representatives; our legislators are nothin' but speakin' trumpets for the mobs outside to yell and howl thro'. The British Government is like its oak; it has its roots spread out far and wide, and is supported and nourished on all sides, besides its tap-roots that run right straight down into the ground,—(for all hard-wood trees have tap-roots, you know.) Well, when a popular storm comes, it bends to the blast, do you see? till its fury is spent;—it gets a few leaves shook down, and perhaps a rotten branch or two twisted off; but when the storm is o'er there it is ag'in bolt upright—as straight and as stiff as a poker. But our government is like one of our forest trees,—all top and no branches, or downward roots, but a long slim stalk, with a broom-head, fed by a few superficial fibres, the air and the rain; and when the popular gust comes it blows it right over,—a great, onwieldy windfall, smashin' all afore it, and breakin' itself all up to pieces. Its too holler and knotty to saw or to split, or to rip, and too shaky to plane, or do anythin' with — all its strength lies in growin' close alongside of others; but it grows too quick, and too thick, to be strong. It *has no intrinsic strength*;—some folks to England ain't up to this themselves, and raelly talk like fools. They talk as if they were in a republic

instead of a limited monarchy. If ever they get upsot, mark my words, colonel, the squall won't come out of royalty, aristocracy, or prelacy, but out o' democracy—and a plaguy squally sea democracy is, I tell you: wind gets up in a minit; you can't show a rag of sail to it, and if you don't keep a bright look-out, and shorten sail in time, you're wrecked or swamped afore you know where you be. I'd rather live onder an absolute monarch any day than in a democracy, for one tyrant is better than a thousand; oppression is better nor anarchy, and hard law botter nor no law at all.' 'Minister,' says father, (and he put his hands on his knees, and rose up slowly, till he stretched himself all out,) 'I have sot here and heerd more abuse of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens, from you this ev'nin', than I ever thought I could have taken from any livin' soul breathin'; it's more than I can cleverly swaller, or disgest either, I tell *you*.

''Now, sir,' says he, and he brought his two heels close together, and taking hold of his coat-tail with his left hand, brought his right hand slowly round to it, and then lifted it gradually up as if he was drawin' out a sword, —'and now, sir,' said he, makin' a lounge into the air with his arm,—'now, sir, if you were not a clergyman, you should answer it to me with your life—you should, I snore. It's nothin' but your cloth protects you, and an old friendship that has subsisted atween us for many years.' 'You revolutionary heroes, colonel,' says minister, smilin', 'are covered with too much glory to require any aid from private quarrels: put up your sword, colonel, put it up, my good friend, and let us see how the cyder is. I have talked so much my mouth feels considerable rusty about the hinges, I vow.' 'I guess we had,' says father, quite mollified by that are little revolutionary hero,—'and I will sheath it;' and he went thro' the form of puttin' a sword into the scabbard, and fetched his two hands together with a click that sounded amazin'ly like the rael thing. 'Fill your glass, colonel,' says minister, 'fill your glass, and I will give you a toast: —*May our government never degenerate into a mob, nor our mobs grow strong enough to become our government.*''

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEPOSED MINISTER.

'SINCE I parted with you, Squire, at Windsor, last fall, I've been to home. There's been an awful smash among the banks in the States, — they've been blowed over, and snapped off, and torn up by the roots like the pines to the southward in a tornado:—awful work, you may depend. Everything prostrated as flat as if it had been chopped with an axe for the fire; it's the most dismal sight I ever beheld. Shortly after I left you I got a letter from Mr. Hopewell, a tellin' of me, there was a storm abrewin', and advisin' of me to come to home as soon as possible, to see arter my stock in the Slickville bank, for they were carryin' too much sail, and he was e'en a'most certain it would capsize when the squall struck it. Well, I rode night and day; I nearly killed old Clay and myself too (I left the old horse to St. John's); but I got there in time, sold out my shares, and jist secured myself, when it failed tetotally, — it won't pay five cents. to the dol-

lar; a total wrack, stock and fluke. Poor old minister, he is nearly used up; he is small potatoes now, and few in a hill. It made me feel quite streaked to see him, for he is a rael good man, a genu*wine* primitive Christian, and one of the old school. 'Why, Sam,' said he, 'how do you do, my boy? The sight of you is actilly good for sore eyes. Oh! I am glad to see you once more afore I go; it does me good—it happifies me, it does, I vow—for you always seem kind o' nateral to me. I didn't think I should ever take any interest in anything ag'in;—but I must have a talk with you—it will do me good—it revives me. And now, Sam,' said he, 'open that are cupboard there, and take that big key off the nail on the righthand side—it's the key of the cellar; and go to the north bin, and bring up a bottle of the old genu*wine* cider—it will refresh you arter your fatigue; and give me my pipe and tobacco, and we will have a talk, as we used to do in old times.'

''Well,' says I, when I returned and uncorked the bottle,—'minister,' says I, 'it's no use in atalkin','—and I took a heavy pull at the cider—'it's no use atalkin', but there's nothin' like that among the Bluenoses, anyhow. I believe you might stump the univarse for cider—*that* caps all—it's super-excellent—that's a fact.'

''I shall stump out of the univarse soon, Sam,' said he; 'I'm e'en a'most done; my body is worn out, and my spirits are none of the best now,—I'm a lone man. The old men are droppin' off fast into the grave, and the young men are troopin' off fast to the far West; and Slickville don't seem the same place to me it used to do no more. I'm well stricken in years now; my life stretches over a considerable space of the colony time, and over all our republic; my race is run, my lamp is out, and I am ready to go. I often say, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Next birth-day, if the Lord spares me to see it, I shall be ninety-five years old.' 'Well,' says I, 'minister, you've seen great changes in your time, that's sartain; haven't we grown cruel fast? There ain't such a nation as ourn p'rhaps atween the poles, jist at this present time. We are a'most through to the Pacific, and spreadin' all over this great Continent; and our flag floats over every part of the world. Our free and enlightened people do present a'most a glorious spectacle—that's a fact.' Well, he sot still and said nothin'; but takin' the pipe out of his mouth, he let go a great long puff of smoke, and then replaced his pipe ag'in, and arter a space, says he, 'Well, Sam, what of all that?' 'Why,' said I, 'minister, you remind me of Joab Hunter; he whipped every one that darst try him, both in Slickville and its *vi*cinity; and then he sot down and cried like a child, 'cause folks were afeerd of him, and none on 'em would fight him.'

''It's a law o' natur', Sam,' said he, 'that things that grow too fast, and grow too big, go to decay soon. I am afeerd we shall be rotten afore we are ripe. Precosity ain't a good sign in anything. A boy that outgrows his strength, is seldom healthy; an old head on young shoulders is plaguy apt to find afore long the shoulders too old and weak for the head. I am too aged a man to be led away by names—to old a bird to be caught by chaff.

Tinsell and glitter don't deceive me into a belief that they are solid, genuine metals. Our eagle, that we chose for our emblem, is a fine bird, and an aspirin' bird; but *he is a bird of prey, Sam,—too fond of blood—too prone to pounce on the weak and unwary.* I don't like to see him hoverin' over Texas and Canada so much. Our flag that you talk of is a good flag; but them stripes, are they prophetic or accidental? Are they the stripes of the slaves risin' up to humble our pride by exhibitin' our shame on our banner? Or what do they mean? Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom; tell me what freedom is? Is it havin' no king and no nobles? Then we are sartainly free. But is that freedom? Is it in havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough, gracious knows. Is it in havin' no hereditary government, or vigorous executive? Then we are free, beyond all doubt.

''Yes, we know what we are atalkin' about; we are wise in our generation, wiser than the children of light—we are as free as the air of heaven. What that air is, p'rhaps they know who talk of it so flippantly and so glibly; but it may not be so free to all comers as our country is. But what is freedom? My little grandson, little Sammy, (I had him named arter you, Sam,) told me yesterday I was behind the enlightenment of the age; perhaps you, who are ahead of it, will answer me. What is freedom? A colt is free,—he is unrestrained,—he acknowledges no master,—no law, but the law of natur.' A man may get his brains kicked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that of the wild horse or the wild ass?—If not, what is it? Is it in the right of openly preaching infidelity? Is it in a licentious press? Is it in the outpourings of popular spirits? Is it in the absence of all subordination, or the insufficiency of all legal or moral restraint? I will define it. It is that happy condition of mankind where people are assembled in a community; where there is no government, no law, and no religion, but such as are imposed from day to day by a mob of freemen. *That is freedom.*'

''Why, minister,' said I, 'what on airth ails you, to make you talk arter that fashion? If you had abin drinking any of that are old cider, I do think I should have believed it had got into your brain, for it's pretty considerable stiff that, and tarnation heady. How can you go for to say we have no government, no law, and no religion, when it's generally allowed we are the most free and enlightened people on the face of the airth?' 'I didn't say *that*, Sam; I was definin' freedom in its general acceptation. We have got a government somewhere, if folks could only find it. When they searched for it at Texas, they said it was to Canady lines; and when they go to Canady lines to seek it, they say it is gone to the Seminole war; and when they get there, they'll tell 'em they've been lookin' for it, but it hasn't arrived yet, and they wish to gracious it would make haste and come, for if it wor there, three thousand Injians couldn't beat us three years runnin', and defy us yet. We've got law too; and when the judges go on the circuit, the mob holds its courts, and keeps the peace.'—'Whose commission does the mob hold?'—'The people's commission,'

'And whose commission does the supreme judge hold?' — 'The President's.' 'Which is at the top of the pot then? Can the judges punish the mob?'—'No; but the mob can punish the judges.' 'Which is the supreme court, then?' 'No; we have law.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and the prophets too; for if you ain't a prophet of evil, it's a pity.' I fairly felt ryled, for if there is a thing that raises my dander, and puts my Ebenezer up, it is to hear a man say anything ag'in the glorious institutions of our great, splendid country.

''There you go ag'in,' said he; 'you don't know what you are atalkin' about; a prophet *used* to be a person who foretold future events to come. What they be now in Webster's new dictionary, I don't know; but I guess they now be those who foretell things arter they happen. I warn't a prophesyin'—I was speakin' of things afore my eyes.' 'Your ideas of prophets are about as clear as your ideas of freedom. Yes, we've got law, and written law too, as well as written constitutions—(for we despise that onwritten law, the common law of the ignorant British; we despise it as a relic of barbarism, of the age of darkness and fable,)—and as soon as our cases that are tried afore the mob courts are collected and reported by some of our eminent mob orators, these state trials will have great authority. They'll be quoted to England with great respect, I know; for they've got orators of the same breed there too,—the same gentle, mild, Christian-like philanthropists.' 'Pity you hadn't sported that kind of doctrine,' says I, 'minister, afore our glorious revolution. The British would have made a bishop of you, or a Canter Berry, or whatever they call their Protestant pope. Yes, you might have had the cannon law and the tythe law enforced with the baggonet law.' 'Abusin' the British don't help us, Sam. I am not *their* advocate, but the advocate for law, just and equal law, impartially administered, voluntarily obeyed, and, when infringed, duly enforced. Yes, we have religion, too, from the strict good old platform, through every variety and shade of tinker, mormonite, and mountebank, down to the infidel,—men who preach peace and good will, but who fight and hate each other like the devil. Idolatry like ourn you won't find even among the heathen. We are image worshippers; we have two images. There's the golden image, which all men worship here, and the American image.' 'The American image!' said I; 'do tell; what on airth is that? I do believe in my heart, minister, that you have taken leave of your senses. What onder the sun is the American image?' 'An image of perfection, Sam,' said he; 'fine phrenological head—high forehead—noble countenance—intelligent face—limbs Herculean, but well proportion—graceful attitude—a figure of great elegance and beauty,—the personification of everything that is great and good,—*that* is the American image;—*that* we set up and admire, and every body thinks it is an image of himself. Oh! it is humiliatin', it is degradin'; but we are all brought up to this idolatry from our cradle; we are taught first to worship gold, and then to idolize ourselves.

''Yes, we have a government, have a law, and have a religion, —and a precious government,

law, and religion, it is. I was once led to believe we had made a great discovery, and were tryin' a great experiment in the art of self-government, for the benefit of mankind, as well as ourselves. Oh, delusion of delusions!—It had been tried before and signally failed, and tried on our own ground too, and under our own eyes. We are copies and not originals—base imitators.' When he got this far, I seed how it was—he was delirious, poor old gentleman; the sight of me was too much for him; his narves was excited, and he was aravin'; his face was flushed, his eye glared, and looked quite wild-like. It touched me to the heart, for I loved him like a father, and his intellects were of the first order afore old age, like a cloud, had overshadowed 'em. I thought I should have boohooed right out. So, instead of contradictin' him, I humoured him. 'Where was it tried, minister?' said I; 'who had the honour afore us? for let us give the credit where it is due.' 'The North American Indians,' said he, 'had tried it afore, in all its parts. They had no king, no nobles, no privileged class, no established religion. Their mobs made laws, Lynch law too, for they had burned people before the citizens at Mobile were ever born, or were even thought on, and invaded also other folks' territory by stealth, and then kept possession. They, too, elected their presidents, and other officers, and did all and everything we do. They, too, had their federal government of independant states, and their congress and solemn-lookin' boastin' orators. They, too, had their long knives as well as Arkansa's folks have, and were as fond of blood. And where are they now? Where is their great experiment?—their great spectacle of a people governin' themselves? Gone! where ourn will go; gone with the years that are fled, never to return! Oh, Sam, Sam! my heart is sick within me. Where now is our beautiful republic bequeathed to us by Washington, and the sages and heroes of the revolution? Overwhelmed and destroyed by the mighty waters of democracy. Nothin' is now left but a dreary waste of angry waters, moved and excited by every wind that blows, and agitated by every conflictin' current, onsafe to navigate, fearful even to look upon.'

''This is too excitin' a subject,' said I, 'minister, and admits of a great deal bein' said on both sides. It ain't worth our while to get warm on it. As for an established church,' said I, 'you know what an hubbub they make in England to get clear of that are. I don't think we need envy 'em, unless they'll establish our platform. If they did *that*,' said I, and I looked up and winked, 'I don't know as I wouldn't vote for it myself.' 'Sam,' said he, 'we are agoin' to have an established church; it may be a very good church, and is a great deal better than many we have; but still it ain't the church of the Pilgrims.' 'What church,' said I, 'minister?' 'Why,' said he, 'the Catholic Church; before long it will be the established church of the United States.' Poor old man, only think of his getting such a freak as that are in his head; it was melancholy to hear him talk such nonsense, warn't it? 'What makes you think so?' said I. 'Why,' said he, 'Sam, the majority here do everything. The majority voted at first against an establishment; a majority may at last vote for

it; the voice of the majority is law. Now the Catholics are fast gainin' a numerical majority. Don't you believe census or other tables? I know it, and I could easily correct the errors of the census.

''They gain constantly,—they gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by intermarriages, adoption, and conversion, than the Protestants. With their exclusive views of salvation, and peculiar tenets,—as soon as they have the majority this becomes a Catholic country, with a Catholic government, with the Catholic religion established by law. Is this a great change? A greater change has taken place among the British, the Medes and Persians of Europe, the nolumus leges mutari people. What then will the natural order and progress of events now in train here not produce? I only speak of this—I don't dread it; I hope, and trust, and pray that it may be so; not because I think them right, for I don't, but because they are a Christian church, an old church, a consistent church, and because it is a church, and any sect is better than the substitution of a cold, speculative philosophy for religion, as we see too frequently among us. We are too greedy to be moral, too self-sufficient to be pious, and too independent to be religious. United under one head, and obedient to that head, with the countenance and aid of the whole Catholic world, what can they not achieve? Yes, it is the only cure that time and a kind and merciful Providence has in store for us. *We shall be a Catholic country.*

''Sam, my heart is broken!—my last tie is severed, and I am now descendin' to the grave full of sorrows! I have received my dismissal; my elders have waited upon me with the appallin' information that they have given a call to a Unitarian, and have no further need of my services. My labours, Sam, were not worth having,—that's a fact: I am now old, grey-headed, and infirm, and worn out in the service of my master. It was time for me to retire. Tempus abire tibi est. (I hope you hav'n't forgot what little Latin you had, Sam.) I do not blame them for *that*:—but a Unitarian in my pulpit! It has killed me—I *cannot* survive it;' and he cried like a child. 'I looked on 'em,' said he, 'as *my* children—I loved 'em as my own—taught 'em their infant prayers,—I led 'em to the altar of the Lord, I fed 'em with the bread of life, encouraged 'em when they was right, reproved 'em when they was wrong, and watched over 'em always. Where now is my flock? and what account shall I give of the shepherd? Oh, Sam, willin'ly would I offer up my life for 'em as a sacrifice, but it may not be. My poor flock, my dear children, my lost sheep, that I should have lived to have seen this day!' and he hid his face in his hands, and moaned bitterly.

'Poor old gentleman, it had been too much for him; it was evident that it had effected his head as well as his heart. And this I will say, that a better head and a better heart there ain't this day in the United States of America than minister Joshua Hopewell's, of Slickville. 'I am glad to hear you speak so affectionately of him,' said I. 'It shows there are good and warm hearts in Slickville besides his; but do you really think he was delirious?' 'No doubt in the world

on it,' said he. 'If you had aseen him and heerd him, you would have felt that his troubles had swompified him. It was gone goose with him,—that's a fact.' 'That he spoke under the influence of excited feelings,' I replied, 'and with a heart filled with grief and indignation, there can be no doubt; but I see no evidence of delirium; on the contrary, his remarks strike me as most eloquent and original. They have made a great impression upon me, and I shall long remember the *confessions of a deposed minister*.'

CHAPTER XVI.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

The next day we reached Clare, a township wholly settled by descendants of the Acadian French. The moment you pass the bridge at Scissiboo, you become sensible that you are in a foreign country. And here I must enter my protest against that American custom of changing the old and appropriate names of places, for the new and inappropriate ones of Europe. Scissiboo is the Indian name of this long and beautiful river, and signifies the great deep, and should have been retained, not merely because it was its proper name, but on account of its antiquity, its legends, and, above all, because the river had a name, which the minor streams of the province have not. A country, in my opinion, is robbed of half its charms when its streams, like those of Nova Scotia, have no other names than those of the proprietors of the lands thro' which they pass, and change them as often as the soil changes owners. Scissiboo sounded too savage and uncouth in the ears of the inhabitants, and they changed it to Weymouth, but they must excuse me for adopting the old reading.

I am no democrat; I like old names and the traditions belonging to them. I am no friend to novelties. There has been a reaction in Upper Canada. The movement party in that colony, with great form and ceremony, conferred the name of Little York upon the capital of the colony; but the Conservatives have adopted the ancient order of things, and with equal taste and good feeling have restored the name of Toronto. I hope to see the same restoration at Scissiboo, at Tatam-agouche, and other places where the spoiler has been.

There is something very interesting in these Acadians. They are the lineal descendants of those who made the first effective settlement in North America, in 1606, under De Monts, and have retained to this day the dress, customs, language, and religion of their ancestors. They are a peaceful, contented, and happy people; and have escaped the temptations of English agitators, French atheists, and domestic demagogues.

'I have often been amazed,' said the Clockmaker, 'when travelling among the Canadians, to see what curious critters they be. They leave the marketin' to the women, and their business to their notaries, the care of their souls to their priests, and of their bodies to their doctors, and reserve only frolickin', dancin', singin', fidlin', and gasconadin' to themselves. They are as merry as crickets, and as happy as the day is long. They don't care a straw how the world jogs, who's up and who's down, who reigns or who is deposed. Ask 'em who is King, and they believe Papinor is; who is Pope,

and they believe their bishop is; who is the best off in the world, and they believe Mount-Sheer Chatter-Box Habitan is.' 'How is it then,' said I, 'they are just on the eve of a rebellion? If they are so contented and happy as you represent them, what can induce them to involve the country in all the horrors of a civil war; and voluntarily incur the penalties of treason, and the miseries of a revolution?'

'Because,' said he, 'they are jist what I have described them to be—because they don't know nothin'. They are as weak as Taunton water, and all the world knows that that won't run down hill. They won't do nothin' but jist as they are bid. Their notaries and doctors tell 'em,—them sacra diabola English are agoin', by and bye, to ship 'em out o' the country; and in the meantime rob 'em, plunder 'em, and tax 'em;—hang their priests, seize their galls, and play hell and Tommy with them, and all because they speak French. 'Hay beang,' says Habitan, 'up and at them then, and let 'em have it! But how can we manage all them redcoats?' 'Oh!' says their leaders, 'old France will send a fleet and sodgers, and Yankies will send an army. Yankies very fond of us,—all larnin' French apurpose;—very fond of Catholics too, all thro' New England;—great friend of ourn,—hate English like the diable.' 'Allong dong, then,' they say; 'up and cut their throats! and when winter comes, burn 'em up,—hang 'em up,—use 'em up! One grand French nation we shall have here then; all French, and no sacra English.''

'But do they really talk such nonsense to them as that, or are they such fools as to believe it?'

'Fact, I assure you; they are so ignorant they believe it all, and will believe anything they tell 'em. It is a comfortable ignorance they are in too, for they are actilly the happiest critters on the face of the airth,—but then it is a dangerous ignorance, for it is so easily imposed upon.' 'I had been always led to believe,' I said, 'that it was a great constitutional question that was at stake,—the right to stop the supplies; and from hearing there were so many speculative and theoretical points of disputes between them and the English, as to the machinery of the local government, I thought they were at least an enlightened people, and one that, feeling they had rights, were determined to maintain those rights at all hazards.' 'Oh, dear,' said the Clockmaker, 'where have you been all your born days not to know better than that? They don't know nothin' about the matter, nor don't want to. Even them that talk about those things in the Assembly, don't know much more; but they jist know enough to ax for what they know they can't get, they call it a grievance, and pick a quarrel about it. Why, they've got all they want, and more than they could have under us, or any other power on the face of the airth than the English,—ay, more than they could have if they were on their own hook. They have their own laws,—and plaguy queer, old-fashioned laws they are too,—Old Scratch himself couldn't understand 'em; their parly voo language, religion, old customs and usages, and everything else, and no taxes at all.'

'If such is the case, what makes their leaders discontented? There must be something wrong

somewhere, when there is so much disaffection?' 'All that is the matter may be summed up in one word,' said the Clockmaker, '*French*,—devil a thing else but that—*French*. You can't make an Englishman out of a Frenchman, any more than you can a white man out of a nigger; if the skin ain't different the tongue is.' 'But,' said I, 'though you cannot make the Ethiopian change his skin, you can make the Frenchman change his language.' 'Ay, now you have it, I guess,' said he; 'you've struck the right nail on the head this time. The reform they want in Canada is to give 'em English laws and English language. Make 'em use it in courts and public matters, and make an English and not a French colony of it; and you take the sting out o' the snake,—the critter becomes harmless. Them doctors pyson 'em. Them chaps go to France, get inoculated there with infidelity, treason, and republicanism, and come out and spread it over the country like small-pox. They got a bad set o' doctors in a gineral way, I tell you; and when rebellion breaks out there, as you'll see it will to a sartainty by and by, you'll find them doctors leadin' them on everywhere,—the very worst fellers among 'em,—boys of the glorious July days to Paris. Well, it is no use atalkin', Squire, about it; it is a pity, too, to see the poor simple critters so imposed upon as they be, for they'll catch it, if they do rebel, to a sartainty.

'Yes, I pity them poor Canadians,' said the Clockmaker. 'They are a loyal, contented, happy people, if them sarpents of doctors and lawyers would leave 'em alone, and let 'em be, and not pyson their minds with all sorts of lies and locrums about their government. They will spunk 'em up to rebellion at last, and when it does come to the scratch they will desart 'em as sure as eggs is eggs, and leave 'em to be shot down by the sodgers; they ain't able of themselves to do nothin', them Canadians; they ain't got the means, nor the energy, nor the knowledge for it; they ain't like the descendants of the Pilgrims—that's a fact. The worst of it is, too, the punishment won't fall on the right heads neither, for them critters will cut and run to a sartainty; —I know it, I'm e'en a'most sure of it,—if they'd ahad the true blue in 'em, they wouldn't have half murdered and maimed that poor defenceless Doric, as they did. None but cowards do 'em are things;—a brave man fights,—a coward sticks a bowie knife into your ribs; but p'r'aps it will all turn out for the best yet in the eend,' said he; 'for if there is a blow up, Papinor will off to the States full chisel with the other leaders,—the first shot, and them that they don't catch and hang can never show their faces in Canada ag'in. It will clear the country of them, as they clear a house of rats,—frighten 'em out of their seven senses by firin' off a gun.'

'*A thunderstorm, Squire,*' *said the Clockmaker,* ''*most always cools the air, clears the sky, lays the dust, and makes all look about right ag'in.*'

'Everything will depend on how the English work it arterwards; if they blunder ag'in, they'll never be able to set it to rights.' 'What course ought they to adopt?' said I, 'for the subject is one in which I feel great interest.' 'I'll tell you,' said he. 'First, they should—,'

and he suddenly checked himself, as if doubtful of the propriety of answering the question;—and then smiling, as if he had discovered a mode of escaping the difficulty, he continued,—'They should make you Plinipo, and appoint me your secretary.'

CHAPTER XVII.

A CURE FOR SMUGGLING.

'*Wherever natur' does least, man does most*,' said the Clockmaker. 'Jist see the difference atween these folks here to Liverpool and them up the Bay of Fundy. There natur' has given them the finest country in the world,—she has taken away all the soil from this place, and chucked it out there, and left nothing but rocks and stones here. There they jist vegetate, and here they go a-head like anything. I was credibly informed, when Liverpool was first settled, folks had to carry little light ladders on their shoulders to climb over the rocks, and now they've got better streets, better houses, better gardens, and a better town than any of the Bay-men. They carry on a considerable of a fishery here, and do a great stroke in the timber-business.

'I shall never forget a talk I had with Ichabod Gates here, and a frolic him and me had with a tide-waiter. Ichabod had a large store o' goods, and I was in there one evenin' adrinkin' tea along with him, and we got atalkin' about smugglin'. Says he, 'Mr. Slick, your people ruin the trade here, they *do* smuggle so; I don't know as I ever shall be able to get rid of my stock of goods, and it cost me a considerable of a sum too. What a pity it is them navy people, instead of carryin' freights of money from the West Indgies, warn't employed more a protectin' of our fisheries and our trade.' 'Why don't you smuggle then too,' says I, 'and meet 'em in their own way?—tit for tat—diamond cut diamond—smuggle yourselves and seize *them*;—free trade and sailor's rights is our maxim.' 'Why,' says he, 'I ain't jist altogether certified that it's right; it goes ag'in my conscience to do the like o' that are, and I must say I like a fair deal.' 'Well, that's onconvenient, to be so thin-skinned,' said I; 'for conscience most commonly has a hide as thick as the sole of one's foot; you may cover it with leather to make it look decent-like, but it will bear a considerable hard scrubbin' without anything over it. 'Now,' says I, 'I will put you on a track that will sarve you without bringin' corns on your conscience either. Do you jist pretend to smuggle and make believe as if you were agoin' the whole hog in it. It's safer and full out as profitable as the rael thing, and besides there's no sort o' risk in it in the world. When folks hear a thing is smuggled they always think it's cheap, and never look into the price; they bite directly—it's a grand bait that. Now always onload your vessels at night, and let folks hear a cart agoin' into your place atween two and three o'clock in the mornin'; fix one o' the axles so it will squeak like a pig, and do you look suspicious, mysterious, and oneasy. Says you, (when a chap says, I guess you were up late last night,) 'ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. There are so many pimpin' eyes about now, a body has to be cautious if he don't want to get into the centre of a hobble. If I'm up late I guess it's nobody's business but my own I'm about

anyhow; but I hope you won't make no remarks about what you seed or heerd.'

''Well, when a feller axes arter a thing, do you jist stand and look at him for a space without sayin' a word, inquirin' like with a dubersum' look, as if you didn't know as you could trust him or no; then jist wink, put your finger on your nose, and say mum is the word. Take a candle and light it, and say, foller me now, and take him into the cellar. 'Now,' says you, 'friend, don't betray me, I beseech you, for your life; don't let on to any one about this place;—people will never think o' suspectin' me if you only keep dark about it. I'll let you see some things,' says you, 'that will please you I know; but don't blow me—that's a good soul. This article,' says you, atakin' up one that cost three pounds, I can afford to let you have as low as five pounds, and that one as cheap as six pounds, on one condition,—but mind you it's on them terms only,—and that is that you don't tell any one, not even your wife, where you got it; but you must promise me on the word and honour of a man.' The critter will fall right into the trap, and swear by all that's good he'll never breathe it to a livin' soul, and then go right off and tell his wife, and you might as well pour a thing into a filterin' stone as into a woman's ear; it will run right thro', and she'll go a braggin' to her neighbours of the bargain they got, and swear them to secrecy, and they'll tell the whole country in the same way, as a secret of the cheap things, Ichabod Gates has. Well, the excise folks will soon hear o' this, and come and sarch your house from top to bottom, and the sarch will make your fortin', for, as they can't find nothin', you will get the credit of doin' the officers in great style.'

''Well, well,' said Ichabod, 'if you Yankees don't beat all natur'. I don't believe in my soul there's a critter in all Nova Scotia would a' thought o' such a scheme as that, but it's a grand joke, and comports with conscience, for it parallels pretty close with the truth; I'll try it.' 'Try it,' says I, 'to be sure; let's go right off this blessed night, and hide away a parcel of your goods in the cellar,—put some in the garret and some in the gig-house. Begin and sell some to-morrow, and all the time I'm to Liverpool I'll keep a runnin' in and out o' your house; sometimes I'll jist come to the corner of the fence, put my head over and draw it back ag'in as if I didn't want folks to see me, and sometimes I'll make as if I was agoin' out, and if I see any one acomin' I'll spring back and hide behind the door; it will set the whole town on the look-out,—and they'll say it's me that's asmugglin' either on my own hook or yourn.' In three days he had a great run o' custom, particularly arter night-fall. It was fun alive to see how the critters were bammed by that hoax.

'On the fifth day the tide-waiter came. 'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'I've got information th——' 'Glad to hear it,' says I: 'an officer without information would be a poor tool—that's a fact.' Well, it brought him up all standin'. Says he, 'Do you know who you are atalkin' to?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I guess I do; I'm talkin' to a man of information, and that bein' the case I'll be so bold as to ax you one question,—have you anything to say to me,

for I'm in a considerable of a hurry?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have. I'm informed you have smuggled goods in the house.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'you can say what many galls can't boast on at any rate.' 'What's that?' says he. 'Why,' says I, 'that you are *miss*informed.'

'Mr. Gates,' said he, 'give me a candle—I must go to the cellar.' 'Sartainly, sir,' said Ichabod, 'you may sarch where you please; I've never smuggled yet, and I am not agoin' now to commence at my time of life.' As soon as he got the candle, and was agoin' down to the cellar with Gates, I called out to Ichabod, 'Here,' says I, 'Ich, run quick, for your life—now's your time;' and off we ran upstairs as fast as we could leg it, and locked the door; the sarcher heerin' that, up too and arter us hot foot, and bust open the door. As soon as we heerd him adoin' of that we out o' the other door and locked that also, and down the back-stairs to where we started from. It was some time afore he broke in the second door, and then he follered us down, lookin' like a proper fool. 'I'll pay you up for this,' said he to me. 'I hope so,' said I, 'and Ichabod too. A pretty time o' day this when folks can tare and race over a decent man's house, and smash all afore him this way for nothin', ain't it? Them doors you broke all to pieces will come to somethin', you may depend;—a joke is a joke, but that's no joke.' Arter that he took his time, sarched the cellar, upper rooms, lower rooms, and garret, and found nothin' to seize, he was all cut up, and amazin' vexed and put out. Says I, 'Friend, if you want to catch a weasel you must catch him asleep; now if you want to catch me asmugglin', rise considerable airly in the mornin', will you?' This story made Ichabod's fortin' a'most; he had smuggled goods to sell for three years, and yet no one could find him in the act, or tell where onder the sun he hid 'em away to. At last the secret leaked out, and it fairly broke up smugglin' on the whole shore. That story has done more nor twenty officers—that's a fact.

'There's nothin' a'most,' said the Clockmaker, 'I like so much as to see folks cheat themselves. I don't know as I ever cheated a man myself in my life; I like to do things above board handsum', and go strait ahead; but if a chap seems bent on cheatin' himself, I like to be neighbourly and help him to do it. I mind once, when I was to the eastward of Halifax atradin', I bought a young horse to use while I gave Old Clay a run to grass. I do that most every fall, and it does the poor old critter a deal of good. He kinder seems to take a new lease every time, it sets him up so. Well, he was a most aspecial horse, but he had an infarnal temper, and it required all my knowledge of horse flesh to manage him. He'd kick, sulk, back, bite, refuse to draw, or run away, jist as he took the notion. I mastered him, but it was jist as much as a bargain too; and I don't believe, tho' I say it myself, there is any other gentleman in the province could have managed him but me. Well, there was a parson livin' down there that took a great fancy to that horse. Whenever he seed me adrivin' by he always stopt to look at his action and gait, and admired him amazin'ly. Thinks I to myself, that man is inokilated—it'll break out soon—he is de-

tarmined to cheat himself, and if he is, there is no help for it, as I see, but to let him. One day I was adrivin' out at a'most a duce of a size, and he stopped me. 'Hallo!' says he, 'Mr. Slick, where are you agoin' in such a desperate hurry? I want to speak a word to you.' So I pulls up short. 'Mornin',' says I, 'parson, how do you do to-day?' 'That's a very clever horse of yourn,' says he. 'Middlin',' says I; 'he does my work, but he's nothin' to brag on; he ain't jist equal to Old Clay, and I doubt if there's are a blue-nose horse that is either.' 'Fine action that horse,' said he. 'Well,' says I, 'people do say he has considerable fine action, but that's better for himself than me, for it makes him travel easier.'

''How many miles will he trot in the hour?' said he. 'Well,' says I, 'if he has a mind to and is well managed, he can do fifteen handsum'.' 'Will you sell him?' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'parson, I would sell him, but not to you; the truth is,' said I, smilin', 'I have a regard for ministers; the best friend I ever had was one, the Reverend Joshua Hopewell, of Slickville, and I wouldn't sell a horse to one I didn't think would suit him.' 'Oh!' said he, 'the horse would suit me exactly; I like him amazin'ly; what's your price?' 'Fifty pounds to anybody else,' said I, 'but fifty-five to you, parson, for I don't want you to have him at no price. If he didn't suit you, people would say I cheated you, and cheatin' a parson is, in my mind, pretty much of a piece with robbin' of a church. Folks would think considerable hard of me sellin' you a horse that warn't quite the thing, and I shouldn't blame them one morsel if they did.' 'Why, what's the matter of him?' said he. 'Well,' says I, 'minister,' says I, alarfin' right out, 'everything is the matter of him.' 'Oh!' said he, 'that's all nonsense; I've seen the horse in your hands often, and desire no better.' 'Well,' says I, 'he will run away with you if he gets a chance to a sartainty.' 'I will drive him with a curb,' said he. 'He will kick,' says I. 'I'll put a back strap on him,' said he. 'He will go backwards faster than forward,' said I. 'I will give him the whip and teach him better,' says he. 'Well,' says I, larfin' like anything, 'he won't go at all sometimes.' 'I'll take my chance of that,' said he; 'but you must take off that five pounds.' 'Well,' says I, 'parson, I don't want to sell you the horse—that's a fact; but if you must have him I suppose you must, and I will substract the five pounds on one condition, and that is, if you don't like the beast, you tell folks that you would have him, tho' I tried to set him out as bad as I could, and said everything of him I could lay my tongue to.' 'Well,' says he, 'the horse is mine, and if he don't suit me, I acquit you of all blame.'

'Well, he took the horse, and cracked and boasted most prodigiously of him; he said he wouldn't like to take a hundred pounds for him; that he liked to buy a horse of a Yankee, for they were such capital judges of horse flesh, they hardly ever a'most had a bad one, and that he knew he was agoin' to get a first-chop one, the moment he found I didn't want to sell him, and that he never saw a man so loth to part with a beast. Oh dear! how I larfed in my sleeve when I heard tell of

the goney talkin' such nonsense: thinks I, he'll live to larn yet some things that ain't writ down in Latin afore he dies, or I'm mistakened—that's all. In the course of a few days the horse began to find he'd changed hands, and he thought he'd try what sort o' stuff his new master was made on; so he jist took the bit in his mouth one fine mornin' and ran off with him, and kicked his gig all to flinders, and nearly broke the parson's neck; and findin' that answer, he took to all his old tricks ag'in, and got worse than ever. He couldn't do nothin' with him,—even the helps were frightened out of their lives to go into the stable to him.

'So he comes to me one day lookin' quite streaked, and says he, 'Mr. Slick, that horse I bought of you is a perfect divil; I never saw such a critter in my life; I can neither ride him nor drive him. He jist does what he pleases with us, and we can't help ourselves nohow. He actilly beats all the onruly animals I ever seed in my life.' 'Well,' says I, 'I told you so, minister—I didn't want to sell him to you at all, but you would have him.' 'I know you did,' said he; 'but you larfed so all the time I thought you was in jeest. I thought you didn't care to sell him, and jist said so to put me off, jokin' like: I had no idee you were in airnest, I wouldn't give ten pounds for him.' 'Nor I neither,' said I; 'I wouldn't take him as a gift, and be bound to keep him.' 'How could you then,' said he 'have the conscience to ax me fifty pounds for him, and pocket it so coolly?' 'To prevent you from buyin' him, parson,' said I, 'that was my reason. I did all I could for you, I axed you five times as much as he was worth, and said all I could think on to run him down too; but *you took yourself in.*' 'There's two ways of tellin' a thing,' said he, 'Mr. Slick,—in airnest and in jeest. You told it as if you were in jeest, and I took it so; you may call it what you like, but I call it a deception still.' 'Parson,' says I, 'how many ways you may have of tellin' a thing I don't know; but I have only one, and that's the true way: I told you the truth, but you didn't choose to believe it. Now,' says I, 'I feel kinder sorry for you too; but I'll tell you how to get out o' the scrape. I can't take him back, or folks would say it was me and not you that cheated yourself. Do you ship him. You can't sell him here without doin' the fair thing, as I did, tellin' all his faults; and if you do no soul would take him as a present, for people will believe you, tho' it seems they won't always believe a Clockmaker. Jist send him off to the West Indgies, and sell him at auction there for what he will fetch. He'll bring a good price, and if he gets into a rael right down genu*wine* horseman's hands, there's no better horse.' He said nothin', but shook his head, as if that cat wouldn't jump.

''Now,' says I, 'there's another bit of advice I'll give you free gratis for nothin',—*never buy a horse on the dealer's judgment, or he will cheat you if he can; never buy him on your own, or you will cheat yourself as sure as you are born.*' 'In that case,' said he, larfin', 'a man will be sure to be cheated either way: how is he to guard ag'in bein' taken in, then?' 'Well,' says I, 'he stands a fair chance any way of havin' the leake put into him—that's sartain, for next to womankind there is nothin' so

deceitful as horse-flesh that ever I seed yet. Both on 'em are apt to be spoiled in the breakin'; both on 'em puzzle the best judges sometimes to tell their age when well vamped up, and it takes some time afore you find out all their tricks. Pedigree must be attended to in both cases, particularly on the mother's side, and both require good trainin', a steady hand, and careful usage. Yes; both branches require great experience, and the most knowin' ones do get bit sometimes most beautifully.' 'Well,' says he, 'as touchin' horses, how is a man to avoid bein' deceived?' 'Well,' says I, 'I'll tell you—never buy a horse of a total stranger on no account,—never buy a horse of a gentleman, for——' 'Why,' said he, 'he's the very man I should like to buy of, above all others.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'he's not the man for my money anyhow; you think you are safe with him, and don't inquire enough, and take too much for granted: you are apt to cheat yourself in that case. Never buy a crack horse; he's done too much. Never buy a colt; he's done too little; you can't tell how he'll turn out. In short,' says I, 'it's a considerable of a long story to go all through with it; it would take me less time to teach you how to make a clock, I calculate. If you buy from a man who ain't a dealer, he actily don't know whether his horse is a good one or not; you must get advice from a friend who does know. If you buy from a dealer, he is too much for you or your friend either. If he has no honour, don't trade with him. If he has, put yourself wholly and entirely on it, and he'll not deceive you, there's no mistake—he'll do the thing genteel. If you'd a axed me candidly now about that are horse,' says I.—At that he looked up at me quite hard for a space, without sayin' a word, but pressed his lips together quite miffy like, as if he was a strivin' for to keep old Adam down, and turned short off and walked away. I felt kinder pity for him too; but if a man will cheat himself in spite of all you can do, why, there is no help for it as I see, but to let him. Do you, Squire?'

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAKING OFF THE FACTORY LADIES.

'THERE are few countries in the world, Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'got such fine water powers as these provinces; but the folks don't make no use on 'em, tho' the materials for factories are spread about in abundance everywhere. Perhaps the whole world might be stumped to produce such a factory stand as Niagara Falls; what a 'nation sight of machinery that would carry, wouldn't it?—supply all Birmingham a'most.

'The first time I returned from there, minister said, 'Sam,' said he, 'have you seen the falls of Niagara?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I guess I have.' 'Well,' said he, 'ain't it a'most a grand *sight* that?' 'I guess it is a *scite*,' says I, 'and it would be a grand speck to get up a joint stock company for factory purposes, for such another place for mills ain't to be found atween the poles. Oh dear!' said I, 'only think of the cardin' mills, fullin' mills, cotton mills, grain mills, saw mills, plaister mills, and gracious knows what sort o' mills might be put up there, and never fail for water; any fall you like, and any power you want, and yet them goneys the British let all run

away to waste. It's a dreadful pity, ain't it?' 'Oh, Sam!' said he,—and he jumped as if he was bit by a sarpent right up an eend, —'now don't talk so profane, my sakes!—don't talk so sacrilegious. How that dreadful thirst o' gain has absorbed all other feelin's in our people, when such an idea could be entertained for a moment. It's a grand spectacle,—it's the voice of natur' in the wilderness, proclaimin' to the untutored tribes thereof the power and majesty and glory of God. It is consecrated by the visible impress of the great invisible architect. It is sacred ground—a temple not made by hands. It cannot be viewed without fear and tremblin', nor contemplated without wonder and awe. It proclaims to man, as to Moses of old, 'Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.' He who appeared in the flame of fire in the bush, and the bush was not consumed, appears also in the rush of water, and the water diminishes not. Talk not to me of mills, factories, and machinery, sir, nor of introducin' the money-changers into the temple of the Lord. Talk not.'—'You needn't go,' said I, 'minister, for to work yourself up that way ag'in me, I do assure you, for I didn't mean to say anything out o' the way at all, so come now. And now you do mention it,' says I, 'it does seem kinder grand-like—that are great big lake does seem like an everlastin' large milk pan with a lip for pourin' at the falls, and when it does fall head over heels, all white froth and spray like Phœbe's syllabub, it does look grand, no doubt, and it's nateral for a minister to think on it as you do; but still for all that, for them that ain't preachers, I defy most any man to see it, without thinkin' of a cotton mill.'

''Well, well,' said he, awavin' of his hand; 'say no more about it,' and he walked into his study and shut to the door. He warn't like other men, minister. He was full of crotchets that way, and the sight of the sea, a great storm, a starry sky, or even a mere flower, would make him fly right off at the handle that way when you warn't a thinkin' on it at all; and yet for all that he was the most cheerful critter I ever seed, and nothin' a 'most pleased him so much as to see young folks enjoyin' themselves as merry as crickets. He used to say that youth, innocence, and cheerfulness was what was meant by the three graces. It was a curious kink, too, he took about them falls, warn't it? for, arter all, atween you and me, it's nothin' but a river taken over a cliff full split, instead of runnin' down hill the old way:—I never hear tell of 'em I don't think of that tantrum of hisn.

'Our factories in New England are one of the best fruits of the last war, Squire,' said he; 'they are actilly worth seein'. I know I have reason to speak well of 'em anyhow, for it was them gave me my first start in life, and a pleasant start it was too, as well as a profitable one. I spent upwards of a year there among the galls, atakin' of them off in the portrait line, and in that time I cleared three hundred pounds of your money good: it warn't so bad that, was it?

'When I was down to Rhode Island larnin' bronzin', gildin', and sketchin' for the clock business, I worked at odd times for the Honourable Eli Wad, a foundationalist—a painting for

him.' 'A foundationalist,' said I, 'what is that?—is it a religious sect?' 'No,' said he, 'it's a bottom maker. He only made bottoms, he didn't make arms and legs, and he sold these wooden bottoms to the chair-makers. He did 'em by a sarcular saw and a turnin' lathe, and he turned 'em off amazin' quick; he made a fortin' out of the invention, for he shipped 'em to every part of the Union. Every one that seed it a'most stopt to inquire what it meant, and it brought his patent into great vogue; many's the larf folks had over that sign, I tell you.

''So,' said he, when I had done, 'Slick,' said he, 'you've a considerable of a knack with the brush, it would be a grand speck for you to go to Lowell and take off the factory ladies: you know what the women are,—most all on 'em will want to have their likeness taken. The whole art of portrait paintin',' says he, 'as far as my observation goes, lies in a free sketch of the leadin' featur'. Give it good measure; do you take?' 'No,' says I, 'I don't onderstand one word of it.' 'Well,' says he, 'what I mean is this; see what the leadin' featur' is, and exaggerate that, and you have a striking likeness. If the nose is large, jist make it a little more so; if there is a slight cast o' the eye, give it a squint; a strong line in the face, deepen it; a big mouth, enlarge it; a set smile, make it a smirk; a high cheek bone, square it out well. Reciprocate this by paintin' the rest o' the face a little handsomer, and you have it complete; you'll never fail—there's no mistake. Dead colourin', with lots of varnish, will do for that market, and six dollars a piece for the pictur's is about the fair deal for the price. If you don't succeed, I will give my head for a foot-ball. You'll hear 'em all say, 'Oh! that's her nose to a hair,—that's her eye exactly; you could tell that mouth anywhere, that smile you could swear to as far as you can see it,—it's a'most a beautiful likeness. She's taken off complete—it's as natural as life.' You could do one at a sittin', or six a week, as easy as kiss my hand, and I'm athinkin' you'd find it answer a good eend, and put you in funds for a start in the clock line.

''But, Sam,' says he, aputtin' of his hand on my shoulder, and lookin' me strong in the face, 'mind your eye, my boy; mind you don't get tangled in the deep sea grass, so you can't clear hand or foot. There are some plaguy pretty galls there, and some on 'em have saved a considerable round sum too; don't let 'em walk into you now afore you know where you be. Young gentlemen are scarce in New England, sweethearts ain't to be had for love nor money, and a good-lookin' fellow like you, with five hundred pair of pretty little good-natured longin' eyes on him, is in a fair way o' gettin' his flint fixed, I tell you. Marriage won't do for you, my hearty, till you've seed the world and made somethin' handsum'. To marry for money is mean, to marry without it is folly, and to marry both young and poor is downright madness; so hands off, says you; love to all, but none in partikilar. If you find yourself agettin' spooney, throw brush, pallet, and paint over the falls, and off full split; change of air and scene to cure love, consumption, or the blues, must be taken airly in the disease, or it's no good. An ounce o' prevention is worth a pound o'

cure. Recollect, too, when you are married, you are tied by the leg, Sam; like one of our sodger disarters, you have a chain adanglin' to your foot, with a plaguy heavy shot to the eend of it. It keeps you to one place most all the time, for you can't carry it with you, and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do nothin' with it.

''If you think you can trust yourself, go; if not, stay where you be. It's a grand school, tho,' Sam; you'll know somethin' of human natur' when you leave Lowell, I estimate, for they'll larn you how to cut your eyeteeth them galls; you'll see how wonderful the ways of womankind is, for they do beat all—that's sartain.' Well, down I went to Lowell, and arter a day or two spent a visitin' the factories, and gettin' introduced to the ladies, I took a room and sot up my easel, and I had as much work as ever I could cleverly turn my hand to. Most every gall in the place had her likeness taken; some wanted 'em to send to home, some to give to a sweetheart to admire, and some to hang up to admire themselves. The best of the joke was, every gall had an excuse for bein' there. They all seemed as if they thought it warn't quite genteel, a little too much in the help style. One said she came for the benefit of the lectur's at the Lyceum, another to carry a little sister to dancin' school, and a third to assist the fund for foreign missions, and so on, but none on 'em to work. Some on 'em lived in large buildings belongin' to the factory, and others in little cottages—three or four in a house.

'I recollect two or three days arter I arrived, I went to call on Miss Naylor, I knew down to Squantum, and she axed me to come and drink tea with her and the two ladies that lived with her. So in the evenin' I put on my bettermost clothes and went down to tea. 'This,' says she, introducin' of me to the ladies, 'is Mr. Slick, a nat*ive* artist of great promise, and one that is self-taught too, that is come to take us off; and this is Miss Jemima Potts of Milldam, in Umbagog; and this is Miss Binah Dooly, a lady from Indgian Scalp Varmont.' 'Your sarvant, ladies,' says I; 'I hope I see you well. Beautiful factory this, it whips English all holler; our free and enlightened citizens have exhibited so much skill, and our intelligent and enterprisin' ladies,' says I, (with a smile and a bow to each,) 'so much science and taste, that I reckon we might stump the univarsal world to ditto Lowell.' 'It sartainly is one of the wonders of the world,' says Miss Jemima Potts; 'it is astonishing how jealous the English are, it makes 'em so ryled they can't bear to praise it at all. There was one on 'em agoin' thro' the large cotton factory today with Judge Beler, and, says the Judge to him, 'now don't this astonish you?' said he; 'don't it exceed any idea you could have formed of it? you must allow there is nothing like it in Europe, and yet this is only in its infancy—it's only jist begun. Come now, confess the fact, don't you feel that the sun of England is set for ever?—her glory departed to set up its standard in the new world? Speak candidly now, for I should like to hear what you think.' 'It certainly is a respectable effort for a young country with a thin population,' said he, 'and a limited capital, and is creditable to

the skill and enterprise of New England; but as for rivalry, it's wholly out of the question,' and he looked as mad as if he could aswallered a wild cat alive. 'Well, well,' said the Judge, larfin', for he is a sweet-tempered, dear man, and the politest one too I ever knew, 'I don't altogether know as it is jist fair to ask you to admit a fact so humblin' to your national pride, and so mortifyin' to your feelin's as an Englishman; but I can easily conceive how thunderstruck you must have been on enterin' this town at its prodigious power, its great capacity, its wonderful promise. It's generally allowed to be the first thing of the kind in the world.' 'But what are you alookin' at Mr. Slick?' said she; 'is there anything on my cheek?' 'I was only athinkin',' says I, 'how difficult it would be to paint such a'most a beautiful complexion, to infuse into it the softness and richness of natur's colourin'; I'm most afeerd and it would be beyond my art—that's a fact.'

''Oh, you artists do flatter so,' said she; 'tho' flattery is a part of your profession I do believe; but I'm e'en a'most sure there is somethin' or another on my face,' —and she got up and looked into the glass to satisfy herself. It would do you good, Squire, to see how it did satisfy her too. 'How many of the ladies have you taken off?' said Miss Dooly. 'I have only painted three,' said I, 'yet; but I have thirty bespoke. How would you like to be painted,' said I, 'miss?' 'On a white horse,' said she, 'accompanyin' of my father, the general, to the review.' 'And you,' said I, 'Miss Naylor?' 'Astudyin' Judge Naylor, my uncle's specimens,' said she, 'in the library.' Says Miss Jemima, 'I should like to be taken off in my brother's barge.' 'What is he?' said I, 'for he would have to have his uniform on.' 'He?' said she;—'why, he is a'—and she looked away and coloured up like anything—'he's an officer, sir,' said she, 'in one of our national ships.' 'Yes, miss,' said I, 'I know that, but officers are dressed accordin' to their grade, you know, in our sarvice. We must give him the right dress. What is his grade? The other two ladies turned round and giggled, and Miss Jemima hung down her head and looked foolish. Says Miss Naylor, 'Why don't you tell him, dear?' 'No,' says she, 'I won't; do you tell him.' 'No, indeed,' said Miss Naylor; 'he is not my brother; you ought to know best what he is;—do you tell him yourself.' 'Oh, you know very well, Mr. Slick,' said she, 'only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me and make me say it.' 'I hope I may be shot if I do,' says I, 'miss; I never heerd tell of him afore, and if he is an officer in our navy, there is one thing I can tell you,' says I, 'you needn't be ashamed to call one of our naval heroes your brother, nor to tell his grade neither, for there ain't an office in the sarvice that ain't one of honour and glory. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British.'

''Well,' says she, alookin' down and takin' up her handkerchief, and turnin' it eend for eend to read the marks in the corner of it, to see if it was hern or not,—'if I must, then I suppose I must; he is a rooster swain then, but it's a shame to make me.' 'A rooster swain!' says I; 'well, I vow I never heerd that grade afore in all my born days; I hope I may die if I did. What

sort of a swain is a rooster swain?' 'How you do act, Mr. Slick,' said she; ain't you ashamed of yourself? Do, for gracious sake, behave, and not carry on so like Old Scratch. You are goin' too far now; ain't he, Miss Naylor?' 'Upon my word I don't know what you mean,' said Miss Naylor, affectin' to look as innocent as a female fox; 'I'm not used to sea-tarms, and I don't onderstand it no more than he does;' and Miss Dooly got up a book, and began to read and rock herself backward and forward in a chair, as regilar as a Mississippi sawyer, and as demure as you please. 'Well,' thinks I, 'what onder the sun can she mean? for I can't make head or tail of it. A rooster swain!—a rooster swain!' says I; 'do tell'——'Well,' says she, 'you make me feel quite spunky, and if you don't stop this minit, I'll go right out of the room; it ain't fair to make game of me so, and I don't thank you for it one mite or morsel.' Says I, 'Miss, I beg your pardon; I'll take my davy I didn't mean no offence at all; but, upon my word and honour, I never heerd the word rooster swain afore, and I don't mean to larf at your brother or tease you neither.' 'Well,' says she, 'I suppose you never will ha' done, so turn away your face and I will tell you.' And she got up and turned my head round with her hands to the wall, and the other two ladies started out, and said they'd go and see arter the tea.

''Well,' says I, 'are you ready now, miss?' 'Yes,' said she;—'a rooster swain, if you must know, you wicked critter you, is a cockswain; a word you know'd well enough warn't fit for a lady to speak; so take that to remember it by,'—and she fetched me a deuce of a clip on the side of the face, and ran out of the room. Well, I swear I could hardly keep from larfin' right out, to find out arter all it was nothin' but a coxswain she made such a touse about; but I felt kinder sorry, too, to have bothered her so, for I recollect there was the same difficulty among our ladies last war about the name of the English officer that took Washington; they called him always the 'British Admiral,' and there warn't a lady in the Union would call him by name. I'm a great friend to decency,—a very great friend indeed, Squire,—for decency is a manly vartue; and to delicacy, for delicacy is a feminine vartue; but as for squeamishness, rat me if it don't make me sick.

'There was two little rooms behind the keepin' room; one was a pantry, and t'other a kitchen. It was into the fardest one the ladies went to get tea ready, and presently they brought in the things and sot them down on the table, and we all got sociable once more. Jist as we began conversation ag'in, Miss Jemima Potts said she must go and bring in the cream jug. Well, up I jumps, and follers her out, and says I, 'Pray let me, miss, wait upon you, it ain't fair for the ladies to do this when the gentlemen are by,—is it? Why didn't you call on me?' I overtook her jist at the kitchen door. 'But this door-way,' said I, 'is so plaguy narrer,—ain't it? There's hardly room for two to pass without their lips a touchin', is there?' 'Ain't you ashamed?' said she; 'I believe you have broke my comb in two,—that's a fact;—but don't do that ag'in,' said she, awhisperin',—'that's a dear man, Miss Dooly will hear you, and

tell every lady in the factory, for she's plaguy jealous;—so let me pass now.' 'One more to make friends,' said I, 'miss.' 'Hush!' said she,—'there,—let me go;' and she put the jug in my hand, and then whipped up a plate herself, and back in the parlour in no time.

''A curtain,' says I, 'ladies, (as I sot down ag'in,) 'or a bookshelf, I could introduce into the pictur', but it would make it a work o' great time and expense, to do it the way you speak of; and besides,' said I, 'who would look at the rest if the face was well done? for one thing, I will say, three prettier faces never *was* seen painted on canvass.' 'Oh, Mr. Slick,' says they, 'how you bam!—ain't you ashamed?' 'Fact,' says I, 'ladies, upon my honour:—a fact, and no mistake. If you would allow me, ladies,' said I, 'to suggest, I think hair done up high, long tortoise-shell comb, with flowers on the top, would become you, Miss Naylor, and set off your fine Grecian face grand. A fashionable mornin' cap, lined with pink and trimmed with blue bows, would set off your portrait, Miss Dooly, and become your splendid Roman profile complete.' 'And what for me?' said Jemima. 'If I might be so bold,' said I, 'I would advise leavin' out the comb in your case, miss,' said I, 'as you are tall, and it might perhaps be in the way, and be broke in two' (and I pressed her foot onder the table with mine); 'and I would throw the hair into long loose nateral curls, and let the neck and shoulders be considerable bare, to give room for a pearl necklace, or coral beads, or any little splendid ornament of that kind.' Miss Jemima looked quite delighted at this idea, and, jumpin' up, exclaimed, 'Dear me,' said she, 'I forgot the sugar-tongs! I'll jist go and fetch 'em.' 'Allow me,' says I, 'miss,' follerin' her; 'but ain't it funny, tho',' says I, 'too, that we should jist get scroudged ag'in in this very identical little narrow doorway,—ain't it?' 'How you act,' said she; 'now this is too bad; that curl is all squashed, I declare; I won't come out ag'in to-night, I vow.' 'Nor I neither then,' said I, larfin'; 'let them that wants things go for 'em.' 'Then you couldn't introduce the specimens, could you?' said Miss Naylor. 'The judge, my uncle, has a beautiful collection. When he was in business as a master mason, he built the great independent Democratic Sovereignty Hall at Sam Patchville (a noble buildin' that, Mr. Slick,—it's ginerally allowed to be the first piece of architecture in the world). He always broke off a piece of every kind of stone used in the building, and it makes a'most complete collection. If I could be taken off at a table astudyin' and asortin' 'em into primary formations, secondary formations, and trap, I should like it amazin'ly.'

''Well,' says I, 'I'll do the best I can to please you, miss, for I never hear of secondary formations without pleasure—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formation, for they were formed arter man, and as for trap,' says I, 'if they ain't up to that, it's a pity. Why, as I'm alive,' said I, 'if that ain't the nine o'clock bell: well, how time has flowed, hasn't it? I suppose I must be amovin', as it is gettin' on considerable late, but I must say I've had a most delightful evenin' as ever I spent in my life. When a body,'

says I, 'finds himself in a circle of literary and scientific ladies, he takes no note of time, it passes so smooth and quick. Now,' says I, 'ladies, excuse me for mentionin' a little bit of business, but it is usual in my profession to be paid one half in advance; but with the ladies I dispense with that rule,' says I, 'on one condition,—I receive a kiss as airnest.' 'Oh, Mr. Slick,' says they, 'how can you?' 'No kiss, no pictur',' says I. 'Is that an invariable rule?' says they. 'I never deviated from it in my life,' said I, 'especially where the ladies are so beautiful as my kind friends here to-night are. Thank you, my sweet Miss Naylor,' said I. 'Oh, did you ever—?' said she. 'And you also, dear Miss Dooly.' 'Oh, my sakes,' said she, 'how ondecent!' 'I wish I could take my pay altogether in that coin,' said I. 'Well, you'll get no such airnest from me, I can tell you,' said Miss Jemima, and off she sot and darted out o' the room like a kitten, and I arter her. 'Oh! that dear little narrer door-way seems made on purpose,' said I, 'don't it?' 'Well, I hope you are satisfied now,' said she, 'you forward, impudent critter; you've taken away my breath a'most.' 'Good-night, ladies,' said I. 'Good night, Mr. Slick,' says they; 'don't forget to call and take us off to-morrow at intermission.' 'And,' says Miss Jemima, walkin' out as far as the gate with me, 'when not better engaged, we shall be happy to see you sociably to tea.' 'Most happy, miss,' said I; 'only I fear I shall call oftener than will be agreeable; but, dear me!' says I, 'I've forgot somethin' I declare,' and I turned right about. 'Perhaps you forgot it in the little narrer door-way,' said she, alarfin' and steppin' backwards, and holdin' up both hands to fend off. 'What is it?' said she, and she looked up as saucy and as rumpy as you please.' 'Why,' said I, 'that dreadful, horrid name you called your brother. What was it? for I've forgot it, I vow.' 'Look about and find out,' said she; 'it's what you ain't, and never was, and never will be, and that's a gentleman. You are a nasty man,—that's flat, and if you don't like it you may lump it, so there now for you—good night. But stop—shake hands afore you go,' said she; 'let's part friends,' and she held out her hand. Jist as I was agoin' to take, it slipt up like flash by my face, and tipt my hat off over my shoulder, and as I turned and stooped to pick it up she up with her little foot and let me have, and pitched me right over on my knees. It was done as quick as wink. 'Even and quit now,' said she, 'as good friends as ever.' 'Done,' said I. 'But hush,' said she; 'that critter has the ears of a mole, and the eyes of a lynx.' 'What critter?' said I. 'Why, that frightful, ugly varmint witch, Binah Dooly, if she ain't acomin' out here, as I'm a livin' sinner. Come again soon—that's a dear! —good night!'—and she sailed back as demure as if nothin' had ahappened. Yes, Squire, the Honourable Eli Wad, the foundationalist, was right when he said I'd see sunthin' of human natur' among the factory galls. The ways of woman kind are wonderful indeed. This was my first lesson that *squeamishness and indelicacy are often found united; in short, that in manners, as in other things, extremes meet.*'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE road from Chester to Halifax is one of the worst in the province; and daylight failing us before we made half our journey, we were compelled to spend the night at a small unlicensed house, the occasional resort of fishermen and coasters. There was but one room in the shanty, besides the kitchen and bed-room; and that one, though perfectly clean, smelt intolerably of smoked salmon that garnished its rafters. A musket, a light fowling-piece, and a heavy American rifle, were slung on the beams that supported the floor of the garret; and snow-shoes, fishing-rods, and small dip-nets with long ash handles, were secured to the wall by iron hooks. Altogether it had a sporting appearance, that indicated the owner to be one of those amphibious animals to whom land or water is equally natural, and who prefer the pleasures of the chase and the fishery to the severer labour but more profitable employment of tilling the soil. A few fancy articles of costly materials and superior workmanship that ornamented the mantel-piece and open closet, (probably presents from the gentlemen of the garrison at Halifax,) showed that there were sometimes visitors of a different description from the ordinary customers. As the house was a solitary one, and situated at the head of a deep, well-sheltered inlet, it is probable that smuggling may have added to the profits, and diversified the pursuits of the owner. He did not, however, make his appearance. He had gone, his wife said, in his boat that afternoon to Margaret's bay, a distance of eight miles, to procure some salt to cure his fish, and would probably not return before the morning.

'I've been here before, you see, Squire,' said Mr. Slick, pointing to a wooden clock in the corner of the room; 'folks that have nothin' to do like to see how the time goes,—and a man who takes a glass of grog at twelve o'clock is the most punctual feller in the world. The draft is always honoured when it falls due. But who have we here?' As he said this, a man entered the room, carrying a small bundle in his hand, tied up in a dirty silk pocket-handkerchief. He was dressed in an old suit of rusty black, much the worst for wear. His face bore the marks of intemperance, and he appeared much fatigued with his journey, which he had performed alone and on foot. 'I hope I don't intrude gentlemen,' said he; 'but you see Dulhanty, poor fellow, has but one room, and poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows sometimes. Brandy, my little girl, and some cold water; take it out of the north side of the well, my dear,—and,—do you hear,—be quick, for I'm choked with the dust. Gentlemen, will you take some brandy and water?' said he. 'Dulhanty always keeps some good brandy,—none o' your wretched Yankee peach brandy, that's enough to poyson a horse, but real Cogniac.' 'Well, I don't care if I do,' said Mr. Slick. 'Arter you, sir. By your leave, the water, sir. Gentlemen, all your healths,' said the stranger. 'Good brandy that, sir; you had better take another glass before the water gets warm,'—and he helped himself again most liberally. Then, taking a survey of the Clockmaker and myself, observed to Mr. Slick that he thought he had seen him before. 'Well, it's not onlikely:—where?'

'Ah, that's the question, sir; I cannot exactly say where.'

'Nor I neither.'

'Which way may you be travellin'? Down east I expect?'

'Which way are you from then? Somewhere down south?'

The traveller again applied himself to brandy and water.

'Ahem! then you are from Lunenburg?'

'Well, I won't say I warn't at Lunenburg.'

'Ahem! pretty place that Lunenburg; but they speak Dutch: I hate Dutch, there's no language like English.'

'Then I suppose you are going to Halifax?'

'Well, I won't say I won't go to Halifax afore I return, neither.'

'A nice town that Halifax—good fish market there; but they are not like the English fish a'ter all. Halibut is a poor substitute for the good old English turbot. Where did you say you were from, sir?'

'I don't jist altogether mind that I said I was from any place in partikilar, but from down south last.'

'Ahem! your health, sir; perhaps you are like myself, sir, a stranger, and have no home: and, after all, there is no home like England. Pray what part of England are you from?'

'I estimate I'm not from England at all.'

'I'm sorry for you, then; but where the devil are you from?'

'In a general way folks say I'm from the States.'

'Knock them down then. If any man was to insult me by calling me a Yankee, I'd kick him. If I hadn't been thinkin' more of my brandy and water than your answers, I might have known you were a Yankee by your miserable evasions. They never give a straight answer—there's nothing straight about them but their long backs,'—and he was asleep in his chair, overcome by the united effects of the heat, the brandy, and fatigue.

'That's one o' their schoolmasters,' said Mr. Slick; 'and it's no wonder the Bluenoses are such 'cute chaps when they got such masters as that are to teach the young idea how to shoot. The critter has axed more questions in ten minutes than if he was a full-blooded Yankee, tho' he does hate them so *peeow*erfully. He's an Englishman, and, I guess, has seen better days; but he is ruinated by drink now. When he is about half shaved he is an everlastin' quarrelsom' critter, and carries a most plaguy oncivil tongue in his head: that's the reason I didn't let on where I came from, for he hates us like pyson. But there ain't many such critters here; the English don't emigrate here much,—they go to Canada or the States: and it's strange too, for, Squire, this is the best location in all America, is Nova Scotia, if the British did but know it.

'It will have the greatest trade, the greatest population, the most manufactur's, and the most wealth of any state this side of the water. The resources, nateral advantages, and political position of this place beat all. Take it altogether, I don't know jist such a country in the univarsal world a'most.' 'What! Nova Scotia?' said I; 'this poor little colony, this Ultima Thule of America,—what is ever to make *it* a place of any consequence?' 'Everything, Squire,' said he, 'everything that constitutes greatness. I wish we had it,—that's all; and we will have it too

some o' these days, if they don't look sharp. In the first place it has more nor twice as many great men-o'-war harbours in it, capable of holdin' the whole navy in it, stock, lock, and barrel, than we have from Maine to Mexico, besides innumerable small harbours, island lees, and other shelters, and it's jist all but an island itself; and most all the best o' their harbours don't freeze up at no time. It ain't shut up like Canada and our back country all winter, but you can in and out as you please; and it's so intersected with rivers and lakes, most no part of it is twenty miles from navigable water to the sea,—and then it is the nearest point of our continent to Europe.'

'All that,' said I, 'is very true; but good harbours, though necessary for trade, are not the only things requisite in commerce.'

'But it's in the midst of the fisheries, Squire,—all sorts of fisheries, too. River fisheries of shad, salmon, gasperaux, and herring—shore fishery of mackerel and cod—bank fishery, and Labrador fishery. Oh dear! it beats all, and they don't do nothin' with 'em, but leave 'em to us. They don't seem to think 'em worth havin' or keepin', for government don't protect 'em. See what a school for seamen that is, to man the ships to fill the harbours.

'Then look at the beeowels of the airth; only think of the coal; and it's no us atalkin', that's the only coal to supply us that we can rely on. Why, there ain't nothin' like it. It extends all the way from bay of Fundy right out to Pictou, thro' the province, and then under all the island of Cape Breton; and some o' them seams are the biggest, and thickest, and deepest ever yet discovered since the world began. Beautiful coal it is too. Then natur' has given 'em most grand abundant iron-ore, here and there and everywhere, and wood and coal to work it. Only think o' them two things in such abundance, and a country possessed of first chop-water powers everywhere, and then tell me Providence hasn't laid the foundation of a manufacturin' nation here. But that ain't all. Jist see the plaster of Paris, what almighty big heaps of it there is here. We use already more nor a hundred and fifty thousand tons of it a-year for manure, and we shall want ten times that quantity yet,—we can't do without it; it has done more for us than steam: it has made our barren lands fertile, and whole tracts habitable, that never would have been worth a cent an acre without it. It will go to South America and the West Indgies yet—it is the magic wand—it's the philosopher's stone; I hope I may be shot if it ain't: it turns all it touches into gold. See what a sight of vessels it takes to carry a great bulky article like that—what a sight of men it employs, what a host of folks it feeds, what a batch of sailors it bakes, what hardy tars for the wooden walls of Old England. But Old England is as blind as a bat, and Blue-nose is a puppy only nine days old: he can't see yet. If the critter was well trained, had his ears cropped and tongue wormed, he might turn out a decent-lookin' whelp yet, for the old one is a good nurse and feeds well. Well, then look at the copper, lead, slate, (and as for slate, they may stump Wales, I know, to produce the like,) granite, grindstone, freestone, lime, manganese, salt, sulphur.

Why, they've got everything but enterprise, and that I *do* believe in my soul they expect to find a mine of, and dig up out of the ground as they do coal. But the soil, Squire, where will you find the like o' that? A considerable part of it along the coast is poor, no doubt: but it's the fishin' side o' the province, and therefore it's all right: but the bay side is a tearin', rippin' fine country. Them dyke mashes have raised hay and grain year arter year now for a whole centery without manure, and I guess will continue to do so from July to etarnity. Then Natur' has given them that sea-mud, salt-sand, sea-weed, and river sludge for dressin' their upland, so that it could be made to carry wheat till all's blue again.'

'If it possesses all these advantages you speak of,' said I, 'it will doubtless be some day or another a populous and rich country; but still it does not appear to me that it can be compared to the country of the Mississippi.' 'Why, Squire,' said he, 'if you was once to New Orleens, I think you wouldn't say so. That is a great country, no doubt, too great to compare to a small province like this; great resources, great river, fertile land, great trade: but the climate is awful, and the emigrant people ain't much better than the climate. The folks at New Orleens put me in mind of children playin' in a churchyard, jumpin' over the graves, hidin' behind the tombs, alarfin' at the emblems of mortality, and the queer old rhymes under 'em, all full of life, and glee, and fun above ground, while onderneath it is a great charnel-house, full of winding-sheets, skeletons, and generations of departed citizens. That are place is built in a bar in the harbour, made of snags, drift-wood, and chokes, heaped up by the river, and then filled and covered with the sediment and alluvial of the rich bottoms above, brought down by the freshets. It's peopled in the same way. The eddies and tides of business of all that country centre there, and the froth and scum are washed up and settle at New Orleens. It's filled with all sorts of people, black, white, and Indgians, and their different shades, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch; English, Irish and Scotch, and then people from every state in the Union. These last have all nicknames. There's the hoosiers of Indiana, the suckers of Illinoy, the pukes of Missury, the buckeys of Ohio, the red horses of Kentucky, the mud-heads of Tenessee, the wolverines of Michigan, the eels of New England, and the corn-crackers of Virginia. All these, with many others, make up the population, which is mottled with black and all its shades; 'most all too is supplied by emigration. It is a great caravansary filled with strangers, dissolute enough to make your hair stand an eend, drinkin' all day, gamblin' all night, and fightin' all the time. Death pervades all natur' there; it breathes in the air, and it floats on the water, and rises in the vapours and exhalations, and rides on the whirlwind and tempest: it dwells on the drought, and also in the inundation. Above, below, within, around, everywhere is death: but who knows, or misses, or mourns the stranger? Dig a grave for him, and you plunge him into the water,—the worms eat the coffin, and the crocodiles have the body. We have mills

to Rhode Island with sarcular saws, and apparatus for makin' packin'-boxes. At one of these factories they used to make 'em in the shape of coffins, and then they sarved a double purpose; they carried out inions to New Orleans, and then carried out the dead to their graves.

'That are city was made by the freshets. It's a chance if it ain't carried away by them. It may yet be its fate to be swept clean off by 'em, to mingle once more with the stream that deposited it, and form new land further down the river. It may chance to be a spot to be pointed out from the steam-boats as a place where a great city once stood, and a great battle was once fought, in which the genius and valour of the new world triumphed over the best troops, and best ginerals of Europe. That place is jist like a hot-bed, and the folks like the plants in it. People do grow rich fast; but they look kinder spindlin' and weak, and they are e'en a'most choked with weeds and toad-stools, that grow every bit and grain as fast,—and twice as nateral. The Blue-noses don't know how to valy this location, Squire, that's a fact, for it's a'most a grand one.'

'What's a grand location?' said the schoolmaster, waking up. 'Nova Scotia,' said Mr. Slick. 'I was just atellin' of the Squire, it's a grand location.' 'The location,' said he; 'I hate the word: it ain't English; there are no words like the English words.—Here, my little girl, more brandy, my dear, and some fresh water; mind it's fresh,—take it out of the bottom of the well—do you hear?—the coldest spot in the well; and be quick, for I'm burnt up with the heat today. Who's for a pull of grog? suppose we have a pull, gentlemen—a good pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, eh! Here's to you, gentlemen!—ah, that's good! you are sure of good brandy here. I say, Mister Location, won't you moisten the clay, eh?—Come, my honest fellow! I'll take another glass with you to our better acquaintance:—you won't, eh? well then I'll supply your deficiency myself; here's luck! Where did you say you were from, sir?' 'I don't mind that I indicated where I was from jist in petikilar.' 'No, you didn't; but I twig you now, my boy, Sam Slick, the clockmaker! And so you say this is a nice *lo*cation, do you? Yes, it is a nice *lo*cation indeed for a gentleman this,—a *lo*cation for pride and poverty, for ignorance and assumption, for folly and vice. Dry work this talkin':—your health, gentlemen!—a good fellow that Dulhanty,—suppose we drink his health? he always keeps good brandy,—there's not a headache in a gallon of it.' 'What keeps you here then?' said Mr. Slick, 'if it is such an everlastin' miserable country as you lay it out to be.' 'I'll tell you, sir,' said he, and he drained off the whole of the brandy, as if to prepare for the effort. 'I will tell you what keeps me,' and he placed his hands on his knees, and looking the Clockmaker steadily in the face until every muscle worked with emotion—'I'll tell you, sir if you must know—my misfortune.' The effort and the brandy overpowered him; he fell from his chair, and we removed him to a bed, loosened his cravat, and left him to his repose.

'It's a considerable of a trial,' said the Clockmaker, 'to sit still

and listen to that cussed old critter, I tell you. If you hadn't abeen here I'd agiv'n him a rael good quiltin'. I'd atanned his jacket for him; I'd alarned him to carry a civil tongue in his head, the nasty, drunken, onmannerly good-for-nothin' beast; more nor once, I felt my fingers itch to give him a slock-dolager under the ear; but he ain't worth mindin', I guess. Yes, Squire, I won't deny but New Orl*eens* is a great place, a wonderful place, but there are resources here beyond all conception, and its climate is as pleasant as any we have, and a plaguy sight more healthy. I don't know what more you'd ask, almost an island indented everywhere with harbours surrounded with fisheries. The key of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Fundy, and the West Indgies;—prime land above, one vast mineral bed beneath, and a climate over all temperate, and healthy. If that ain't enough for one place, it's a pity—that's all.'

CHAPTER XX.

THE WRONG ROOM.

THE next morning, the rain poured down in torrents, and it was ten o'clock before we were able to resume our journey. 'I am glad,' said Mr. Slick, 'that cussed critter hasn't yet woke up. I'm most afeerd if he had aturned out afore we started, I should have quilted him, for that talk of last night sticks in my crop considerable hard. It ain't over easy to digest, I tell you; for nothin' a'most raises my dander so much as to hear a benighted, ignorant, and enslaved foreigner, belittle our free and enlightened citizens. But, see there, Squire,' said he, 'that's the first Indgian campment we've fell in with on our journey. Happy fellers, them Indgians, ben't they?—they have no wants and no cares but food and clothin', and fishin' and huntin' supply them things easy. That tall one you see spearin' fish down in that are creek there, is Peter Paul, a most aplaguy cute chap. I mind the last time I was to Lunenburg, I seed him to the magistrate's, John Robar's: he laid down the law to the justice better than are a lawyer I have met with in the province yet: he talked as clever a'most as Mr. Clay. I'll tell you what it was:—Peter Paul had made his wigwam one winter near a brook on the farm of James M'Nutt, and employed his time in coopering, and used M'Nutt's timber, when he wanted any. Well, M'Nutt threatened to send him to jail if he didn't move away, and Paul came to Robar' to ax him whether it could be done. Says he, 'Squire,—M'Nutt, he came to me,' and says he, 'Peter, what adevil you do here?' I say, 'I make 'em bucket, make 'em tub, may be basket, or axe handle, to buy me some blanket and powder and shot with—you no want some?' 'Well,' he say, 'this my land, Peter, and my wood; I bought 'em, and pay money for 'em; I won't let you stay here and cut my wood; if you cut anoder stick, I send you to jail.' Then I tell him I see what governor say to that: what you plant, that yours; what you sow, that yours too; but you no plant 'em woods; God — he plant 'em dat; he mak'em river, too, for all mens, white man and Indgian man—all same. God—he no give 'em river to one man,—he make him 'em run thro' all the woods. When you drink, he run on and I drink, and then when all drink

he run on to de sea. He no stand still—you no catch him—you no have him. If I cut down your apple-tree, then send me to jail, cause you plant 'em; but if I cut down ash-tree, oak-tree, or pine-tree in woods, I say it's mine. If I cut 'em first—for tree in big woods like river—first cut him first have him. If God give 'em all to you, where is your writin', or bring somebody to say he hear him say so, then I stop. I never kill your hog, and say I thought him one bear, nor your hen, and say him one partridge; but you go kill my stock, my carriboo, and my moose. I never frighten away your sheep; but you go chop wood, and make one noise and frighten away bear; so when I go to my trap I no find him there, and I lose him, and de skin and de meat too. No two laws for you and me, but all same. You know Jeffery—him big man to Halifax?—well, him very good mans that; very kind to poor Indgian (when that man go to heaven, God will give him plenty backy to smoke, for that I know). 'Well,' he say, 'Peter Paul, when you want ash-tree, you go cut 'em down on my land when you like; I give you leave.' He very good man dat, but God give 'em afore Jeffery was born. And by and by, I say, M'Nutt, you have 'em all. Indgian all die soon; no more wood left—no more hunt left; he starve, and then you take all. Till then I take 'em wood that God plant for us, where I find 'em, and no thanks to you.' It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to answer that—I guess,' said Mr. Slick. 'That feller cyphered that out of human natur',—the best book a man can study after all, and the only true one;—there's no two ways about it—there's never no mistake there. Queer critter, that Peter; he has an answer for every one; nothin' ever da'nts or poses him; but here we are at the eend of our journey, and I must say, I am sorry for it too, for tho' it's been a considerable of a long one, it's been a very pleasant one.'

When we returned to Halifax we drove to Mrs. Spicer's boarding-house, where I had bespoken lodgings previously to my departure from town. While the servants were preparing my room, we were shown into the parlour of Mrs. Spicer. She was young, pretty, and a widow. She had but one child, a daughter of six years of age, which, like all only children, was petted and spoiled. She was first shy, then familiar, and ended by being troublesome and rude. She amused her mother by imitating Mr. Slick's pronunciation, and herself by using his hat for a foot-ball.

'Entertainin' that, ain't it?' said the Clockmaker, as we entered our own apartments. 'The worst of women is,' said he, 'they are for everlastin'ly ateasin' folks with their children, and take more pains to spoil 'em and make 'em disagreeable than anything else. Who the plague wants to hear 'em repeat a yard o' poetry like that are little sarpent?—I am sure I don't. The Hon. Eli Wad was right, when he said the ways o' womenkind are wonderful. I've been afeered to venture on matrimony myself, and I don't altogether think I shall spekilate in that line for one while. It don't jist suit a rovin' man like me. It's a considerable of a tie, and then it ain't like a horse deal, where, if you don't like the beast, you can put it off in a raffle, or a trade, or swop and suit yourself better; but you

must make the best of a bad bargain, and put up with it. It ain't often you meet a critter of the right mettle; spirited, yet gentle; easy on the bit, sure-footed and spry; no bitin', or kickin', or sulkin', or racin' off, or refusin' to go or running back, and then clean-limbed and good carriage. It's about the difficultest piece of business I know on.

'Our great cities are most the only places in our Union where a man can marry with comfort, rael right down genu*ine* comfort, and no drawback. No farnishin' a house; and if you go for to please a woman in that line, there's no eend o' the expense they'll go to, and no trouble about helps; a considerable of a plague them in the states, you may depend; then you got nothin' to provide, and nothin' to see arter, and it ain't so plaguy lonely as a private house neither. The ladies, too, have nothin' to do all day but dress themselves, gossip, walk out, or go ashoppin', or receive visits to home. They have a'most a grand time of it, you may depend. If there be any children, why, they can be sent up garret with the helps, out o' the way and out o' hearin', till they are big enough to go to school. They ain't half the plague they be in a private house. But one o' the best things about it is, a man needn't stay to home to entertain his wife aevenings, for she can find company enough in the public rooms, if she has a mind to, and he can go to the political clubs and coffee-houses, and see arter politics, and inquire how the nation's agoin' on, and watch over the doin's of the Congress. It takes a great deal of time that, and a man can't discharge his duties right to the State or to the Union either, if he is for everlastin'ly tied to his wife's apron-strings. You may talk about the domestic hearth, and the pleasures of home, and the family circle, and all that sort o' thing, Squire: it sounds very clever, and reads dreadful pretty; but what does it eend in at last? why, a scoldin' wife with her shoes down to heel, a-seesawin' in a rockin'-chair; her hair either not done up at all, or all stuck chock full of paper and pins, like porcupine quills; a smoky chimbly aputtin' of your eyes out; cryin' children ascreamin' of your ears out: extravagant wasteful helps, aemptying of your pockets out, and the whole thing awearin' of your patience out. No, there's nothin' like a great boardin' house for married folks, it don't cost nothin' like keepin' house, and there's plenty o' company all the time, and the women folks never feel lonely like, when their husbands are not to home. The only thing is to larn the geography of the house well, and know their own number. If they don't do that they may get into a most adeuce of a scrape, that it ain't so asy to get back out of. I recollect a most acurious accident that happened that way once, agettin' into the *wrong room*.

'I had gone down to Boston to keep 4th of July, our great Annivarsary-day. A great day, that, Squire; a great national festival; a splendid spectacle; fifteen millions of free men and three million of slaves acelebratin' the birthday of liberty; rejoicin' in their strength, their freedom and enlightenment. Perhaps the sun never shone on such a sight afore, nor the moon, nor the stars, for their planetary system a'int more perfect than political system. The sun typi-

fies our splendour; the moon in its changes figures our rotation of office, and eclipses of Presidents,—and the stars are emblems of our states, as painted on our flags. If the British don't catch it that day, it's a pity. All over our Union, in every town and village, there are orations made, jist about as beautiful pieces of workmanship, and as nicely dove-tailed and mortised and as prettily put together as well can be, and the English catch it everywhere. All our battles are fought over ag'in, and you can e'en a'most see the British aflyin' afore them like the wind, full split, or layin' down their arms as humble as you please, or marchin' off as prisoners two and two, like runaway niggers, as plain as if you was in the Engagements, and Washington, on his great big warhorse aridin' over them, and our free and enlightened citizens askiverin' of them, or the proud impudent officers akneelin' down to him, givin' up their swords, and abeggin' for dear life for quarter. Then you think you can e'en-a'most see that infarnal spy Andrè nabbed and sarched, and the scorn that sot on the brows of our heroes as they threw into the dirt the money he offered to be released, and hear him beg like an Indgian to be shot like a gentleman, and not hanged like a thief, and Washington's noble and magnanimous answer,—'I guess they'll think we are afeerd if we don't,'—so simple, so sublime. The hammerin' of the carpenter seems to strike your ears as they erect the gallus, and then his struggles, like a dog tucked up for sheep-stealin', are as nateral as life. I must say I do like to hear them orations,—to hear of the deeds of our heroes by land and by sea. It's a bright page of history that. It exasperates the young—it makes their blood boil at the wrongs of their forefathers; it makes them clean their rifles, and run their bullets. It prepares them for that great day, that comin' day, that no distant day neither, that must come and will come, and can't help a' comin', when Britain will be a colony to our great nation, and when her colonies will be states in our Union.

'Many's the disputes, and pretty hot disputes too, I've had with minister about these orations. He never would go near one on 'em; he said they were in bad taste—(a great phrase of hisn that, poor dear good old man; I believe his heart yarns arter old times, and I must think sometimes he ought to have joined the refugees,)—'bad taste, Sam. It smells o' braggin', its ongentlemanny; and what's worse—it's onchristian.'

'But ministers don't know much of this world;—they may know the road to the next: but they don't know the cross-roads and by-paths of this one—that's a fact. But I was going to tell you what happened that day—I was steyin' to Gineral Peep's boardin' house to Boston, to enjoy, as I was asayin', the anniversary. There was an amazin' crowd of folks there; the house was chock full of strangers. Well, there was a gentleman and a lady, one Major Ebenezer Sproul and his wife, aboardin' there, that had one child, the most cryenest critter I ever seed. It boohood all night a'most and the boarders said it must be sent up to the garret to the helps, for no soul could sleep a'most for it. Well, most every night Mrs. Sproul had to go up there to

quiet the little varmint,—for it wouldn't give over yelling for no one but her. That night, in partikilar, the critter screetched and screamed like Old Scratch; and at last, Mrs. Sproul slipped on her dressin' gownd, and went up-stairs to it,—and left her door ajar, so as not to disturb her husband acomin' back: and when she returned she pushed the door open softly, and shot it to, and got into bed. 'He's asleep now,' says she, 'I hope he won't disturb me ag'in.' 'No, I ain't asleep, mynheer stranger,' says old Zwicker, a Dutch merchant from Albany, (for she had got into the wrong room, and got into his bed by mistake,) 'nor I don't dank you, nor Gineral Peep needer, for puddin' you into my bed mid me, widout my leave nor lichense, nor abbrobation, needer. I liksh your place more better as your company? Oh, I got no gimblet! Het is jammer, it is a pity!' Oh dear, if she didn't let go, it's a pity; she kicked and screamed, and carried on like a ravin' distracted bed-bug. 'Tousand teyvels,' said he, 'what ails te man? I pelieve he is pewitched.' 'Murder! Murder!' said she, and she cried out at the very tip eend of her voice, 'Murder! Murder!' Well, Zwicker, he jumped out o' bed in an all-fired hurry, most properly frightened, you may depend; and seezin' her dressin' gownd, instead of his trousers, he put his legs into the arms of it, and was arunnin' out of the room aholdin' up of the skirts with his hands, as I came in with the candle. 'De ferry teyvil hisself is in te man, and in te trousher too,' said he; 'for I pelieve te coat has grow'd to it in de night, it is so long. Oh! tear, what a pity.' 'Stop,' says I, 'Mister Zwicker,' and I pulled him back by the gownd (I thought I should adied larfin' to see him in his red night-cap, his eyes starin' out o' his head, and those short-legged trousers on, for the sleeves of the dressin' gownd didn't come further than his knees, with a great long tail to 'em). 'Stop,' says I, 'and tell us what all this everlastin' hubbub is about: who's dead, and what's to pay now?'

'All this time Mrs. Sproul lay curled up like a cat, covered all over in the bed-clothes, ayellin' and ascreamin' like mad; 'most all the house was gathered there, some ondressed and some half-dressed—some had sticks and pokers, and some had swords. 'Hullo!' says I, who on airth is making all this touss?' 'Goten Hymel,' said he, 'old Saydon himself, I do pelieve; he came tru de door and jumped right into ped, and yelled so loud in mine ear as to deefen my head a'most: pull him out by te cloven foot, and kill him! I had no gimblet no more, and he know'd it, and dat is te cause, and notin' else.' Well, the folks got hold of the clothes, and pulled and hauled away till her head showed above the sheet. 'Dear, dear,' said Major Ebenezer Sproul;—'if it ain't Mrs. Sproul, my wife, as I am alive! Why, Mary dear, what brought you here?—what on airth are you adoin' of in Mr. Zwicker's room here?' 'I take my oat' she prought herself here,' said Zwicker, 'and I peg she take herself away ag'in so fast as she came, and more faster too. What will Vrow Zwicker say to this woman's tale?—was te likeesh ever heerd afore? Tear, tear, but 'tis too pad!' 'I wouldn't ahad it happen,' says the Major, 'for fifty dollars, I

vow;' and he walked up and down, and wrung his hands, and looked streaked enough, you may depend: 'no, nor I don't know,' said he, 'as I would for a hundred dollars a'most.' 'Have what happened,' says old Zwicker; 'upon my vort and honour and sole, notin' happened, only I had no gimblet. Het is jammer; it is a pity.' 'I went to see the baby,' said Mrs. Sproul, —asobbin' ready to kill herself, poor thing!—'and——' 'Well, I don't want, nor have occasion, nor require a nurse,' said Zwicker.—'And I mistook the room,' said she, 'and came here athinkin' it was ourn.' 'Couldn't pe possible,' said he, 'to take me for te papy, dat has papys hisself —but it was to ruin my character, and name, and reputation. Oh, Goten Hymel! what will Vrow Zwicker say to this wooman's tale? but then she knowd I had no gimblet, she did.' Folks snickered and larfed a good deal, I tell you; but they soon cleared out and went to bed ag'in. The story ran all over Boston like wild fire; nothin' else a'most was talked of; and like most stories, it grew worse and worse every day. Zwicker returned next morning to Albany, and has never been to Boston since; and the Sprouls kept close for some time, and then moved away to the western territory. I actilly believe they changed their name, for I never heerd tell of any one that ever seed them since.

''Mr. Slick,' says Zwicker, the mornin' he started, 'I have one leetle gimblet; I always travel with my leetle gimblet; take it mid me wherever I go; and when I goes to ped, I takes my leetle gimblet out and bores wid it over de latch of de door, and dat fastens it, and keeps out de tief and de villain and de womans. I left it to home that time mid de old vrou, and it was all because I had no gimblet, de row and te noise and te rumpush wash made. Mr. Slick,' said he, ''tis no use talkin', but tere is always the teyvil to pay when there is a woman and no gimblet.'

'Yes,' said the Clockmaker, 'if they don't mind the number of the room, they'd better stay away—but a little attention that way cures all. We are all in a hurry in the States; we eat in a hurry, drink in a hurry, and sleep in a hurry. We all go ahead so fast that it keeps one full spring to keep up with others; and one must go it hot foot, if he wants to pass his neighbours. Now, it is a great comfort to have your dinner to the minute, as you do at a boardin' house, when you are in a hurry—only you must look out sharp arter the dishes, or you won't get nothin'. Things vanish like wink. I recollect once when quails first came in that season; there was an old chap at Peep's boardin'-house, that used to take the whole dish of 'em, empty it on his plate, and gobble 'em up like a turkeycock,—no one else ever got none. We were all a good deal ryled at it, seein' that he didn't pay no more for his dinner than us, so I nicknamed him 'Old Quail,' and it cured him; he always left half arter that, for a scramb. No system is quite perfect, Squire; accidents will happen in the best regulated places, like that of Marm Sproul's and Old Quail's; but still there is nothin' arter all like a boardin'-house,—the only thing is, keep out of the *wrong room*.'

CHAPTER XXI.

FINDING A MARE'S NEST.

HALIFAX, like London, has it's tower also, but there is this remarkable difference between these two national structures, that the one is designed for the *de*fenders of the country, and the other for its *of*fenders; and that the former is as difficult to be broken *into* as the latter (notwithstanding all the ingenious devices of successive generations from the days of Julius Cæsar to the time of the schoolmaster) is to be broken *out of*. A critical eye might perhaps direct some other, though lesser, points of distinction. This cis-Atlantic martello tower has a more aristocratic and exclusive air than its city brother, and its portals are open to none but those who are attired in the uniform of the guard, or that of the royal staff; while the other receives the lowest, the most depraved, and vulgar of mankind. It is true it has not *the lions*, and other adventitious attractions of the elder one; but the original and noble park in which it stands is plentifully stocked *with carriboos*, while the *horn*-work of the latter is at least equal to that of its ancient rival; and although it cannot exhibit a display of *the armour of the country*, its very existence there is conclusive evidence of the *amor patriæ*. It stands on an eminence that protects the harbour of Halifax, and commands that of the North-West Arm, and is situated at the termination of a fashionable promenade, which is skirted on one side by a thick shrubbery, and on the other by the waters of the harbour; the former being the resort of both sexes who delight in the impevious shade of the spruce, and the latter of those who prefer swimming, and other aquatic exercises. With these attractions to the lovers of *nature*, and a pure air, it is thronged at all hours, but more especially at day-dawn, by the valetudinarian, the aged, and infirm, and at the witching hour of moonlight by those who are young enough to defy the dew and damp air of night.

To the latter class I have long since ceased to belong. Old, corpulent, and rheumatic, I am compelled to be careful of a body that is not worth the trouble that it gives me. I no longer indulge in the dreamy visions of the second nap, for, alas! *non sum qualis eram*. I rise early, and take my constitutional walk to the tower. I had not proceeded more than half-way this morning before I met the Clockmaker returning to town.

'Mornin', Squire,' said he; 'I suppose you didn't hear the news, did you? the British packet's in.' 'Which packet?' said I; 'for there are two due, and great apprehensions are entertained that one of them is lost.' 'More promotion, then,' said he, 'for them navals that's left; it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' 'Good God!' said I, 'Mr. Slick, how can you talk so unfeelingly of such an awful catastrophe? Only think of the misery entailed by such an event upon Falmouth, where most of the officers and crew have left destitute and distressed families. Poor creatures, what dreadful tidings await them!' 'Well, well,' said he, 'I didn't jist altogether mean to make a joke of it neither; but your folks know what they are about; them coffin ships ain't sent out for nothin'. Ten of them gun-brigs have been lost already; and, depend on it, the English have their reasons for it

—there's no mistake about it: considerable 'cute chaps them, they can see as far into a millstone as them that picks the hole in it; if they throw a sprat it's to catch a mackerel, or my name is not Sam Slick.' 'Reason,' I replied,—'what reason can there be for consigning so many gallant fellows to a violent death and a watery grave? What could justify such a ——?' 'I'll tell you,' said the Clockmaker; 'it keeps the natives to home by frightenin' 'em out of their seven senses. Now, if they had a good set of liners, them blue-nose tories and radicals would be for everlastin'ly abotherin' of government with their requests and complaints. Hungry as hawks them fellers, they'd fairly eat the minister up without salt, they would. It compels 'em to stay at home, it does. Your folks desarve credit for that trick, for it answers the purpose rael complete. Yes, you English are pretty considerable tarnation sharp. You warn't born yesterday, I tell you. You are always afindin' out some mare's nest or another. Didn't you send out water-casks and filterin'-stones last war to the *fresh water* lakes to Canada?' Didn't you send out a frigate there ready built, in pieces ready numbered and marked, to put together, 'cause there's no timber in America, nor carpenters neither? Didn't you order the Yankee prisoners to be kept at the fortress of Louisburg, which was so levelled to the ground fifty years before that folks can hardly tell where it stood? Han't you squandered more money to Bermuda than would make a military road from Halifax to Quebec, make the Windsor railroad, and complete the grand canal? Han't you built a dockyard there that rots all the cordage and stores as fast as you send them out there? and han't you to send these things every year to sell to Halifax, 'cause there ain't folks enough to Bermuda to make an auction? Don't you send out a squadron every year of seventy-fours, frigates, and sloops of war, and most work 'em to death, sendin' 'em to Bermuda to winter, 'cause it's warm, and to Halifax to summer, 'cause it's cool, and to carry freights of doubloons and dollars from the West Indgies to England, 'cause it pays well; while the fisheries, coastin' trade, and revenue are left to look out for themselves? Oh, if you don't beat all, it's a pity!'

'Well,' said I, glad to put a stop to the enumeration of our blunders, 'but government have added some new vessels to the packet line of a very superior description, and will withdraw the old ones as soon as possible. These changes are very expensive, and cannot be effected in a moment.' 'Yes,' said he, 'so I have heerd tell; and I have heerd, too, that the new ones won't lay to, and the old ones won't scud; grand chance in a gale for a feller that, ain't it? One tumbles over in the trough of the sea, and the other has such great solid bulwarks, if she ships a sea she never gets rid of it but by going down. Oh, you British are up to everything! it wouldn't be easy to put a wrinkle on your horns, I know.' 'They will, at least,' said I, with more pique than prudence, 'last as long as the colonies. It is admitted on all hands now, by Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, that the time is not far distant when the provinces will be old enough for independence, and strong enough to de-

mand it. I am also happy to say that there is every disposition to yield to their wishes whenever a majority shall concur in applying for a separation. It is very questionable whether the expense of their protection is not greater than any advantage we derive from them.'

'That,' said the Clockmaker, 'is what I call, now, good sound sense. I like to hear you talk that way, for it shows you participate in the enlightenment of the age. After all the expense you have been to in conquerin', clearin', settlin', fortifyin', governin', and protectin' these colonies, from the time they were little miserable spindlin' seedlin's up to now, when they have grow'd to be considerable stiff and strong, and of some use, to give 'em up, and to encourage 'em to ax for 'mancipation, is, I estimate, the part of wise men. Yes, I see you are wide awake. Let 'em go. They are no use to you. But, I say, Squire,'—and he tapped me on the shoulder, and winked,—'let 'em look out the next mornin' arter they are free for a visit from us. If we don't put 'em thro' their facin's it's a pity. Tho' they are no good to you they are worth a Jew's eye to us, and have 'em we will, by gum!

'You put me in mind of a British parliament-man that was travellin' in the States once. I seed him in a steam-boat on the Ohio, (a'most a grand river that, Squire; if you were to put all the English rivers into one you couldn't make its ditto,) and we went the matter of seven hundred miles on it till it jined the Mississippi. As soon as we turned to go down that river he stood, and stared, and scratched his head, like bewildered. Says he, 'This is very strange — very strange indeed,' says he. 'What's strange?' said I; but he went on without hearin'. 'It's the greatest curiosity,' said he, 'I ever seed, a nateral phenomenon, one of the wonders of the world;' and he jumped right up and down like a ravin' distracted fool. 'Where is it?' said he. 'What the devil has become of it?' 'If it's your wit,' said I, 'you are alookin' for, it's gone a wool-gatherin' more nor half an hour ago. What on airth ails you,' says I, 'to make you act so like Old Scratch that way?' 'Do, for goodness sake, look here, Mr. Slick!' said he. 'That immense river, the Ohio, that we have been sailin' upon so many days, where is it?' 'Where is it?' said I. 'Why, it's run into the Mississippi here to be sure; where else should it be? or did you think it was like a snake that it curled its head under its own belly, and run back again?' 'But,' said he, 'the Mississippi arn't made one inch higher or one inch wider by it; it don't swell it one mite or morsel; it's marvellous, ain't it?' Well, jist afore that, we had been talking about the colonies; so, says I, 'I can tell you a more marvellous thing than that by a long chalk.'

''There is Upper Canada, and Lower Canada, and New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, — they all belong to the English.' 'Well,' said he, 'I know that as well as you do.' 'Don't be so plaguy touchy!' said I, 'but hear me out. They all belong to the English, and there's no two ways about it; it's the best part of America, too; better land and better climate than ourn, and free from yaller fevers, and agues,

and nigger slaves, and hostile Indgians, and Lynchers, and alligators, and such like varmint, and all the trade and commerce of them colonies, and the supply of 'factured goods belong to the English too, and yet I defy any livin' soul to say he can see that it swells their trade to be one inch wider, or one inch higher; it's jist a drop in the bucket.' 'Well, *that is* strange,' said he; 'but it only shows the magnitude of British commerce.' 'Yes,' says I, 'it does; it shows another thing too.' 'What's that?' said he. 'Why,' says I, 'that their commerce is a plaguy sight deeper than the shaller-pated noodles that it belongs to. Do you,' said I, 'jist take the lead-line, and sound the river jist below where the Ohio comes into it, and you will find that, though it tante broader or higher, it's an everlastin' sight *deeper* than it is above the jinin' place. It can't be otherwise in natur'.

'Now, turn the Ohio, and let it run down to Baltimore, and you'd find the Mississippi mammoth as it is, a different guess river from what you now see it. It wouldn't overrun its banks no more, nor break the dykes at New Orleans, nor leave the great Cyprus swamps under water any longer. It would look pretty streaked in dry weather, I know. Jist so with the colony trade; though you can't see it in the ocean of English trade, yet it is there. Cut it off, and see the rafts of ships you'd have to spare, and the thousands of seamen you'd have to emigrate to us! and see how white about the gills Glasgow, and Greeneck, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Birmingham would look. Cuttin' off the colonies is like cuttin' off the roots of a tree; it's an even chance if it don't blow right slap over the very first sneeze of wind that comes; and if it don't the leaves curl up, turn yaller, and fall off afore their time. Well, the next spring follerin', there is about six feet of the top dead, and the tips of the branches withered, and the leaves only half-size; and the year after, unless it sends out new roots, it's a great leafless trunk, a sight to behold; and, if it is strong enough to push out new roots, it may revive, but it never looks like itself again. *The luxuriance is gone, and gone for ever.*'

'You got chaps in your parliament that never seed a colony, and yet get up and talk about 'em by the hour, and look as wise about 'em as the monkey that had seen the world.

'In America all our farms a'most have what we call the rough pastur'—that is, a great rough field of a hundred acres or so, near the woods, where we turn in our young cattle, and breedin' mares, and colts, and dry cows, and what not, where they take care of themselves, and the young stock grow up, and the old stock grow fat. *It's a grand outlet that to the farm, that would be overstocked without it.* We could not do without it now. *Now, your colonies are the great field for a rebundant population, a grand outlet.* Ask the *Eye*-talians what fixed their flint? Losin' the overland-trade to India. Ask the folks to Cadiz what put them up a tree? Losin' the trade to South America. If that's too far off, ask the people of Bristol and Chester what sewed them up? and they will tell you, while they was asleep, Liverpool ran off with their trade. And if you haven't time to go there, ax the first

coachman you get alongside of, what he thinks of the railroads? and jist listen to the funeral hymn he'll sing over the turnpikes. When I was to England last, I always did that when I was in a hurry, and it put coachee into such a passion, he'd turn to and lick his horses out o' spite into a full gallop. 'D—n 'em,' he'd say, 'them that sanctioned them railroads, to ruin the 'pikes,' ('get along, you lazy willain, Charley,' and he'd lay it into the wheeler,) 'they ought to be hanged, sir,' ('that's the ticket,' and he'd whop the leader,)—'yes, sir, to be hanged, for what is to become of them as lent their money on the 'pikes?' (wh—ist, crack, crack goes the whip,)—'hanged and quartered they ought to be. These men ought to be relunerated as well as the slave-holders; I wonder, sir, what we shall all come to yet?' 'Come to,' says I, 'why, to be a stoker to be sure; that's what all you coachmen will eend in at last, as sure as you are born.' 'A stoker, sir,' said he, (lookin' as bothred as if it wor a French furriner that word,) 'what the devil is that?' 'Why, a stoker,' says I, 'is a critter that draws, and stirs, and pokes the fire of a steam-engin'.' 'I'd sooner die first, sir,' said he; 'I would, d—n me, if I wouldn't! Only think of a man of my age and size bein' a stoker, sir; I wouldn't be in the fellow's skin that would propose it to me, for the best shilling as ever came out o' the mint. Take *that*, and *that*, and *that*,' he'd say to the off for'ard horse, (alayin' it into him like mad,) 'and do your own work, you dishonest rascal.' It is fun alive you may depend.

'No, sir, lose your colonies, and you'd have *Eye*-talian cities without their climate, *Eye*-talian lazaroni without their light hearts to sing over their poverty, (for the English can't sing a bit better nor bull-frogs,) and worse than *Eye*-talian eruptions and volcanoes in politics, without the grandeur and sublimity of those in natur'. Deceive not yourselves; if you lop off the branches, the tree perishes, for the leaves elaborate the sap that vivifies, nourishes, and supports the trunk. There's no two ways about it, Squire: *them who say colonies are no good, are either fools or knaves; if they be fools they ain't worth answerin', and if they are knaves, send them to the treadmill, till they larn to speak the truth.*'

CHAPTER XXII.

KEEPING UP THE STEAM.

It is painful to think of the blunders that have been committed from time to time in the management of our colonies, and of the gross ignorance, or utter disregard of their interests, that has been displayed in the treaties with foreign powers. Fortunately for the mother country the colonists are warmly attached to her and her institutions, and deplore a separation too much to agitate questions, however important, that may have a tendency to weaken their affections by arousing their passions. The time, however, has now arrived when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children. Other and nearer, and for the time, more important interests, have occupied her attention, and diverted her thoughts from those distant portions of the empire. Much, therefore, that has been done may be attributed to want of accurate information, while it is to be feared much also has

arisen from not duly appreciating their importance. The government of the provinces has been but too often entrusted to persons who have been selected, not so much from their peculiar fitness for the situation, as with reference to their interests or their claims for reward for past services in other departments. From persons thus chosen, no very accurate or useful information can be expected. This is the more to be regretted as the resolutions of the dominant party either in the House of Assembly or Council, are not always to be received as conclusive evidence of public opinion. They are sometimes produced by accidental causes, often by temporary excitement, and frequently by the intrigue or talents of one man. In the colonies, the legislature is more often in advance of public opinion than coerced by it, and the *pressure from without* is sometimes caused by the excitement *previously existing within*, while in many cases the people do not participate in the views of their representatives. Hence the resolutions of one day are sometimes rescinded the next, and a subsequent session, or a new House, is found to hold opinions opposed to those of its predecessor. To these difficulties in obtaining accurate information, may be added the uncertain character of that arising from private sources. Individuals having access to the Colonial Office, are not always the best qualified for consultation, and interest or prejudice is but too often found to operate insensibly even upon those whose sincerity and integrity are undoubted. As a remedy for these evils it has been proposed to give the colonies a representation in parliament, but the measure is attended with so many objections, and such inherent difficulties, that it may be considered almost impracticable. The only satisfactory and efficient prescription that political quackery has hitherto suggested, appears to be that of a Colonial Council-board, composed principally, if not wholly, of persons from the respective provinces; who, while the minister changes with the cabinet of the day, shall remain as permanent members, to inform, advise, and assist his successor. *None but natives can fully understand the peculiar feelings of the colonists.* The advantages to be derived from such a board, are too obvious to be enlarged upon, and will readily occur to any one at all conversant with these subjects; for it is a matter of notoriety, that a correspondence may be commenced by one minister, continued by a second, and terminated by a third, so rapid have sometimes been the changes in this department. It is not my business, however, to suggest, (and I heartily rejoice that it is not, for I am no projector,) but simply to record the sayings and doings of that eccentric personage, Mr. Samuel Slick, to whom it is now high time to return.

'You object,' said I, 'to the present line of government packets running between Falmouth and Halifax (and I must say not without reason): pray, what do you propose to substitute in their places'' 'Well, I don't know,' said he, 'as I jist altogether ought to blart out all I think about it. Our folks mightn't be over half pleased with me for the hint, for our New York liners have the whole run of the passengers now, and plaguy proud our folks be of it too, I tell you.

Lord! if it was to leake out it was me that put you up to it, I should have to gallop through the country when I returned home, as Head did—you know Head the author, don't you?' 'There are several gentlemen of that name,' I replied, 'who have distinguished themselves as authors; pray which do you mean?' 'Well, I don't know,' said he, 'as I can jist altogether indicate the identical man I mean, but I calculate it's him that galloped the wild horses in the Pampas a hundred miles a day hand runnin', day in and day out, on beef tea made of hung beef and cold water;—it's the gallopin' one I mean: he is Governor to Canada now, I believe. You know in that are book he wrote on gallopin', he says, 'The greatest luxury in all natur' is to ride without trousers on a horse without a saddle,'—what we call bare-breeched and bare-backed. Well, now, if I was to tell you how to work it, I should have to ride armed, as he was in his travels, with two pair of detonatin' pistols and a double-barrelled gun, and when I seed a guacho of a New Yorker a-comin', clap the reins in my mouth, set off at full gallop, and pint a pistol at him with each hand; or else I'd have to lasso him,—that's sartain,—for they'd make travellin' in that State too hot for me to wear breeches I know, I'd have to off with them full chisel, and go it bare-backed,—that's as clear as mud.' 'I believe Sir Francis Head is no great favourite,' I replied, 'with your countrymen, but he is very popular with the colonists, and very deservedly so. He is an able and efficient governor, and possesses the entire confidence of the provinces. He is placed in a very difficult situation, and appears to display great tact and great talent.' 'Well, well,' said he, 'let that pass; I won't say he don't, though I wish he wouldn't talk so much ag'in us as he does anyhow, but will you promise you won't let on it was me now if I tell you?' 'Certainly,' said I, 'your name shall be concealed.' 'Well, then, I'll tell you,' said he; 'turn your attention to steam navigation to Halifax. Steam will half ruin England yet, if they don't mind. It will drain it of its money, drain it of its population, and—what's more than all—what it can spare least of all, and what it will feel more nor all, its artisans, its skilful workmen, and its honest, intelligent, and respectable middle classes. It will leave you nothin' in time but your aristocracy and your poor. A trip to America is goin' to be nothin' more than a trip to France, and folks will go where land is cheap and labour high. It will build the new world up, but it will drain the old one out in a way no one thinks on. Turn this tide of emigration to your own provinces, or as sure as eggs is eggs we will get it all. You han't no notion what steam is destined to do for America. It will make it look as bright as a pewter button, yet, I know.'

'The distance, as I make it, from Bristol to New York Light-house, is 3037 miles; from Bristol to Halifax Light-house is 2479; from Halifax Light to New York Light is 522 miles,—in all, 3001 miles: 558 miles shorter than New York line; and even going to New York, 36 miles shorter to stop to Halifax than go to New York direct. I fix on Bristol 'cause it's a better port for the purpose than Liverpool, and the new railroad will

be jist the dandy for you. But them great, fat, porter-drinkin' critturs of Bristol have been asnorin' fast asleep for half a century, and only jist got one eye open now. I'm most afeerd they will turn over, and take the second nap, and if they do they are done for—that's a fact. Now you take the chart and work it yourself, Squire, for I'm no great hand at navigation. I've been a whaling voyage, and a few other sea-trips, and I know a little about it, but not much, and yet, if I ain't pretty considerably near the mark, I'll give them leave to guess that knows better —that's all. Get your legislatur' to persuade government to contract with the Great Western folks to carry the mail, and drop it in their way to New York; for you got as much and as good coal to Nova Scotia as England has, and the steam-boats would have to carry a supply for 550 miles less, and could take in a stock at Halifax for the return voyage to Europe. If ministers won't do that, get 'em to send steam-packets of their own, and you wouldn't be no longer an everlastin' outlandish country no more as you be now. And more nor that, you wouldn't lose all the best emigrants and all their capital, who now go to the States 'cause the voyage is safer, and remain there 'cause they are tired of travellin', and can't get down here without risk of their precious necks and ugly mugs.

'But John Bull is like all other sponsible folks; he thinks 'cause he is rich he is wise too, and knows everything, when in fact he knows plaguy little outside of his location. Like all other consaited folks, too, he don't allow nobody else to know nothin' neither but himself. The *Eye*talian is too lazy, the French too smirky, the Spaniard too banditti, the Dutch too smoky, the German too dreamy, the Scotch too itchy, the Irish too popey, and the Yankee too tricky; all low, all ignorant, all poor. He thinks the noblest work of God an *English*man. He is on considerable good terms with himself, too, is John Bull, when he has his go-to-meetin' clothes on, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his puss buttoned up tight in his trousers pocket. He wears his hat a little a one side, rakish-like, whaps his cane down ag'in the pavement hard, as if he intended to keep things in their place, swaggers a few, as if he thought he had a right to look big, and stares at you full and hard in the face, with a knowin' toss of his head, as much as to say, '*That's me!*' and who you be I don't know, and what's more I don't want to know; so clear the road double quick, will you?' Yes, take John at his own valiation, and I guess you'd get a considerable hard bargain of him, for he is old, thick in the wind, tender in the foot, weak in the knees, too cussed fat to travel, and plaguy cross-grained and ill-tempered. If you go for to raise your voice to him, or even so much as lay the weight of your finger on him, his Ebenezer is up in a minit'. I don't like him one bit, and I don't know who the plague does; but that's neither here nor there.

'Do you get your legislature to interfere in this matter, for steam navigation will be the makin' of you if you work it right.' 'It is easy,' I replied, 'to suggest, but not quite so easy, Mr. Slick, as you suppose, to have these projects carried into execution. Government may not be willing to permit the mail to

be carried by contract.' 'Permit it!' said he with great animation; 'to be sure it will permit it. Don't they grant everything you ask? don't they concede one thing arter another to you to keep you quiet, till they han't got much left to concede? It puts me in mind of a missionary I once seed down to Bows and Arrows (Buenos Ayres). He went out to convart the people from bein' Roman Catholics, and to persuade the Spaniards to pray in English instead of Latin, and to get dipt anew by him, and he carried away there like a house a fire, till the sharks one day made a tarnation sly dash among his convarts that was a wadin' out in the water, and jist walked off with three on 'em by the legs, screamin' and yelpin' like mad. Arter that he took to a pond outside the town, and one day as he was awalkin' out with his hands behind him, ameditatin' on that are profane trick the sharks played him, and what a slippery world this was, and what not, who should he meet but a party of them Guachos, that galloped up to him as quick as wink, and made him prisoner. Well, they jist fell to, and not only robbed him of all he had, but stripped him of all his clothes but his breeches, and them they left him for decency's sake to get back to town in. Poor critter! he felt streaked enough, I do assure you; he was near about frightened out of his seven senses; he didn't know whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, and was e'en a'most sure they were agoin' to murder him. 'So,' said he, 'my beloved friends,' said he, 'I beseech you, is there anything more you want of me?' 'Do we want anything more of you?' says they; 'why you han't got nothin' left but your breeches, you nasty, dirty heretic you, and do you want to part with them too?' and they jist fell to and welted him all the way into the town with the tip eend of their lassos, larfin', and hoopin', and hollerin' at the joke like so many ravin' distracted devils.

'Well, now, your government is near about as well off as the missionary was: they've granted everything they had a'most, till they han't got much more than the breeches left, — the mere sovereignty, and that's all. No, no; jist you ax for steam-packets, and you'll get 'em—that's a fact. Oh, Squire, if John Bull only knew the vally of these colonies, he would be a great man, I tell *you;* but he don't. You can't make an account of 'em in dollars and cents, the cost on one side, and the profit on t'other, and strike the balance of the '*tottle of the hull,*' as that crittur Hume calls it. You can't put into figur's a nursery for seamen; a resource for timber if the Baltic is shot ag'in you, or a population of brave and loyal people, a growing and sure market, an outlet for emigration, the first fishery in the world, their political and relative importance, the power they would give a rival, converting a friend into a foe, or a customer into a rival, or a shop full of goods, and no sale for 'em —*Figures are the representatives of numbers, and not things.* Molesworth may talk, and Hume may cypher, till one on 'em is as hoarse as a crow, and t'other as blind as a bat, and they won't make that table out, I know.'

'That's all very true,' I said, 'but you forget that the latter gentleman says that America is now a better customer than when she was a colony, and maintains

her own government at her own expense, and therefore he infers that the remaining dependencies are useless encumbrances.' 'And he forgets too,' he replied, 'that he made his fortin' himself in a colony, and therefore it don't become him to say so, and that America is larnin' to sell as well as to buy, and to manufactur' as well as to import, and to hate as much, and a little grain more, than she loved, and that you are weaker by all her strength. He forgets too, that them that separate from a government, or secede from a church, always hate those they leave much worse than those who are born in different states or different sects. It's a fact, I assure you, those critturs that desarted our church to Slickville in temper, that time about the choice of an elder, were the only ones that hated, and reviled, and parsecuted us in all Connecticut, for we were on friendly or neutral terms with all the rest. Keep a sharp look-out always for desarters, for when they jine the enemy they fight like the devil. *No one hates like him that has once been a friend.* He forgets that a—— but it's no use atalkin'; you might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone as talk to a goney that says fifteen millions of inimies are as good as fifteen millions of friends, unless indeed it is with nations as with individuals, that it is better to have some folks ag'in you than for you, for I vow there are chaps in your parliament that ain't no credit to no party.

'But this folly of John Bull ain't the worst of it, Squire; it's considerable more silly; *he invites the colonists to fight his own troops, and then pays all the expense of the entertainment.* If that don't beat cock-fightin', it's a pity: it fairly bangs the bush, that. If there's a rebellion to Canada, Squire, (and there will be as sure as there are snakes in Varginy,) it will be planned, advised, and sot on foot in London, you may depend, for them simple critturs the French would never think of it, if they were not put up to it. Them that advise Papinor to rebel, and set his folks to murder Englishmen, and promise to back them in England, are for everlastin'ly atalking of economy, and yet instigate them parley vous to put the nation to more expense than they and their party ever saved by all their barking in their life, or ever could, if they were to live as long as Merusalem. If them poor Frenchmen rebel, jist pardon them right off the reel without sayin' a word, for they don't know nothin', but rig up a gallus in London as high as a church steeple, and I'll give you the names of a few villains there, the cause of all the murders, and arsons, and robberies, and miseries, and sufferin's that 'ill foller. Jist take 'em and string 'em up like onsafe dogs. A crittur that throws a firebrand among combustibles, must answer for the fire; and when he throws it into his neighbour's house, and not his own, he is both a coward and a villain. Cuss 'em! hanging is too good for 'em, I say; don't you, Squire?'

This was the last conversation I had with the Clockmaker on politics. I have endeavoured to give his remarks in his own language, and as nearly verbatim as I could; but they were so desultory and discursive, that they rather resembled thinking aloud than a connected conversation, and his illustrations often led him into such long episodes, that he

sometimes wandered into new topics before he had closed his remarks upon the subject he was discoursing on. It is, I believe, not an uncommon mode with Americans, when they talk, to amuse rather than convince. Although there is evidently some exaggeration, there is also a great deal of truth in his observations. They are the result of long experience, and a thorough and intimate knowledge of the provinces, and I confess I think they are entitled to great weight.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARTING ADVICE.

HAVING now fulfilled his engagement with me, Mr. Slick informed me that business required his presence at the river Philip, and that, as he could delay his departure no longer, he had called for the purpose of taking leave. 'I am plaguy loth to part with you,' said he, 'you may depend; it makes me feel quite lonesum' like: but I ain't quite certified we sha'n't have a tower in Europe yet afore we've done. You have a pair of pistols, Squire,—as neat a little pair of sneezers as I e'en a'most ever seed, and——' 'They are yours,' I said: 'I am glad you like them, and I assure you you could not gratify me more than by doing me the favour to accept them. 'That's jist what I was agoin' to say,' said he, 'and I brought my rifle here to ax you to exchange for 'em; it will sometimes put you in mind of Sam Slick the Clockmaker, and them are little pistols are such grand pocket companions, there won't be a day a'most I won't think of the Squire.' He then examined the lock of the rifle, turned it over, and looked at the stock, and, bringing it to the shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel, as if in the act of discharging it. 'True as a hair, Squire, there can't be no better; and there's the mould for the balls that jist fither; you may depend on her to a sartainty; she'll never deceive you; there's no mistake in a rail right down genu*wine* good Kentuck, I tell you; but as you ain't much used to 'em, always bring her slowly up to the line of sight, and then let go as soon as you have the range. If you bring her *down* to the sight instead of *up*, she'll be apt to settle a little below it in your hands, and carry low. That wrinkle is worth havin', I tell you: that's a fact. Take time, elevate her slowly, so as to catch the range to a hair, and you'll hit a dollar at seventy yards hand runnin'. I can take the eye of a squirrel out with her as easy as kiss my hand. A fair exchange is no robbery anyhow, and I shall set great store by them are pistols, you may depend.

'Having finished that are little trade, Squire, there is another small matter I want to talk over with you afore I quit, that perhaps it would be as well you and I onderstood each other upon.' 'What is that?' said I. 'Why, the last time, Squire,' said he, 'I travelled with you, you published our tower in a book, and there were some notions in it gave me a plaguy sight of oneasiness; that's a fact. Some things you coloured so, I didn't know 'em when I seed 'em again; some things you left out holus bolus, and there were some small matters I never heerd tell of afore till I seed them writ down; you must have made them out of whole cloth. When I went home to see about the stock I had in

the Slickville bank, folks scolded a good deal about it. They said it warn't the part of a good citizen for to go to publish anything to lessen our great nation in the eyes of foreigners, or to lower the exalted station we had among the nations of the airth. They said the dignity of the American people was at stake, and they were determined some o' these days to go to war with the English if they didn't give up some o' their writers to be punished by our laws; and that if any of our citizens was accessory to such practices, and they cotched him, they'd give him an American jacket, that is, a warp of tar, and a nap wove of feathers. I don't feel therefore altogether easy 'bout your new book; I should like to see it afore we part, to soften down things a little, and to have matters sot to rights, afore the slangwhangers get hold of it.

'I think, too, atween you and me, you ought to let me go sheers in the speck, for I have suffered considerable by it. The clock trade is done now in this province; there's an eend to that; you've put a toggle into that chain: you couldn't give 'em away a'most. Our folks are not over and above well pleased with me, I do assure you; and the blue-noses say I have dealt considerable hard with them. They are plaguy ryled, you may depend; and the English have come in for their share of the curryin' too. I han't made many friends by it, I know; and if there is anything to be made out of the consarn, I think it no more than fair I should have my share of it. One thing, however, I hope you'll promise me, and that is to show me the manuscript afore you let it go out of your hands.'

'Certainly,' said I, 'Mr. Slick, I shall have great pleasure in reading it over to you before it goes to the press; and if there is anything in it that will compromise you with your countrymen, or injure your feelings, I will strike out the objectionable passage, or soften it down to meet your wishes.' 'Well,' said he, 'that's pretty; now I like that; and if you take a fancy to travel in the States, or to take a tower in Europe, I'm your man. Send me a line to Slickville, and I'll jine you where you like and when you like. I shall be in Halifax in a month from the present time, and will call and see you; p'raps you will have the book ready then;'—and presenting me with his rifle, and putting the pistols in his pocket, he took leave of me, and drove into the country.

Fortunately, when he arrived I had the manuscript completed; and when I had finished reading it to him, he deliberately lit his cigar, and folding his arms, and throwing himself back in his chair, which he balanced on two legs, he said, 'I presume I may ask what is your object in writing that book? You don't like republics, that's sartain, for you have coloured matters so it's easy to see which way the cat jumps. Do you mean to write a satire on our great nation, and on our free and enlightened citizens?—because if you do, jist rub my name out of it, if you please. I'll have neither art nor part in it; I won't have nothin' to do with it on no account. It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest. I'm not agoin' for to wake up a swarm o' hornets about my ears, I tell you; I know a trick worth two o' that, I reckon. Is it to sarve a particular purpose,

or is it a mere tradin' speck?' 'I will tell you candidly, sir, what my object is,' I replied. 'In the Canadas there is a party advocating republican institutions, and hostility to everything British. In doing so, they exaggerate all the advantages of such a form of government, and depreciate the blessings of a limited monarchy. In England this party unfortunately finds too many supporters, either from a misapprehension of the true state of the case, or from a participation in their treasonable views. The sketches contained in the present and preceding series of the Clockmaker, it is hoped, will throw some light on the topics of the day, as connected with the designs of the anti-English party. The object is purely patriotic. I beg of you to be assured that I have no intention whatever to ridicule your institutions or your countrymen; nothing can be further from my thoughts; and it would give me great pain if I could suppose for a moment that any person could put such an interpretation upon my conduct. I like your country, and am proud to number many citizens of the United States among those whom I honour and love. It is contentment with our own, and not disparagement of your institutions, that I am desirous of impressing upon the minds of my countrymen.' 'Right,' said he, 'I see it as plain as a boot-jack; it's no more than your duty. But the book does beat all, that's a fact. There's more fiction in this than in t'other one, and there are many things in it that I don't know exactly what to say to. I guess you had better add the words to the title-page, 'a work of fiction', and that will clear me, or you must put your name to it. You needn't be ashamed of it, I tell you. It's a better book than t'other one; it ain't jist altogether so local, and it goes a little grain deeper into things. If you work it right, you will make your fortin' out of it, it will make a man of you, you may depend.' 'How so,' said I; 'for the last volume, all the remuneration I had was the satisfaction of finding it had done some good among those for whose benefit it was designed, and I have no more expectation from this work.' 'More fool you, then,' said he; 'but I'll tell you how to work it. Do you get a copy of it done off on most beautiful paper, with a'most an' elegant bindin', all covered over the back with gildin', (I'll gild it for you myself complete, and charge you nothin but the price of the gold leaf, and that's a mere trifle; it only costs the matter of two shillings and sixpence a paper, or thereabouts,) and send it to the head minister of the Colonies, with a letter. Says you, 'Minister,' says you, 'here's a work that will open your eyes a bit; it will give you considerable information on American matters, and that's a thing, I guess, none on you know a bit too much on. You han't heerd so much truth, nor seen so pretty a book, this one while, I know. It gives the Yankees a considerable of a hacklin', and that ought to please *you;* it shampoos the English, and that ought to please the *Yankees;* and it does make a proper fool of blue nose, and that ought to please you *both,* because it shows it's a considerable of an impartial work. 'Now,' says you, 'minister, it's not altogether considered a very profitable trade to work for nothin' and find thread. An author

can't live upon nothin' but air, like a chameleon, though he can change colour as often as that little crittur does. This work has done a good deal of good. It has made more people hear of Nova Scotia than ever heerd tell of it afore by a long chalk; it has given it a character in the world it never had before, and raised the valy of rael property there considerable; it has shown the world that all the blue noses there ain't fools, at any rate; and, though I say it that shouldn't say it, that there is one gentleman there that shall be nameless that's cut his eye-teeth anyhow. The natives are considerable proud of him; and if you want to make an impartial deal, to tie the Nova Scotians to you for ever, to make your own name descend to posterity with honour, and to prevent the inhabitants from ever thinkin' of Yankee connection' (mind that hint, say a good deal about that; for it's a tender point that, adjoinin' of our union, and fear is plaguy sight stronger than love any time). 'You'll jist sarve him as you sarved Earl Mulgrave' (though his writin's ain't to be compared to the Clockmaker's, no more than chalk is to cheese); 'you gave him the Governorship of Jamaica, and arterwards of Ireland. John Russell's writin's got him the birth of the leader of the House of Commons. Well, Francis Head, for his writin's you made him Governor of Canada, and Walter Scott you made a baronet of, and Bulwer you did for too, and a great many others you have got the other side of the water you sarved the same way. Now, minister, fair play is a jewel,' says you; 'if you can reward your writers to home with governorships and baronetcies, and all sorts o' snug things, let's have a taste o' the good things this side o' the water too. You needn't be afraid o' bein' too often troubled that way by authors from this country.' (It will make him larf that, and there's many a true word said in a joke;) 'but we've got a sweet tooth here as well as you have. Poor pickin's in this country; and colonists are as hungry as hawks. The Yankees made Washington Irvin' a minister plenipo', to honour him; and Blackwood, last November, in his magazine, says that are Yankee's books ain't fit to be named in the same day with the Clockmaker—that they're nothin' but Jeremiads. Now, though Blackwood desarves to be well kicked for his politicks,' (mind and say that, for he abuses the ministry sky-high, that feller—I wouldn't take that crittur's sarse, if I was them, for nothin' a'most—he railly does blow them up in great style,) 'he ain't a bad judge of books—at least it don't become me to say so; and if he don't know much about 'em, I do; I won't turn my back on any one in that line. So, minister,' says you, 'jist tip a stave to the Governor of Nova Scotia, order him to inquire out the author, and to tell that man, that distinguished man, that her Majesty delights to reward merit and honour talent, and that if he will come home, she'll make a man of him for ever, for the sake of her royal father, who lived so long among the blue noses, who can't forget it very soon.' Don't threaten him; for I've often obsarved, if you go for to threaten John Bull, he jist squares off to fight without sayin' of a word; but give him a hint. Says you, 'I had a peacock, and a dreadful

pretty bird he was, and a'most a beautiful splendid long tail he had too; well, whenever I took the pan o' crumbs out into the poultry-yard to feed the fowls, the nasty stingy crittur never would let any of 'em have a crumb till he sarved himself and his sweetheart first. Our old Muscovy drake, he didn't think this a fair deal at all, and he used to go walkin' round and round the pan ever so often, alongin' to get a dip into it; but peacock he always flew at him and drove him off. Well, what does drake do, (for he thought he wouldn't threaten him, for fear of gettin' a thrashin',) but he goes round and seizes him by the tale, and pulls him head over heels, and drags him all over the yard, till he pulls every one of his great, long, beautiful feathers out, and made a most proper lookin' fool of him—that's a fact. It made peacock as civil as you please for ever after. Now,' says you, 'Mr. Slick and I talk of going to England next year, and writin' a book about the British: if I ain't allowed to get at the pan of crumbs, along with some o' them big birds with the long tails, and get my share of 'em, some folks had better look out for squalls: if Clockmaker gets hold of 'em by the tail, if he don't make the feathers fly, it's a pity. A joke is a joke, but I guess they'll find that no joke. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; so come down handsum', minister, or look to your tails, I tell you, for there's a keel-hauling in store for some of you that shall be nameless, as sure as you are born.'

'Now, Squire, do that, and see if they don't send you out governor of some colony or another; and if they do, jist make me your deputy secretary,—that's a good man,—and we'll write books till we write ourselves up to the very tip-top of the ladder—we will, by gum!' 'Ah! my friend,' said I, 'writing a book is no such great rarity in England as it is in America, I assure you; and colonies would soon be wanting, if every author were to be made a governor.' 'It's a rarity in the colonies, though,' said he, 'and I should like to know how many governors there have been who could write the two Clockmakers. Why, they never had one that could do it save his soul alive.' 'Come, come, Mr. Slick,' said I, 'no *soft sawder*, if you please to me. I have no objections to record your jokes upon others, but I do not desire to be made the subject of one myself. I am not quite such a simpleton as not to know that a man may write a book, and yet not be fit for a governor.' 'Some books,' said he, 'such as I could name; but this I will say, and maintain to my dyin' day, that a man that knows all that's set down in the Clockmaker's (and it ain't probable he emptied the whole bag out—there must be considerable siftin's left in it yet) is fit for governor of any place in the universal world. I doubt if even Mr. Van Buren himself (the prettiest penman atween the poles) could do it. Let 'm jist take you up by the heels and shake you, and see if as much more don't come out.'

'If you really are in earnest,' I said, 'all I can say is, that you very much over-rate it. You think favourably of the work, because you are kind enough to think favourably of the author. All this is very well as a joke; but I assure you they would not even condescend to answer such a communication at the Colonial

Office; they would set such a letter down as the ravings of insanity—as one of the innumerable instances that are constantly occurring of the vanity and folly of authors.' 'Don't you believe it,' said he; 'and if you don't send it, I hope I may be shot if I don't. I'll send it through our minister at the Court of St. James's. He'll do it with pleasure; he'll feel proud of it as an American production—as a rival to Pickwick Papers, as the American Boz; he will, I vow. That's jist exactly what you are fit for—I've got it—I've got it now; you shall be Ambassador to our court to Washington. The knowledge I have given you of America, American politicks, American character, and American feelin', has jist fitted you for it. It's a grand birth that, and private secretary will suit me to a notch. I can do your writin', and plenty o' time to spare to spekilate in cotton, niggers, and tobacco too. That's it—that's the dandy!' And he jumped up, snapped his fingers, and skipped about the floor in a most extraordinary manner. 'Here, waiter, d—n your eyes! (for I must larn to swear, the English all swear like troopers; the French call 'em Mountshear G—d d—ns,) here, waiter, tell his Excellency the British minister to the court of American people, (that's you, Squire,' said he, and he made a scrape of his leg,) 'that Mr. Secretary Slick is waitin'. Come, bear a hand, rat you, and stir your stumps, and mind the title, do you hear,—Mr. Secretary Slick. I have the honour to wish your Excellency,' said he, with the only bow I ever saw him perpetrate, and a very hearty shake of the hand—'I have the honour to wish your Excellency good night and good-bye.'

THIRD SERIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE.

THE communication by steam between Nova Scotia and England will form a new era in colonial history. It will draw closer the bonds of affection between the two countries, afford a new and extended field for English capital, and develope the resources of that valuable but neglected province. Mr. Slick, with his usual vanity, claims the honour of suggesting it, as well as the merit of having, by argument and ridicule, reasoned and shamed the Government into its adoption. His remarks upon the cruelty of employing the unsafe and unfortunate gun-brigs that constituted the line of Falmouth packets, until they severally foundered and disappeared with their gallant crews, are too personal and severe to be recorded in this place, and the credit he claims for having attracted the attention, and directed the indignation of the public to this disgraceful sacrifice of human life, is so extravagant, that one would suppose this obvious and palpable error had escaped the observation of all the world but himself, and was altogether a new discovery. But, whatever praise he may deserve for his calculations and suggestions, or whatever blame is to be attached to the Admiralty for their obstinate adherence to the memorable 'coffin-ships,' I prefer looking forward to dwelling on a painful retrospect, and indulging in pleasing anticipations of the future, to commenting on the errors of the past.

This route, by its connection with that of New York, will afford an agreeable tour, commenc-

ing at Halifax, passing through the colonies, and terminating at the Hudson. It will offer a delightful substitute for that of the Rhine, and the beaten tracts on the Continent. As soon as it was announced that Government had decided upon adopting Mr. Slick's designs, I wrote to him informing him of the fact, and of my intention to proceed to St. John, the State of Maine, New England, and New York, and requested him to meet me as soon as possible, and accompany me on this journey, as I proposed taking passage at the latter place in a steamer for Great Britain. I left Halifax on the 10th of May last, and embarked on board of the Great Western in July. It was the third, and will probably be the last tour on this continent performed in company with this eccentric individual. During the journey there were few incidents of sufficient novelty to interest the reader, but his conversation partook of the same originality, the same knowledge of human nature, and the same humour as formerly; and whenever he developed any new traits of character or peculiarity of feeling, not exhibited in our previous travels, I carefully noted them as before, and have now the pleasure of giving to the public. As a whole they form a very tolerable portrait of an erratic Yankee trader, which, whatever may be the merit of the execution, has, at least, the advantage, and deserves the praise, of fidelity.

The morning I left Halifax was one of those brilliant ones that in this climate distinguish this season of the year; and as I ascended the citadel hill, and paused to look for the last time upon the noble and secure harbour, the sloping fields and wooded hills of Dartmouth, and the tranquil waters and graceful course of the North West Arm, which, embosomed in wood, insinuates itself around the peninsula, and embraces the town, I thought with pleasure that the time had now arrived when this exquisite scenery would not only be accessible to European travellers, but form one of the termini of the great American tour. Hitherto it has been known only to the officers of the army and navy, the former of whom are but too apt to have their first pleasurable impressions effaced by a sense of exile, which a long unvaried round of garrison duty in a distant land so naturally induces; and the latter to regard good shelter and safe anchorage as the greatest natural beauties of a harbour.

After leaving Halifax the road to Windsor winds for ten miles round the margin of Bedford Basin, which is connected with the harbour by a narrow passage at the dockyard. It is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water, the shores of which are deeply indented with numerous coves, and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty.

At a distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fences, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forests, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervade

everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralizing musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements! A few years more and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detatched patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long, luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it.* I had no desire to enter the apartments; and indeed the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its prema-

* This was the case when I was there in 1828; since then porch and tree have both disappeared.

ture destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand being led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use.

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect on the mind; for it inculcates humility to the rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. 'May it please your Majesty,' said Euclid to his royal pupil, 'there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end.' These forsaken grounds teach us in similar terms this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exaltod rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; but though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.'

Ruins, like death, of which they are at once the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns with surprise that this place was devoted exclusively to pleasure; that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince,—of one, too, had he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that men can give or rank enjoy awaited him; but an overruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The desolation he sees appals him. The swallow nestles in the empty chamber, and the sheep find a noon-day shelter in the banqueting-room, while the ill-omned bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering

ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footstep; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death is written everywhere.

The affectionate remembrance we retain of its lamented owner may have added to my regret, and increased the interest I felt in this lonely and peculiar ruin. In the Duke of Kent the Nova Scotians lost a kind patron and a generous friend. The loyalty of the people, which, when all America was revolting, remained firm and unshaken, and the numerous proofs he received of their attachment to their king and to himself, made an impression upon his mind that was neither effaced or weakened by time or distance. Should these pages happily meet the eye of a Colonial Minister, who has other objects in view than the security of place and the interests of a party, may they remind him of a duty that has never been performed but by the illustrious individual, whose former residence among us gave rise to these reflections. This work is designed for the cottage, and not for the palace; and the author has not the presumption even to hope that it can be honoured by the perusal of his sovereign. Had he any ground for anticipating such a distinction for it, he would avail himself of this opportunity of mentioning that in addition to the dutiful affection the Nova Scotians have always borne to their monarch, they feel a lively interest in, and a more devoted attachment to, the present occupant of the throne from the circumstance of the long and close connection that subsisted between them and her illustrious parent. He was their patron, benefactor, and friend. To be a Nova Scotian was of itself a sufficient passport to his notice, and to possess merit a sufficient guarantee for his favour. Her Majesty reigns therefore in this little province in the hearts of her subjects, a dominion of love inherited from her father. Great as their loss was in being thus deprived of their only protector, her faithful people of Nova Scotia still cling to the hope that Providence has vouchsafed to raise up one more powerful and equally kind in her Majesty, who, following this paternal example, will be graciously pleased to extend to them a patronage that courtiers cannot, and statesmen will not give. While therefore as *protégés* of her royal house, they claim the right to honour and to serve the sovereign of the empire as '*their own Queen*,' they flatter themselves her Majesty, for a similar reason, will condescend to regard them as '*the Queen's own*.'

CHAPTER II.

PLAYING A CARD.

I HAD lingered so long about these grounds, that the day was too far spent to think of reaching Windsor before night, and I therefore determined upon wiling away the afternoon, in examining, by the aid of a diving-bell, the hulls of several ships of a French fleet, which at an early period of the history of this country took shelter in Bedford Basin and was sunk by the few survivors of the crews to prevent their falling into the hands of the English. The small-pox, at that time so fatal a scourge to the human race, appearing among them soon after their arrival, nearly

depopulated the fleet, destroyed the neighbouring village, and swept off one-third of the whole tribe of Nova Scotia Indians. So dreadful a mortality has never been witnessed on this continent; and the number of strangers thus suddenly smote with death at this place, exceeded by several thousands the amount of the population of the country in which they were interred. Of one of the most powerful armaments ever fitted out by France, a few hundred persons only survived to return to their native land to tell the sad tale of their misfortunes. The ships are still distinctly visible in calm weather, and the rising ground in the neighbourhood where the Duke d'Anville and his mighty host were buried is again clothed with wood, and not to be distinguished from the surrounding forest, except by the inequality of the surface, caused by numerous trenches cut into it, to receive the dead. The whole scene is one of surpassing beauty, and deep and melancholy interest. The ruined Lodge, the sunken fleet, the fatal encampment, and the lonely and desolate cemetery of those unfortunate strangers, form a more striking and painful assemblage of objects than is to be found in any other part of British America.

On my return to the inn I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Slick, who was on his way to Halifax for the purpose of arranging the details of our journey. In the course of the evening I succeeded in obtaining his consent, not merely to attend me to New York, but to accompany me to England. He was in great spirits at the idea of transferring the scene and subjects of our conversation to the other side of the water, where, he said, he could indulge in greater freedom of remark than he could here, having always been afraid of wounding the feelings of his own countrymen, and alienating the affections of his old friends the colonists, for whom he professed great regard.

On the following morning when the little light travelling-waggon was driven round from the coach-yard, I was delighted to see that the Clockmaker had brought his favourite horse, 'Old Clay,' with him. 'Come, step in, Squire,' said he, as he held the reins; ''Old Clay' is a-pawin' and a-chawin' like mad; he wants to show you the way to Windsor, and he is jist the boy *that can* do it. Hold up your head, my old *gi*-raffe,' said he, 'and make the folks a bow: it's the last time you will ever see them in all *your* born days: and now off with you as if you was in rael wide-awake airnest, and turn out your toes pretty. Never stop for them idle critturs that stand starin' in the road there, as if they had never seen a horse afore, but go right over them like wink, my old Snort, for you'll be to Conne'-ticut afore they can wake up the crowner and summon a jury, *I* know. There's no occasion to hurry tho' at that rate, or you'll set my axle a-fire. There, that will do now, jist fourteen miles an hour. I don't calculate to drive faster on a journey, Squire, for it sweats him, and then you have to dry him arterwards afore you water him, so there is nothing gained by it. Ain't he a horrid handsome horse, a most endurin' quickster, a rael salt, that's all? He is the prettiest piece of flesh and bone ever bound up in horse hide. What an eye he has!—you might hang your hat on it. And then his

nostrils! Lord, they open like the mouth of a speakin' trumpet. He can pick up miles on *his* feet, and throw 'em behind him faster than a steam doctor a-racin' off with another man's wife.

'There now, Squire, ain't that magnificent? you can hear him, but can't see him; he goes like a bullet out of a rifle, when his dander is up. Ain't he a whole team that, and a horse to spare? Absquotilate it in style, you old skunk, from a squerrel's jump to the eend of the chapter, and show the gentleman what you can do. Anybody could see he ain't a Blue-nose, can't they? for, cuss 'em, they don't know how to begin to go. Trot, walk, or gallop is all the same to him, like talkin', drinkin', or fightin' to a human. Lord, I have a great mind to take him to England, jist for the fun of the thing, for I don't know myself what he can do. When he has done his best, there is always a mile an hour more in him to spare: there is, upon my soul. But it takes a man to mount *him*. Only lookin' at him goin' makes your head turn round like grindin' coffee:—what would ridin' him do! And now, Squire, here goes for Slickville, Onion County, state of Conne'ticut, *U*nited States of America. Here's for home.'

The very mention of Slickville awakened in my mind a desire to see its venerable and excellent pastor, Mr. Hopewell, so often quoted and so affectionately remembered by Mr. Slick. Every saying of his that I had heard, and every part of his conduct, in private or public life, recorded in the previous volumes, had been marked by such a benevolent and Christian feeling, and by such sound sense and good judgment, that I was fully prepared to honour and to love him. Indeed one of the best traits in the Clockmaker's character was the great affection he always expressed for his old friend and preceptor, whose opinions and maxims he had carefully treasured as rules of conduct that were infallible. With natural shrewdness, Mr. Slick, like most men of his class, was eminently gifted; but the knowledge of men and things which he derived from his learned and exemplary friend made him a wiser man, and more of a philosopher, than is usually found in his station of life.

It made him '*a great card*;' a saying of his with which I was furnished in the following whimsical conversation. In the course of our morning's drive, I happened to ask him if he interfered much in politics when he was at home at Slickville. 'No,' said he, 'not now. I was once an assembly man, but since then I ginn up politicks. There is nothin' so well taken care of as your rights and privileges, Squire. There are always plenty of chaps volunteerin' to do that, out of pure regard for you, ready to lay down their lives to fight your cause, or their fortins, if they had any, either. No; I have given that up. Clockmakin' is a better trade by half. Dear, dear, I shall never forget the day I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about a little the biggest man in all Slickville. I knew so much was expected of me I couldn't sleep a-tryin' to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spiled half my work by not havin' my mind on it. 'Save your country,' says one; 'save it from ruin; cut down salaries.'—'I intend to,' says I. 'Watch the officials,' says another: 'they are the biggest

rogues we have. It don't convene with liberty that public sarvants should be the masters of the public.'—'I quite concur with you,' says I. 'Reduce lawyers' fees,' says some; 'they are aeatin' up of the country like locusts.'—'Jist so,' said I. 'A bounty on wheat,' says the farmer, 'for your life.' 'Would you tax the mechanic to inrich the agriculturist?' says the manufacturer. 'Make a law ag'in 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 —'it's the curse of the state;' and so on without eend. I was fairly bothered, for no two thought alike, and there was no pleasin' nobody. Then every man that voted for me wanted some favour or another, and there was no bottom to the obligation. I was most squashed to death with the weight of my cares, they was so heavy.

'At last the great day came, and the governor, and senate, and representat*ives* all walked in procession, and the artillery fired, and the band of the caravan of wild beasts was hired to play for us, and we organized in due form, and the Governor's message was read. I must say that day was the happiest one of my life. I felt full of dignity and honour, and was filled with visions of glory to come. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'the great *game* is now to be played in rael airnest, and no mistake: *what card shall I play?* The presidential chair and the highest posts is open to me in common with other citizens. What is to prevent me a-comin' in *by honours*, or, if I have good luck, *by the odd trick*. What shall I *lead off* with?' I laid awake all night considerin' of it, a-rollin' and a-tossin' over, like cramp in the stomack, not knowin' what to do: at last I got an idea. '*Extension of suffrage*,' says I, '*is the card I'll play*. That will take the masses, and masses is power, for majorities rules.' At that time, Squire, we had the forty shilling freehold qualification, and it extended no farther; so I went for universal suffrage; for, thinks I, if I can carry that, I can go for governor first, on the strength of the new votes, and president arterwards; and it *did* seem plausible enough, too, that's a fact. To all appearance it was the best *card in the pack*.

'So out I jumps from bed, a-walkin' up and down the room in my shirt-tail, a-workin' away at my speech like anything, and dreadful hard work it was, too; for it is easier to forge iron any time than a speech, especially if you ain't broughten up to the business. I had to go over it and over it ever so often, for every now and then I'de stick fast, get bothered, and forget where I was, and have to begin ag'in; but when day was e'en about breakin', I was just drawin' to a close, and had nearly scored and roughhew'd it out, when all of a sudden I run ag'in the bed-post in the dark, and nearly knocked my brains out. Well, next night I worked at it ag'in, only I left the candle burnin', so as not to be astumblin' up ag'in things that way, and the third night I got it all finished off complete; but I got a shockin' cold in my head, a-walkin' about naked so, and felt as weak as a child for want of sleep. I was awful puzzled to fix on what to do on account of that plaguy cold. I didn't know whether to wait till it got better,

or strike while the iron was hot and hissin', for I warn't sure sume o' the speech wouldn't leake out, or the whole get flat, if I kept it in too long; so as soon as the house opened, I makes a plunge right into it; for what must be, must be, and it's no use a considerin'.

'So I ups and says, 'Mr. Speaker,' says I (Lord, how thick my tongue felt; it seemed to grow too thick for my mouth, like the clapper of an old horse,) 'let me perpound this resolution, sir, said I; 'all men are free and equal.' 'No one doubts it, Mr. Slick,' said an old member: 'no one denies that; it's a truism.' I didn't somehow expect that interruption; it kinder put me out, and I never got a-goin' altogether right ag'in arterwards, for I lost my temper; and when a man ain't cool, he might as well hang up his fiddle, that's a fact. 'Have I freedom of speech, sir,' said I, 'or have I not; or is that last rag of liberty torn from the mast of the constitution too? I stand stock still a-waitin' for your answer, sir.'—'Oh, sartain,' said he, 'sartain; you may talk for ever, if you like: go on, sir; only no man doubts your proposition.'—'It's a lie, sir,' said I, 'it's a lie writ—.' 'Order! order!—chair! chair!' says some. 'Knock him down!—turn him out!—where did you larn manners?' says others.—'Hear me out,' says I, 'will you? and don't be so everlastin' fast: what's the use of jumpin' afore you come to the fence. It's a lie written on the face of the constitution.'—'Oh, oh!' says they, 'is that it?'—'Yes,' says I, 'it is, and contradict it if you darst. We are not free; we are slaves; one half of us is tyrants,—unremorseless, onfeelin', overbearin' tyrants, and vile usurpers; and the other half slaves,—abject, miserable, degraded slaves. The first argument I advance, sir, is this'—and the cold in my nose began to tickle, tickle, tickle, till I couldn't hold it no longer, and I let go a sneeze that almost broke the winders out. Oh, Lord, what a haw! haw! they sot up. 'The first argument is this, sir;' and off went both barrels of my nose ag'in like thunder: it fairly raised the dust from the floor in a cloud, like a young whirlwind in the street afore rain. It made all spin ag'in. 'Why, he is a very ring-tail roarer,' says the members, 'a regular sneezer;' and they shouted and roared like anything. I thought I should a-died for shame one minit, and the next I felt so coonish I had half a mind to fly at the Speaker and knock him down. I didn't jist cleverly know what to do, but at last I went on.—'Did the best blood of the land flow for forty shillings? Was Bunker Hill fought out to loosen British chains, merely to rivet American ones? Was it for this the people died covered with gore and glory, on the bed of honour? Was it the forty shillings alone that fought the revolution or the Polls? I am for the Polls. Taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and freedom and equality likewise also. How dare you tax the Polls without their consent? Suppose they was to go for to tax you without your consent, why who would be right or who wrong then? Can two wrongs make a right? It is much of a muchness, sir,—six of one, and half a dozen of the other.'

''What's that feller talkin' about?' says a member.—'A vote to help the Poles ag'in Russia,'

says the other, 'what a cussed fool he is.' It put me quite out, that, and joggled me so I couldn't make another line straight. I couldn't see the Speaker no longer, for my eyes watered as if I had been a-stringin' inions for a week, and I had to keep blowin' my nose the whole blessed time, for the cold in it corked it up as tight as a bottle. 'Who calls them fools?' said I: 'who dares insult free citizens because they are not forty shillingers? You couldn't treat them wus if they was nasty, dirty, dispisable niggers; and yet you boast your glorious constitution. Will any member answer me this? Have they blood in their veins?—and if they have, it must be free blood; and if free, it must boil.' (Tickle, tickle, goes my boscis ag'in, and I had to stop to search my pocket for my nose-rag.) 'The honourable gentleman,' says some feller or another, for most on 'em were strangers to me, 'means a blood puddin', I suppose.' Ah! I thought I should have gone ravin' distracted mad. I knew I was talkin' nonsense, that I had run off the tracks with all steam on, and was aploughin' thro' the mud in the fields like anything. Says I, 'I'll have *your* blood, you scoundrel, if you dare to say that ag'in see if I don't, so there now.' Oh dear, such shoutin', and roarin', and clappin' of hands I never heerd; my head run round like a spinnin' wheel; it was all burr, burr, burr, buzz, buzz, buzz. I bit in my breath to keep cool; I felt I was on the edge of a wharf, and only one step more was over head and ears chewallop in the water. 'Sam,' says I to myself, 'be a man; be cool, take it easy;' so I sot of ag'in, but I was so confused I got into my other speech on agricultur' that I had larned by heart, and mixed the two together all in a ravel. 'Thistles,' says I, 'is the bane of all good husbandry. Extirpate them from the land; they are usurpin' the places of grain, and all Slickville will be filled with Polls. If they have no voice in this assembly, how can you expect them to obey the laws they never made. Compel folks to cut them down in the full of the moon, and they'll all die; I have tried it myself with univarsal suffrage and the ballot.'

'Well, artillery is nothin' but a popgun to the noise the members now made,—it was an airthquake tipped with thunder and lightning. I never heerd nothing like it. I felt I was crazy; I wished I was dead a'most, or could sink through the floor into the middle of the sea, or anywere but where I was. At last cousin Woodberry took pity on me, and came over to where I was, and said, 'Sam,' said he, 'set down, that's a good feller; you don't know what you are a-doin' of: you are makin' an ass of yourself.' But I didn't hear him. 'Confound you!' said he, 'you look mean enough to put the sun into eclipse,' and he laid hold of the skirts of my coat, and tried to pull me down; but instead of that he pulled 'em right off, and made an awful show of me. That sot me off ag'in quite ravin' as bad as ever. 'I won't be put down,' says I, 'Mr. Speaker; I fight for liberty and the Polls: I stand ag'in in the forty shillingers. Unhand me, you slave!' said I; 'touch me not, or I'll sacrifice you on the altar of my country;' and with that I ups fist and knocks Woodberry over as flat as a pancake, and bolts right out of the hall.

'But I was so blinded with the cold in my head and rage together, I couldn't see no more nor a bat, and I pitched into several members in the way out, and 'most broke their necks and my own too. It was the first and the last of my speech-making. I went by the name, for years afterwards, in our town of 'Free-and-equal Slick.' I wish I could wipe out that page of my follies from my memory, I tell you; but it's a caution to them that navigate in politicks, that's a fact.

'Nothin' on this side of the water makes so big a fool of a man, Squire,' he continued, 'as goin' to the house of representa*tives* without bein' fit for it. Them that hante jist got the right weight of ballast are upsot in no time, and turned bottom upwards afore they know where they be. Them that are a little vain by natur' get so puffed up and so consaited, they become nothin' but laughin' stocks to all the world, most ridiculous fools; while them whose principles ain't well anchored in good holdin'-ground, let the rogue peep out o' their professions plainer than they are a-thinkin' on. The skin of the beast will show through like an Irishman's elbow, though he has three coats on. But that ain't the worst of it neether. A man is apt to become bankrupt in business, as well as in character, by it. Doin' big and talkin' big for three months in the year, and puffin' each other up till they are ready to burst with their importance, don't convene with sellin' tape by the yard, or loadin' on carts, when they return home to their business. In short, Squire, a country ought to be a rich country, with larned men in it, and men o' property to represent it, or else assembly work is nothin' but high life below stairs arter all.

'But to sum-totalize my story—the next time I went to poor old minister's arter that, says he, 'Sam,' says he, 'they tell me you broke down the other day in the house of representa*tives*, and made a proper gag of yourself. I am very sorry for you, very sorry indeed; but it is no use now a-cryin' over spilt milk. What can't be cured must be endured, I do suppose; but I do wish with all my heart and soul you had a-taken my advice, and left politics alone.'—'Don't mention it, minister,' said I, 'I am ashamed to death of myself, and shall leave Slickville till it's blowed over and forgot: I can't bear to hear of it: it fairly makes me sick. *It was a great card* I had tho', if I had only *played it right*,' says I, 'a very *great card indeed*. In fact it was more *than a card*—it was *high, low, Jack, and the game.*'—'What was it,' said he, 'that was worth all that are nonsense?'—'Univarsal suffrage,' says I.—'Sam,' said he, (and I know'd I was in for a lectur', for he knit his brow, and looked in rael right down airnest,) 'you don't know what you are a-talkin' about. Do you know what univarsal suffrage means?'—'To be sure I do,' says I; 'it's every man havin' a vote and a voice in makin' those laws that is to govern him; and it comports with reason, and stands to common sense.'—'Well,' says he, 'what's all that when it's fried? why, it amounts to this, and nothin' more nor less—*Now men of property and character make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds*, but by your beautiful scheme of univarsal suffrage, *rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character.*

It is revarsin' the order of things —it is worse than nonsense; it is downright madness. We are fast approaching this state without your aid, Sam; I can tell you; and when we do arrive at it, we shall be an object for the finger of scorn to point at from Europe. We shall then have wound up the fearful tragedy of our revolution with as precious a farce as folly and licentiousness ever produced.'—'Minister,' says I, 'I don't know how it is, but you have such a short-hand way of puttin' things, that there is no contradictin' of you. You jist squeeze all the argument up in a ball, as easy as dough, and stop a feller's mouth with it. How the plague is it that you seem always right?'—'Because *I never play a card*, Sam. I never consider what is *expedient*, but what is *right*; never study what will *tickle the ears of people*, but what will *promote their welfare*. You would have been all straight too, if you had only looked to the right and wrong of the measure; but you looked to *popularity*, and that sot you to *playin' of a card*. Now the upshot of this popular gambling, or *card playing*, is patriotism; and mark my words, Sam, mark my words, my boy, for I am an old man now, and have read the human heart well—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, *patriotism is the trump card of a scoundrel*.'

CHAPTER III.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Slick had ever made such an absurd exhibition of himself in the Legislative Hall of Slickville, as he thought proper to pourtray in the anecdote related in the last chapter. He was evidently a man of too much tact and natural good sense, to have rendered himself so ridiculous; nor must we, on the other hand, attribute his making himself the hero of the tale to an absence of vanity, for few men had a greater share of it than himself. It probably arose from his desire to avoid personalities, and an amiable anxiety not to furnish a traveller with names that might hereafter appear in print to the annoyance of the real actors. Indeed, so rich did he think himself in experience and knowledge of the world, that he felt he could afford to draw at will on his own reputation. Upon my expressing to him an intention to record his illustration of 'playing a card' as a valuable lesson in life,—'Ah, sir,' said he, with the air of a man who felt he had a right to boast, 'I have larned to 'look behind the scenes.' Major Bradford taught me that airly in life. It was him put that wrinkle on my horn. He was the gentleman that traded in calves and punkins for the Boston Market. Well, one arternoon, havin' nothin' above pitikelar to do, I goes and dresses myself up full fig, and was aposten away as hard as I could leg it, full chisel down by the Mall in Boston to a tea and turnout to Sy Tupper's. Sy had an only darter called Desire; she warn't a bad lookin' piece of farniture neither; folks said she would have fifty thousand dollars, and to tell you the truth, I was a-thinkin' of spekilating there, and was a-scouterin' away as hard as I could leg it to the party. Who should I meet on the road but the Major apokin' along with his cocoa-nut down a-studin' over somethin' or another quite deep, and a-workin' up the baccy in

great style, for nothin' a'most will make a man chaw like cypherin' in his head to himself.—'Hullo, Major,' said I, 'who's dead, and what's to pay now? why what's the matter of you? you look as if you had lost every freend on airth.'—'H'are you, boy?' said he: 'give us your fin, and then tell us which way you are a-sailin' of this fine day, will you.'—But jist as I was agoin' to take hold of his hand, he drew back the matter of a yard, or so, and eyed me all over from head to foot, as if he was a'measurin' me for a wrastlin' bout.

'Says he, 'I'll bet you a five dollar piece, Sam, I know where you are a-goin' to-night.'—'Done,' said I, 'it's a bargain; now, where?'—'A-whalin',' says he.—'A what!' says I.—'On a whalin' voyage,' said he.—'Hand out your five dollars,' says I, 'for you missed your guess this hitch anyhow. I am a-goin' down to Sy Tupper's to tea and spend the evenin'.'—'Exactly,' said he, 'goin' a-gallin'; I know'd it, for you are considerably large print, and it don't take spectacles to read you. She is rich in iles, that gall; her father made his money a-whalin', and folks call her 'Sy Tupper's spermaceti.' Bah! she smells of blubber that greasy-faced heifer; let her bide where she be, Sam. You hante been '*behind the scenes* yet,' I see, and that screech owl in petticoats, Mother Tupper, is an old hand. She will harpoon you yet, if you don't mind your eye; now mark what I tell you. Come with me to the the-*atre*, and I'll show you a gall of the right sort, I know. Helen Bush comes on in tights to-night. She is a beautiful-made crittur that, clean limbed and as well made as if she was turned in a mould. She is worth lookin' at, that's a fact; and you don't often get such a chance as that are.'—'Dear, dear,' said I, 'in tights! well if that don't beat all! I must say that don't seem kinder nateral now, does it, Major?'—'Nateral!' said he, 'what the devil has natur' got to do with it? If she followed natur' she wouldn't wear nothin' at all. Custom has given woman petticoats and men pantaloons, but it would be jist as nateral for woman to wear the breeches and men the apronstring, and there is a plaguy sight of them do it too. Say it ain't modest and I won't non-concur you, but don't talk about natur', for natur' has no hand in it at all. It has neither art nor part in it, at no rate. But take my advice, my greenhorn, and study natur' a bit. Folks may talk of their Latin and Greek till they are tired, but give me natur'. But to study it right you must get '*behind the scenes*,' so come along with me to the house.'

'Well, I never was to a theatre afore in all my life, for minister didn't approbate them at no rate, and he wouldn't never let me go to 'em to Slickville; so thinks I to myself, I don't care if I do go this once; it can't do me no great harm I do suppose, and a gall in tights is something new; so here goes, and I turns and walks lock-and-lock with him down to the play-house. Well, I must say it was a splendid sight too. The house was chock full of company, all drest out to the very nines, and the lamps was as bright as day, and the music was splendid, that's a fact, for it was the black band of the militia, (and them blacks have most elegant ears for music too, I *tell you*,) and when they struck up our blood-stir-

rin' national air, it made me feel all over in a twitteration as if I was on wires a'most, considerable martial.

'But what gave me the gapes was the scenes. Lord, Squire, when the curtain drawed up, there was Genesee Falls as nateral as life, and the beautiful four-story grist-mills taken off as plain as anything, and Sam Patch jist ready to take a jump in the basin below. It was all but rael, it was so like life. The action too was equal to the scenes, it was dreadful pretty, I do assure you. Well, arter a while, Helen Bush came on in tights; but I can't say I liked it; it didn't seem kinder right for a gall to dress up in men's clothes that way, and I sorter thort that nothin' a'most would tempt me to let Sister Sall show shapes arter that fashion for money. But somehow or somehow-else, folks hurrawed and clapped and cheered like anything. It was so excitin' I hurrawed too, at last, as if I was as well pleased as any of them, for hollerin' is catchin', like barkin' among dogs, and you can't help it no how, you can fix it. Well, arter legs lost their novelty, a whole lot o' dancin' galls came forward and danced *quod*-rills, gallop pards, horn-pipes, and what not, the most beautiful critturs, I think, I ever laid my eyes on,—all young and bloomin' and graceful and light as spirits a'most. They seemed as if they e'en a'most belonged to another guess world from ourn, only the rosy cheeks and bare necks, and naked arms, and dear little ankles, all smacked of rael life.

''What do you think of *them?*' said the Major; 'hante they fine glass-spun heels, them critturs. I guess you don't often see such fetlocks in Slickville as them; for your galls, if I don't mis-remember, are rather beefy about the instep: what do you think of them, my boy, eh?'—'Think?' says I, 'why I never seed the equal of it. Where the plague did they pick up such a lot of elegant galls? they are horrid pretty, I must say: are they foreigners or nat*ives*?'—'Nat*ives*,' said he, 'genu*wine* Jonatheenas, all raised in Conne'ticut, and silver-skinned inions every soul of them.—Would you like to be introduced to them?'—'Well,' says I, 'I would, that's a fact, for it's enough to set a fellow crazy a'most, actilly ravin' distracted mad with pleasure, the sight of so many splendid little fillies, ain't it?'—'Well, come along with me then,' said he, 'jist foller me, and I'll take you round there.' So out we goes into the entry, and follers along into a dark passage, a pretty difficult navigation it was too, among trap-doors, and boxes, and broken steps, and what not; and arter a while we enters a great onfurnished barn of a room alongside of the stage, and there was the players, and dancers, and singers, and ever so many actin' people. Well, it was a wonderful sight too; p'raps in all my born days I never see anything to equal it. I never was so staggered. I don't think all my starin' put together, would come to the great big endurin' stare I then gave. I was onfakilized, that's a fact. I stood for the whole blessed space of five minutes without movin' or speakin'. At last one of the dancin' galls came a-fingerin' up to me a horn-pipin', and a-singin', and dropt me a low curtshee.—'Well, my old rooster,' said she, 'the next time you see me, I hope you will

know me; where did you larn manners, starin' so like all possest.'—Well, I warn't much used to town-bred galls, and it took me all aback that, and struck me up all of a heap, so I couldn't stir or speak.—'Oh fie, Julia,' said another, 'how can you!' and then comin' up and tappin' me on the shoulder with her fan, to wake me up like, said she,—'Pray, my good feller, 'Does your mother know you're out?' —The whole room burst out a larfin' at me; but no, move or speak I couldn't, for I was spell-bound, I do believe. There I stood as stiff as a frozen nigger, and all I could say to myself was, 'Heavens and airth!'

'At last another gall, the best and lightest dancer of them all, and one that I rather took a leetle fancy to on the stage, she was so uncommon spry and active, took a flyin' lep right into the middle of the room, and lit down on one foot; and then, balancin' herself as she did on stage with her hands, stretched the other foot away out ever so far behind her. Well, arter perchin' that way a minit or so, as a bird does on a sprig of a tree, she sprung agin, right forrard, and brought herself bolt upright on both feet jist afore me. 'What will you give me, my young Coon,' said she, 'if I show you the way?'—'What way,' said I at last, a-scratchin' of my head and a-pluckin' up spunk enough to find my tongue. —'The way out,' said she, 'for you seem as if you sorter lost your road, when you came in here.' I thought every one in the room would have gone into fits, they larfed so; they fairly screeched till they most loosened their teeth, all but her, and *she* looked as quiet as a baby.

''Well done, Angelica,' said the Major; 'what a wicked little devil you be!' and he put his arm round her waist and kissed her; and then said he, 'Waiter, half-a-dozen of iced champaigne here to pay for Mr. Slick's footin';' and if he and them galls didn't tuck in the wine in great style, it's a pity, that's all. Well, a glass or two of liquor onloosed the hinges of my tongue, and sot me all right again, and I jined in the joke and enjoyed the larf as well as the best of them; for it won't do to get cross when fellers are running of their rigs, it only makes them wus.

'Arter a while we left the theatre to go home, and as we progressed down street, says the Major to me, 'Well, Slick,' says he, 'how did you like them little angels, the dancin' galls? you seemed as amazed as if you was jist born into the world, and looked rather struck with them, I thought, pitekilarly Angelica; a neat little article that, ain't she? There's no nonsense about her; she is as straight as a shingle in her talk, right up and down, and no pretence. I guess she has put 'Sy Tupper's spermaceti' quite out, hante she?'—'It puts all creation out,' said I; 'I never was so stumpt afore since I was raised from a seedlin'. Heavens and airth! only to think them nasty, tawdry, faded, yaller, jaded, painted drabs was the beautiful dancin' galls of the theatre? and them old, forred, impudent heifers was the modest, graceful, elegant little cherubs that was on the stage an hour afore; and then to think them nasty daubs was like Genesee Falls, Lord, I could paint them pictur' scenes better myself, with a nigger wench's house-mop, I could, I snore.'—'Exactly,' says

the Major; 'you have been 'behind the scenes' you see, Sam, and you have got a lesson not to trust to appearances altogether. —Rael life is one thing and stage representation is another. The world 'behind the scenes' and what is exhibited on the boord is as different as day is from night. It tante all gold that glitters in this life, I can tell you. Jist so it is with 'Sy Tupper's young spermaceti;' for I see you want to spikilate in iles there.

When you double Cape Horn, as yer in hopes for to do,
There's a plenty of sparm whale on the coast of *Peru*.

What a life for a man, to be the wick of an ile lamp, ain't it! and have your wife snuffing you with her fingers. It's as bad as having your onquestionable ugly nose pulled.—Oh yes, take her by all means, only get 'behind the scenes' first; you have only seed her yet of an evenin', and then she was actin' rigged out for a party, a-smilin' and a-doin' sweet and pretty, and a-wearin' of her company-face, and singin' like a canary-bird. But go into 'the green-room,' see her of a mornin', get a peep at a family scene, drop in on 'em of a sudden, onexpected like, and see the old cat and her kitten a-caterwaulin' and clapper-clawin' each other till they make the fur fly, and you will be jist as much dumbfoundered as you was at the dancin' galls; you won't know her, that's a fact; you'll find that your beautiful 'spermaceti' has turned out nothin' but tallow, and bad tallow too. Such critturs run more nor half away to waste, and give more grease than light, by a long chalk. But come,' said he, 's'posin' you and me settle our little account, for short reckonings make long friends, as the sayin' is. First, there is your five dollar bet; then six bottles of iced champaigne, at three dollars each, is eighteen dollars more; and then two dollars for tickets, makes a total of twenty-five dollars; do you undercumstand? Come into the iseter shop here, and plank the pewter, and I will go sheers with you for a supper of iseters. It's a considerable of a dear lesson that; but it's the best you ever got, *I* know.'—'Dear!' said I, a countin' the money to him, 'I guess it is dear. If all my schoolin' in town-ways is to cost at that rate, I guess I'll have more larnin' than capital when I get thro' my trainin'. Twenty-five dollars for bein' made a fool on, for them dancin' galls to laugh at for two hours, what a pretty go that is, ain't it? I must say I don't thank you a bit, Major; it warn't pretty at all.'—'Who the devil axed you for thanks!' said he; 'you have done better, you have paid for it, man, and boughten wit is always the best; but you *will* thank me for it some o' these days, see if you don't. It's better to be made a fool on for two hours than for life. I have known a feller silly enough to marry a dancin' gall afore now; but then he'd never been 'behind the scenes,' as you have; yes, it's a valuable lesson that. Your old fogey of a parson that you are always a-talkin' of, old Hop, Hope, something or other, may preach away to you till he is blind, but he can't larn you anything equal to that. It's a lesson from life, and a lesson from life is worth a hundred sarmons. In everything a'most, Sam, in this world, consider you are deceived or liable to be deceived, and that you can't trust even the evidence of your own senses, unless you 'look behind the scenes.' But come,'

said he, 'preachin' is not my trade, let us walk into half a bushel of these iseters; they are rael salts, they come from Nova Scotia, and better than any we have, or the British either:' and we sot to and did justice to them, at least *he* did, you may depend. He walked 'em into him as a duck does a June bug. He could open, pepper, and swaller a dozen to my one, for somehow I never could get my knife into the jinte of one until half an hour's bunglin'—I hadn't got the knack.—'You don't seem to like them,' said he at last, a-drawin' breath and a-swallerin' a gill of pure whiskey; 'p'raps you are too patriotic to eat blue-nose's iseters, and prefer the free citizens of our own beds?'—'No,' said I, 'it tante that; I can't open them, they are so uncommon tight about the jaws.'—'Hem!' said he, 'I forgot that. You never seed an iseter, I do suppose, or a dancin' gall nother afore to-night. Do as I do, younker; this is the way, freeze down solid to it, square up to it, as if you was a-goin' to have an all out-door fight for it,' and he slipped 'em out o' the shells into his mouth as fast as a man dealin' cards, until he fairly finished all we had. 'You don't drink,' said he, 'now that's not wholesome; you ought to take enough of the neat liquor to make 'em float light on the stomach;' and he jist tipt off the balance of the whiskey without winkin'. 'Ah!' said he, making a wry face, 'that's no go; that last iseter was not good, it's upsot me a-most; call for some more, and I'll be in agin in a minit; I must go into the air, for I feel dizzy.'—Wall, I called for some more iseters and some more whiskey, and I sot and worked away at my leisure, and waited for him to come back and pay his share of the shot. Well, I waited and waited for ever so long; till I e'en a'most fell asleep, and still no Major. At last I began to get tired, so I knocks on the table with the handle of a knife for the nigger help. 'Snowball,' says I, 'have you seen anything of the Major? where on airth is he? Ime waitin' for him to settle the bill.'—'Massa hab to wait den, one berry long time, sar: de last iseter, sar, he always fix Major's flint, sar, and make him cut his stick. You won't see him no more, sar,' and he grinned from ear to ear like a chessy-cat. 'De bill is four dollar, massa, and a quarter-dollar for Snowball.'—'Hem!' says I to myself, 'a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; I see it now, I'm bilked;' so I paid it, and said no more on the subject. That was another 'peep behind the scenes,' that 'he who incurs jinte expenses should look to the honesty and solvency of his partners.'

'I didn't grudge the money for what I larned that night, altho' it came to a horrid sum, too—twenty-nine dollars and a quarter—for it's worth every cent of it, that's a fact. But what did touch me to the quick was this: he drew the wool over my eyes so about Desire Tupper that I gin up a-goin' there, and then he cut in there and got the prize hisself—he did upon my soul! All that talk about her temper was made out of whole cloth, and got up a-purpose, along with her nickname of 'Spermaceti,' to put me out of consait of her, and it answered the purpose most beautiful. Yes, he did me most properly all the way through the chapter; but, p'r'aps, it will all turn out right in the long run,

for I was too young then to marry, or to handle so much money, for light come is plaguy apt to turn out 'light go;' but, at the time, I was most peskily ryled, I tell you; and if I had a-seed him while I was so oncommon wrathy, I do believe, in my soul, I should have tanned his jacket for him, so that he would have been a caution to behold. I am a good-nater'd man, and can bear spittin' on; but hang me if I can stand and have it rubbed in that way. I didn't know what to do when I got home, whether to tell the story or not; but I knew it would leake out, and thought my own varsion of it would be the best, so I jist up and tells father all about it, from first to last.—'He is a nasty, dirty, low-lived, mean feller,' says father, 'and a disgrace to the commission, though one comfort is, he ain't a reg'lar and never seed sarvice, and I dispise an officer that has never smelt powder. No man in the country but a veteran desarves the name of soldier, and them, it ain't no vanity to say, are the first troops in the univarse,—for the British have whipped all the world, and *we* whipped them.—Yes, he is a scoundrel,' said the old man; 'but still the information you got is worth havin'. It is a knowledge of the world, and that is invaluable; although, from what I've seed in the wars, I am most afeerd a man of the world ain't a man of much heart in a gineral way. Still the knowin' it is worth the larnin' it. Acquire it, Sam, if you can; but you mustn't pay too dear for it. Now the Major gin more for his wit than you.'—'Possible?' said I; 'why, how is that?' 'Why,' says father, 'he bought his at the expense of his char*ac*ter, and the leastest morsel of char*ac*ter in the world is worth more nor all that is to be larnt '*behind the scenes*.'''

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK BROTHER.

'Yes, Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'there is nothin' like lookin' 'behind the scenes' in this world. I rather pride myself on that lesson of Major Bradford. It came airly in life, and was, as he said, the best lesson I ever had. It made me an obsarvin' man. It taught me to look into things considerable sharp. I've given you a peep behind the scenes in assembly matters, so that you can judge how far patriots and reformers show the painted face: and at the the*a*tres what devils little angels of dancin' galls turn out sometimes; and now I'll tell you a story of 'the Black Brother,' to show you how cantin' fellers can carry two faces also, when they choose, for I've been 'behind the scenes' there, too. We had a split once to Slickville in our congregation, about the voluntary, and that some of the upper crust folks went off in a huff, and joined the 'Christian band' as they called themselves, or the 'awakeners' as we call 'em. Well, these folks went the whole figur', and from bein' considerable proud men, affected great humility, and called each other 'Brother,' and only associated with each other, and kept the rest of mankind off at arm's length, as if they were lost ones, and it would contaminate them, like, to keep company with them. It broke poor old minister's heart a'most, for they parsecuted him arterwards most dreadful; there was nothin' too bad for them a'most to say of the old church, for in a gineral way them that

secede *don't go off in peace, but go off armed for a fight, as if they expected to be chased and brought back again. Pride and temper is almost always at the bottom of schism, you will find.* Ahab Meldrum was one of these superfine overly good men, and jist about as parfect a specimen of the hypocrite as I e'en a'most ever came across in all my travels. Well, I was to Ahab's one day a-settlin' some busness with him, and a pretty tough job I had of it—for you may as well draw out an eyetooth, without lancin' the gum, as to drag a debt out of these whitewashed gentlemen—and who should come in but a scentoriferous blackman, his woolly head all done up in roll curls like cotton in the cardin' mills, and a large shovel-hat in his hand, and wearin' a fine frill shirt, and dressed off to the very nines, for a nigger is as fond of finery as a peacock is of his tail. They are for spreadin' it out and a-struttin' about in it for ever and ever a'most. If there was a thing on airth that Ahab hated like pyson, I do believe it was a great nigger, so seein' him come in, in that free and easy manner, he looks up at him quite stiff—for the better a man is, the prouder he grows in a gineral way—and, without biddin' him the time o' day, (which wouldn't a-hurt him one morsel, tho' the critter was as black as Comingo,) or movin' from his chair, or axin' him to sit down, says he, 'Well, sir, what brought you here, what's your business?' It made me laugh, for I *knew humility was the dress coat of pride*, and that we was a-goin' to have a scene, for I seed by the cut of the feller's jib that he was a preacher. 'O massa,' said he, 'I is a broder labourer in de Lord's wineyard, de onworthy' (and he made a bow at that word, as much as to say there is a peg for you to hang a compliment on if you like), 'de onworthy shepherd ob de little flock of free colour'd Christians to Martin Vanburinville. I jist call'y, massa broder, to cossult you about some business ob 'our little Christian band.' '—'Sit down, sir, if you please,' says Ahab, a colorin' up like anything, for he seed his own professions was set like a fox-trap afore him, and he knew it was nuts to me, and that I wouldn't spare him one mite or morsel. 'Sit down, sir.'—'Tankey, sar, tankey,' said Dr. Query, for that was the nickname the crittur went by; 'how is all your consarns, and your leetle flock? I hope dey is all well, and none on 'em jumpin' de fence, and gettin' out o' de fold, among neighbour's sheeps; mine gib me great bodder dat way, werry great bodder indeed. Mine all shockin' fond ob music, and go whereber dere is de best singin'; but I believe we may stump any sect for dat, and werry fond of Greek too.'—'Of Greek!' said Ahab, who was dumbfoundered at the turn things took; 'did you say Greek?'—'Yes, massa,' said the Doctor, 'of Greek:' and he took an old well-worn grammer from his pocket, and openin' it, said, 'Broder,' said he, 'what you call him?' pintein' to a pitikilar word.—'That,' said Ahab, who I seed was a gittin' of his dander up quite fast, 'that is '*eureeka.*'' —'Ah,' said the Doctor, 'I know him by sight, but I no recollect his name; by golly! but Greek him werry hard, werry hard indeed. I try to larn a few words, for dey sound well in de pulpit, and look grand. Coloured people

no tinkey you know nottin', if you no gib 'em hard words sometimes; and Broder Sly, he teach me to say 'em. Well, Broder Meldrum,' he says, at last, 'I is glad I 'eureeka' you at home; here is de superscription for de new meetin' house; put your fist to dat, broder, and come down like a man, hansum.' — Poor Ahab, he shrunk from the touch as if it was hot iron, and from the subscription paper too as if it was his death-warrant. 'Brother,' said he, and that word brother stuck in his crop so he had to cough twice afore he could get it out, and smelt so strong in his nose he had to take out his handkerchief, all scented with musk, to get clear of the fogo of it, 'here are two dollars.'—'O massa brudder,' said Blackey, 'only two dollar! By golly! but I ginn five myself. Member, sar, he what gibs to de church, lends to de Lord. Come, brudder, mend de figure, dat's a good soul; you won't be one mossel de poorer of it in de long run, you may depend.'—But Ahab was tough. Stickin' a subscription paper into a very strait-laced man, even for building a schism-shop for his own folks, is like stickin' a needle behind an ox's ear, it kills him dead on the spot. 'The labourer is worthy of his hire, broth—broth'—he couldn't come it a second time, so he ginn it up in despair;' worthy of his hire, sir.'—'You were wrong, very wrong, sir, to do it; the congregation should do their own work themselves.'—'Well, well,' said Blackey, a good deal disconsarted at the failure of his application; 'p'raps you is right, brudder, p'raps you is right; you noes better den us poor coloured folks does. I has seed a great deal of trouble lately, brudder,' said Query. 'My congregation is the most difficultest to manage I did ever see (pitikilarly de fair sec), and has had a split in it. Dat everlastin' sinner, and crooked 'sciple of a nigger, Ben Parsons, dat is too lazy to work hisself, de good-for-notten feller, he tinks he preach better nor me, de consaited fool! and he sot up for hisself, and seceded, and I lose twenty dollar a year of my livin' by him, and some o' my best singers too. Cato Cooper's three daughters, Cleopatra, Portia, and Juno, all left to foller arter de young preacher, and dey had most superfine voices, better nor most nigga wenches has, and sing as well as t*eatre* women, dey did. Yes, it's lucky for massa Ben, I is a Christian man, dat uses no carnal weapon, or I'd feel his short ribs for him, and take my change out of his hide, de villain.

De Raccoon grin to scratch and bite,
I hitty once wid all ma might,
I bungy eye and spile his sight,
Oh, *Ise* de child to fight!

But I is a new man now wid de ungenerate heart, and only fight old Scratch, old Adam, or old sin, but not a brudder in the flesh—no naber I ain't goin' get mad no more.

For little childer never let
De angry passions rise,
Your little hands were neber made
To tear each oder's eyes.

Nothin' else save him from catchin' it, for I is de boy dat could do it. Lord, I'd run him foul of a consternation, afore he'd know what was the matter of him. Temper, him werry trong, and say cuss him, bung up both he eye, and put in de dead lite; but I is a preacher now, and religion advise werry different, and say, 'let him go to the debil his own way, de willain.' He ain't worth powder and shot, and dat is de fac, for he is more crookeder in

his ways nor a dog's hind leg, or ram's horn, the ungenerate, ungrateful beast. Den I hab great trouble to home too; I lost Miss Wenus, my wife, last week; she died of de ribilious cholic. But she died happy,—werry happy, indeed, screetchin' and screamin' for joy, and made a most lovely corpse. I tink she was de most beautifulest corpse I ever did see —it was a pleasure to look at her. Broder Sly improved de occasion, and spoke four hours and a half widout stopin', werry powerful did de leetle man; we had a werry refreshin' time of it, and beautiful singin'; oh, by golly, but it was grand! Yes, I hab great trouble, and I e'en a'most fear I will ab go to sarvice ag'in, for troubles rise up as the sparks do; and if I do gin up preachin' ag'in, if I don't pitch into Ben Parson's ribs like a tousand of bricks, it's a pity, that's all. I'll make hawk's meat ob him. Cryin' over spilt milk is no use tho', s'pose we conclude our talk with a varse of music;' and before Ahab could recover from amazement at the freedom of his new brother, and the mortification of my witnessing the scene, he was struck speechless with vexation at Dr. Query pulling out a flute from his pocket, and putting the parts together, with a great many flourishes, and a lot of baboonerie, wettin' the threaded ends in his mouth, and forcin' them together with main strength. 'Now, brudder,' said he, 'spittin' on the eends of his fingers to make 'em stop better, 'if you and de entire stranger dere,' pointin' to me, 'will strike up a varse of music, ticklin' metre, I will jine you wid de flute,—

"'Adam was de fust man
Eve was de tudder,
Cain was a wicked man
Cause he killed him brudder.

Abel wasn't name right, was he, for he warn't 'able' for Cain, by no manner of means. But it makes beautiful music, very beautiful indeed; you have no notion of it, no more nor a child. It is the forty elebenth varse of Brudder Sly's new ode:' and he immediately commenced playing the air. 'Come brudder,' said he, 'begin, and I will pitch it for you.'

'I thought Ahab would have fainted, he was so struck up all of a heap. He knew I would tell the story all round the town, and he was as mad as a hatter; for nothin' makes a man boil over so quick as to have to put the cover on and keep the steam in. He was jist ready to bust, and make all fly ag'in with rage. At last, said he, a tryin' to bite in his breath,—'this gentleman, Mr. Slick, has some business of importance to transact this mornin' with me. I am afraid I cannot now join in the exercise; but some other time will have the pl—pleas. I will try to do it.'—'Oh,' says I, 'don't mind me, Ahab, I beg; I should like it above all things. There is nothin' I am so fond of as psalmody in consart with the flute. Dr. Query is right; it makes excellent superior music; so come,' says I, 'let's try: our accounts has kept for three years, they'll keep for half an hour longer; don't disappoint the gentleman. —'Yes,' said Blackey, 'by golly, but it's grand, dat is de fack. 'Adam was de fust man;'' and he sot off in a voluntary ag'in.—'Brother,' said Ahab, for he was obliged now to bolt that word,—'my friend is not in a frame of mind: he is not a man of *experience*. Put up your instrument. Let us take another opportunity.' —Well, the poor divil felt he

warn't wanted there at all. He seed Ahab was ashamed of him, and that pride, not business, was the stumblin'-block; so he separated the joints of his flute, put them in his pocket, and rose to depart.

'Now, Squire,' continued the Clockmaker, 'p'raps you don't know, for you can't have seed much of the blacks, but what I'm goin' for to tell you is a fact, I assure you. When a niggar is frightened or vexed, there is a parfume comes from him that's enough to stifle you. If you don't believe me, ask Lord—Lord—what the plague is his name, that was out to the West Ingees. Well, dancin' the emancipation dance with a black heifer there, e'en a'most killed him. It did, upon my soul, it all but pison'd him. It's awful, that's a fact. Well, this crittur Query so filled the room with it, it most choked me. I was glad to see him get up for to go, I tell you; but what does he do but come round to Ahab to take leave of him. 'Brudder,' said he, 'fare-de-well, peace be wid you, my lubbin' fren';' and he held out his great ily black paw to shake hands with him. Poor Ahab! he looked like a crittur that is a-goin' to be put in the stocks, resigned to his fate because he couldn't help himself, but mean enough too. He prided himself on his hand, did Ahab, it was so small and so white. He used to say it was 'ristocratic, and that it would be a fortin' for a single man like him to England; and he actilly slept in gloves lined with pomatum to keep the freckles off; I hope I may be shot if he didn't. He was top-gallant-sail proud of them, I tell you: so he looked at the great piece of raw nigger meat that was afore him with horror; and arter makin' all sorts of wry faces at it, as a gall does when she takes physic, he shut his eye and dropped his hand into it. Oh, it was beautiful! It did me good to see the hypocrite worked up that way. Query shook and wrung away at it, as a washerwoman does at a wet towel, for ever so long; and at last he let go his hold and went off, and Ahab drew out his hand all stained yaller, as if it had been dipped into tobacco juice. He held it out from him at arm's length, as a feller does that falls into the dirt, and abitin' in his breath, and curlin' up his nose as mad as a bear with his tail shot off, and went into the bedroom, and washed and scrubbed away at it like anything. When he was gone, I opened the winders and ventilated the room; for it smelt as bad as one of the narrer alleys in Old Town Edinboro', or a slaveship; it was shocking nosey, I tell you. As soon as he came back, he says, 'Sam, that poor feller means well, but he has mistaken his calling: he has too much levity, I fear, for a minister.'—'I give you joy,' says I, 'of your new 'brudder' and 'feller-labourer in de wineyard.' It sarves you right, so it does. If you hadn't a-stuck to your own church, you wouldn't a-had to endure what you just went thro', I know. No bishop would ordain that man; for he would see with half an eye he had no sense, and warn't no way fit for it at all, except to make things look ridikilous; but, if anybody can go and choose preachers that please, as they do hogreeves at town meetin's, why can't niggers elect whom they please too? it's a bad rule that won't work both ways. This comes o' schism: one error always leads to another. Now don't, for goodness' sake,

make such everlastin' pretences as you do, unless your practice keeps up to your professions. I hate hypocrites, and I won't spare you. Whenever folks talk of you and the Slickville schism, hang me if I don't tell 'em of *the Black Brother*.'

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

'WELL, Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'I'm glad you are goin' to England too. I can guide you thro' Britain as well as I can thro' the States, or the Provinces, for I've been there often; I know every part of it. They are strange folks them English. On pitikilars they know more than any people; but on generals they are as ignorant as owls. Perhaps there ain't no place in the world where such nonsense is talked as in parliament. They measure every one by themselves as father did about his clothes. *He always thought hisn ought to fit all his boys, and proper laughing stocks he made of us.* Stand on t'other tack now, and take a rise out of the British; for fair play is a jewel, that's a fact. John Bull has been a-larfin' at us until his sides heaves like a broken-winded horse; clap the curry-comb on him now, and see if his hide is thicker than ourn; for he is always a-sayin' that the Yankees are the most thin-skinned people in the world. There is a grand field in that country, you may depend, and a noble harvest for you.'

On my own part, I was no less pleased to have him with me; for few men in British America have so intimate a knowledge of the colonies as Mr. Slick, or a more clear conception of the policy that ought to be pursued towards them by the mother country. So strongly was I impressed with this conviction, that I could not help expressing to him a hope that circumstances might arise during our visit to England to bring him in contact with some of the leading members of parliament, and I felt assured he could give most valuable and useful information on a subject which, though of immense importance, was but little understood.—'Lord, sir,' said he, 'I've seen some on 'em when I was there afore (for I've been three times to England, and know it well); but they didn't want the right information, and so I bammed them; they didn't want facts to make opinions on, but facts to tally with opinions formed, like British travellers in the States, and I always stuff such folks. I had a most curious ventur' when I was last to London.

'I had been down city all day a-skullin' about, and trampoosing everywhere a'most to sell some stock in the canal that is to run through the pine barrens in the Quahog Territory, that I bought for half nothin', and wanted to put off to advantage, and returned to my lodgings awful tired, and as wet-footed as a duck. I had jist drawed off my boots, got snug afore the fire, with a cigar in my mouth, and my feet on the back of a chair, a-toastin' of them to the coals, when the sarvant-maid opened the door, and a gentleman entered a-bowin' very genteel, and sayin', 'Mr. Slick, I presume.'—'Well,' says I, 'I won't say I ain't; but won't you come to an anchor and be seated: you must excuse me,' says I, 'a-gittin' up, for my feet is wet.' Well, he sot down and eyed me from head to foot, as if he thought I was a little onder baked, or not altoge-

ther right farnished in the upper story.—'Our humid climate,' says he, at last, 'must be very different from the cloudless sky and pure air of Nova Scotia.'—'Very,' says I, 'it rains here for everlastingly. I have only seen the sun once since I came here, and then it looked as if it had the cholera in the black stage; but my feet is what I complain of most. Now to home I wear ingian rubbers; but they don't do on the pavements here: for they make you slide about as if you was on the ice. I had to leave them off, for I pitched into every one I met, a'most, and it warn't pretty at all.'—'How long is it,' said he, 'since you left Nova Scotia?'—Thinks I to myself, what in natur' is this crittur after. I'll jist draw him out by doin' simple. Now *that is natur' Squire*. If ever you want to read a man, do simple, and he thinks he has a soft-horn to deal with: and, while he s'oposes he is a-playin' you off, you are puttin' the leake into him without his seein' it. Now, if you put on the knowin' it puts him on his guard directly, and he fights as shy as a loon. Talkin' cute looks knavish; but talkin' soft, looks sappy. Nothin' will make a feller bark up a wrong tree like that: so, without answerin' to the pint, (that I might bring him to his business,) says I—'for wet feet there is nothin' like toastin' them afore the fire; it draws the cold out, and keeps it from flyin' to the stomach, and saves you a fit of the mulligrubs p'raps. I larnt that from the Ingians; they always sleep with their feet to the fire, and at night lays all in a circle round it like the spokes of a wheel. I never yet seed an Ingian with a cold in his nose.'—'How *very* good,' said he, 'what a close observer of natur' you are, sir. I shall remember that recipe of yours; it is excellent.'—As much as to say, well, if you don't beat Solomon, I bean't nobody. Thinks I to myself, I dare say you will mind it, but more to laugh at than foller at any rate.

'At last,' says he, thinkin' it was time to come to the pint, 'I am desired, sir, by a distinguished friend of mine, to request the favour of you to give him an interview whenever it may be convenient to you, as he has heard much of your knowledge of the provinces, and is anxious to get all the information he can previous to the Canada question coming on for discussion.'—'Hem!' says I to myself, 'I wonder whether this is fact or bam. It don't seem to hang very well together, nother, but it mought be a bee for all that, as the old woman said when she looked in the hornet's nest for honey. So to prove to him,' says I, 'As to convenience, let me see—I must consider a bit—to-morrow I go to Bristol, by Great Western Railway, and next day I make tracks for New York, so if I go at all I must go now.'—'Now?' said he.—I seed it posed him, that he didn't expect it so soon—'Now?' said he ag'in, and he mused a bit; and then said he, 'I am sorry the time is so short, sir, but if you will be so kind, my carriage is at the door, and I will drive you there as soon as you are ready, for my friend would be much disappointed in not having the pleasure of seeing you.'—'Civil enough, too,' thinks I, 'and as I never seed a parliamentary big bug, I should like the chance, if it was only, like a colony delegate, to have it to brag on arter

I got home :' so I goes into the chamber, puts on a clean shirt-collar, slips on a pair of dry boots, and runs the comb through my hair. 'Now,' says I, when I comes back to the sittin' room, 'lets up killock and off, for it's getting on considerably well in the arternoon, and is a'most daylight down, and if he sets me a-goin' on colony subjects I won't know when to leave off, for it takes time to spin them yarns, I tell *you*.'—So we showed a leg right off, trotted down stairs, and into the coach in no time, and says he, to the driver ''home.'' —''Home!'' says I to myself; 'why who the devil can this crittur be? Is he member's son, or his writin' and cypherin' clerk, or a lover of one of the galls; or who is he that he says 'home,' for he must live there, that's sartin.' Well, I didn't like to ask him direct, for I knew I'd find it out soon, and so I let it pass. And, Squire,' said he, 'among the wrong notions the British have of us Yankees, one is about our etarnal curosity, and axing questions for ever about nothing a'most. Now, it happens to be jist the revarse; we are not famous for *axing questions*, but for never answerin' them. Arter a while the coach stopped, and afore I could look around I was in the hall, surrounded by officers of the Life Guards, drest in most beautiful toggery, at least so I took them to be, for their uniform was splendid; I never seed anything to equal it except the President's on reviewin' the troops on the 4th July day. It made me wish I had brought my militia dress, for I didn't like one of our citizens to be out-done that way, or not to do credit to our great nation when abroad.

''Excuse me a moment,' said my guide friend, 'till I announce you;' and presently out comes another man dressed in plain clothes, and they stood there a space a-eyin' of me and a-whisperin' together. — 'He won't do,' said the new-comer: 'look at his boots.'—'It can't be helped,' said the other, 'he *must* see him, he sent for him himself.'—'Who the devil is he?' said the stranger. 'Is he a delegate or a patriotic member of assembly, or what is he, for he is the queerest lookin' devil I ever saw?'—'Hush!' said guide, 'he is the celebrated 'Sam Slick,' the Yankee clockmaker; and,' said he, 'they may talk about that feller's shrewdness as much as they please, but he is the d—st fool I ever saw.'

''Well,' says I to myself, 'this is rather pretty too, ain't it? I guess you think flashin' in the pan, scares ducks, don't you? One thing is sartin, tho' you don't often look in the glass, anyhow, or you'd know the face of a fool when you see one, which is more, I estimate, than you do at the present time.' With that, guide said to one of the sodger officers that was a-standin' in the hall a-doin' of nothin', 'Show him up.' So one of them, a very tall handsome man with his head all covered with powder, like a rat in a flour barrel, come up and said, 'Your name, if you please, sir?'—'Well,' says I, 'I don't know as it matters much about names, what's yourn?' 'Thomas, sir,' said he, a-bowin' and a-smilin' very perlite.—'Well, then,' said I, 'friend Thomas, mine is Mr. Slick, to the backbone.' I no sooner said the word than he bawled out Mr. Slick in my ear, as loud as he could roar, till he made me start again, and then every officer on the stairs,

and there was several of them there, kept repeatin' after each other 'Mr. Slick,' 'Mr. Slick,' 'Mr. Slick.'—'Don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry,' said I, 'I am a-comin' as fast as I can, and if you do that are ag'in I won't come at all, so there now;' for I began to get my Ebenezer up, and feel rather wolfish. When I came to the foot of the stairs the officer stood back and made room for me; and, says I, 'after you, sir;' but he hung back quite modest (seein' that an American citizen ranks with the first man livin')—so not to be outdone in manners by a mere Britisher, I took him by the arm and pushed him on.—'I can't think of goin' afore you, sir,' said I, 'but don't let's lose time in ceremony; and besides you know the navagation better than I do, for I never was here afore;' and then he went on first.

'As I mounted the stairs I heerd guide friend say again to the other man in plain clothes, 'Didn't I tell you he was a fool!' —'Madman, I should think,' said the other.—Presently a door opened, and I was showed into a room where member, who was nothin' but a common-sized man arter all, was standin' by the fire, and three or four young gentlemen in plain clothes was a-writin' at a table, as hard as they could lay pen to paper. The officer that opened the door roared out again, 'Mr. Slick!' as loud as he could, and I raily felt so dander, I do believe I should have knocked him down if he hadn't a-stept back out of reach; but member came forrard very perlite, and shook me by the hand, and said it was very kind of me to come at such short notice, and that he was very happy to have the pleasure to see me. Then he jist gave a wave of his hand and pointed to the door, as a hunter does to his dogs, without speakin', and the people writin' got up and went out backward, keepin' their faces to him and bowin'. Arter they were gone he said, 'take a chair, sir, if you please:' so I took one for myself and lifted one for him, sayin', 'it was as cheap to sit as to stand, and every bit and grain as easy too;' but he said he preferred standin', and kinder sorter looked at me, as much as to say, he was too good or too proud for that; so there he stood, his elbow on the mantel-piece and his head restin' on his hand. Well, my bristles began to stand right up, like a dog's back: I didn't like the talk of the guide friend he sent for me; I didn't like the way the officers kept bawlin' out my name and snickered in the entry, and I didn't relish the way I was sot down on a chair alone, like a man to be shaved in a barber's shop. I felt as if I could chew him right up, I was so mad, and I was detarmined to act as ugly as him, for my coming was his seeking and not my own; and, as there was nothin' to be made out of it, and no trade spiled, I didn't see as I had any occasion to put up with his nonsense, do you? for there is nothin' I hate so much as pride, especially when any of them benighted insolent foreigners undertake to show it to a free and enlightened American. So I jist put up my feet on his fender, free and easy, to show him he couldn't darnt me by his airs and graces, and then spit right atween the polished bars of the grate on the red-hot coals till it cracked like a pistol. Well, he jumped a yard or so, as if he was shot, and if you had seen the tan-

yard look he gin me, it would have made you split a-larfin. 'Don't be frightened, Lord,' said I,—for I didn't know which house he belonged to, so I thought I'd give the title, as we call every stranger citizen Kurnel,—'Lord,' said I, 'I won't hit you; I could spit thro' a key-hole and not wet the wards; but as you stand, I believe I will too, for talk atween two don't come kinder nateral, unless both sit or both stand; and now,' says I, 'as time presses, what may your business be with me, Lord?' Well, he stood back two or three feet, as if he was afeered I would touch him, and then he entered into a long parlaver about the colonies, and asked me if the people was contented with the Government. 'Mr. Stranger Lord,' said I, 'they are not, and that's a fact.'

'He brightened up when he heerd that; he seemed as if it pleased him, as if he would raither hear that than that they were satisfied. Thinks I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. I see what you be; you are an agitator, and want grievances to work on; but you got the wrong sow by the ear this time, anyhow.—'Ah,' said he, 'your testimony is valuable, Mr. Slick, for you are an impartial man, and have had great opportunities of knowing the condition of the people. Do you attribute this discontent to the government that has prevailed there since the American revolution, or to causes over which we have no control?'—'To the Government,' said I, 'some part, and some part to other causes, but to none over which you have no control.'—'Precisely,' said he; 'that is exactly my view of it. Will you allow me,' said he, (a-tryin' to lead me on by doin' the civil,) 'to offer you some refreshment, sir; I ought to apologize to you for not having offered it before. Have you lunched yet?'—'Thank you, Lord,' said I, 'I have dined, and harnt no occasion for nothin'.'—'Then what remedies do you propose?' said he: 'how would a union do?'—'Cure all evils,' said I: 'you have hit the right nail on the head; it's exactly the right medicine.'—'How singular,' said he; and he rubbed his hands, and walked up and down the room several times, lookin' very pleased; and I thought I heerd him say, 'What will the duke say to this?' 'You have heerd, no doubt,' said he, 'of responsible government; pray what is your opinion of that?'—'It is not only a good government,' said I, 'but no country can be either happy or contented without it. It is absolutely indispensable; you will lose the colonies without you introduce it.'—'Mr. Slick,' said he, 'I have heerd much of your sagacity from others, and your conversation fully confirms the high opinion I had formed of you. I am delighted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. When do you leave town?' (English folks always begins that way, afore they axe you to take pot luck with them.)—'In the mornin', bright and airly,' said I: 'have you any commands that way?'—'No, thank you,' said he; 'but would you have any objections to my ordering up those gentlemen you saw here jist now, to hear this very gratifying confirmation of my opinions?'—'Not the least in the world,' said I; 'I don't care if all London hears it.' So he rang the bell, and who should answer but the self-same officer that showed me in.

''Tell those gentlemen,' said

Lord, 'that I desire their persence immediately; and here, you feller, don't let me hear any more laughing out there: don't you know I never permit any one to laugh in my house;' and he looked as wicked as a meat-axe at him. He said nothin', but bowed down a'most to the carpet, like a Chinese tea-merchant, and backed out wrong eend foremost. 'Oh! dear, dear,' said I to myself, 'what a fool *I be:* I might have known them was sarvants if I hadn't a-been a born idiot, and that rich parliament men could afford uniform for 'em, if they liked;' but we must live and larn, and everything must have a beginning, I do suppose. While the sarvant was gone, says the entire stranger, 'Mr. Slick, the party I belong to is a small but very influential one. It holds the balance between the other two. It occupies the centre, and keeps the others at equal distance, whose weights retain us in our place. By this means, whichever way we incline, we turn the scale. Your information therefore is all-important.'—'Exactly,' says I, 'if you can only manage to keep 'em jist so, and no farther, it will work beautiful; but if they pull apart ever so little, whap you come to the ground, like a feller atween two stools, and stand a chance to break your neck, and I hope to heavens you may not hurt yourself, if you do fall.' He looked as striped as a rainbow at that; but he brightened up at the close, with a look as much as to say, 'you Yankees put your words very far apart, very far indeed; it makes things sound odd like.'

'When the gentlemen came in, Lord said, 'Mr. Slick fully confirms my views. He admits the discontent in the colonies, much of which he attributes to Tory misgovernment: he approves of the Union, and says nothing will calm the country but responsible government.'—'I do,' said I; 'and, by your leave, I will explain what I mean.'—'Do,' said he; 'but pray be seated; allow me to give you a chair:' and we all sot down, and he among the rest. He forgot his pride that time. How strange it is, Squire, no man is so haughty and overbearin' as a democrat or radical; and they do tell me some even of the liberal lords beat all natur' for pride, actilly the highest in the instep of any of their order. *That comes of pretence now; a man that stoops lower nor he ought in some things, is plaguy apt to straighten himself over the perpendicular in others, to make up for it again.*—'Now,' says Lord, 'I wish you to hear this man's, (gentleman's says he, a-catchin' himself as quick as wink,) this gentleman's opinion yourselves. It is very satisfactory to have such good authority in our favour,' — 'Discontent,' says I, 'prevails to an alarmin' extent. It exists everywhere,' '(I'll move to have this feller examined before a committee,' said he, a-whisperin' to my guide friend; 'the scoundrel is quite a godsend to us,') 'it pervades all classes,' says I.—'Good heavens!' said he, 'I wasn't prepared to hear such a fearful account; but it's very satisfactory, very satisfactory indeed. Go on, sir; I am quite delighted.'—'Paradise wasn't good enough for some folks,' says I: 'how can the colonies be? Them critturs there are not satisfied with the dispensations of Providence; how can you expect them to be so with the Government. They would like to have a Government to

cost nothin', to have their bread grow'd ready baked, to be paid for eatin' it, and be fed with a silver spoon.' '*Union*,' says I, 'that you inquired about, is most desirable, for it would heal all differences; but not a union of the provinces, for that would only open new sources of strife, and eend in your losin' 'em body and breeches; but a *responsible Government*,' says I, 'is indispensable.' Jist then I took a squint out of the corner of my eye, and I see he begin to smell a rat, and to look all adrift; so on I went, knee deep, and a foot deeper, a-pokin' it into him like fun. 'Men who rebel,' says I, 'and commit murder and arson, ought to be held *responsible* for it, or you might as well be without any law at all, unless you like Lynch law best. Wherever you see loyalty, encourage it; and disloyalty, discourage it. Whatever changes is right, make them, and then tell them, now, that's the form that's settled, if you don't like it, leave the colonies, and go where you can find things more to your mind: but if you do stay there and rebel, you will be hanged, as sure as you are born. You shall have responsibility, *but it shall be the responsibility of crime to law, and of offenders to justice*.'

'Heavens and airth! if you had only a-seed stranger Lord, or whatever he was, how he looked, it would have done you good. It was as grand as a play. Oh he was as mad as a hatter, and the madder because he couldn't help himself nohow he could fix it. He actilly looked as small as the little eend of nothin' whittled down. He was so bungfungered he couldn't speak, and t'other fellers looked as if they were afeerd of their lives to speak either. They seemed, them critturs, as if they darsn't call their souls their own, he kept them in such awe. Oh dear, what a bam it is for such men to talk liberal, when they actilly don't believe that they are made of the same clay as other folks. At last they began to look rather serious for a joke; so says I, rising up and taking my hat, 'I believe I must be a-movin', Lord,' says I; 'and if I don't sail, as I some expect, I shall be back next week; and if you want to see further into matters, jist send for me, and I will come with pleasure; or, if you want to examine me before that committee, tip the scoundrel a subpener, and he'll testify through a three-inch plank for you. Do you take?' (It made his teeth grit that, like two millstones; he grinned like a fox-trap: fact, I assure you.) 'Yes,' says I, 'send for me, and I'll come; for you and I, I see, agree in opinion about them colonies exactly. Indeed you are the only man I've met since I came here that talks a word of sense about them. Good day.' And I turned, walked out, guide and his companion follerin' me.—'What a d—d hoax,' said guide, a-whisperin' to the other. 'That feller is no fool, after all; he is more rogue than dunce that. He has given him a fit of the jaundice.'—'Do you know the name of the nobleman?' said I; 'for I cannot conceive from your description who it can be, for there are many proud lords, and many wrong-headed ones too.' 'No,' said the Clockmaker, 'I can't even give a guess, for his coach carried me home, and I was so full of the bam I played off on him, I didn't mind to look at the name of the street; and he never sent for me ag'in as you may calcu-

late. I guess one dose was enough to do his business for him. I don't know nother whether he was a senator or a representative. Indeed, I don't know any lord to England. Some on 'em I hear brag that they were quite intimate with me when I was there; but that's only their boastin' to look big. No, I don't know his name, or whether he was upper or under-crust; but when I tell the story I call him the—*Great Unknown.*'

CHAPTER VI.

SNUBBING A SNOB.

On our arrival at the inn at Windsor we were shown into a spacious apartment, in some respects answering in appearance and use to an English coffee-room. At the upper end, near the window, sat a stranger, looking at rather than reading a newspaper.

'Look there now,' said Mr. Slick in an undertone, jist look there, now, for goodness gracious sake! Did you ever see the beat of that? That is a Britisher; I know him by the everlastin' scorny air he wears—for them benighted English think no one can see in the dark but themselves. He is what they call a snob that, and a full-fed one too; for when nuts grow ripe, hogs grow fat. He is a-doin' a bit of Paris that man, to astonish the weak nerves of the na*tives* with. He has been across the Channel, you see; and he has got a French barber to make him look like a bigger fool than he was afore he left home. Look at his hair, divided like on the top of his head, combed down straight over each ear, and fallin' full and curly on the cape of his coat: his moustachios squared out at each eend like the brush of a weasel's tail, and that little tuft of hair a-hangin' from his onder lip, like a turkey-cock's beard. Ain't he enough to charm the heart of a kitchen broom-stick, that's all? He looks for all the world, like one of them ancient heads in the old pictur's at the Jews' shops to London. Then see that chalky, white, bleached hand he is passin' leisurely over his mouth, to show the flash rings on his fingers; and how slow he passes his eye from the paper over the room to meditate knowin' like, as if he could see what's what, and take it all in at a draft. That goney is half puppy, half philosopher, I expect. How I would like to walk into him! It's such fun to '*Snub a Snob*,' ain't it? and to knock the rust off of him! Oh, dear, I suppose we shall get some rael travellers at last, that *do know* somethin', for the dirt always goes before the broom. Jist so it is to Florida: a horse won't live there on a new farm, so they have to use asses till the pasture gets old and good, and the feed sweet. And I suppose, now we have got steam and good inns, these asses of travellers will get a walkin' ticket, and men of sense will take their place. I must say, if he only had a good strong horse-sense, I'd like to show him how to tell a woodchuck from a skunk; but he hante, that's clear; so I'll jist set him off at a hand-gallop, and then '*snub him.*' He accordingly walked over to that end of the room, and commenced making his acquaintance.

The conversation that ensued turned on the value of the North American Colonies; and although a native and a resident of one of them myself, I am free to admit I was not aware of the unlimited extent to which they are dependent on England for their manufactures until my attention was drawn to

it by the lively and pointed sketch of Mr. Slick. His utterance was so rapid that I fear I have missed some parts of his illustration, although I committed the substance of it to paper the same afternoon. I have only to regret that some of the opponents of the Colonies were not present to hear so triumphant a vindication of these neglected and undervalued possessions.

'I suppose,' said Mr. Slick, 'you didn't come by the Great Western, did you?'—'I did, sir.'—'How was rice when you left England, and cotton? Have they riz in markit? How was they quoted when you quit? Biddle made a great spec' in cotton, didn't he. I guess some of the Liverpoolers will pass out of the leetle eend of the horn afore they are done yet, won't they?'

These interrogatories, and many others, were all answered with great good humour by the stranger, who appeared much amused with the ease and freedom of the Clockmaker's manner. At last, Mr. Slick put the never-failing American question, 'How do you like the country?' To this Snob replied in tones of great admiration of the beauty of the scenery, and the fertility of the soil: but being of the reform school of politicians, could see nothing that did not require change, and denounced all colonies in general, and the North American ones in particular, as useless and expensive encumbrances; stated his conviction that the day was not far distant when they would demand their independence; that the sooner both parties separated the better it would be for them, and that true wisdom, as well as their mutual interest, dictated immediate separation. He concluded by asking Mr. Slick if he did not concur in that opinion?

'Well,' said the Clockmaker. 'I will give you my opinion, free gratis for nothin', if you won't be offended.'—'Oh! certainly not,' said Snob. 'I shall not only not be offended, but most happy to hear your views; the object of travelling is not to disseminate one's own opinions, but to hear those of others.'—'Well, then,' said Mr. Slick, 'like begets like in a gineral way, for it's a law of natur'. Horses, do ye see, beget horses, owls beget owls, and asses beget asses—it never fails; and stupid parents seldom nor ever have wise children. Now, I ain't a-goin' to say that John Bull is a stupid, thick-headed old goney, (for I don't mean no offence, stranger, but only to argue it out plain, and nothin' parsonal, and because it wouldn't be pretty talk that,) but I estimate he is a considerable some tho', and if Blue-nose is a leetle soft like, a leetle onder-baked or so, why it's no great wonder considerin' the stock he comes of. John Bull has got a'most a grand estate in these colonies, and a'most an excellent market too, and don't know nothin' about either—fact, I assure you; and if it warn't they speak better English here than the British do, you would fancy yourself to home a'most, *for everything you hear, see, or touch here, is English.* Jist look at Bluenose and see what a woppin', great, big, two-fisted crittur he is; you won't find such a man made nowhere a'most. He is more nor six foot high in his stocking feet, (and he has got 'em to put on, too, which is more nor half the British have,) as strong as a horse, and as supple as an eel. Well, when he is born, he isn't much bigger than a kitten, a squalin', squeelin', kickin', on-

gainly little whelp as you ever see a'most. Now, what is the first thing they do with him? Why, they wash the young screetch owl in an English bowl, wrap him up in English flannel, and fasten it with English pins; and then dress him in an English frock, with an English cap trimmed with English lace. If the crittur is sick, they give him English physic with an English spoon; and the very first word he larns to speak is '*English*.' As soon as he begins to use his trotters, and run about, he has an English hat, shirt of English linen, coat of English cloth, and shoes of English leather. Arter that they send him to school, an' he writes with an English pen, made from an English quill by an English knife, uses English ink out of an English inkstand, and paper made in your country, and ruled with English pencil. He spells out of an English dictionary, and reads out of an English book. He has hardly learned what Ampersand means, afore they give him a horse, such as it is, and he puts an English bridle into his mouth, and an English saddle on his back, and whips the nasty, spavin'd, broken-winded brute, with an English whip, and when he stumbles, and throws him off, he swears a bushel of horrid English oaths at him. He trims the great, shaggy, hairy beast with English scissors; combs his nasty thick mane with an English comb, and curries his dirty hide with an English curry-comb; and then ties him up in his stall with an English halter. Then comes sportin': and to give the crittur his due, he ain't a bad shot nother, seein' that he is fond of fowlin,' or troutin', or anything but work. Gunnin' is his delight: and a wild-duck, a mouse, or a carriboo when they see him a-comin' to parsecute them, know it's gone goose with them. But where does his gun come from? and his powder? and his shot? and his flask? and his belt? why, clean away from England. Even his flint comes from there, for there ain't a flintstone in all Nova Scotia; and if there was the crittur couldn't cut it into shape so as to be any use. He hante the tools; and if he had, he don't know how. That's the reason, I suppose, any one a'most can 'fix his flint for him.' It's more nateral this should be the case in gunnin' than in fishin'; but even here the chap can't help himself. Tho' the country is covered with wood, he imports his rod, his net, his line, his leads, and even his flies. He does, upon my soul! altho' the forest is filled with flies big enough and strong enough to bite thro' a boot. As soon as his beard comes, (and sometimes afore, for I have known boys actilly shave *for* a beard,) why he goes and gets a British glass to admire his young mug in; he lathers his chin with an English brush and English soap, a-lookin' as big as all out doors, and mows away at it with an English razor, sharpened on a British hone, and stropped on a British strop: then he puts on an English collar, and ties it up with an English stock, and I hope I may be skinned if he don't call himself an English*man*. A chip of the old block he is too: and young Blue-nose is as like old John as two peas, the same proud, consaited, self-sufficient, know-nothin' crittur; a regular gag, that's a fact.'

'Why really, sir,' said Snob, who was much and very justily offended at this indecent language, 'I don't understand——.'

—'Oh! but you will understand,' said Mr. Slick, 'if you only hear me out. In a giniral way, 'bout this time he begins to feel raither pitikilar, and he pays a visit to the ''tropolis,' to see the world, for a man that hante been to the capitol has see'd nothin'; so, instead of taking a continental trip, as British boys do, he takes a coastin' trip in his father's shallop to that are great city of great men, Halifax. He fills his first office in this life, supercargo of two or three jags of fire-wood, a dozen birch-brooms, a basket of bad eggs, a sick calf, and a measly pig; and, when he has squandered all the proceeds of the plunder a-larnin' to drink and swear like a man, he comes to tell of the wonderful sights he has see'd, and talk reform politics. But, look to his vessel, ropes, sails, blocks, anchor, bolts, copper, iron, compass, and all other fixin's — where do they come from? Why, from where every part of the vessel except the sappy, buggy, dry-rotted wood she is built with comes from —from England. Look at the old, battered watch he is rigged out with, the case half lead, half pewter, that he swapped his wood for on the wharf with a woman with a painted face and dirty stockings, who cheated him by calling him 'captain,' and 'squire,' and 'your honour;' where did that watch, and that old trull come from?—from England, like the rest.

'The next thing the sinner looks out for is a gall, for few created critturs go a-gallin' so early as he does. He is hardly cleverly growd up and cut his mother's apron-string afore he is spliced. He never waits till he has a place to put his wife in, or anything to support her with; he trusts luck for that, catches the bird first and then makes the cage. Well, see how he goes about that; he cuts down the trees to build it with an axe of English iron, saws it with an English saw, planes it with an English plane, puts it together with English nails, driven by an English hammer, and then paints it with English paint and an English brush. The sashes has English glass, kept in by English putty; the doors are hung upon English hinges, and secured by English locks (against British thieves tho', for they forgot to reform them afore they shipped them out); the floor is covered with imported carpets, the windows with imported curtains, and the fire made in imported stoves, and fixed with imported tongs and shovels. When he gives a house-warmin' to his friends, for he is rather amorous of a frolic, the plates, knifes and forks, decanters and glasses, and everything else is English, and when the boys and galls go for to dance, hear the music, that's all! Pretty music it is too, afore tunes came in fashion, I guess; but hear it. English fifes, English flutes, English drums, English pianoes, and English fiddles (not to mention Scotch ones, of which mum is the word). But what's the use of talkin'. If I was to tell you what they have got that they have to send to Britain for, it would take a month; but I'll tell you what don't come: wood, water, stone and airth, is all that they can call their own, that doesn't come from England, unless it be a few thousand wooden clocks I introduced here, to let 'em know when grog time of day comes. Well, the next house Blue-nose gets into is a small one, where his nose and his toes

touches the roof. You'd think he was done with England now, and that he could take nothin' out of the world with him, no more than he brought into it; but he ain't finished yet. The goney wouldn't die happy if this was the case. He don't like to be separated from English manufactures even in death, for he is so used and so attached to the Old Country, that he calls his own native land Nova Scotia, and England he calls—what do you think now? why, he *calls it 'home;'* he does, upon my soul! No, sir, the grave don't part 'em, nor death shut his pan nother, for, as soon as he is stiff, he is dressed in an English shroud, and screwed down with English screws into his coffin, that is covered with English cloth, and has a plate on it of English ware, for the worms to read his name and age on, if they have larned to spell. The minister claps on an English gownd, reads the English sarvice out of an English book, and the grave is filled up ag'in with airth shovelled in with an English shovel, while every man, woman, and child that bears his name pulls out an English handkerchief, to wipe their eyes and blow their noses with, and buy as much English black cloth, crape, and what not, as would freight a vessel a'most; for, havin' larned the multiplication table airly in life, the number of his descendants would make you stare, I know. His children run the same rig round the same course, till they eend by being packed up in a snug pill-box in the same grave-yard. And yet, John Bull says, colonies are no good. Why the man is a drivelin', snivelin', divelin' idiot, an everlastin' horn fool, that's a fact.'

This second out-break was more than the good-natured stranger could endure, and though amused myself at the rhodomontade style of his argument, I could not but participate in the annoyance he felt at these gross national reflections.

'Really, sir,' said Snob, 'this is too much.—I——' 'I'll cut it short then,' said Mr. Slick, again misunderstanding him; 'but it's true, sir, for all that. Now how is colonist *able to pay for all* this almighty swad of manufactured plunder, seein' that he has no gold nor silver; why, mainly *by his timber*, and yet them onfakilized, onderbaked goneys, the British, actilly want to tax it and reform out the trade, so as to give a preference to Baltic timber. 'We don't wan't colony timber,' says they.—'Don't you tho',' says Bluenose, 'then I hope we may be tetotally extinctified if we want your manufactures.'—What's the name of your great gun to Canada?'—'Do you mean Sir John Colbourne,' said Snob. 'No,' replied Mr. Slick, 'I don't mean the 'man-o'-war,' I mean the marchant man.' Oh! I have it, Pullet Thompson. Well, Pullet will larn somethin' to Canada about timber he never knew afore, or it ain't no matter. When you see him, stump him; 'friend Pullet,' says you, 'when a log is hewed and squared can you tell the south side of it?' and if he don't answer it right off the reel (and I'll go my death on it he can't) tell him to send out the Board of Trade, ay, and the Board of Works too, to Sam Slick the Clockmaker, to go to school for a spell, for he is jist the boy can teach 'em something that ain't sot down in the Reform Bill, knowin' coons as they be. Yes, sir, if ever you was to Antwarp,

you'd see what it is to lose colonies. When that place belonged to Holland, and had colonial trade, five thousand marchants used to meet on 'Change; now the Exchange is left, but the marchant is gone. Look at the great docks built there at so much expense, and no shipping there. Look at one man-of-war for a navy that has a pennant as long as from to-day to the middle of next week, that can't get out for the Dutch forts, is of no use in, and if it did get out has no place to go to. Buonaparte said he wanted ships, colonies, and commerce; one fool makes many! Every delegate, patriot, and humbug, that goes from here to London, if he gets by accident to a public dinner (for folks to see he ain't black), and is asked for a toast, rises up, lookin' as wise as a donkey, and says, 'Ships, colonies, and commerce!' 'till it becomes a standin' toast. Buonaparte was a fool, and didn't know what he was a-talkin' about, for *colonies means all three*. Them that have colonies will lose the other two along with them. Yes, John Bull is a blamed blockhead, a cus——' 'Excuse me,' said the stranger, rising and effecting his escape at last; 'but really, sir, your language is so offensive you must permit me to retire,' and he very properly left the room.—'Well, I didn't mean to offend him nother,' said Mr. Slick, 'I vow. There was no occasion for him to hop about as mad as a parched pea that way, was there? I am sorry he kicked afore he was spurred tho', for I was only speakin' in a giniral way like. I wish he had a-heerd me out too, for I was only a-breakin' of the crust when he began to look all wrath that way. I hadn't got rightly into the subject; I only spoke of manufactures, but that is merely one item; there are many other political ones that he never heerd of, *I* know. But what can you expect of such critturs? all they can do is to grunt like a pig at corn time. The way they don't know nothin' is most beautiful, and them that make speeches to England about the colonies too. There ain't, p'r'aps, no one subject there is so much nonsense talked about as these provinces: it's ridiculous, it makes me larf so it actilly busts my waistcoat buttons off; it fairly gives me a stitch in the side; and I must say I do like, when I get a chance, to '*Snub a Snob.*'

CHAPTER VII.

PATRIOTISM, OR THE TWO SHEARS'S.

As soon as the conversation related in the preceding chapter had ceased, I committed the heads of it to paper, and as I intended to proceed on the following day to New Brunswick, I retired early, in order to secure a good night's rest. In this expectation, however, I was disappointed. The bar, which adjoined my bedroom, now began to fill with strangers, travelling to and from the capital, and the thin wooden partition that separated us was insufficient to exclude the noise of so many voices. After awhile the confusion gradually subsided, by the greater part of the persons withdrawing to their several apartments, and the conversation assumed a more distinct and intelligible shape. The topic appeared to be the delegation sent from Canada on the subject of alleged grievances, and I was glad to find that, with the exception of one or two noisy illiterate persons, every individual

deplored the agitation that had recently affected the colonies, and denounced the system of 'grievance mongering' that had prevailed of late years, as having a tendency to retard the real improvement of the country, and discourage the loyal and respectable portion of the inhabitants.

'Jist so,' said a person, whose voice I at once recognized as that of Mr. Slick's—'jist so, stranger: you are jist about half right, and there is no two ways about it. Delegations are considerable nice jobs for them who want a ride across the Atlantic at the public expense, for nothin'; for demagogues, place-hunters, and humbugs that want to make the *natives* stare when they get back, by telling how big they talked, and what great things they did, to the great people and to the big wigs to home. *I* did this,—*I* did that,—and so on. That's what Mackenzie did when he told his folks to Canada, when he returned from delegatin', that he seed the King, who was very civil to him, and took a glass of grog with him; and told him he was sorry he couldn't ask him to dine with him that day, for the Queen was very busy, as it was white-washin' day to the palace, and they was all in hubbub.—'For, Mac.,' said he (smilin' like a rael salt-water sailor), 'these leetle things, you know, must be done for kings as well as subjects, and women is women, whether their petticoats are made of silk or cotton, and the dear critturs will have their own way,—eh, Mac.! Our washin' we put out, but house cleanin' must be done in the house or not at all, and there is no two ways about it: you understand one, Mac.? Tell my people, when you return, if my governors don't behave better, I'll hang one or two of them as an example! Good-bye, Mac.'—And some on 'em was fools enough to believe the goney and his everlastin' lockrums, that's a fact. Yes, delegations play the very old nick with a country. They hurt its credit, stop emigration, reform our decent folks, and injure its trade. People are afeer'd of a country where there is agitation, for agitation is what the doctors call in cholera the premonitory symptom; a sign that if a*ctive* measures are not taken, rebellion ain't far off. But you colony chaps are gulled from year's eend to year's eend, hang me if you ain't. You are a nation sight too well off, so you be, and if you was taxed like us Yankees, or the ignorant British, and had to move round and mind your stops, so as to make two eends cleverly meet together when the year is out, it would be better for you, I guess. One half of you don't know what you are talkin' about; and t'other half are goin' the whole figur' for patriotism.

'Lord, I shall never forget a rise I once took out of an old colonel, to Bangor, the Honourable Conrad Corncob. He rose to be a gineral arterwards, but then he was only a kurnel, and it's very odd, but you can tell a kurnel as far as you can see him. They're all got a kind of schoolmaster look, as much as to say, 'I am bothered to death with my boys and will wallop the first one I catch like blazes that comes with his 'please, sir, may I go out.'—'Master, here's Pete a-scroudgein,' and so on.' It's all wrote as plain in their faces as a handbill. Well, he was ravin' about the disputed territory, a-blowin' up Mr. Harvey, the Governor of New Brunswick, sky

high, and sayin' what he would do ag'in the Britishers, and, at last, he says, a-turnin' to me and a-rollin' up his eyes like a duck in thunder—'Mr. Slick,' says he, ''dulce est pro patria mori.' —'What in natur' is that?' says I, 'gineral, for I've forgot what little Latin minister larned me to night school; and in fact, I never was any great shakes at it, that's a fact.'—'Why,' says he, 'it's a sweet thing to die for one's country.'—'Well, I don't know,' says I, 'what you may think, but somehow or another, I kinder think it's a plaguy sight sweeter thing to live by one's country; and besides,' says I, 'I don't translate that are Latin line that way at all.'—'Possible?' says he: 'I don't see no other meanin' to it at all.'—'I do then,' says I, 'and this is the way I turn it into English: ''mori' the more I get, 'pro patria' by the country, 'dulce est,' the sweeter it is.' And that's what I call patriotism in these days.'—Says he, 'Mr. Slick,' and he looked all around to see nobody was within hearin', and then puttin' his fingers on his nose, says he, 'Mr. Slick, I see you are up to snuff, and that it ain't easy to pull the wool over your eyes; but atween you and me and the post, it wouldn't be a bad thing to be on full pay as a gineral for the winter months, when a body can't do no business in the timber line to home, would it? and my two sons on the staff, one on 'em with the rank of captain and the other of major; do you take?'—'To be sure I do,' says I, 'I take well enough: and if them Maine folks will be such almighty 'maniacs,' as I call 'em, as to send out troops to the Brunswick line, you'd be a fool if you didn't make your ned out o' them as well as anybody else, that's a fact.'—'But, Mr. Slick,' said he, 'mum is the word, you know; keep dark about it, and I'll show you how to put the leak into folks:' and then turning round and puttin' himself in the fix of Webster, Clay, and some o' them great-guns, he made as if he was addressin' of an assembly of citizens. 'Now,' said he, 'I'll show you how I talk into them about the boundry. 'Will you sell your birth-right, my fellow-citizens? will you sell your birth-right to the proud and insolent British? I await your answer. Will none speak? Then none will be so base. Will you tamely submit to have your sacred soil polluted by benighted foreigners? No; let Maine answer indignantly. No; let Florida echo it back? let the mountains and valleys, the lakes and the rivers, take it up, and reverberate in thunder, No. No, fellow-citizens, let us rather rally round the star-spangled banner of our great and glorious country. Let us, choosing that day that is consecrated to fame by the blood and heroism of our ancestors, the great day of independence, plant our flag on the territory, and rampart it round with the bodies of our free and enlightened citizens. 'Dulce est pro patria mori.'' —And then he bust out a-larfin', and staggered like over to the sophy, and laid down, and haw-hawed like thunder.—'Well, Slick,' said he, 'when he came to, 'what darned fools mankind are, to be so easily gulled by that are word patriotism! ain't they. It fairly beats all, don't it?' 'Now strangers,' said the Clockmaker, 'that's pretty much the case with delegations. As long as them missions are profitable thing, delegates will be as plenty and grievances as thick as hops. If I was

the minister I would receive them folks very civilly, and attend to their business if they had any, *and was recommended by the Governor;* but I never would encourage agitation, and hold out a premium for it, by rewardin' *agitators themselves* with appointments. *A trade won't be followed long that ain't a profitable one, that's a fact.* I'll tell you a story.'—'Do,' said the company; 'let's hear your story,' and the motion of the chairs indicated a closing in of the listeners round the speaker.—'About forty years ago, or thereabouts, I think it is,' said Mr. Slick, 'if my memory sarves me right, there was a rebellion to Ireland. Patriots were as thick as toads arter a rain-storm; they was found in every man's path a'most and they stirred up a tempestical time of it, you may depend. They began with grievances, and speech-makin', and all that are sort of thing, jist as they did t'other day to Canidy, and it eended the same way. It was put down arter a good many poor deluded critturs lost their lives in the field. Then came the day of reckonin' and they caught some o' the leaders and hanged them, tho' most o' the first chop men cut and run, as they always do in such like cases, considerable cranky. Among the rest that they nabbed were two brothers, the two Shears's. Well, folks pitied these two men a good deal, too; they said they railly was in airnest, and had no private eends to sarve like most of the patriots, but was led astray by artful men. They said that nothin' could excuse the horrid murders, and blood, and distress caused by their doin's; but still, somehow or another, there was so much courage and darin', and eloquence, and elevation of mind like, about these men, they did railly grudge the gallus its due, that time, anyhow, and kind o' sorter felt as if they'd a been glad if they had got off. But no. Nothin' would do. Government said a just severity would be marcy in the eend, for it would deter men from follerin' sich a bad example, and they was jist hanged and beheaded. It excited quite a sensation like. People felt considerable streaked about it, pitied 'em, mourned 'em, and, as usual, forgot 'em. Well, last summer I was to Dublin, and, arter, I had finished my trade there, havin' a little time on my hands, I goes about to see the Castle, Custom House, College, and what not of curosities; for Dublin is worth seein', I tell you; it takes the shine off of most cities, and at last I heard, there was a place under St. Michan's church where bodies never decayed one mite or morsel, but kept as fresh as the day they died, and as sweet as a pot of butter in an ice-house. So thinks I, that's curous too, hang me, if I don't go and see it. I have heerd tell of such a thing, but I never see the like of that, and it must be worth lookin' at. So off I sot, with an old East India Captain, that was a-stayin' there, to the Shelburne inn, to Stephen's-green—quite a spooney old boy as you'd see in a hundred—and when I got to the church, I hired the old saxton woman, or whatever they call her, to let me in. What does she do but lights two candles; one on 'em she gives me, and t'other one she keeps in her own hand, and onlockin' the door, down we goes into the vault. Well, there warn't any onpleasant smell in it at all, tho' the floor seemed covered with fat crumbly black

soil like, that felt greasy onder foot, and, as far as I know, might a been human; and railly, as I am a livin' sinner, I hope I may die this blessed minit if the corpses warn't jist as nateral as life. Well, there were three on 'em on the floor: two on 'em, that was men, had their heads off; but the third was a woman; and the coffins had rolled off and fallen away to powder; and they had nothin' over them at all, but there they laid on the floor like dead dogs, as naked as when they was born. 'Well,' says I to the woman, says I, 'if that don't beat all, too: why nothin' has decayed about them men, but the chords of their necks. Their heads is off! how strange that is, ain't it? what made their heads go for it? and no other part? what on airth is the meanin' o' that?' '—Here another general move of the chairs in the bar-room showed the increasing interest of the company in his narrative as they closed in still further, and contracted their circle.—' 'Why, their heads ain't gone, your honour,' said she (for all Irish people say your honour to you when there is anything to be got by it), they have got them in their laps, and are a-holdin' of them in their hands: see,' and she lifted up one of their heads, and turned its ghastly face round towards me, and its eyeless socket stared horrid; while the mouth, all contracted, showed the teeth and looked wicked ugly, I tell you, with an expression o' pain and sufferin' that was dreadful to behold. I didn't get *that head* out o' *my head* one while, I tell you. It fairly harnted me; and I fancied I seed it arterwards, when I went to bed, for the matter of two or three nights, one arter the other. 'Well,' says I to the old woman, says I, 'is that St. Dennis? for he is the only man I ever heerd tell of that ondertook to walk off with his head under his arm arter that fashion —who onder the sun is he?'—'Why,' says she, 'them two men are two brothers: they was hanged and beheaded in the rebellion; they are '*the two Shears's*;' hante they kept well intirely. Now give that cratur next to your honour,' said she, 'a prod with the foot and turn him over, and see how beautiful the corpse looks, where the air ain't come to the back.'—'No,' says I, 'not I indeed; I always feel kinder onswoggled like, at dead bodies; it makes my flesh crawl all over, and I won't lay foot to him for nothin', a'most, for it's ondecent to kick 'em about with your foot that way, as if it was a carcass of pork.'—'Why they won't bite your honour,' said she, 'tho' they do show their teeth; and, by the powers, I am not afeered of any man that ever was, dead or alive; so I'll give him a roll over if you'd like to see the other side of him. He is as light as a baby, he is so dry.'—'No,' says I, 'jist let him be; it don't seem jist altogether right. Let him be where he is.'—'Well, then,' said she, obsarve, your honour, how nateral the limbs look. It's a beautiful sight entirely. People say they are great curosities, them, and that it's worth goin' many a long mile to see, and a crown piece to get a sight of them. Most gentlemen give me five shillings for my trouble; and once Lord Argent gave me a sov—'

'' 'Well, well,' says I, a-stoppin' of her gab about the pay, for women in a gineral way never lose sight of the main chance one blessed minit—'well,' says I, 'is

this 'the reward of patriotism,' to be hanged and beheaded, and then left kicking about here on the floor, like dead rats? Lawful heart! why don't them patriots (for some on 'em are at the top of the pot now) why don't they clap 'em into a coffin, bury 'em decently, and put a monument over them, and show their pity or their gratitude, if they have any. If it ain't fit to make a fuss about folks that was hanged, and they actilly did desarve what they caught that time, why on airth hante they the decency to inter 'em privately, and jist put up a stone with their names on it, to show where they be, and who they be? It's enough to make a man sick of patriotism this, I'll be hanged myself if it ain't. It is hard to say which is wus, to see patriots forgit their country, or the country forgitten patriots, for it happens both ways.'—'Don't call it patriotism,' said the Sea-Captain, who stood all the time a-sniflin' and a-snivelin' like a child, (he did, upon my soul!) 'don't dignify the crime o' rebellion, which is an offence against the laws of God and man, by such a name. The innocent blood which they caused to be poured out like water called for just but heavy retribution of shedding their own.'—'Well,' says I, 'them whose cause they took hold on might bury 'em, at any rate. It wouldn't hurt 'em one might or morsel to do that much, I am sure.'—'Patriots,' said he, 'in gineral, are too busy in consartin' schemes for their own aggrandizement to have time to think of the dead, or care for the livin' either. The very name of patriot awakens no other idea than that of the cowardly assassin, or midnight incendiary. Patriotism and the worst species of crime have become synonymous.'—'Call 'em Pat-*riots*, then,' says I, 'if you please, or christen them anything you like; but they ought to be buried, anyhow.'—'So they had ought,' said he. 'Poor unfortunate men! the victims of your own folly and the villany of your more subtle and designing accomplices, I pity you—I pity you from my heart, and will ask permission to perform the last sad office for you, and see that your bodies repose in peace at last. Ah! my good friend,' said he, 'had they read their Bible more, and seditious pamphlets less, they might have escaped this ignominious end. They would have observed the precept of the Psalmist: 'Fear God, honour the King, *and meddle not with them that are given to change.*'—'Stranger,' said I, —for I didn't see what right he had for to go for to preach to me, —'as for fearin' the Lord,' says I, 'I guess I was always brought up to that since I was knee high, or so, to a chaw of tobacco; and as for a king, we hante got none, and ain't likely to have one. We have nothin' but a President, and he is a divil outlawed, for a miserable, dispicable Loco Foco. Now,' says I, 'if you can find anywhere that an everlastin' miserable skunk of a Loco Foco is desarvin' of honour, why———;' but he wouldn't hear me out, but jist walked about a bit, a-sayin' of 'oh! oh! oh!' as if he had a fit of the colic, and a-wavin' of his hand up and down, as a free-mason does at a funeral. The crittur was a considerable of a spooney, that's a fact; but, greenhorn as he was, he warn't far out of his latitude abouts politics, I tell you. Whenever I hear how sweet it is to die for one's country, patriotism, and

such stuff, I always think of them two Shears's, and the reward they got at the time, and now receive from posterity, '*for meddlin' with them that are given to change.*'

CHAPTER VIII.

TOO KNOWING BY HALF.

INSTEAD of embarkin' at Windsor in the steamer for New Brunswick, as we had originally designed, Mr. Slick proposed driving me in his waggon to Horton by the Mount Denson route, that I might have an opportunity of seeing what he pronounced to be some of the most beautiful scenery in the province. Having arranged with the commander of the boat to call for us at the Bluff, we set out accordingly a few hours before high-water, and proceeded at our leisure through the lower part of Falmouth. Mr. Slick, as the reader no doubt has observed, had a good deal of extravagance of manner about him, and was not less remarkable for his exaggeration of language, and therefore I was by no means prepared to find a scene of such exquisite beauty as now lay before me. I had seen at different periods of my life a good deal of Europe, and much of America; but I have seldom seen anything to be compared with the view of the Basin of Minas and its adjacent landscape, as it presents itself to you on your ascent of Mount Denson; and yet, strange to say, so little is it known or appreciated here, that I never recollect to have heard it spoken of before, as anything remarkable. I am not writing a book of travels, and shall not attempt, therefore, to describe it. I am sketching character, and not scenery, — and shall content myself by recommending all American tourists to visit Mount Denson. My attention was directed by Mr. Slick, who suddenly reined up his horse, to a scene of a different description.

'There,' said he, 'there is a pictur' for you, Squire. Now that's what minister would call love in a cottage, or rural felicity, for he was fond of fine names was the old man.'—A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we emerged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the necessaries of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler. 'Look at that crittur,' said he, 'Bill Dill Mill.' There he sets on the gate, with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a-doing of nothing, with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jack-knife, and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It's the schoolmaster to home, that. And there sets his young wife a-balancin' of herself on the top rail of the fence opposite, and a-swingin' her foot backward and forrerd, and a-watchin' of him. Ain't she a heavenly splice that? By Jacob's spotted cattle what an ankle she has! Jist look! a rael corn-fed heifer that, ain't she! She is so plump she'd shed rain like a duck. Them Blue-noses do beat all in galls, I must say, for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' *in* that crittur. She is nothin' but wax-work—no life there; and he looks tired of his bargain already,—what you call fairly onswaggled. Now don't speak loud, for if she sees us she'll cut and run, like a weasel. She has got her hair all covered over with paper-curls, and stuck thro' with pins, like a porcupine's back. She's for a tea-squall to-

night, and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a nonplush this way by strangers. That's matrimony, Squire, and nothin' to do; a honeymoon in the woods, or young love grow'd ten days old. Oh, dear! if it was me, I should yawn so afore a week, I should be skeered lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel, would drive me melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, doll-faced, idle gall! O Lord! what a fate for a man who knows what's what, and is up to snuff! Who the plague can live on sugar-candy? I am sure I couldn't. Nothin' does for me like honey; arter a while I get to hate it like sin; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if you would. Sense is better nor looks any time; but when sense and looks goes together, why then a woman is worth havin', that's a fact. But the best of the joke is, that crittur Bill Dill Mill has found out that he 'knows too much,' and is most frettin' himself to death about it. He is actilly pinin' away so, that it will soon take two such men put together to make a shadow; and this I will say, that he is the first feller ever I met that actilly was '*too knowin' by half*.' But time progresses, and so must we, I guess.'

The noise of the waggon, as Mr. Slick anticipated, soon put the young bride of the woods to flight, and a few hasty and agile bounds carried her to the house; but her curiosity proved quite as strong as her vanity, for the paper head was again visible, peeping over the window-blind. The bridegroom put up his knife with an air of confusion, as if he was half ashamed of his employment, and, having given a nod of recognition to Mr. Slick, turned, and followed his wife into the cottage.

'That is the effect,' said Mr. Slick, 'of a want of steady habits of industry. That man lives by tradin', and bein' a cute chap, and always gitting the right eend of the bargain, folks don't think it a profitable business to sell always to a loss; so he says he is ruined by *knowin' too much*.—'Ah!' said he to me the other day, 'I don't know what on airth I shall do, Mr. Slick; but I am up a tree, you may depend. It's gone goose with me, I tell you. People have such a high opinion of my judgment, and think I *know so much*, they won't buy nor sell with me. If I go to an auction, and bid, people say, 'Oh, if Bill Dill Mill bids then it must be cheap,' and it goes beyond its valy right away. If I go to sell anything, every one thinks I wouldn't sell it if I hadn't a very good reason for it, for I am *too knowin'* for that. If I offer to swap, I only stamp a valy on the thing I want, and put it right out of my reach; for the owner wouldn't let *me* have it at no rate, but doubles his price, and goes and says, Bill Dill Mill offered me so much for it, and everybody knows he only offers half a thing is worth. I can't hire a help for what anybody else can, for the same reason; and I had to marry before I was ready, or had quite made up my mind to it; for I knew folks would think twice as much of my gall as soon as they knew I was after her. Darn it,' said he, 'if they said I

was a fool I wouldn't a-minded it a bit; or said it was luck, or anything. Indeed, I don't know as I wouldn't as lif they'd call me a rogue, as say for ever and ever, *Oh, he is too knowin' by half*. It's the divil, that's a fact. Before this misforth'n' came I used to do a considerable smart chance of business; but now it's time for me to cut dirt, and leave the country. I believe I must hang out the G. T. T. sign.'—'Why, what the plague is that?' says I.—'Gone to Texas,' said he.—'Well, 'tis awkward,' says I, 'to be thought *too knowin' by half*, too; did any one ever accuse you of bein' too *industrious by half?*'—'What do you mean by that?' said he a little grumphy like.—'Nothin',' says I, 'but what I say. Get a spinnin'-wheel for your wife, and a plough for yourself; work more, and trade less; live by your labour, and not by your wits; and the day, instead of being so 'tarnal long, won't be long enough by a jug-full. Instead of bein' '*too knowin' by half*,' you don't '*know half enough*,' or you'd know that.'

'Fact, I assure you, Squire; if that crittur had really been a knowin' one, the name of it wouldn't a-fixed his flute for him, for there is always a why for every wherefore in this world. There is a thousand ways for managing that. Now I got the name myself. Them tricks in the clock trade I told you. I didn't think you would go right away, and publish; but you did, and it put people on their guard, so there was no doin' nothin' with them for some time hardly; and if I went to say a civil thing, people looked shy at me, and called out, 'Soft Sawder.' Well, what does I do? Instead of goin' about mopin' and complainin' that I was 'too knowin' by half,' I sot about repairin' damage, and gitten up something new; so I took to phrenology. 'Soft Sawder' by itself requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge; others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin, like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, ag'in, are more delicater still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it, and hold your breath while you are a-spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away. But still, whether laid on thick or thin, a cute person can tell what you are at; though it tickles him so while you are a-doin' of it, he can't help showin' how pleased he is. But your books played the devil with me; folks wouldn't let me do it at all arter they came out, at no rate; first civil word always brought out the same answer. 'Ah! now, that's your 'Soft Sawder;' that won't do.'—'Won't it tho',' says I. 'I'll give you the same ingredients in a new shape, and you will swaller it without knowin' it, or else I am mistakend, that's all.' So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up galls airnest like, till she says, 'Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at?'—'Nothin',' says I, 'my dear, but a most remarkable developement.'—'A what?' says she.—'A remarkable developement,' says I, 'the most remark-

able, too, I ever seed since I was raised.'—'Why, what in natur' is that?' says she.—'Excuse me, Miss,' says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. 'What benevolence!' says I, 'and firmness of character! did you ever!—and then,' says I, a-passin' my finger over the eye-brow, 'you ought to sing well, posit*ively*; it's your own fault if you don't, for you have uncommon pitikilar powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great; yes, and composition is strong.'—'Well, how strange!' says she; 'you *have* guessed right, I sware, for I do sing, and and am allowed to have the best ear for music in all these clear-in's. How on airth can you tell? If that don't pass!'—'Tell!' says I, 'why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book; and this I will say, a finer head than yourn I never *did* see, posit*ively*. What a splendid forehead you have! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss?' Well, arter hearin' me prouounce aforehand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say, 'I won't read it aloud, Miss; I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right.' 'Do,' says she; 'I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell; it don't convene to reason, does it?'

'Nothin', Squire, never stops a woman when her curosity is once up, especially if she be curous to know somethin' about herself. Only hold a secret out in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round you like anything, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it. They'll do anything for you a'most for it. So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, 'it's no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you;' so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then gradually one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head, bumpologizin', and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, music, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin'—'Well, he's a witch! well, how strange! lawful heart! Well, I want to know!—now I never! do tell!'—as pleased all the time as any thing. Lord! Squire, you never see anything like it; its Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then I wind up by touchin' the back of her head hard, (you know, Squire, what they call the *amative* bumps are located there,) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about makin' a very very lovin' wife, and so on, and she jumps up a-colourin' and a-sayin'—'It's no such a thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. Take that for not guessin' better!'—and pretendin' to slap me, and all that; but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired and then boughten arter this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes; that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it.

'The only thing ag'in phrenology is, it's a little bit dangerous. It's only fit for an old hand like me, that's up to a trap, for a raw one is amazin' apt to get spooney. Taking a gall on your knee that way, with one hand on her heart,

that goes pitty-pat, like a watch tickin', and the other a-rovin' about her head a-discoverin' of bumps, is plaguy apt to make a fool of you without your knowing of it. Many a bird has got fascinated so afore now, that, do what it would, it couldn't get away. It might flutter and struggle a little; but at last it would fall as helpless as anything, right down. But then a fool *is* a fool all the world over. For my part I am not afeerd of none of them. This, Squire, is what I call reason, and knowin' the world. A wise man is never taken at a nonplush. But Bill Dill Mill is a noodle, and such a one, too, as it would take seven fools and a philosopher to make, and even then they wouldn't make no part of a primin' to him. He has got everything to larn yet, that feller, for a critter that is '*too knowin' by half' may know too much for other folks' good, but he don't know 'half enough' for his own, that's a fact.*'

CHAPTER IX.

MATRIMONY.

'TALKIN' of that young bride of Bill Dill Mill, and phrenology,' continued the Clockmaker, 'puts me in mind of a conversation I had with minister about women, jist afore I came down here the last time. The old man was advisin' of me to marry, and settle down to Slickville, into what he called 'a useful member of society.' Poor old crittur! he is so good himself, he thinks no harm of no one, and looks on a gall as a rose without a thorn, or an angel in petticoats, or somethin' of that kind; but book-larned men seldom know nothin' but books, and there is one never was printed yet worth all they got on their shelves, which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't onderstand the handwritin', and that is—human natur'.

'One arternoon, as we was a-sittin' together smokin', says he, awakin' up out of one of his bouts of cypherin' in his head, 'Sam,' says he, 'it's most time you was thinkin' of settlin' yourself in the world. By all accounts you are considerable well to do now, and have made an everlastin' sight of money among the Bluenoses to Nova Scotia: you should look round for a helpmate, and pick yourself out a rael, complete, right-down good wife. There is nothin' like matrimony, nothin' like home, nothin' on airth to be compared to a vartuous woman. They are somethin' better than men, and somethin' jist a little less than angels, when you can fall in with one of the right kind. Oh, a right-minded, sound-minded, and pure-minded woman, is the greatest and best work of God. Man was made out of gross materials, of nothin' but clay and spittle; but woman, she was made out of the rib of man, twice refined and remoulded, as it were, from a substance that had been cleared of its dross by a process of previous formation. She was the last work of creation; the best, the most finished, the most beautiful. Man, is airthenware, coarse, rude, rough, and onseemly. Woman, is porcelain, a crittur highly finished and delicate. Man was made for knockin' about, he is tough and strong; but woman, to be taken care of and handled gently. Don't put it off too long, Sam; don't wait till the heart ossifies.'—'Ossifies!' says I; 'why what the plague is that, minister?'—'Why, Sam,'

says he, 'you ought to be ashamed to axe that are question. I do believe, in my soul, you have forgot all you ever larned while tradin' among them benighted critturs in the British Provinces. Ossifies, means growin' into a hard substance like a bone.'—'Oh,' says I, 'now I see, and that's the reason of the old sayin' when a man licks his wife like a sack, 'I've got a bone to pick with you, my dear,' says he, and shows the crittur's heart is ossified. There are some men, I know, that would find it the luckiest thing that ever happened them to have their hearts ossified, if it took that turn sometimes. You may rave as much as you please, minister, about purity, and porcelain ware, and vartue, and all that are sort of thing, till you are tired, but there are some women I've seed that have more of the devil and less of the angel in 'em than you are a-thinkin' on, *I* can tell you. Regular built bruisers too; claw your eyes right out, like a Carolina gouger, and walk right into you afore you know where you be.'—'Well,' said he, 'p'raps so; it mought be the case since the fall, but that's mostly our own faults, our own bringin' of them up; but I was a-goin' to explain to you about the heart. As we grow old, it hardens, and loses its feelin'. When we are young it is as sensi*tive* as anything; you can't hardly touch it without givin' it pain or pleasure. It is so cute, and beats so strong and quick that it's sensations are plaguy powerful. Well, as we advance in years, the outer coverin' of it hardens, and gets as rough as the bark of a hemlock tree, and when you peel that off, then there is a hard, close, tough rind all round it, and inside that another, they call the inner *cu—tickle*.

'Yes, my son, get married, and marry soon; it's time you were a thinkin' on it now in airnest.'—'Well, I feel most plaguily skeered, minister,' says I, 'to try, for if once you get into the wrong box, and the door is locked on you, there is no escape as I see; and besides, women are so overlastin' full of tricks, and so cunnin' in hiden 'em aforehand, that it's no easy matter to tell whether the bait has a hook in it or not; and if you go a-playin' round it and a nibblin' at it, why a sudden jerk given by a skillful hand may whip it into your gills afore you know where you be, and your flint is fixed as sure as there are snakes in Varginy. You may tug, and pull, and haul back till you are tired; but the more obstropolous you become, the faster the hook is fixed in, and the sorer the place is. Nothin' a'most is left for you but to come up to the line, and submit to your fate. Now if you go for to take a widder, they are shocking apt to know too much, and are infarnal sly; and if you take a maid, it's an even chance if you don't spile her in breakin' her in, and she don't bolt and refuse a heavy pull. If they are too old they are apt to be headstrong from havin' had their head so long; and, if they are too young, they are hardly way-wise enough to be pleasant, Which, now, do you recommend, minister, widdur or maid?' Poor old crittur! I know'd well enough he didn't know nothin' about it, havin' had no experience among women any more nor a child; but I axed him to humour him, for most men like to be thought knowin' on that subject.—'Why,' says

he, a-lookin' up wise-like, 'that's a matter of taste, Sam; some prefers one, and some prefers the other.'—(So like human natur' that, warn't it, Squire? You never heerd a man in your life, when axed about women, say, that's a subject I ain't jist altogether able to speak on, and yet plaguy few know much more about 'em than that women wear petticoats, and men don't.)—'It's quite a matter of taste,' said he; but, as far as my experience goes,' says the old man, I am half inclined to opinionate that widders make the best wives. Havin' lost a husband, they know the slender tenure we have of life, and are apt to be more considerate, more kind, and more tender than maids. At all events, there is enough in the idea to put them on equal tarms. I guess it's six of one, and half-a-dozen of t'other, not much to choose any way. But, whichever it be, you must prove their temper first, and their notions; see what sort o' sisters and darters they make. I'll give you a word of advice at partin', my dear boy. *Don't marry too poor a gall, for they are apt to think there is no eend to their husband's puss: nor too rich a gall, for they are apt to remind you of it onpleasant sometimes; nor too giddy a gall, for they neglect their families; nor too demure a one, for they are most apt to give you the dodge, race off, and leave you; nor one of a different sect, for it breeds discord; nor a weak-minded one, for children take all their talents from their mothers; nor a——*' 'Oh Lord!' says I, 'minister, how you skeer a body! Where onder the sun will you find a nonsuch like what you describe? There ain't actilly no such critturs among women.'—'I'll tell you, my son,' said he, 'for I'd like afore I die to see you well mated; I would indeed! I'll tell you, tho' you talk to me sometimes as if I didn't know nothin' of women. You think nobody can't know 'em but them as romp all their days with them as you do; but them, let me tell you, know the least, for they are only acquainted with the least deserving. I'll gin you a gage to know 'em by that is most invariable, universal, infallible. *The character and conduct of the mother is a sure and certain guarantee for that of the darter.*'

CHAPTER X.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

No person on entering the harbour of St. John, for the first time, could suppose that it was the outlet of one of the largest rivers on the American continent, as it is in no way to be distinguished in appearance from any of those numerous inlets of the sea that render the coast of the British provinces everywhere accessible to ships of the largest class. As soon, however, as he gets a view of this noble stream, and becomes acquainted with its magnitude, he feels that St. John is destined by nature, as well as the activity and intelligence of its inhabitants, to become the next largest city to New York on this continent.

'Sensible folks these Brunswickers,' said Mr. Slick: 'rael right down men of business, and no mistake. They don't take it all out in talkin' as some people do. If they have any politics to do, they do it, as they load a vessel, as fast as they can to do it well, and a-done with it. They are jist a pattern to them Canada goneys to cut their garment by, if they had the sense to follow it.

I met old Jeremiah Sterling this mornin'; you have heerd tell of him, Squire? he is the richest man in the city. He is an O. F. M. as we call Our First Men among us.—'Well,' says I, 'friend Jeremiah, how do you kinder sorter find yourself to-day?'—'Why, kinder sorter midlin',' says he, 'Mr. Slick; what you call considerable nimble, and spry. We are gitten on well here, very well indeed. We have a good many 'sponsible men grow'd up here since you was this way, and our credit is good. We stand No. 1, letter A.'—'Well,' says I, 'if it is, it won't be that way long, I can tell you; the less you talk about 'sponsibility the better the English marchants and Wall-street brokers will trust you, I know.'—'Why,' says he, 'what on airth are you a-talkin' about? I don't onderstand you; you are at your old trick of ridlin'?'—'Why,' says I, 'responsible government, to be sure. Didn't you say you had a good many 'sponsible men grow'd up here, lately?'—'Well, that's notable,' said he. 'Lawful heart! if that don't beat gineral trainin'! How could you suppose I meant such cattle as them? No,' says he, 'come with me, and I'll indicate what 'sponsibility is, for the street is no place to talk over such matters in,' and he took me into his countin'-room, and touchin' a spring, opened a great iron door, and then unlocked another of the same kind, and showed me a great iron safe, on wheels like a gun-carriage. Well, it was chock full of doubloons and sovereigns, and splendid American eagles; it was actilly good for sore eyes to look at 'em! And then he opened another, filled half way up to the top with bank paper, notes of hand, bonds, and mortgages, and stuff of that kind. He stood for the whole endurin' space of five minutes a-contemplatin' of it without sayin' of a word, only smilin'. At last, says he, 'Slick,' (and he let down the lid with a slam that smelt of thunder,) 'that's what *I* call '*sponsibility*. I didn't airn that little lop specie a-talkin' over *politics*, you may depend, but talking over customers. Your 'sponsible men want no indorsers, do you twig? Now, who has most interest in takin' care of that 'stake,' that it don't go for it by fire, or sympathizers, or what not,—me, or that are chatterin', jawin', watchman of mine?'—'Why you,' says I, 'you, of course.'—'Exactily,' says he; 'and so it is in politics. *Them critturs that race 'bout like a runaway steamboat, callin' fire! fire! and disturbin' all honest folks in their beds, cuss 'em! they have nothin' to lose by a fire if it does come: but in the scramble they generally find somethin' or another to pick up that they didn't work for.* Now them chaps, patriots, Durhamites, arsondaries, and what not, to Canady, remind me of our engine men. Any engine that gets to a fire first, if it's only a chimbly a-blazin', gets five pounds out of the pockets of the people. *Cryin' fire is a profitable trade in more things than one.*'

'Jeremiah was right, Squire. It's a pity Government ever listened to colonial agitators. It was erroneous considerable. It would have been better for England, and better for the colonies too, if they hadn't, and that they'll find some o' these days, or my name is not Sam Slick. But John wants a commission o' lunacy taken out; the foolish old

crittur actilly seems possest. Concession never stopt agitation since the world was first squeezed out of a curd, it only feeds it. Throwin' sops to varmint only brings 'em back ag'in; and when you have nothin' more to throw to 'em, they are plaguy apt to turn to and tare you to pieces. It puts me in mind of the wooden-horse to Java.

'That time I took the whalin' trip, we stopt to Java: well, jist then there was a *native* chief there, that almost drove the Dutch off the island. He cut off their outposts, broke up their settlements, druv away their cattle, seesed their galls, and kicked up a regular built tornado. The Dutch governor, old Vandam, who was as fat and as heavy as a December bear, was fairly explunctified: he didn't know what onder the sun to do. He was in a most awful feese. All he could say when the people came with news, was 'Tousand Teyvels;' and the chief gave him news enough to say it all day long, until finally the outlaw-gentleman went by the nickname of 'Tousand Teyvils.' At last the Governor took a tub of tobacco, and a keg of good hollands, and a dozen of his best pipes, and shot himself up in his castle for two whole days and two whole nights, to study the ins and outs of the matter alone; for talkin', he said, always put him out like a wrong figur' in the first part of a sum, and he had to go over it all ag'in from the beginnin'. Well, at the eend of the two days and two nights the Governor opened the door and ordered in more pipes and more skidam and schnap-glasses, and then sent for his council, and nodded to them to set down; for he was a man of a few words, was old Vandam, his maxim bein', that them that talked well was seldom good for nothin' else; and the councillors squatted low and didn't say a word. Then he looked at the liquor, and then at the glasses, and the servant filled them up chock full; and then he looked at the door, and the servent went out and shot it to after him. A Dutchman's eye don't often speak much; but when it has any expression in it, it speaks to the pinte, you may depend. Well, he motioned to them to drink, and they drank off their hollands and smacked their lips; for if his liquor warn't good, I want to know whose was, that's all.—'Oh, mine Cot!' says the Governor, takin' the pipe out of his mouth, and lettin' go a great long roll of smoke, as big as what comes from a steamboat,—'oh, Goten Hymmel! I have got ven idea, and you shall see what you shall see;' and he winked to them knowin' like, and sot down ag'in.

'It was a long speech for the Governor; but he got thro' it, for he had made up his mind; and when once a Dutchman makes up his mind, I have always observed you might as well think of turnin' Niagara as turnin' him. Well, the councillors sot there awaitin' for the Governor to illuminate 'em on the subject of his idea, and drank and smoked till they drank and smoked all that was placed afore them, when the council always broke up. And when they rose to go, the Governor shook his head and said ag'in,—'You shall see varte you shall see.' Well, next day I was woked up by a most riprorious noise in the street, folks beatin' drums and blowin' horns, and rattlin' arms and all sorts of things a'most; so I jumps out of bed in an all-fired hurry, and ups with

the winder and outs with my head. 'Hullo!' says I, 'what in natur' is all this to do about? who is dead, and what's to pay now?'—'Oh!' says they, 'there is somethin' wus than galls in the bushes. The Governor komes out to the head of his army to fight Tousand Teyvils,'—and they was very full of courage, was the Dutch, for they was more nor half shaved then. Says I to myself, there will be sport to-day, see if there ain't, and you had better go and see the fun. So, thinks I, I don't much care if I do; and I dresses myself as soon as I could and runs down and joins them.

'It was a most mortal hot day, and people actilly sweated to that degree, it laid the dust: indeed, where I was, in the rear, it began to be muddy a considerable sum. I actilly thought I should a-died with the heat, it was so brilein', and was beginnin' to repent comin', when orders came to halt; and glad enough I was to hear 'em, you may depend.

'We campt near a most a-beautiful meddow at the foot of a mountain, with good shade and lots of nice cool water, and we turned to to wash and make comfortable. Presently the horns blew a long, lively blast, and in a few minutes they was answered by another from the mountain. Then ten mules were brought out, and loaded with money and goods and what not; and a captain and his guard proceeded with them to the mountains, along with one of the councillors, and in two hours' time they returned, and then a gineral salute was fired by the whole line, for they had bought a peace with the na*tive* chief. Every one was delighted; they not only nodded to each other, but actilly spoke. Some said goot, others said fary goot, and some hot-headed young fellows said tam coot. Then a report came Tousand Teyvils was to dine with the Governor; and an invitation came to me, as representin' our great nation, to be present at the feed too. Well, we all formed into line to see the chief that people was so afeerd on, for no one knew whether he was man or devil, no one havin' ever dared to show anything but a back to him; but he kept us waitin' for ever so long, for great men, I have obsarved, always arrive late at dinner; it's only common people that jist come to the time, or may be a few minutes before, to make sure. Well, while we was waitin', the Governor goes into the dinner-tent to see all was right; and arter walkin' all round it ever so slow, he turns to the head waiter and gives a grunt, 'Eu-gh,' says he, which is the Dutch for it will do very well, I am satisfied with your arrangements. It is a beautiful language for a hot climate like Java is the Dutch, so little of it goes so far. It is like cayenne, the leastest spoonful in the world does the bisness. Then the Governor says, 'Casper,' says he, (that was the feller's Christian name, and it's very odd I never seed a Dutch sarvant that warn't named Casper,) says he, 'ven I takes out my noshe-viper to blow my noshe after mit dog guesser, (which is low Dutch for dinner, 'cause it sets the dogs guessing and barking like mad) 'that is a shine to you to do varte I told you for to do. Now, if you neglects, my coot Casper, then'—and he drew his finger across Casper's throat—which is the Dutch for sayin' I will have your head cut off.

'Poor Casper lifted up his hand

to put it on his heart; but he was so tarnation frightened, he didn't get it no higher than his breeches; and thrustin' it into his pocket, which was big enough to hold a quart bottle, he bent over it and bowed down to the ground, which is the Dutch way of sayin' I onderstand you, old boy, and will take devilish good care to mind my eye and save my head. Jist then the guns fired a salute, which was a sign Tousand Teyvils was a-comin'; and sure enough there he was, a regular snorter by buth and edication, a tall, strappin', devilish, handsome feller, with a cap and plumes stuck sideways like on his head. Well, as he marched along in the double line, folks seemed as amazed as if they was jist born, and hung back like as if it was old Scratch himself agoin' to give 'em a taste of his breed, and they looked as skeered as if they had seed a rifle lookin' at 'em eend ways; and Tousand Teyvils curled up his upper lip, jist as you have seed a pugdog do his tail, with a slight twitch of his nose too, as much as to say ain't you a pretty set of mean-spirited rapscallions to come and buy your peace like cowards, instead of fightin' it out to the bat's eend like brave men? you hante an idea above your nasty, muddy, stinkin' canals and flagponds; and all you care for is your tarnal schnaps and tobacco.

'He had a most audacious eye, I tell you: it looked exactly as it was forged out of lightnin'; it warn't easy to look into it, that's a fact. It seemed to say, I am a pickaxe, and will dig you out of your hole like a badger, I hope I may be gouged, if I don't. Well, the Governor advances two steps to meet him, which is a great way for a governor to go, especially a Dutch one, and takin' him by the hand and bowin', says he, —'Mine goot frient—my prave frient,' and then he suddenly began to stop, and his eyes swelled, and the whole expression of his countenance altered, and the water came to his lips, and he began to lick his chops, as if he was a boa constrictor, and was a-goin' to slaver him for swallerin' whole.

'I never see such a treacherous face afore. Tousand Teyvils didn't seem to like it nother, for he cut this mummery short by sayin',—'How am you was,' (for he didn't speak good Dutch at all,) 'how is you been, my old Bullock?' and he squeezed his cornstealers till the old gineral began to dance like a bear on red hot iron.

'When he got clear of him, he blowed his fingers as if they were scalded, and howled and moaned like a wounded dog. It was pitiable to see him, for he was a caution to behold. If all the crooked Dutch oaths he muttered that time was straightened out, they'd reach across the Hudson, I do believe.—'Oh, mine Cot!' says he, to Casper, who came in for orders (and it railly did seem to hurt him beautiful), 'how shall I use my noshe-viper? I can't blow my noshe no more as a child, my nails have grow'd one whole inch longer. Varte shall I do? Est ist shader' (I am sorry).

'Well, arter a while they all sot down, and they eat and drank, and drank and eat, till all was blue ag'in; they fairly pulled off their coats to it, as if they were in rael wide-awake airnest; and arter the cloth was removed, says the old Governor,—'Mine hears,' (which means my dummies, or fellers that hear but don't speak,) 'mine hears, fill your glasses.' Well, they all

filled their glasses and rose up.—'I have von toast,' said he, 'ahem!' and he took out his noshe-viper (which is the Dutch for pocket-handkerchief) and tried to blow his nose, but he couldn't for his fingers were all lame, they was crushed so; and then he took his left hand that warn't squeesed, and you may depend that are wind-instrument, his nose, let go in great style, it sounded like a conch-shell. That was the signal: in rushed Casper and the guard, and come down on poor Tousand Teyvils like fallin' stars, and tied him hand and foot, and carried him in old Vandam's carriage down to town, and rowed him off to a fortified rock at some distance from the land, where they imprisoned him like Buonaparte, and where he is livin' to this day chained like a dog. Fact, I assure you.—'Coot, very coot, tam coot trick,' the company all said ag'in; and then they turned to smokin' and drinkin' till all was blue ag'in. They didn't get drunk, tho' they had a considerable of a muddy time of it too, because nothing will make a Dutchman drunk; but they sucked in the gin till they couldn't move hand or foot, or hear, or see, or speak, but sot bolt upright, starin' and gapin' like a house with the windows and doors knocked out. Now, instead of bein' ashamed of such a nasty, dirty, unperlite, sneakin' trick as that they played poor Tousand Teyvils, they boasted of it; for nothin' ever I seed made a Dutchman ashamed, except forgettin' to carry his bag of tobacco.

'Well, there was great rejoicin' to Java over this bloodless victory, and the Governor ordered a pint of gin, a pound of tobacco, and two pipes to be sarved out to each soldier in camp for his bravery; and two days arterwards there was a grand review of the Dutch army. Pretty lookin' soldiers they were too, Squire, it would have made you died a-larfin' to have seed them. Either they had fell away greatly in that hot climate, or hadn't fatted up as they intended to do afore they died, for their trowsers hung so loose on 'em they could have stowed away their knapsacks, 'coutrements, and all in 'em, instead of carryin' them on their backs. Howsumdever, they was satisfied: and if they was, seein' that they had to carry them and not me, I didn't see as I had any right to find fault, do you? for my rule is to let every man skin his own foxes. Well, they marched, and counter-marched, and fired, and all that are sort of work, jist as if they was in airnest; and the boys shouted, and the women smiled, and the blacks grinned, and all went on swimmingly, like a house a-fire. Presently a great piece of ordnance was fired off, and a booth was thrown open, and out came a'most an almighty big wooden hoss, a London brewer's shafter wouldn't make the smallest part of a circumstance to him. He had a splenderiferous saddle-cloth, that nearly covered his body, all trimmed with gold, and a bridle all of polished worked steel, reins and all: and he was led by ten soldiers, five on one side and five on the other, and mounted by a *native* rider superbly clad. His very jacket must have cost enough to set up a common man like me in the world. The hoss looked so big and so fierce you'd think these ten men couldn't hold him; and as he was on wheels, I guess they pulled him instead of holden of him. Well, every now and

then the hoss, that had machinery in it, would up-head and snort and neigh, jist like natur', and out came gingerbread, and tarts, and sugar-candy, and fruit, and all sorts of good things. Such a scramble you never did see, fellows tumblin' head over heels, and fighting and quarrelling for a share of the goodies. Well, then he'd progress a little a-further, and then go thro' the same menouvres, and move his head as exact like a live hoss as ever you did see in all your life, and then came the pure gin. Oh, dear, it was as good as a play to see them holdin' their hands, cocoa-nut shells and hats to catch the liquor as it came from the hoss.

'The people all went home pleased. The wooden hoss was a grand idea. It was worked out by General Vandam himself, that time he shot himself up in his castle for two whole days and two whole nights, a-studyin' over this matter of Tousand Teyvils, and shows plain enough, to my mind, that a Dutchman can think, arter all, if you only give him time enough.

'The day arter the review I walked out over the exercisin' ground, and there lay the poor old hoss, his ribs broken in, his body ripped up, and his tail pulled out. While I was musin' over the fate of the hoss, who should I see but a little nigger boy. So says I, 'come here you little imp of darkness, you spawn of the old one, you, and tell me how this is? Is Tousand Teyvils loose again? Who killed the Governor's hoss?' —'Why,' says he, 'massa,' (for he spoke very good English, as he lived as help to a gentleman that kept a bumboat,) 'him Dutchman comed here last night in crowds, with carts and hogsheads and kegs, and they got old horse and patted him, and 'soff sawdered' him, (you know dat word, massa, him Yankee word all same as blarney.')—'Yes,' says I, 'I have heerd tell of him afore.'—'Well, they coaxed him. Come, good hoss; beautiful hoss; a little drop more skidam: dat is good hossy: a little more sweetmeat, dat's a pretty hoss!' Well, dey holdy up his head, and lift up him tail; but no, dat no go—hossy no gib any. At last him Dutchmen get angry. 'Dunder and Blitzen!' he say, 'if you no gib him by fair means you gib him by foul:' and wid dat dey fell to and rip him up, to see what is in him. Well, massa, you see dem old iron chains, and rusty wheels, and dem ugly pipes. Well, dat is all dey found dere. Den dey turn to and abuse old Gobernor like sin. Tam old Gineral, dey say; he one old big coward, one 'Erbarmlick!' (dat's Dutch, massa, for awful bad,) one Erbarmlick cheat! Tousand Teyvils worth a hundred such old fools and knaves! He no solda that. Oh, massa, nothing a'most was too bad for him tongue to say of old Gobernor.'—'Well,' says I, 'here's sixpence for you, you young suckin' Satan you, now make yourself scarce;' and he scampered off as smart as a two year old.

'Now, Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'it's a considerable of a long story that, and I am most afeerd I have tired you; but *John Bull* and his *Colony Patriots* remind me of them Dutchmen and their wooden hoss. As long as he will neigh and whinner and hold up his head, and give 'em cakes and candy and sweetmeats to eat, and skidam to drink, they are full and runnin' over with praises and professions of loyalty; but as soon as he stops, then those same patriots have knives

ready to rip him up. *John Bull don't know and don't valy his rael friends enough.* All are well disposed to him, except them noisy critturs that run about, as old Jeremiah says, cryin' fire—fire! but, cuss him, he is so near-sighted he never sees a whip till he feels it. *The railly loyal people, like railly religious people, don't talk of it for everlastin'ly. They seldom make professions, unless called for, and ain't found rebellin' like patriots, even when provoked. Their loyalty hante a condition to it like a mortgage. It ain't cupboard love, like that of the Dutchman to the Wooden Horse.'*

CHAPTER XI.

THE BAD SHILLING.

It was late at night when we arrived at one of the frontier towns of the state of Maine, which, to avoid local offence, I shall designate as Quimbagog. There was so much noisy disputation relative to politics and religion in the coffee-room of the inn, that I retired early to bed, with a bad headache, and not without some misgiving, that by visiting Maine first I had entered the States, to use an expression of the Clockmaker's, by the wrong door. In order that the sketch which I am now about to give may be fully understood, it may be necessary to request the reader to recollect that Mr. Slick *is a Yankee*, a designation the origin of which is now not very obvious, but it has been assumed by, and conceded by common consent to, the inhabitants of New England. It is a name, though sometimes satirically used, of which they have great reason to be proud, as it is descriptive of a most cultivated, intelligent, enterprising, frugal, and industrious population, who may well challenge a comparison with the inhabitants of any other country in the world; but it has only a local application.

The United States cover an immense extent of territory, and the inhabitants of different parts of the Union differ as widely in character, feelings, and even in appearance, as the people of different countries usually do. These sections differ also in dialect and in humour as much as in other things, and to as great, if not a greater extent, than the natives of different parts of Great Britain vary from each other. It is customary in Europe to call all Americans, Yankees; but it is as much a misnomer as it would be to call all Europeans Frenchmen. Throughout these works it will be observed, that Mr. Slick's pronunciation is that of the *Yankee*, or an inhabitant of the *rural districts* of New England. His conversation is generally purely so; but in some instances he uses, as his countrymen frequently do from choice, phrases which, though Americanisms, are not of Eastern origin. Wholly to exclude these would be to violate the usages of American life; to introduce them oftener would be to confound two dissimilar dialects, and to make an equal departure from the truth. Every section has its own characteristic dialect, a very small portion of which it has imparted to its neighbours. The dry, quaint humour of New England is occasionally found in the west, and the rich gasconade and exaggerative language of the west migrates not unfrequently to the east.

During the stroll after breakfast on the following morning, Mr. Slick said, 'Did you never mind, Squire, how hard it is to get rid of 'a bad shillin',' how

everlastin'ly it keeps a-comin' back to you?'—I said, 'I had never experienced any difficulty of that kind, never having endeavoured to pass one that I knew was spurious.'—'No, I suppose not,' said he, 'because you are a careless kind of a man that way, and let your shillin's desart oftener than they had ought to. But where would I have been, had I been so stravagant? and as to passin' bad money, I see no harm in it, if you have given valy for it, and received it above boord handsum, in the regular way of swap, trade, or sale. Cheatin' is givin' a thing of no valy for somethin' that is. Now, a bad shillin' that has cost you as much as a good one, can't be said, no how you can fix it, to be a thing of no valy. S'pose any gentleman that keeps a pike was to give you a bad shillin' in change, you would have a right to pass it then, cause it had cost you a shillin'. The odds make the difference—do you take? I'd like,' he continued, 'to go into committee with you on that matter (as we used to say in the house of Rip's), but there ain't time for it jist now, as the pirate said to the hangman when he was a-tyin' of the knot. Howsumdever it is so, and there is no two ways about it. I fell in with a bad shillin' last night, arter you went to bed, that I thought I had parted with to New Orleans five years ago, for ever. I had been sittin' down talkin' over roads and travellin', and the clearin's, and what not to Nova Scotia, last night with a gentleman that owns a free-trader to Quimbagog, the Honourable Lucifer Wolfe. I misremembered him at first, and I don't think I filled his eye chock full nother, for he sart*ain-ly* didn't know me when we first began our palarver. He was a tall man, over six foot high, all bone and muscle, and not an ounce of super*fluo*us flesh on him. I seed at once he warn't a na*tive* of Maine, but a ringtail roarer from the West. He looked half landsman, half seaman, with a strong dash of the fire-eater. All at once he recollected my phiz, and jumpin' up and catchin' hold of my hand, which he squeezed as if it was in a vice, he roared out—'Why it ain't possible!' said he. 'Lawful heart alive, if that airn't you! Where on airth did you spring from, since you gin' over livin' whar you used to did? Whar do you lead your life now? Why, you have become quite a big bug lately by your writin's: penmanship, I take it, is a better business than clockmakin', but come, let's liquor; I want to wet up; the sight of an old friend warms my heart so, it makes my lips dry. What will you have? cocktail, sling, julip, sherry cobbler, purl talabogus, clear sheer, or switchell? name your drink, my man, and let's have a gum tickler, for old acquaintance, somethin' that will go down the throat like a greased patch down a smooth rifle.' 'Well,' says I, 'I am no ways pitikilar: suppose we have brandy cocktail. it's as 'bout as good a nightcap as I know on.' 'Done,' said he, with a friendly tap on the shoulder that nearly dislocated my neck; 'I like a man that knows his own mind. Most of our folks make as much fuss about choosing, as if their throats had any taste in them, and they actilly knew the difference; but they don't, that's a fact. New England rum takes the skin clean off, and they can't taste nothin' that's weaker. I'll go and speak for it to one of the gentlemen to the bar.'—With

that he swiggled his way thro' the crowd, to the counter, and, says he, 'Major,' says he, 'I guess you may let one of your aidy-conks bring us a pint of cocktail, but let it letter A, No. 1, and strong enough to loosen the hinges of a fellow's tongue.' —Well, we sot down and chatted away till we finished our liquor, and now, says he, 'Slick, answer me a few questions, that's a good feller, for I am a free-trader now. I have got a'most an angeliferous craft, a rael screemer, and I'm the man that sez it. The way she walks her chalks ain't no matter. She is a regilar fore-and-after. When I hoist the foresail she is mad, and when I run up the mainsail she goes ravin' distracted. I can beat her up the harbour, where there is rips, raps, and rainbows under her bow; ay, walk her like a lady right into the wind's eye. Chips! chips! and they know it a-bed. Heavens and airth! jist lookin' at her will take away the breath from them white-livered, catfish-mouthed, dipt-candle lookin' scoundrels the Brunswickers. She goes right on eend like a rampin' alligator. She'll go so quick she'll draw their wind out: go ahead! cock-a-doodle-doo!' And he crow'd like a rail live rooster.—'Go ahead, steam-boat —cock-a-doodle-doo!' and he smashed my hat in, most ridikilous over my eyes, a-flappin' so with his hands, like wings. It was a caution to see, that's a fact. 'Now,' said he, 'Slick, my bully, I think I see a smart chance of doin' a considerable stroke of business to Nova Scotia, in the smugglin' line.

''Is it true the British have made Hudson in Nova Scotia a free port?—It is.

''Is it true that from Parsboro' at the head of the Basin of Minas, up to Windsor, it is thirty-five miles?—It is.

''Is it true the tide runs out so, you can lay aground anywhar you darn please, on the mud-flats, with safety?—It is.

''Is it true you ain't bound to call at no custom-house till you get up to Windsor?—It is.

''Is it true they can't see you to Windsor till you come within two miles of it?—It is.

''Isn't Windsor almost clear across the province, no more than thirty-five miles from Halifax Basin?—It is.

''Then,' says he, a-givin' me a most powerful slap on the thigh with his open hand, enough to make a beefsteak tender; 'then,' said he, and he grinned like a red-hot gridiron, the crittur was so pleased, 'I defy all the Blue-noses, John Bulls, Brunswickers, and devils that ever was, to prevent smugglin'. Old Nick is in the die if, in thirty-five miles of river and basin, you can't find an honest feller on one side or another of it, near whom you can lay aground by accident and run your goods. Ain't the British awful fools, too?' said he; 'they do beat all: I actilly believe they are the biggest fools livin' this day on the blessed airth.' 'Well,' says I, 'I won't say they are jist the biggest fools nother, for them are colony chaps are pretty much of a muchness with them, six of one and half-a-dozen of t'other, and no great to choose nary way.'

''But come,' said he, 'that cocktail and your news is considerable excitin', and has whetted my appetite properly; I guess I'll order supper. What shall it be, corn bread and common doin's, or wheat bread and chickin fixin's? But we must fust play

for it. What do you say to a game at all-fours, blind-hookey, odd and even, wild cat and 'coon, or somethin' or another, jist to pass time? Come, I'll size your pile.'—'Size my pile!' says I, 'why, what the plague is that? I never heerd tell of that sayin' afore.'—'Why,' says he, 'shell out, and plank down a pile of dollars or doubloons, of any size you like, and I'll put down another of the same size. Come, what do you say?'—'No, I thank you,' says I, 'I never play.'—'Will you wrestle, then?' said he; 'and whose over throw'd pays the shot for supper.'—'No,' says I, 'since I broke my leg a-ridin' a cussed Blue-nose hoss, I hante strength enough for that.'—'Well, then, we are near about of a height, says he, 'I estimate, let's chalk on the wall, and who ever chalks lowest liquidates the bill.'—'If it warn't for the plaguy rhumatiz I caught once to Nova Scotia,' says I, 'a sleepin' in a bed the night arter a damp gall lodged there, I think I would give you a trial,' says I; 'but the very thoughts of that foggy heifer gives me the cramp.'

'I jist said that to make him larf, for I seed he was a-gettin' his steam up rather faster than was safe, and that he could jist double me up like a spare shirt if he liked, for nothin' will take the wiry edge of a man's temper off like a joke: he fairly roared out, it tickled him so.—'Well,' says he, 'I like that idea of the damp gall; it's capital that: it's a Jerusalem bright thought. I'll air my wife, Miss Wolfe, before the fire to-night; I hope I may be kicked to death by grasshoppers if I don't. I'll heat her red-hot, till she scorches the sheets. Lord! how she'll kick and squeell when I spread her out on the close-horse. How it will make her squinch her face, won't it? She never hollers unless she's hurt, does Miss Wolfe, for she is a lady every inch of her, and a credit to her broughter-up. A damp gall! Come, that's good! it accounts for some on 'em bein' so wretched cold. But, stop,' said he, 'it's no use a-sittin' here as still as two rotten stumps in a fog. I'll tell you what we'll do; here's two oranges, do you take one, and I'll take the other, and let us take a shy among them glasses to the bar there, and knock some o' them to darned shivers, and whoever breaks the fewest shall pay for the smash and the supper too. Come, are you ready, my old coon? let's drive blue-blazes thro' 'em.'—'No,' says I, 'I'd be sure to lose, for I am the poorest shot in the world.'—'Poorest shote,' said he, 'you mean, for you have no soul in you. I believe you have fed on pumkins so long in Conne'ticut, you are jist about as soft, and as holler, and good-for-nothin', as they be; what ails you? You hante got no soul in you, man, at all. This won't do; we must have a throw for it. I don't valy the money a cent; it ain't that, but I like to spikilate in all things. I'll tell you what we'll do,—let's spit for it;' and he drew his chair up even with mine. 'Now,' says he, 'bring your head back in a line with the top rail, and let go; and whoever spits furthest without spatterin' wins.'—'Well,' says I, 'you'll laugh when I tell you, I dare say, but I've gin up spittin' since I went down to Nova Scotia; I have, upon my soul, for nothin' riles them Blue-noses more. Spittin' would spile a trade there as quick as thunder does milk. I'm out of practice. They'll

swaller anything, them fellers, they are such gulls, but they keep all they get: they won't let out, for they are as hard as the two sides of a grindstone.'—'Well, then, what the plague will you do?' said he.—'Why,' says I, a-takin' up the candle, and a-yawnin' so wide and so deep you could hear the watch tickin' thro' my mouth, 'I guess I'll go to bed,' says I, for I hadn't the leastest morsel of sleep in the world last night.'—'Mr. Slick,' says he, a-risin' up, and a-clappin' both arms a-kimber, lookin' as fierce as a wild-cat, and jist crowin' like a cock ag'in, 'give me leaf to tell you, Mr. Slick,' says he, 'that you are no gentleman, and he show'd his teeth as wicked as if he could grin a nigger white.'—'I never said I was,' said I, 'so we won't quarrel about that.'—'But I'm not a-goin' to be baulked that way,' said he; 'you'll find me jist a leetle the ugliest colt you ever undertook to brake; there is no back out in me, for I'm a snappin' turtle, so you'll fight or play, that's flat, and no two ways about it, so take your choice, for I feel most intierly wolfish and savagerous, and have half a mind to give you a tickler in the ribs that will make you feel monstrous amiable, and set you a-considerin', I tell you.'—Says I, 'Friend Wolfe, for I seed there was a smart chance of a row, play I won't, so there is an eend of that matter, and as you are a-goin' to embark considerable capital in the smugglin' line to Nova Scotia,' (and I put my finger on my nose and winked, that there might be no mistake about what I meant,) 'I guess it would be jist about as well for us not to quarrel. So don't kick afore you are spurred—do you take?' Lord, it laid his bristles in a minit that, for the crittur's feelin', like some people's respectability, was all in his pocket.'—'Ah,' said he, 'spoke like an honest man, that, and not like a cussed Yankee pedlar, and they ain't no better than an onsarcumcised Ingian, or an odoriferous nigger. There is some sense in that; give us your flipper, old boy, but let's have a drop of wet to drown it. I never sleep well unless words is either foughten out or washed out, and grog makes me feel as good-natured as a sooped eel.'—Lord, how glad I was to find it takin' that are turn, for I was actilly in a piled-up-agony, and the chilly ague began to crawl all over me. Only thinkin' of fightin' such a ring-tail roarer as that, nearly broke two of my ribs short off. 'What shall it be,' said I.—'Apple toddy,' said he.—'Apple toddy then let it be,' said I; and I ordered a pint o' the best, and so we slinged. Arter discussin' it out, we parted, on the best possible terms, for ever I hope: *but cuss them bad shillin's they are always a-comin' back to you,* there is no gettin quit of them at no rate, for they won't take the mitten if you do try to cut them.

'Such is the loose, good-for-nothin' loafers, cheats, smugglers, and outlaws, Squire, the Bluenoses are a-goin' to have among them, by their beautiful free ports, for the trade won't pay regular marchants, and, unless I am much mistaken'd, when once these 'bad shillin's' are imported they'll find it no easy matter to drive them out of circulation ag'in'. It reminds me of father and neighbour Outhouse Pipes. Father had a hundred acres lot in the rear of his farm, that was used as a pastur', and a capital one it was too, well watered, well

shaded, and well covered with beautiful white clover, and sweet grasses, and what not; but it cost considerable to keep up the fence round it. 'So,' said he, one day, to Outhouse Pipes, 'Neighbour,' says he, 'that partition fence costs a great deal of time, money, and trouble, every year, and poles is gittin' almighty scarce, I'm a-most afeerd we shall run out of wood afore long, suppose we pastur' in common, and let that fence down, the poles would do for other fences, and be quite handy.' 'Well,' says Pipes, quite careless like, so as not to let father see how pleased he was; 'well,' says he, 'I was a-thinkin' myself it would be more neighbourly, and every bit and grain as good too. I don't care if I do. Well, what does Outhouse Pipes do, for his stock was more nor twice as large as father's, what does he do, but turns in all his cattle, hogs and sheep, and father's pastur' being the best, they all in course went into his field, and when dry time in summer come, his tarnation lookin' cattle, cross bull, and breachy oxen, 'most worried all father's dairy cows to death, and finally druv 'em all out into the township barrens. There never was no findin' them when you wanted them, and in a little while they fell off in the milk, got thin and mangy, and looked like old Scratch. Well, bimeby father got tired of this fun, and wanted Outhouse Pipes to fence again on the division line; says he, 'I guess you have eat sour grapes, and your sons' teeth are on edge, ain't they?' He said it warn't reasonable at all to be so pesky whimsical and crotchical; that it was none of his seekin' to pastur' in common; that we had used up all his share of the poles, and didn't know where to get any more; and, arter five years' 'crastination, vexation, and trouble, father, to eend the dispute, went and put up the whole line himself, his own and neighbour Pipes' too. 'Cuss them cattle, Sam,' says father, 'they have done me more nor a hundred pounds damage, but I guess, when a man has *a good field of his own, containin' all he wants in the way of feed, shelter, and water, he had better snug up his fences strong and tidy, and keep it to himself.*' But father's trouble warn't eended so easy as he was a-thinkin' on. Havin' once got a taste of the good grass, the nasty onruly brutes of Outhouse's were for everlastin'ly a-breakin' in and chasin' our beasts from one eend of the pasture to the other. As for father, poor old soul, he spent most of his time a-runnin' and a-hollerin' arter them stray critturs, and drivin' of them out. 'Well, if this don't beat the bugs,' he'd say. 'What a spot o' work this is sartainly. They are *like a bad shillin'* them breachy devils, you can't git rid of them at no rate. Put them out as often as you please, they are for everlastin'ly a-comin' back to you.'

'I am a-thinkin',' said the Clockmaker, 'the Blue-noses will find that arter a while, usin' the trade in common with us is like father's pastur', their neighbours have two craft to their one to put in it, and bein' the strongest of the two, will gradually drive them off altogether, while shutting them out again is easier talked of than done, and that when actilly debarred the onruly ones will occasionally break in and cause 'tarnal trouble and expense. *Changing one thing for another is not always reform, as*

they have found out to England, to their sorrow, in more things than one. But them who change often and unnecessary, are apt sometimes to find to their cost, when it's too late, that they have incautiously got hold on *'a bad shillin'.''*

CHAPTER XII.

TRADING IN BED.

DURING one of our former journeys a circumstance occurred, that I did not understand at the time, but which Mr. Slick now explained to me. On our return from Chester in Nova Scotia to Windsor, we stopped at a small house on the road-side, near a sawmill, for the purpose of feeding our horse, and in the course of a conversation which it appeared to me was designedly introduced, relative to the stream and the adjoining timber-land, Mr. Slick extolled the 'water power,' 'mill privilege,' betterments and convenience and value of the place in terms of such extravagant praise, that the owner proposed to sell it to him, an offer which he immediately accepted.

'You see,' said Mr. Slick to him, 'I ain't jist prepared to pay you right down on the nail in hard pewter, not expectin' any such trade, but *'I'll bond it;'* that is, do you bind yourself in a bond to give a title, upon my payin' you five hundred pounds within two years. If I pay it, why then the land is mine; and if I don't do so, why there is no harm done: you take, don't you?' —'Well, I don't know as I do,' said Blue-nose (who appeared puzzled at this novel mode of selling property, in which the bond was to be given to the wrong man). 'Why don't you give me a bond,' said he, 'for the purchase-money, and I'll give you a deed? I'll trust *you*, for you are good for more nor that.'—'Why, I'll tell you,' said the Clockmaker. 'It's altogether for your advantage, and saves trouble and expense, you see. Accordin' to your plan, if I didn't pay my bond when it's due, why you'd lose the land: now, this way, you don't part with the land till you get the money; for you hold on till you are paid and finger the cash. It's safer and better for *you*, and I must say I do like a fair deal. So now, do you take the pen and write the bond yourself to prevent mistakes, and I will tell you what to put into it.' The bond was accordingly written, duly executed, and delivered, and we proceeded on our journey. As this transaction had taken place some time ago, and never again been referred to by Mr. Slick, it had nearly escaped my memory; but the opportunity having now occurred of making an advantageous use of it, he unfolded his object without reserve.

'We are now, Squire,' said he, 'in the State of Maine, the headquarters of land spekilators, and I'll put off my Chester friend's bond to an advance. I never had no notion of buyin' that are feller's land. I don't want it no more nor my old waggon does a fifth wheel. I've been spekilatin' on his capital. If I don't sell the bond, I lose nothin', for I have paid nothin'; if I sell it, I gain all I can get for it. It is one of the best and prettiest modes of trading I know on; but the difficultest part is all to do yet, and that is to sell it. Anybody can put the leak into a Blue-nose, or a John Bull, for they are a primitive, unsuspectin' sort of folks, not jist exactly up to snuff; but to walk into a down east land-jobber requires great skill, I tell

you, and a very considerable knowledge of human natur' and of business. If your hook ain't well covered, and the bait well chose and suited to the season, they won't so much as look at it. If you pull at a nibble, you never get another one, for there is nothin' so bad as eagerness. A quick eye, a steady hand, and cool temper, is not do without-able. Tantalize 'em, play 'em on and off, let 'em see the bait and smell it, then jist raise it a little out of sight till they have to look for it, and then let it float down stream for them to foller, and when they get to it, snub it short till they pass it, and have to turn back and make up ag'in stream. O, it's beautiful play, that! it sharpens the wit, pints the eye-teeth, and raises a man in the scale of intelligence. I never see a human yet, unless he was one of our free and enlightened citizens, that had the science—never, and I must say my hand is 'most out. I want practice; for in them British provinces the folks are as simple as the partridges be, and they are so tame and so stupid, it's no fun a-goin' out a-gunnin' arter them, for you can shoot 'em like hens at a roost. Floorin' one of them afore the eyes of the others never starts the flock, it only 'mazes them.—But stop,' said he, tappin' me on the shoulder, 'stop, Squire, and look out o' that are winder. Do you see that are tall, limber-timbered, slinky-lookin' man with the blue cloak and two long black cords a-hangin' from it with almighty big tassels a-danglin' to the eend of it like the lamp-rope there, a-carryin' part of the cloak folded on one arm like a Roman senator, and t'other arm kimber, with his hat cockaded military like?—well, that is General Conrad Corncob. He is the greatest spikilator in these parts. He made a hundred thousand dollars in eastern lands last year, and ten thousand to New Brunswick this season. He thinks no small beer of himself, that man, and boasts that he never put his foot in it in his life. If I don't lighten him of two thousand dollars afore to-morrow mornin', say my name is not Sam Slick. I'll walk right into him, tight as he is, I know. I'll bam him so he'll be a caution, I hope I may be shot if I won't. There is nothin' like fishin' for the leadin' trouts of the hole—no, nothin'; there is some fun in that, somethin' worth holdin' out the landin'-net for—beautiful spots of gold on them fellers—lick, it makes my mouth water. It's excitin'—it's dreadful pretty; it caps all, that's a fact. I sha'n't see you now ag'in till mornin', Squire, for it's considerable well on in the evenin' now, when daylight's down, and I shouldn't wonder if I had '*to trade in bed*' afore I bring *him* to tarms; so good-night. I'll play 'possum with you in the mornin', and be ready to start with you as early as you please.'

The following morning Mr. Slick put a small piece of paper in my hand, and said, with a smile of triumph on his face,—'Read that, Squire, if you please.—'To the cashier of the Bangor Bank. Sir, please to pay to Samuel Slick, Esq., two thousand dollars and ninety cents, and charge the same to yours, &c. Conrad Corncob, Lt.-Genl.'—I did him,' said he, exultingly, 'I did him; but it was no easy matter, I tell you. I had to play him up and down stream more than once, and shift the colour of the fly till I tempted him; but he is bagged for once, anyhow. It was a'most a-

difficult piece of business; and I must say, tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, that I don't think there is another man this blessed day in the States would have done it but myself, not one. But come, we must be a-amovin'; and as we drive on, I'll tell how it was.

'Arter I left you, I seed him in a line with the stable; so I jist walks out and makes for the hoss-stalls, lookin' down in a hurry like, and seemin' chock full of business, and not lettin' on as if I know'd that he was there, for there is nothin' like a non-committal, and he calls out,—'Why, Slick, if that ain't you, as I am alive! why, how do you do, eh? who on airth would have expected to have seed you here.'—So I looks up, 'mazed like, like a feller that's lost his road, and, says I,—'Stranger, you have the advantage of me, I guess.'—'Possible,' said he, 'not know me? oh, for ever!'—'Why,' says I, 'I know your voice, and know your face, and *ought* to know your name; but——.'—'Well, if you think you *ought*,' said he, 'you shall. Don't you mind Gineral Conrad Corncob, him that was kyurnal last war on full-pay?'—'Corncob?' says I. 'Let me see,' said I. 'Corncob—Corncob!'—and then I scratched my head, like a dog in search of a flea,—'oh! ay! to be sure, I do, and glad to see you too.'—'I thought,' said he, 'Slick, you was down to Nova Scotia, a-tradin' among them tatur-headed Blue-noses; and d—n them fellers, they talk rather warlike about the boundary line. I shouldn't wonder if they'd like a war, the villains; for they find it a plaguy sight easier, I estimate, to come and grab our vessels than build them for themselves. Halifax always goes ahead by a war. Have you done anything out of the clock line down there lately? Is there any room there for a spec' in the land way on a large scale?'—Well, I jist look'd up at him and eyed him hard in the face, without sayin' of a word for a space, dubersome like, as if it was a dangerous thing to let one's tongue run too fast, and then said, a-holdin' of my head down, as if I had concluded to keep dark,—'Well, I must say,' said I, 'I haven't done bad in clocks, that's sartain.'—'Fire and tow! have you done anything in the timber line?' said he, 'for that is a rising property.'—Well, I made as if I didn't hear him, so as to 'cite his curiosity, and, says I,—'Gineral, that are boundary line will cause trouble yet, I reckon. You Maine folks have been talkin' a leetle too fast lately, a leetle too much bush. You won't frighten Blue-nose so easy as you are a-thinkin' on, I tell you.'—'Well,' says he, 'we've talked and bragged so much lately about it, I'm tired and sick of the subject; but I see you have made a hit, I know you have, you are so infarnal costive. I've seed folks carry a heavy secret afore to-day.—What is it?—'Governor Fairfield has been too rash, and talked too big,' says I. 'We have suffered in the eyes of foreigners.'—'The devil take the eyes of foreigners, and Governor Fairfield, and the boundary too,' says he, 'Fire and tow! your spec', what is it? And he opened his cloak and put his arm inside of mine and walked on.—'What's the tune,' said he, 'two or three hundred thousand dollars, eh?'—'Well,' says I, 'gineral, there is no evadin' you, you are so everlastin' cute. I believe you could

see a hole in a millstone if it was no bigger than the pint of a needle, providin' you picked it yourself. Who told you I had made a spec'? tell me now how it leaked out.'—'Oh!' says he, 'I knew it from your manner, I hope I may be shot if I didn't. Fire and tow! It tante no easy matter to blind me.'—'Well, then,' says I, 'I *have* made a spec', gineral, that's a fact, and such a spec', too, as ain't often made now-a-days nother. It's a top-sawyer one, I do assure you; but I can't avail it. I am afraid this Britisher that's here will be the ruin of me yet; for he has made me promise to make tracks with him this summer, and I am 'most afeerd I shall lose the chance of gettin' up a company by it, and it's a pity, too, for there ain't such a location atween the poles hardly. I got it for half nothin', a mere song; it's grand, that's sartain. Now,' says I, 'if you would give a little advice how to work it, I'll give you some hints about property in Nova Scotia that will clear two hundred per cent.; but it's a long story, and walls have ears, so I will turn in with you, if Miss Corncob, your wife, ain't here, and we'll talk it over in bed. If we can agree, I will give you an agency that will be worth while.'—'Well,' says he, 'do, for there is nothin' like '*tradin' a-bed*,' and I will counsel you to the best of my abilities; but is it refuge or superfine, clear stuff, or only marchantable.'—'Oh!' says I, 'there is no mistake, it's for myself, and not to put off ag'in; it's the rael solid thing, and not holler, or lackered, or plated, but jist genu*wine*. If it was a bam, there would be no need of advice, I reckon; but it's how to go the whole figur'.'

'Well, arter walkin' about a trifle from the house, for a while, and talkin' about indifferent subjects, we took jist a dust of rael good mint julip, and turned into bed.—Says he, 'Mr. Slick, excuse me, but I must turn my back on you, for, as I chews a good deal, I'd have to spit across you in the night, which ain't very genteel, so I can't lay spoonbill fashion.—Now for the spec'.'—I seed his curosty was up, so not to appear in a hurry, I said, 'Gineral,' says I, 'nothin' but business would ever make me sleep with a man. I got frightened out of a year's growth once, by goin' to bed with a Britisher. It was second or third stage out of Buffalo, Canady way. When I arrived it was late to night, and I had to dig thro' the woods considerable sharp to get there at all. The house was full, and every bed had two in it, all except one, and that an Englishman had, who carried on and swore so 'bout sleepin' two in a bed that they gave him one all to himself, more to save the bother of havin' a quarrel with him than out of any love for him: for them English are the devil when travellin', they give so much trouble, and do what you will are never satisfied.'—'Exactly,' said the Gineral, 'most commonly their manners are rude, and overbearin', and tyrannical. They want their flints fixed for 'em as we did last war; but, fire and tow! let's have your spec' afore we get a-noddin'; I shall go for it soon, for I am considerable sleepy, I tell you.'—'Well,' says I, 'so they jist told me to take up with the Englishman, and I ondressed in two-twos, outs with the candle, and into bed in no time. The crittur was a-lyin' with his back to me, a-snoring like a bull, and more nor once I

had a-mind to wake him, so that we might have a fair start for it; but then, I thought it would only send in a fight, so I let him be. But jist as I was a-droppin' off to sleep, the crittur fell to and kicked like a jackass. Lord, I thought he would have kicked me out of bed, or broke my leg, he kicked so like all possessed. Thinks I to myself, what on airth shall I do? shall I give him a slockdolager onder the ear and wake him up, or shall I turn to and kick him in return ag'in? I didn't actilly know what to do; at last I gets upon my knees, jist lays hold of him by the shoulders, and turned him over, with his face *to* me, and his back to the outside of the bed. 'Now,' says I, 'kick away till you are tired, will you, my hearty, and you won't hurt nothin' but the wall.' Well, if he didn't snore and kick away in great style, it's a pity, but as he didn't touch me no more, I dropped off a-sleep, and left him a-batterin' away at the wall with his heels like a paviour's rammer. In the mornin' he was quiet enough; but oh, such an ugly ungainly lookin' beast I never seed. He had his mouth wide open, a-showin' of his snags of teeth like a hoss when he sneezes, and there was dry froth on his nose and lips from snortin' so. His eyes was open too, (for some men sleep with their peepers open, like the Dutch overseer of the niggers with the glass eye, in the sugar-house,) and they stared like the eyes of an owl, and had jist such a glassy, filmy, onmeanin' look. His hands, like most Britishers, was as white as chalk, but the nails was blue, and so was his lips. The nostrils were pinched in, and his nose looked pointed, altogether he was a perfect pictur' of an ugly man. 'Hullo, shipmate,' says I, 'how's your heels this mornin'? I guess you must have hurt 'em ag'in' that are wall last night, for you kicked like all vengeance;' but he was as sound as a top. With that, I throw'd down the clothes on *my* side, and was a gittin' out of bed, when one leg touched him, and his skin was so cold and so clammy; I turned round and took another survey of him, and then put my ear close to his mouth, and I hope I may be shot if he warn't as dead as a herring. He was, I swear. It was an apperplexy fit he had, that made him kick so, like mad. It made me quite sick; I didn't get that crittur's ugly mug out of my thoughts for one while, I know. It was horrid now, warn't it?'—'Well, fire and tow! it was horrid, that's a fact,' said the Gineral, 'and if your bed-fellers are apt to be so confounded onlucky, I must say I'm 'most afeerd to go to bed with you. I don't like to hear about them things at night, they kinder skeer away sleep and set me a dreamin'; let's hear about your Nova Scotia estate: what is it like?'—'We had a crowner's inquest on the body,' says I, 'and the crowner, who was a bit of a wag, returned a vardict, 'died of fright, a-sleepin' along with a Yankee.' He did upon my soul. Fact, I assure you.'—'Who the plague cares,' says Corncob, 'what the great fat porter-drinkin' hog died of; do, for gracious' sake, let him be. Did you say your land was in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick? Come, gin' over that foolin', that's a good feller.'—I seed he was very anxious to hear about the bond, so to tease him and pique him, says I, 'I had another curous adventure once with a

man in bed.'—'What a devil of a long-winded feller you be, Slick,' says he; 'why don't you come to the pinte at once? if you want advice, ax it; if not, let's go to sleep, for your stories are dismal. Fire and tow! I shall see that dead man in a nightmare yet.'—'Well,' says I, 'this one will make you larf, anyhow, for it took a different turn from t'other one altogether. When I fust went out in the clock line, up Huron way, I used to be subject to the cramp, violent fits of the cramp, and nothin' a'most gave me relief but holdin' up a roll of stick brimstone in my hand, and I used to place it every night onder the pillar of my bed to have it handy. Well, one night (and most sincerely cold it was too) I was a-bed along with Plato Frisk, a jumpin' Quaker, a terrible cross-grained cantankersome crittur as ever I seed. He had a beard like a goat, it hung down to his waist a'most, and he had the power of raisin' it up with his chin, and whiskin' it as an ondocked crittur does its tail. A switch of it across your face was as bad as a blow from a bunch of stingin' nettles; it made it smart ag'in, like all wrath. It was a caution to look at. His nose was long, thin, and rounded, like the shape of a reapin' hook, and his eyes as black and small as a weasel's; they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket, they was so deep. He actilly was an awful lookin' crittur, as shaggy as a two-year old, and jist about as ontamed too. Well, I woke up in the night half dead with the cramp, and screamin' like mad, and I jist out fin and felt for the brimstone, and I no sooner seized it than Frisk he roared like a bull too, and folks came runnin' and troopin' in from the other room to see what on airth all the hubbub was about; and I hope I may die this blessed minit if I hadn't got him by the nose in mistake for the brimstone (a'most an endless one it was too), and was a-squeezin' away and a-hangin' on to it like grim death to a dead nigger. It made me laugh so, when the lights come in and I seed the ugly faces the goney made, that it cured the cramp, hang me if it didn't.' Well, the Gineral he haw-hawed right out, like thunder.—'Why, Slick,' said he, 'what a droll fellow you be! that was a mistake done a-purpose, I know it was, for you was always full of the devil when a boy; but for gracious sake let my nose alone, at any rate, for I hante much to spare, I tell *you*. Upon my word you ain't over safe to sleep with, are you? But, fire and tow! let's go to land, as the feller said when the boat upset, let's get to land. Let's have bisness first and jokes arterwards.'—Well, there is reason even in roastin' an egg. I know'd I might push this too far, and that it was time to stop afore he smelt a rat. So I jist began at the beginnin', by tellin' him the land warn't for sale at no rate, but for a company, in shares, to be called 'Chester Lakes Mill Company,' and to be incorporated like other companies, so that they needn't pay their debts if they hadn't a mind to. Then I laid out afore him how grand the water powers was, and what noble timber there was all around on the Queen's land that was to be had for takin,' and the great lakes for raftin' of it, and Windsor river for shippin' of it, and Mahone Bay on t'other side for exportin' of it, and so on, and then offer'd him a bonus of four hundred dollars, and a commission of ten per cent.

to sell shares. All the time I was a talkin' of this, I heerd old 'fire and tow' a-workin' of the weed in great style, and when I got this far, he put out his hand and felt onder the pillar for his baccy. I seed he was a-beginning to nibble at the bait, and that he was fairly on the scent, and I calculated I should have him afore long, if nothin' didn't skeer him. Says he, 'Why not sell out and out and have done with it? I think I could show you how to put it off.'—'Sell it,' says I, 'catch me a-sellin' of it! why, it's onfit for sale.'—'Onfit!' says he: 'how so? I thought you said it was particular jam.'—'So it is,' says I, 'and that's the reason it's onfit; it's the rael right down thing itself.'—'You know best,' says he, 'but if I was to presume to offer an opinion to a man o' your judgment, I should say, sell. Companies is cumbrous, full of liabilities, and troublesome. Sales is short and snug, and they eend the bisness, so you can turn the money quick, and are ready for a fresh start.'—'Exactly,' says I, 'when it's a bam sell by all means; but when it's got a bottom my rule is to hold on.'—Says he, 'Look here, Slick.' 'What on airth is the use of lookin',' says I, 'for it's as dark as Egypt; I can't see if I do look.'—'Fire and tow!' said he, 'listen, if you can, for you are like a sheep's head, all jaw. I'll give you two thousand dollars at a word, for your bargain; what do you say now, go or no go? Say the word, bargain or no bargain!'—'I'll give you an answer in the mornin', Gineral,' says I. 'I don't want to part with it, and I must sleep upon it. The fact is, selling shares to a company would bring more nor twice that are sum. Let me cipher over it a little, for I have got hold of a rael pitikilar smart chance, and the right eend of the rope too, and if I am too greedy to turn it at once, I know I shall repent it to my dying day.'—'No,' said he, 'I like a man to be up to the notch, and stand to his lick-log; salt or no salt, say the word, or it's no offer.'—'Dear, dear,' said I, 'you put the leak into every one, a'most, Gineral; other men beat the bush, but you catch the bird; say ninety cents more, for I have made a vow I wouldn't look at two thousand dollars, and it's yourn.'—'Fire and tow! then, done,' said he, 'and now I'll show you how I do business;' and with that he jumps out of bed and lights a lucifer, and openin' of his desk, says he, 'write you a short assignment of that bond, Slick, and I will write the cheque;' and in less than twenty minutes the bond was in his trunk, the cheque in my portmanter, and we was both in bed ag'in, back to back, as sociable as you please. 'Well, Gineral,' says I, 'as you say business fust and jokes arterwords, now I'll tell you another story of two fellers sleepin' in one bed.

''The house they was a-sleepin' in took fire, and they jumps up in an all-fired hurry, and seesin' one pair of trousers atween them, half asleep and half awake as they was, each put a leg in it, and they rolled down-stairs tied together kickin' and squeelin' like two pigs, and were half trod to death and 'most killed. I'll tell you how it was.'—'Do be quiet,' says he; 'I believe in my soul you'd talk all night; and when I larf so much, I can't go to sleep arterwards, it sets me a-coughin' so. Good-night,' and he was off in a hand-gallop of a

snore in a little less than half no time.—Thinks I to myself, (half larfin' in my sleeve till I a'most snickered ag'in,) 'you are right, Gineral, bisness first, and jokes arterwards; that's jist exactly what you have been doin', only you don't know it. You'll find this night's work a capital joke some o' these days, or I am mistakened, that's all.' Oh! it was done pretty, that, Squire; it made me feel good all over. It was what I call workmanlike. Bed is the place for doin' bisness in arter all. You ain't bound to hear all that's said in bed; and if you hesitate, and boggle a little, why it looks sleepy like, and not stupid. There ain't time too for chafferin' and higglin' too long; and a funny story throw'd in for spice, keeps a feller in good humour. Then there ain't no fear of interruption or observation, and nothin' to distract attention. It's the best place for makin' a sarmon in too, or an oration, or any difficult piece of bisness; but as for dealin' and traffickin' that requires skill, depend on it, Squire, if you are only wide awake and duly sober, there is nothin' like '*tradin' in bed.*'

CHAPTER XIII.

KNOWING THE SOUNDINGS, OR POLLY COFFIN'S SANDHOLE.

THE reckless speculation occasioned by an equally reckless issue of paper money, which has of late years appeared in the United States, has had a far more injurious operation than any one who has not carefully watched its progress and effects could possibly suppose. The first apparent change it produced was to raise the price of real and personal property far beyond their value, and to cause the unhappy delusion, that this feverish excitement was a healthy condition. That a great alteration had taken place was obvious to all; and those who were profiting by it, found it by no means a difficult task to make men believe it was the natural result of republican institutions, of a free trade, a fertile soil, and an intelligent spirit of enterprise. In this opinion they were unfortunately confirmed, by finding the liberal party among the English and the Colonists constantly repeating the same absurd theory, and contrasting the high prices of the United States with the sounder and more rational condition of Canada, as a proof of the superior advantages of elective governments over a monarchy. They all affected to be unable to attribute the difference in the price of land on the opposite sides of the boundary line to any other cause than the ballot, universal suffrage, and annual elections. The consequence of all this has been, that the Americans have suffered immense losses in their trade, while the colonists have suffered no less in their peace and happiness, by the introduction of wild theories of government by those whose rank and influence gave a mischievous weight to their opinions. In the States, however, the great pecuniary loss they have sustained is by far the least injury they have incurred from this unfortunate error. *They have suffered in their morals.* A wild and unprincipled speculation like this has no pretension to be dignified by the name of trade or enterprise. It is one of the worst species of gambling, inasmuch as it originates in deception, and is contaminated with fraud throughout. The preceding sketch, which is *founded on fact*, shows with

what ease even clever and experienced men like General Corncob can be duped, when their caution is disarmed by the eargerness of speculation; and how readily a man like the Clockmaker can reconcile himself, by the aid of a little sophistry, to a fraudulent transaction.

'Had you no compunction,' said I, 'Mr. Slick, in palming off upon the General that worthless bond, and in taking from him so large a sum of money as two thousand dollars without giving him any equivalent whatever?' —'Compunction,' said he, in great astonishment, 'why, no, Squire, why should I? This ain't tradin', it's spekilatin'. It makes all the difference in the world. For instance, I make a throw, you see, and he buys it. Well, if it wins, he gets whatever we raffled for, and if he don't, he loses, that's all. Great gains cover many losses. If one land spekilation in ten turns out well, and is rael jam, it makes a man's nest. Oh, no! if it was trade, why honour bright! but it tante, it's spekilatin'; and you might as well call loo, or put, or all-fours, or any other game, trade. It tante givin' valy for a thing, *it's buyin' a chance*. Now, there is no more harm done in settin' off a chance to advantage than in platin' a candlestick, or gildin' a frame. It's puffin', that's all, and that's done every day everywhere; so it is in smugglin'—do you suppose there is any harm in that? If you smuggle clever, you win; if you don't, it's seized, and there is an eend on it; you lose the trick, but the game is not immoral.'

It would be difficult to believe that so sensible a man as Mr. Slick could be the dupe of such shallow nonsense, if daily experience did not prove how much easier men can deceive themselves, where their interest is concerned, than satisfy others, and how soon the morals of a country are damaged by this sort of national gambling. The explanation was disagreeable. I was reluctant to permit him to lower himself in my opinion, and I changed the conversation by a reference to colonial subjects. These were topics on which I admired to hear him talk, as his observations were generally correct, often original, and always amusing.—'Yes,' said he, 'I must say, without a morsel of vanity, I estimate I have picked up a few notions of men and things in a gineral way that every one can't boast of. Now, there's them colonies and colony chaps, Lord, I know their ins and outs better than they do themselves. Nothin' vexes an onruly beast like takin' no notice of him, but jist movin' on as if it was all the same to you what he did, as you know how to fix his flint. I have an idea that no man can be a good statesman that can't drive well. There's a great deal to be larned from hosses. Natur' is natur', that is a fact; but the natur' of a hoss ain't human, that's all, and he can't talk; study *him*, therefore, and man comes easy arter that. There ain't no part of a hoss I don't know, stock, lock, or barrel. No man can't cheat me in a hoss. As for a John Bull, or a Blue-nose, I never seed one yet that I couldn't walk right into like a pumkin-pie. They are as soft as dough, them fellers. No, sir; a steady arm and a light hand is what is wanted, not givin' them their head one minit, and curbin' them the next, and 'most throwin' 'em down. That's no way to drive, but jist the way to

spoil their temper; but bein' afeerd on 'em is the devil, it ruins 'em right off. Oh, dear! if I was only alongside Lord Sir John on the state-box, I'd teach him in six lessons so that he could manage them by whisperin'; but you might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as to an Englishman, they are so infarnal sot in their ways. The first thing to know to get safe into port is to study the soundings. I mind a trick I played once an old 'Tarnal Death,' as we called Captain Ebenezer Fathom, the skipper I went to South Sea with. He know'd every inch of the American coast as well as he did of his own cabin; and whenever he throw'd the lead, and looked at what sort of bottom it showed, he know'd as well where he was as if he was in sight of land. He did beat all, that's a fact, and proper proud he was of it too, a-boastin' and a-crackin' of it for everlastingly. So, afore I goes aboard, off I slips to a sandpit on Polly Coffin's betterments, where they got sand for the Boston iron foundaries, and fills a bag with it and puts it away in my trunk. Well, we was gone the matter of three years on that are voyage afore we reached home; and as we neared the Nantuckit coast, Captain Ebenezer comes down to the cabin and turns in, and says he,—'Sam,' says he, 'we are in soundin's now, I calculate; run on till twelve o'clock, and then heave-to and throw the lead, for it is as dark as Comingo, and let me see what it fetches up, and, tarnal death! I'll tell you to the sixteenth part of an inch what part of the thirteen united univarsal worlds we be in.'—'What will you bet,' says I, 'you do?'—'I'll bet you a pound of the best Varginy pigtail,' says he; 'for I am out of baccy this week past, and have been chawing oakum until my jaws fairly stick together with the tar. Yesterday, when you turned in, I throw'd out a signal of distress, and brought a Britisher down on us five miles out of his way; but, cuss him, when he found out I only wanted a pig of tobacco, he swore like all vengeance, and hauled his wind right off. What tarnal gulls and fools they be, ain't they? Yes, I'll bet you a pound of the best.'—'Done,' says I, 'I'll go my death on it you don't tell; for I never will believe no soul can steer by the lead, for sand is sand everywhere; and who can tell the difference?'—'Any fool,' said he, 'with half an eye, in the pitchiest, inkyest, lamp-blackiest night that ever was created. I didn't get here into the cabin by jumpin' thro' the skylight, as national officers do, but worked my way in from before the mast. Tarnal death to me! a man that don't know soundin's when he see it is fit for nothin' but to bait shark-hooks with. Soundin's, eh? why, I was born in soundin's, sarved my time out in soundin's, and made a man of in soundin's, and a pretty superfine fool I must be if I don't know 'em. Come, make yourself scarce, for I am sleepy; and he was a-snorin' afore I was out of the cabin.—Well, at twelve o'clock we hove-to, and sure enough found sand at fifty fathom, as he said we would. What does I do but goes and takes another lead and dips it into the water to wet it, and then stirs it in the bag of sand I had stowed away in my trunk, and then goes and wakes up the skipper. 'Hollo, shipmate!' says I, 'here's the lead: we have got a sandy bottom in fifty fathom, as you said.'—

'Exactly,' says he, 'didn't I tell you so. I can feel my way all along the coast when it's so dark you can't make yourself speak. I know every foot of it as well as if I made it myself. Give me the lead.'—As soon as he took it and looked at it, he jumped right up an eend in bed.—'Hillo!' said he, 'what the devil's this? give me my spec's, that's a good feller, for I don't see as well as I used to did.'—So I goes to the table and hands him his spectacles, and says I, 'I knew you couldn't tell no more than any one else by the lead. That are boast of yourn was a bam, and nothin' else. I'll trouble you for your pound of Virginy pigtail; jist enter it in the log, will you?'—'Heavens and airth!' said he, a-mutterin' to himself, old Nantuck is sunk, an airthquake, by gum! What a dreadful piece of business this is!'—He looked as white as chalk: his eyes started most out of his head, and his hair looked a hundred ways for Sunday. Lord, how frightened he looked, he was quite onfakilized.—'Tarnal death to me!' says he, 'bring the candle here ag'in;' and then he wiped his eyes fust, and then his spec's, and took another long look at it, as steady as if he was a drawin' a bead on it fine with his rifle.—After a space, he jumps right out of bed on the floor, and bawls out as loud as thunder to the hands on deck,—'Bout ship, boys!' said he, 'bout ship for your lives, as quick as wink! old Nantuck has gone for it as sure as rates, it has by Gosh! I hope I may die this blessed instant minute of time if that are lead hasn't gone right slap into old Aunt Polly Coffin's Sandhole. What a spot o' work this is! Poor old Nantuck!' and he was jist ready to cry a'most, he seemed so sorry.—'Stop,' says I, 'captain, I'm 'most afeerd I've made a mistake; I do believe I've gin you the wrong lead: look at this,' a-handin' up to him and a-showin' of him the right one.—'Ah!' says he, fust a-smilin' and then bustin' out in a hoss-laugh, 'you thought to catch me, Sammy, did you, my boy? but it's more nor you nor any livin' soul can. None o' you can put the leak into me where soundin's is consarned. I defy all creation to do that. Nothin' but an airthquake can do that. 'Let her off two pints, and hold on that way till daylight.' Nobody had better not go foolin' with me;' and then he swung round and fixed for a nap, ag'in makin' a chucklin' noise, half grunt, half larf. 'Catch me, catch the devil, will you? Think I don't know the bar grit from Polly Coffin's Sandhole? Oh! of course I don't, I don't know nothin', nor ever did; I never had no eyes, nor no sense nother. Old folks never know nothin', and never will; so, tarnal death to you! teach your grandmother to clap ashes, and your daddy how to suck eggs, will you?'

'Now, Squire, I knew the soundin's of them are colonies as well as Captain Ebenezer did Nantucket bottom, and could put his royal highness Lord John Russell up to a thing or two he don't know, that's a fact. He ought to go and see for himself, how else *can* he know whether folks are drawin' the wool over his eyes or no, or whether it's proper to 'bout ship or not? Do you think he could tell now, or any other British minister that ever stood in shoe-leather, from the days of old Captain Noah of the Ark whaler downwards, how many kinds of patriots there are

in the colonies? no, not he. It's a question that would pose most men, unless they had sarved an apprenticeship to state teachin'. Well, there are jist five: Rebel patriots, mahogony patriots, spooney patriots, place patriots, and rael genuine patriots. Now, to govern a colony, a man ought to know these critturs at first sight; for they are as different from each other as a hoss is from a jackass, or a hawk from a handsaw.—*A rebel patriot* is a gentleman that talks better than he fights, hante got much property in gineral way, and hopes to grab a little in the universal scramble. He starts on his own hook, looks to his rifle for his support, and shoots his own game. If he got his due, he would get a gallus for his reward.—*A mahogony patriot* is a crittur that rides like a beggar a-horseback: you'll know him by his gait. As soon as he begins to get on a bit in the world, he is envious of all them that's above him, and if he can't get his legs onder the mahogony of his betters, he is for takin' his betters' mahogony away from them. To skin his pride over and salve his vanity, he says he is excluded on account of his politics and patriotism, a martyr to his vartue. This chap mistakes impedence for independence, and abuse for manliness; he is jist about a little the dirtiest and nastiest bird of the whole flock of patriots. This feller should be sarved out in his own way: he should stand in the pillory and be pelted with rotten eggs.—*A spooney patriot* is a well-meanin', silly Billy, who thinks the world can be reduced to squares like a draftboard, and governed by systems; who talks about reforms, codifyin' progression, schoolmasters abroad, liberality, responsibility, and a pack of party catch-words, that he don't know the meaning of. This chap is a fool, and ought to go to the infarmary.—*A place patriot* is a rogue: he panders the popular prejudice, appeals to the passions of the mob, and tries to set them ag'in' their richer neighbours, and attempts to ride on their shoulders into the government, and to secure place will sacrifice everything that is valuable, and good, and respectable. He is a philosopher in his religion, and a rascal in his philosophy. He is wilful, and acts against conviction. This man is the loudest and most dangerous of all, and should go to the workhouse.—*The true patriot* is one who is neither a sycophant to the Government nor a tyrant to the people, but one who will manfully oppose either when they are wrong, who regards what's right, as minister said to me, and not what is popular; who supports existin' institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective.'

—'Why, Mr. Slick,' said I, in the most unfeigned astonishment, 'I never heard a republican hold such language before: why, you are a Tory, if you only knew it. Are you merely talking for effect, or do you really mean what you say? for your picture of a true patriot is nothing more or less than a picture of a consistent Tory. Any person must see the resemblance to the Duke of Well——.'—'Why, Squire,' said he, interrupting me, 'you don't know our soundin's from Polly Coffin's Sandhole as well as I do, or you would ax that are question, at no rate, I am a Federalist when I am to home, tho' I somewhat guess you are a Consarvative; but a monarchist in a re-

public, and a republican in a monarchy is jist about on a par, —a pair of rebels that ought to be chained together, that they might have time to argue it out. Our government suits us best, yourn suits you best; a good citizen stands by his own. I don't care who looks like the pictur'. I drawed one of a true patriot, and you may give him what nickname you please; but I hante done yet. I want to show you the soundin's of the colonial Tories, for mind, I ain't no party-man. I don't care a snap o' my finger who's up, or who's down; I'm a *Yankee*, and my name is Sam Slick; at least, they tell me so.

'Now, the colonial Tories, compacts, officials, divine succession men, cliques, or whatever they are,—for they have as many aliases as the Spanish pirate had that was hanged to Boston,—are about the best folks goin', to my mind, to trade with, and the nearest up to the notch; yet there are three sorts of them.

'*Whole hogs*, who won't hear of no change, good or bad, right or wrong, at no rate. These critturs are of the donkey breed. They stick their head into the fence, and lash away with their heels right and left, till all is blue ag'in.—*Fashionable ones*, who don't care much about politics, but join that side because the upper-crust folks and bettermost people are that way of thinkin': jackdaw birds that borrow feathers to strut in. If the great men or the governor was a radical, these critturs would be radical too. *They take their colour from the object they look up to.*—Then there is *the moderate ones*: now extremes meet, and a moderate colonial compact chap and a true patriot are so near alike it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell 'em apart. I shouldn't like to let on that I said so; for, cuss 'em, if it hadn't a been for them the patriots or reformers, winter afore last, would have throw'd Canada into our hands as slick as grease; and I wouldn't a-said to others what I have said to you for nothin' a'most. Now, if I was John Russell, (for them almighty long tails worn afore a man's name instead of behind it, always bother me, and it comes handier to me not to use them,) if I was him, I'd jist slip off on the sly to the provinces without sayin' of a word, and travel as plain Mr. Russell, (and, I guess, nobody would take him for a lord unless he told 'em so, for he ain't overly tall, that's a fact,) and jist take the soundin's of these folks myself. He'd hear the truth then, for some patriot folks say *one thing to a governor* and *another to the world*. He'd know, too, when influence *was character*, or when it was *trick*. When he returned again to home, to the state-house in Downin'-street, and a colonist brought him a lead to look at, he'd tell with half an eye, like Captain Ebenezer, whether it had sand on it from the *rael bottom*, or *Polly Coffin's Sandhole*.

'If them jawin' Jacks to Parliament had half the sense my poor old mother had, they'd know what to say when them patriot critturs come home, with their long lockrums about grievances, with an everlastin' lyin' preface to it about loyalty. They'd say, as she used to did, poor old crittur, to me when I boasted what a good boy I was a-goin' to be: '*Sam*,' *she'd say*, '*I'd a plaguy sight sooner see it than hear tell of it.*' It puts me in mind of what an Ingian once said to a

British governor afore our glorious revolution. He was a great hand was the Britisher (like some other folks I could tell you of) to humbug with talk, and was for reformin' everything a'most, and promised all sorts of things, and more too, that he did not mean; but all his speeches would *read both ways*, so that he could interpret them as he liked; so, which ever way things eventuated, he was always right. *A regilar politician that!* One day he called his red children together, as he called the Ingians, and made *them* a speech too. It was a beautiful speech, I tell you, all in bad English, that it might be understood better and sound Ingian-like. Bimeby, when he had done, up rises an old chief, a rael salt, and as cunnin' as a fox, for he was quite a case that feller, and, says he, 'Mr. Gubbernor.' —'Let my son speak,' said the Governor, 'and his great father will open his ear and hear him, and he will keep his words in his heart;' and he clapt his hand on his breast, and looked as spooney as a woman does on her first child. —'Very good jaw that, Mister Gubbernor,' said he; 'you speak 'um dam well; now, Mister Gubbernor, try and *actum* well, for that is more better.'—That's exactly the language John Russell ought to hold to colony patriots when they boast of their loyalty; he should say, 'actum well, for that's more better still.' Whenever he does that, I shall think he knows 'the rael soundin's from *Polly Coffin's Sandhole*;' won't you, Squire?'

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

HAVING travelled this day from Parnassus to Thebes,* a distance of thirty-five miles, we concluded to remain where we were, although there were some two or three hours of daylight yet to spare, and to resume our journey on the following morning. Thebes is a small town, nor does there appear to have been any grounds whatever for supposing that it could, by any possible contingency, ever attain the size or imitate the splendour of that whose name has been thought so appropriate as to be transferred to this little assemblage of wooden houses and log huts. The town appeared to have been abandoned by its inhabitants for some temporary purpose, for the houses, though all closed, bore marks of recent occupation. The shops and taverns were open, as if in readiness to receive the returning population, while the scaffolds, heaps of mortar, and unloaded waggons of timber, all exhibited signs of a hasty desertion of the workmen. The silence and melancholy that reigned through the streets constituted the only point of resemblance to its great prototype. So unusual an occurrence naturally excited my curiosity, and upon inquiring its cause, I was informed there was a gathering, or a religious bee, at a short distance, which was most numerously attended by people from a distance as well as the immediate neighbourhood; that there was a great 'stir,' and a preacher of more than common eloquence, called a 'Corcornite,' who was breaking up all the old congregations, and proselyting the whole country to his new notions.

'It is a nervous fever,' said my informant, the innkeeper, with an air of satirical severity. 'All

* I have used these names instead of the real ones, as well on account of avoiding local offence, as of their absurd adoption in the States.

nations have their peculiar excitements. The Chinese have their opium, the South Sea people their chew-chew, the Dutch their skidam, the Indians their tobacco, and the Irish their whiskey; but we have a combination of them all—we go ahead of most folks in that line. We have rum, strong tea, baccy, politics, and fanaticism. We are the most excitable and excited people in the world. One mistake, stranger, naturally leads to another. Them are Puritans that come out of your country to this, proscribed all amusements, all innocent festivities, all gaiety of the heart, and held that the more wretched and melancholy they were the more acceptable they would be to the Lord. They were no half-measure chaps them. When they began to dissent from the Church they went the whole figur'. They gave up all the Church allowed, and retained all the Church disapproved. The Church prayed for the King; they beheaded him. The Church thought a cheerful countenance betokened a happy heart; the Puritans called it the face of a malignant, and so forth. Well, what was the consequence of all this? why, as pretty a set of hypocrites was begotten as you'd wish to see. I take your Cromwell to be jist a superfine sample of them, and the breed is tolerably pure yet; cold, canting, sour pharisees, who appropriate heaven to themselves, and quietly consign all the rest of the world to the devil. This feeling has tinged every one of the hundred thousand sects that have sprung up to oppose the old Church of Old England. I am a colonist by birth myself; I was brought up an Episcopalian, and so was my wife; but my children have all seceded. One is a Hixite, another a Universalist, a third a Unitarian, and a fourth a Socialist. Religion, instead of being a bond of union in my house, is the cause of discord, and doctrinal points are never-ending sources of dispute and disagreement. Christianity, sir, is fast giving place to philosophy, and we are relapsing into what these new lights call 'rational thinkers,' or, in plain English, Atheists. It makes me sick to think on it; but you had better go and see for yourself, and then tell me if such disgraceful work is religion. This fellow that is drawing such crowds after him, belongs not to any of the great sects of Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, or Papists, but is called a 'Corcornite.' His doctrine is simply this, that a state of future punishment exists, but exists only for those who do not embrace his creed,—a comfortable sort of faith, which, I fear, his sect is not the only one that propagates.'

The meeting was held on the betterments of a new settler, near a bridge, to which several roads led, and which, from its central situation, was easy of access from various parts of the country. Waggons, gigs, and cars, without number, were stationed near the fences, and along the line of the forest, the horses belonging to each carriage being unharnessed and severally fastened by a halter to the axletree for security. Here and there were tents and booths, giving the field the appearance of a military encampment; and on the edge of the woods, and under the shade of the giants of the forest, were numerous conical wigwams, made after the fashion of the Indians, and resembling one of their summer fishing establishments. In the centre of the

clearing was a large barn, which was filled by a mixed and mottled multitude of people listening to the wild declamation of the preacher, whose voice was occasionally heard over the whole field, as he screamed out his frightful denunciations. Groups of men were scattered about the field, seated on the huge stumps which here and there dotted the surface of the ground, or perched on the upper rails of the wooden fence, discussing business or politics, or canvassing the doctrines or merits of the preacher; while others were indolently lounging about the refreshment booths, whiling away the time with cigars and mint julip until they should be joined by their fair friends at the hour of intermission.

After some difficulty, Mr. Slick and myself forced our way into the barn, and fortunately obtained standing-room on one of the seats, from which we had a view of the whole interior. One preacher had just ceased as we entered. He was succeeded by another, a tall, thin, and rather consumptive-looking man, who had a red silk pocket-handkerchief tied about his head, and wore no neck-cloth. There was something quite appalling in his look. There was such a deep dejection in his countenance, such a settled melancholy, such a look of total abstraction and resignation to the endurance of some inevitable fate, that I was forcibly reminded of the appearance of an unfortunate criminal when led out for execution. Instantly all was hushed, every eye was upon him, and every ear in anxious solicitude to catch the almost inaudible whispers that fell from his lips. Now and then a word was heard, and then a few unconnected ones, and shortly a few brief sentences or maxims. Presently his enunciation was clear and distinct, and it gradually increased in volume and rapidity until it became painfully loud, and then commenced gesticulation, emphasis, and raving. It was one unceasing flow of words, without pause or interruption, except for an occasional draught of water from a stone pitcher that was placed beside him. Even this, however, was insufficient to prevent exhaustion, and he removed his coat. He then commenced the great effort of his eloquence, a description of the tortures of the damned. It was a studied and frightful piece of declamation, in which he painted their wild demoniac shrieks, their blasphemous despair, their unquenched and unquenchable thirst,—the boiling, steaming lake of brimstone,—their unwilling tenacity of existence, and increased sensibility of pain. When all the figures of speech and all his powers of imagination were exhausted, he finished the horrible picture by the introduction of fallen angels, who, with expanded wings, hovered for ever and ever over this awful abyss, whose business and pleasure was, as the boiling of the infernal caldron brought any of the accursed to the surface, with spears of heated glowing metal to thrust them deeper and further into the burning flood.

The groans, screams, and hysterical laughter, of the female part of the audience was so frightful and appalling an accompaniment to this description, that my feelings became intensely painful, and I was about leaving the building, when his voice suddenly dropped from the unnatural pitch to which he had strained it,

and sunk into a soft and seductive tone, in which, in the mildest and gentlest manner, he invited them to accompany him to Paradise, which he described, after the manner of the Mohammedans, as an abode furnished with all the delicacies and pleasures most suited to their senses and corporeal enjoyments. He then represented the infernal regions as the doom of those who belonged not to the 'band' of which he was the head, in the absence of its persecuted founder, 'Corcoran,' and invited his hearers to fellowship.

'Enough,' said I to Mr. Slick; 'and more than enough. I am disgusted and horrified; let us go.'—'I 'most wonder you staid so long,' said he; 'it is awful hot here, and that crittur talked so of sulphur I've actilly got the taste of it in my mouth; my tongue is all warped and curled up like singed shoe-leather. I must have a brandy cocktail to cool it. But I've seen that feller afore; I know his voice and the cut of his jib as well as anything, but to cal' his name out, to save my soul alive, I can't. They call him Concord Fisher, but that is not his rael name, that's a bam. Where on airth have I seen that goney, for seen him I have, by gum!'

The following morning, he said,—'Who do you think that are preacher was, Squire? I told you I know'd I had seen him afore, for I never forgot a face yet; tho' names are considerable slippery, and it ain't jist so easy to keep hold on such soapy things. It was that everlastin' skirmudgeon, Ahab Meldrum; it was, I swear. Last night, jist as I was a-turnin' in, who should slip into my room, but Ahab.—'Sam,' says he, 'I seed you to the great 'stir,' and know'd you in a minit; you are jist the man I want to see, for I need your advice; but for the love of Heaven give me some brandy and water, for I am e'en a'most dead,'—and he gave a kind of tan-yard grin that went right straight to the heart.—'We have to preach tee-totalism here, for nothin' else will go down; but it's easier to preach than to prac*tise* that: give me some grog, or I shall die.'—'It's sarves you right,' says I, 'for bein' such a 'tarnal hypocrite: why the devil don't you take your grog like a man, if you need it, above-board, off-hand handsum, and let them that don't like it, lump it, that's my way; I don't approbate no nonsense.' 'Well, I goes and gets some brandy and water, enough to make a nightcap for two, and, says I, 'swig away till you are tired, now, will you; you are safe with me; I won't split you, you may defiend.' Well, I pitied the poor crittur too, for he looked as pale and as white about the gills as a scalded nigger; I actilly thought he would have fainted, he was so weak. 'Take a drop of it neat,' says I, 'water only spiles it;' and I poured him out a gill of the pure grit, which brought his colour and revived him a bit. When he come to, says I, 'Ahab, what onder the sun brought you here? what made you leave Alabama? You was gettin' on like a house a fire there, a soft-sawderin' the women there, with your new rule in grammar, that the feminine gender was more worthy than masculine, and the masculine more better nor the neuter, and so forth.'—'Sam,' says he, 'I've been a fool, and it sarves me right; I was doin' the smartest chance of preachin' there of any

man in the State, and I throw'd it away like an ass. I am punished enough, anyhow; spare me, for I am as weak as a child, and can't stand Jobeing. Spare me, that's a good crittur, and don't you bark ag'in me, too, or it will drive me crazy;' and he put his hand to his face and boohood right out.—'Why, you poor crittur,' says I,—for a touch of old times come over me, when we was boys to school together, and I felt kinder sorry to see him that way, lookin' so streaked—'why you poor crittur,' says I, 'you've worn yourself out a-screechin' and a-screamin' that way, and yellin' like a ravin' distracted bed bug; let me mix you a pitcher of egg-nog, stiff enough to stick to your ribs as it goes down, and it will make a man of you ag'in in two-twos.' So away I goes and gets a lot of eggs and sugar, and some brandy and mixes up a dose that would float a dollar a'most, and made him drink it: 'now,' says I, 'for your new rule in grammar; how did it work?' —'Well,' says he, 'it's no use concealin' anythin' from you, Sam; it didn't turn out well in the eend, that's a fact. People began to talk considerable hard and Lynchy about their galls comin' so often to a single man to tell their experience, and to wrastle with the spirit, and so on; and the old women began to whisper and look coonish, and, at last—for I don't wan't to go into pitikilars, for it ain't an overly pleasant subject—I got a notice to make myself scarce from Judge Lynch, and I felt my jig was up, and I jist took the hint and made tracks. Then I hooked on to the Corcornites, and here I am among them, I must say, rather takin' the lead. Folks actilly *do* say I take the rag off quite, all along up and down Maine and Varmont, and a piece beyond; but I can't stand it; I shall die; the excitement is too much for me. I have endured more already than a dead nigger in a doctor's shop could stand. Livin' so long in a hot climate, I hante strength for it, and I am fairly used up and worn out. What do you think of Socialism? it seems as if it would go down, that. It's gettin' kinder fashionable. Owen writes me word he has been introduced to Court to England, of which he is proper proud, and a nation sight of people patronize it since, a complete swad of them. He says it will trip the heels of the Church yet, let the Bishops do their prettiest, for Socialists have votes as well as other folks, and must be courted, and are courted, and will be courted, all through the piece. He seems quite up in the stirrups, and dares them to prosecute him. I have had offers from the sect here, for whatever is the go to Europe will soon be the chalk here, and to tell you the truth, I feel most peskily inclined to close with them, for them rational religionists live like men, and ain't so everlastin' strait-laced in matters of the heart as others be, nother. In fact, they are jist about the most liberal sect I know on. Now, tell me candid, has it a bottom, or is it a bam? Will it stand, or will public opinion be too strong for it? for I don't want to embark on board a leaky ship; when I spikilate I like to have the chances in my favour.'—'Well, Ahab,' says I, 'you make me crawl like all over, to hear you talk so loose, so you do; what a devil of a feller you be, you are actilly bad enough to be nigger-in-law to old Scratch, you are so bad; you have tried every sect

there is, a'most, and now you talk of turnin' infidel, as coolly as of turnin' into bed. Give up preachin', you ain't fit for it, nor never was, and more nor that, you hante strength for it. If you don't mind, you'll go for it yet. —Go where you ain't known, and either go tradin' or go farmin'.'—'Too hard work, Sam,' said he, 'too hard work: but Socialism strikes me as rather genteel, while the work is light, the pay good, and *religious liberty* great.—Jist hand me the brandy tho', that's a good feller, please. I must take some clear, for that egg-nog is cold and heavy on the stomach,'—and he drank off near about half a pint without winkin'. 'No,' said he, 'no ox-carts for me, Sammy, boy; no, nor baccy, nor cotton nother; they are low, very low, them. Corcoran, the head of our sect, is in jail. They are a-goin' to give him a birth in the States prison. It's all day with him now; and I must say it kinder sarves him right for not takin' up his killock, when he seed he was a-gitten into such an almighty frizzle of a fiz. What's the use of legs but to absquotilate with, like a jumpin' bull-frog, when traps are sot for you. What I want to know is, whether So—so—social—Socialism ca—an stand or no?'—'Not much better than you can, I expect,' says I; for he was blind drunk now, and as dumb as a wooden clock, two years old,' and I lifted him on the bed with all his runnin' riggin' on, and there he was this mornin' when I got up, a-snorin' like a sizeable buffalo. Oh, Squire,' said the Clockmaker, 'that are Ahab has made me feel dreadful ugly, I tell you. Old times kinder touches the heart; I look on my old class-mates like brothers, and I don't feel sorter right when I see one on 'em actin' like old Scratch that way. *A bad man is bad enough, the Lord knows; but a bad minister beats the devil*, that's as plain as preachin'.'

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNBURIED ONE.

As we approached Boston, Mr. Slick said, 'Ah, Squire! now you will see as pretty a city as we have this side of the water. There is a good many folks worth seein' here, and a good many curiosities of natur' too. There's the State House, and Old Funnel, and Charleston College, and the Market-place, and the Wharf they give to the British steamer (an act of greater liberality p'raps than you'll find, I estimate, in the world), and ever so many things. Then there is Mount Auburn. Lord, the French may crack and boast as much as they please, about their 'Pair o' Shaise,' but it's no touch to it. Why, I never was so disappointed in anything in all my life, since I was broughten up, as that are Paris buryin' ground. *It looks for all the world like an old ruined town, where the houses are all gone, and the porches, and steps, and dog-kennels are left.* It hante no interest in it at all, except the names o' them that's buried there: but Mount Auburn is worth seein' for itself. It's actilly like pleasure ground, it's laid out so pretty, and is the grandest place for courtin' in I know on, it's so romantic. Many a woman that's lost one husband there, has found another in the same place. A widower has a fine chance of seein' widders there, and then nobody ever suspects them of courtin', bein' that they are both in black, but takes

'em for mourners, and don't intrude on 'em out of pity. I'll go a bet of a hundred dollars the women invented that place, for they beat all natur' for contrivances, so they do. Yes, Squire, if you have a mind for a rich young widder, clap a crape weeper on your hat, and a white noserag in your hand, and go to Mount Auburn, and you'll see some heavenly splices there, I tell you, in some o' them are shady walks, that will put all the dead in creation out of your head a'most. Them saller lookin', garlick eatin' French heifers, you see to 'Pair o' Shays,' may have better top gear, and better riggin' in gineral than our galls, and so they had ought, seein' that they think of nothin' else but dress; but can they show such lips, and cheeks, and complexions, that's all, or such clinker-built models? No, not them, nor any other women of any other nation in the univarsal world. If they can, it's some place that's not discovered yet, that's all I can say, and you must go a leetle further than the eend of the airth to find them, for they ain't this side of it. You must see Mount Auburn to-morrow, Squire, that's a fact; but then, leave your heart to home, to the *Tre*mont, as folks do their watches when they go to the *thea*tre to London, or you will lose it as sure as you are born. O, there is a sartain somethin' about Boston that always makes an American feel kinder proud. It was the cradle of our liberty. The voice of our young eagle was first heard here, and at Bunker's Hill, which is near the town, it gave the British the first taste of its talons.

'Newbury port's a rocky place,
And Salom's very sandy,
Charleston is a pretty town,
But Boston is the Dandy.

I guess the English must feel most awful streaked when—'

To divert him from a topic on which his national vanity always made him appear ridiculous, I observed, that I believed there was but one opinion among strangers about Boston, who were always much pleased with the place, and its society, but that I was not myself fond of *cities as cities*. 'Long streets, and broad streets,' said I, 'walls of brick and mortar, and stones heaped on stones, have few charms for me. Even architectural beauty is, after all, but the effect of a judicious arrangement of poor materials. It is good of its kind, but not one of those things I most admire. It may have many component parts of beauty, it may combine lightness, strength, proportion, and so on. The general effect may be good, criticism may be satisfied, and the eye dwell on it with complacency. You may be willing to concede to it the usual terms of praise. You may say it is grand, or magnificent, or exquisite, or beautiful. You may laud the invention, the judgment, and skill of the architect; you may say, in short, that your artificial and acquired taste for architectural beauty is gratified and content, (an admission, by the by, which it is very rare to hear,) but still it is but the work of the hodsman and mason. I like cities, not for themselves, but as a gregarious animal for the greater number of my own species they contain, and for the greater opportunity they afford me of meeting the *idem velle* and *idem nolle* people, among whom, only, we are told, by a very competent judge, is to be found true friendship. But, even in this case, I am not sure I do not lose in quality as much as I gain in

quantity; for I fear that though there be more refinement in the citizen, there is less heart than in the countryman. Before you can impart its brightness to steel, you must harden its texture, and *the higher the polish the more indurated you will find the substance.* As a lover of nature, therefore, I love the country and the man that inhabits it. I find more of beauty in the one, and of generous impulses in the other, than I find in cities or in courtiers.'

'I reciprocate that idee,' said the Clockmaker. 'Give me the folks that like 'human natur'' and 'soft-sawder.' Them critturs in towns, in a gineral way, have most commonly cut their eye teeth, and you can't make nothin' of them. There is no human natur' in them to work on; and as for soft-sawder, they are so used to it themselves, it seems to put 'em on their guard like. They jist button up their pockets, and wrinkle up their foreheads, and look on you with their eyes wide apart, onmeanin' like, as if they warn't attendin', and bow you out. Nothin' makes me feel so onswoggled as one of them 'I guess-you-may-go kind of stares;' it's horrid. But as for country folks, Lord, you can walk right into 'em like nothin'. I swear I could row a boat-load on 'em cross-handed right up ag'in' the stream in no time. Boston is a fine town, that's sartain, tho' I won't jist altogether say it's better nor Edinboro', nor Dublin nother; but it's——.'—'Talking of Dublin,' says I, 'reminds me of the singular story I overheard you telling some countryman in Nova Scotia of the remarkable state of preservation in which the dead bodies are found under St. Michan's church, and especially the anecdote of the two Shears's; was that a fact, or one of your fanciful illustrations given for the sake of effect?'—'Fact, Squire, I assure you,' said he, 'and no mistake: I seed it with my own eyes no longer than two years agone. Gospel, every word of it.'—'You mentioned there was a female exhibited with them in the same perfect state; who was she?'—'Oh! she was a nun,' said he; 'she had been there the matter of the Lord knows how many years a-kickin' about, and nobody knew her name, or who her folks were, or where the plague she come from. All they know'd was she was a nun that wouldn't let no one see so much as the colour of her eyes while she lived, but made up bravely for it arter she was dead. If you had only a-heerd how it made the old sea-captain rave like a mad poet at the full of the moon, it would have made you laugh, I know. I sot him a-goin' a purpose; for nothin' pleases me so much as to see an old feller try to jump Jim Crow in an oration. 'So,' says I, 'captain,' says I, 'that are nun warn't a bad lookin' heifer in her day nother, was she? a rael, right down, scrumptious-lookin' piece of farniture, and no mistake; but what in natur' was the use of her veilin' her face all her life to keep off the looks of sinful carnal men, if they won't veil her arter she is dead, and no one wants to look at her. Oh, dear! oh, dear! if she could only wake up now and see us two great he fellers a-standin' starin' at her full in the face, what an everlastin' hubbub she would make, wouldn't she? If she wouldn't let go, and kick, and squeel, and carry on like ravin', distracted mad, it's a pity, that's all. I say, Miss Stranger,' said

I, a-turnin' to our female guide, and a-chuckin' her onder the chin, 'now what do you estimate is the first thing that are gall would do in that case—would she——?' but the old ongainly heifer pretended to take a fit of the modest all at once, and jist turned towards the door, and by bringin' the lamp closer to her body, threw the corpses and that corner of the cellar into darkness, and then axin' us if we'd like to see the next vault, led us right up into the churchyard. When we got out into the air, says the old sea-captain,—'I agree with you, Mr. Slack.'—'Slick, sir, if you please, is my name.'—'Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Clack, then.'—'No, nor Mr. Clack nother,' says I; 'it's Slick—Sam Slick is my name!' a-raisin' of my voice till the buildin' actilly gave an echo ag'in, for the critter was as deaf as a shad. 'I am from Slickville, Onion county, Conne'ticut, United States of America.'—'Well, Mr. Slick.'—'Ah! now you have it,' said I; 'you've got it to a T.'—'To a T!' said he, (the old soft horn,) 'how is that? I really don't onderstand how you have a T in it at all.'—'Oh dear!' said I, 'no more we have; it's nothin' but a sayin' of ourn, a kind of provarb; it's a cant phrase.'—'Ah! cant is it?' said he, with a face a yard long: 'then you must permit me to obsarve, that you are one of the very last men, judging from your remarks, that I should have supposed to have had anything about you approaching to cant; but I fully concur with you that the exhibition of this female is not decent. I should not have observed myself, unless you had called my attention to the corpse, that it was a female.'—'No, I suppose not,' says I; 'and there's not one mite or morsel of cant in that, I suppose, at all.' How innocent we are not to know a hawk from a handsaw, ain't we?—'Speak a little louder,' said the old man, 'if you please, sir, for I have the misfortin' to be a leetle hard of hearin'.'—'I was a-sayin', sir,' said I, 'that I don't know as I should nother, if that are woman that showed 'em to us hadn't a-said beautiful crater, your honour, that same nun must have been in her day. The jontlemen all admire her very much entirely. They say she looks like a statue, she does.'

''Well, well,' said the captain, kinder snappishly, 'whoever she was, poor crittur! the exhibition is improper. She has the reputation of having been a nun, who whatever may be the errors of their creed that induce them voluntarily to quit a world into which they are sent with certain social duties to perform, have at least the merit of a sincere devotion, and their motives are to be respected. As in life they are scrupulous in the observance of all the most minute proprieties of conduct, they, of all others, seem to have the greatest claim to be exempted from this degrading exposure after death. Decay, however, has now commenced, and will soon remove all trace of humanity. Corruption, according to that beautiful idea of Scripture, will assert its claim of kindred, and the worm proclaim himself her brother. Alas! where now are the gay and thoughtless crowd that thronged to witness the gorgeous and solemn spectacle of a young, beautiful, and innocent sister, assuming that veil that was to separate her from the world for ever? Where are the priests that officiated at the altar?—the sisterhood that rejoiced in

receiving?—the relatives that grieved at surrendering this sacrifice? and they, too, whose voices pealed forth the hymn of praise, and poured out the tide of sacred song to the echoing aisles—where are they? All, all have passed away! and none, no, not one, is left of all that assembled crowd to disclose her lineage or her name. Their rolls have perished with them, and all that now remains is this unclaimed, unknown, nameless one. Poor thing! has indignant humanity asserted its rights? hath the vindictive world rejected thee, as thou rejected it? or why art thou here alone, unhonoured and unknown? Alas! is there no distinction between the gallows and the cloister? is it fitting that thou, whose life was a life of penance and of prayer, whose pure mind communed only with heavenly objects, should now consort with convicted criminals, and that thy fair form should be laid with the headless trunks of traitors? Ah, me! thou hast returned, poor houseless thing, to thine own, and thine own knows thee no more! I have seen the grave open to receive its tenant, and the troubled sea its dead, and the green turf and the billowy wave fold them in its bosom, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. All have their resting-place, save thee! Ambition has its temple, and wealth its tomb, while even the poor are cared for, but thou, how is it, fair one, that thou alone of all thy sex should be left the 'unburied one?' the greedy sexton's show, and the vile scoffer's viler jest. Who are thou? History can find a place for treason and for crime; could it afford no space for self-denying virtue such as thine? Was there no pious hand to grave thy name on unpretending, monumental stone? none of all thy father's house to perform the last sad rites of affection—to restore to the earth what was earthy—to the dust, dust—and ashes to ashes? All, all are silent! and even tradition, garrulous as it is, has but one short word for thee—a nun!'

'Arter spinnin' this yarn, the old sea-captain turned off to examine the tombstones in the church-yard, and I mounted the car to the gate and drove off to the hotel. There was some feelin' and some sense too in what he said, tho' he did rant a few, warn't there? I think, myself, they might as well bury her, and if they'd ship her out to minister, I don't make no doubt he'd bury her his self in Mount Auburn; or to brother Eldad, and he'd stick her up in a museum for a show, as they do mother Barchell at Surgeon's Hall to London; but as for her name, who the plagues cares what it is? I am sure I don't. I wouldn't give a cent to know, would you? It sounded kinder pretty, that talk of his, too. Lord! I wish sister Sall had a-been there; if she had a-been, he'd a-sot her a-boohooin' in no time, I know, for she is quite romantic is Sall, and a touch of the pathetic is what she does love dearly. Whenever she comes across a piece of dictionary like that are, she marks it with a pencil, and gets it by heart, and goes a-spoutin' of it about the house like mad.—'Ain't that fine, Sam?' says she, 'ain't it splendid? it's sublime, I declare; it's so feelin' and so true.'—And if I won't go the whole figur' with her, she gets as mad as a hatter.—'You hante got no soul in you at all, Sam,' says she, 'I never seed such a crittur; I do

believe in my heart you think of nothin' but dollars and cents.'—'Well then, I say,' says I, 'don't be so peskily ryled, Sally dear; but really now, as I am a livin' sinner, I don't jist exactly onderstand it; and as you are more critical than I be, jist pint out the beauties, that's a dear love, will you, and see if I don't admire it every mite and morsel as much as you do, and maybe a plaguy sight more.' Well, I get her to set down and go over it ever so slow, and explain it all as clear as mud, and then she says,—'Now do you see, Sam, ain't it horrid pretty?'—'Well,' says I, 'it does sound grand like, that I must say'—and then I scratch my head and look onfakilized—'but how did you say that was, dear?' says I, a-pinting to the top line; 'I don't jist altogether mind how you explained that.'—'Why, you stupid crittur, you!' she says, 'this way; and then she goes over it all ag'in word for word. 'Now do you onderstand,' says she, 'you thick head, you? Ain't that beautiful? don't that pass?'—'Yes,' says I, 'it does pass, that's a fact, for it passes all onderstandin'; but you wouldn't jist explain once more, would you, dear?' and I looks up wicked and winks at her.—'Well, now, if that ain't too bad,' she says, 'Sam, I declare, to make game of me that way.—If I hadn't a-been as blind as a bat, I might have seed with half an eye you was a-bammin' of me the whole blessed time, so I might; but I'll never speak to you ag'in, now, see if I do; so there now,' and away she goes out of the room a-poutin' like anything. It's grand fun that, and don't do a girl no harm nother, for there is nothin' like havin' a string to a kite, when it's a-gettin' away up out of sight a'most, to bring it down ag'in. *Of all the seventeen senses, I like common sense about as well as any on 'em, arter all; now don't you, Squire?*'

CHAPTER XVI.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

On our arrival at Boston we drove to the Tremont House, which is not only one of the first of its kind in the United States, but decidedly one of the best in the world. As our time was limited we proceeded, as soon as we could, to visit the several objects of interest in the city and its neighbourhood, and among the rest Bunker's Hill, where, Mr. Slick observed, 'the British first got a taste of what they afterwards got a belly-full.' The hill was surmounted by an unfinished monument, which, he said, it was intended should exceed in height the Monument in the city of London, as the Yankees went a-head of the English in everything.

As his father had been present at the battle, it was natural the Clockmaker should feel a pride in it; for, by proving our army to be both mortal and fallible, it had a great effect on the subsequent events of the war. In his exultation, however, he seemed to forget that he was talking to a British subject, who, if he now had any feeling on the subject, could only have wished that the prudence of the general had equalled the bravery of the King's troops. As Bunker's Hill was the scene of a victory won by British soldiers under the most difficult and trying circumstances, I was pleased to see the erection of this monument, as it is a tribute to their valour which they have justly merited. Why the

Americans should have thought of putting it there I am at a loss to know, when there are many other places where their gallantry was not only equally conspicuous but crowned with signal success. In this case, however, they have not merely selected a spot where they were defeated, but one which is, perhaps, more remarkable than any other on this continent for that indomitable spirit and reckless courago that distinguishes the English.

On an examination of the ground it would appear, that a slight detour would have enabled the troops to have routed the rebel army with great ease and but little loss, and at the same time effectually to have cut off their retreat. Instead of adopting this obvious mode of attack, the troops were ordered to charge up the steep ascent of the hill upon an enemy securely protected by their entrenchments, a service which they performed under a most murderous fire, which from the nature of the ground they were unable to return with any effect. This successful effort is as deserving of commendation as the conduct of the officer in command is of reprehension, in thus wantonly sacrificing his men, out of mere bravado, in the attainment of an object which could be followed by none of the usual consequences of a victory. A monument to perpetuate the recollection of this gallant feat of those intrepid men, by whomsoever erected, is a most desirable thing, and it is to be hoped that means will not be long wanting to complete it in the same handsome style in which it is begun.

On our return to the hotel, as we passed the bar, Mr. Slick, according to his usual custom, stopped to take some refreshment, and when he joined me again, he said,—'Squire, do you know Peter Barr to Quaco, where we stopt one night? Well, he is Bar by name and Bar by natur', for he is the waiter to a most excellent one, the Reneficacious House. I reckon he is the most gentlemanlike man in all New Brunswick. He sar-*tain*-ly is a polished man that; his manners are about the best I ever fell in with. It does one good to see him enter a room, he does it so pretty; in fact, I call him as near about a finished gentleman as I know on, don't you, now?'

I said I had seen the person he alluded to, but it was not customary to call servants finished gentlemen, and that I had never heard the term applied in that manner before; that he was no doubt a very attentive and civil waiter, and I believe an honest and excellent servant, but that finished manners referred to a very different state of society from that of the attendants of a bar-room.

'Ah,' said he, 'now there peeps out the pride of the Englishman and the effect of your *political* institutions. Now with us we are all equal, and in course the polish extends very considerable thro' all the different grades of society, especially among them that live on the sea-board.'

'How,' said I, 'can you have different grades if you are all equal? I do not exactly comprehend that.'—'No,' said he, 'the fact *is* you do *not* understand us. Now, take my grade; it's what you call a clock pedlar in the scorny way you British talk of things, merely because my trade extends over the whole country; but take my grade (I won't speak of myself, because 'praise to the face is open disgrace).' Well, I

estimate they are as gentleman-like men as you will find in the world, and the best drest too, for we all wear finer cloth in a gineral way than the British do, and our plunder is commonly more costly than theirn: this arises, you see, from our bein' on a footin' with princes and nobles, and received at all foreign courts as natur's noblemen, free and enlightened citizens of the greatest empire on the face of the airth. Now, I could go where despisable colonists couldn't go. If I went to France I should go to our Embassador and say, 'Embassador, I've come to see the ins and outs of Paris; and a nasty, dirty, tawdry place it is, it ain't to be named on the same day with Philadelphia, New York, or any of our first shop cities; but, as I *am* here, I'd like to see some of the big bugs,—show us their king, he kept school once to our country, but we kinder thought he didn't speak as good French as the New Orleans folks; I wonder if he has improved any.' Well, he'd take me and introduce me to the palace without any more to do about it, and king and me would be as thick as two thieves, a-talkin' over his old scholars, frog soup, and what not of the ups and downs of refugee life. *Embassador* darsn't refuse *me*, or we'd recall him for not supporting the honour of the nation. *King* darsn't refuse *him*, or we'd go to war with him for insultin' the Union—fact, I assure you. Creation! If he was to dare to refuse, he'd see our hair rise like a fightin' cat's back. We wouldn't pine and whine about it as the English do at gittin' their flag insulted by the French and us great folks, and then show their spunk on them outlandish petticoated Chinese, like a coward that first refuses a challenge and then comes home and licks his wife to prove he ain't afeerd; no, not we indeed, we'd declare perpetual non-intercourse with France, as the only dignified course, and they might keep their silks and champaigne for them as wants them, we can manufacture both of them as good as they can. Now this gives us a great advantage over the *natives* of Europe, and makes it work so that any man of my grade (I don't speak of the upper-crust folks, because them that eat their pork and greens with silver forks are the same all the world over, all they have to larn is how to spend their money ginteelly, but of my class, that has to larn fust how to make it and then how to keep it,) is ginerally allowed to be as much of a gentleman as you'll see in any rank in Europe, partikilarly when he sets out to do the thing in best style. Of course, when people are at their work they must have their workin' dress on, but when they ondertake to put on their bettermost clothes and go the whole figur', I want to know where you'll see a better drest man than one of my craft, take him by and large, from his hat clean away down to his pump-shoes; or a man more ready when his dander is up to take offence at nothin' a'most, and fight, or go to a first-rate hotel and pay five dollars a bottle for his wine. Country folks will be country folks, and can't be expected to be otherwise, seein' that they don't go out of the bush, and can't know what they don't see; but a tradin' man, that roams from one eend of the States to t'other eend of the provinces, a-carryin' his own wares in his own waggon, and a-vendin'

of 'em himself from house to house, becomes a polished man in spite of his teeth, and larns to despise spittin' on carpets afore company or whitlin' his nails with a penknife, as much as count this or lord that. There is a nateral dignity about them, arising from the dignity of freedom. So there is about the Ingians; minister used to say, there was an ease and elegance of motion about an Ingian that nothin' could give a white man but constant intercourse with the best society, and was seldom equalled and never surpassed even at courts. The crittur is onconstrained. They go on the *nil admirari* system, he used to say (for, poor old man, he was always introducin' neck-and-crop some fag-eend of a Latin line or another, his head was chock-full and runnin' over with larnin'). The meanin' of that is, they don't go starin' and gapin' about the streets with their eyes and mouth wide open, like musketeer-hawks, as if they never seed anything afore. Now, that's the way with us. No man ever heerd me praise anything out of my own country that took the shine off of anything *we* had.

'I've often heerd the ladies say to England,—'Why, Mr. Slick, nothin' seems to astonish you here: you don't seem to praise anything; you have no curosity about you. What do you think of that noble structur', St. Paul's Church?'—'Pretty well,' says I, 'jist as if we had a thousand such; but it's gloomy and not so big as I expected.'—'But Westminster Abbey,' says they, 'don't that surprise you? for you have no abbeys in America, and we think that must appear to you very wonderful.'—'Well,' says I, quite cool, like a corney-sewer, 'it's costly, but onconvenient for a large congregation. The finish is rather gimcrack, and so is its farnitur', and them old tattered banners in the chapel look for all the world like old rags we tie to sticks in the cornfields to Slickville to frighten away the crows. They ain't fit for a meetin'-house like that are; and if they must have flags hung up in it, as we do them we took from your frigates in a ball room, they might as well have new ones.'—'Oh!' says they, 'did you ever? Then,' says they, 'the delightful parks round the nobleman's seats, ain't they very beautiful? you must be astonished at them, we think. Were you not struck on entering them with——.'—'Struck!' says I; 'oh yes! and most delightfully skeered too. I am a narvous man, and sometimes sing out afore I am hit. Few people is so skittish and shy so bad as I do. Struck, indeed! No, Miss, I wasn't struck. I'd like to see the best lord that ever trod in shoe-leather strike me for enterin' his park, or so much even as to lay the weight of his finger on me. I'd soon let him know there was a warrant out arter him. Heavens and airth! I'd chaw him right up like mince-meat, titles, stars, garters, and all. I'd knock him to the north eend of creation in less time than a cat takes to lick her paw. *Struck!* why the very thorts of it sets my blood all in a gallopin' boil. I don't think he'd take the trouble to do it a second time; for I'd make him cut dirt as if he heerd a whole team of thunderbolts arter him. *Me* struck, and *him* alive to brag of it! Well, I sorter guess not. No one never struck me, Miss, since I first sot foot in England, nor for many a long day afore nother. That pleasure is to come yet. Strikin' a stranger ain't

thort friendly with us, and I didn't think it was the fashion here.'—'Why, Mr. Slick,' says they, 'hante you got that word 'struck' in the States? it means astonished, strongly affected.'—'Oh yes!' says I, 'to be sure, 'struck up all of a heap;' it's common when used in jinein' hand that way, but never stands alone except for a blow.' The truth is, I know'd well enough what she meant when she said it, but I answered that way jist to give her a high idea of my courage; for I suppose she thought honour was only found in Europe, and mainly among officers, the bulk of whose business is to fight when they can't help it. 'Then,' says I, 'to answer your question, Miss, I have seed a nateral park,' says I, 'to home, stretchin' clean away across from the Atlantic right slap thro' to the Pacific Ocean all filled with deer, and so big, these English parks of dwarf trees look like a second growth of sprouts on the edge of a potato diggin' in a new clearin', or a shelter grove in a pastur'. Then,' says I, 'your lakes is about as big as our duck-ponds, and your rivers the bigness of a sizeable creek when there is no freshets.'—'But,' says they, 'we know natur' is on a large scale in America, and your rivers and trees exceed in magnitude anything of the kind in Europe; but look at the beautiful English landscape, the rich verdure, the high cultivation, the lawns, the shrubberies, the meadows, and the groves, so interspersed as to produce the greatest and best effect.'—'If the sun ever shined on it,' said I, 'it would be scrumptious enough, I do suppose; but it's heavy, melancholy, and dull; it wants light in the landscape, and you hante water to give it, nor sun nother.'—'We are sorry,' says they, 'England has nothin' to please you.'—'Haven't you tho',' says I,—for it don't do to run down everything either, especially to the ladies,—so, says I, 'haven't you tho'. Oh!' says I, 'the ladies, I must say, are quite equal to ourn.' It was a whapper, that tho', but they didn't know no better; and who has a better right to lie than them that pays taxes? It wouldn't be patriotic to say they were superior, and not perlite nor true, nother, to say inferior, but they *are* equal, says I, that's a fact; and that's no poor compliment, I can tell you, for our ladies lick! but I say nothin'.

'Now that's what I call about right, Squire. To go wanderin' and starein' about and admirin' of everything, shows a man has nothin' to home worth braggin' of or boastin' about, or hasn't seed nothin' of the world. It would make Europeans vain, and, cuss them, they are vain enough and proud enough already, especially the English; besides, it tainte good breedin', and ain't patriotic. I like to sustain the national character abroad, and give foreigners a proper idea of our enlightenment and freedom. Bein' stumpt is a sure mark of a fool. The only folks among us that's ever nonplushed, is them just caught in the woods, and some o' them, I will say, are as ignorant as a Britisher; but then it's only them as never seed nothin' but bears and Ingians. I mind once a gall we hired as a house help. They was agued out of the west was her family, and them that the Ingians left the fever was doin' for; so they cut and runs and come to Slickville. Well, she

stared and pawed at everything a'most, and actilly was the most ongenteelest crittur ever was broughten out from among the rattlesnakes. Father axed her one day at dinner to hand him some bread.—'Did you baul for anything, old man?' says she, 'or was it the old woman that yelled? for yau and granny Slick speak so much alike, I can't tell, unless I see yaur jaus a-movein', which it is.'—'I asked for some bread,' says father.—Well, what does she do but ups with the head of the loaf, and stretchin' out her arms, takes aim and let's fly right at him; and, if he hadn't a-been pretty a*ctive* in fendin' off, it would have hit him right in the face, and takin' his nose off so clean he wouldn't have missed it till he went to blow it.—'Why, Suckey,' says he, 'what on airth do you mean by that are! why don't you hand it?'—'Hand it?' says she; 'I never heerd of such a way as that. Father always says pitch, and when we want a thing we always shy it. How onder the sun could yau onload a cart of bricks if you didn't pitch and catch? why it would take a month of Sundays. If people always carried everything that everybody wanted, they might be a-carryin' to all etarnity. Didn't I pitch the loaf fair for yaur breadbasket? where the plague would yau have it, eh?'—Then she was always axin' what a thing cost.—'Is that solid silver?' said she, a-lookin' at one of our spoons.—'To be sure,' said I, 'rael genu*wine*, and worth five dollars.'—'Well, I want to know,' said she: 'yau don't. Half a dollar would buy a spoon, and four dollars and a half two lambs. Why yaur silver spoons are a rael airthquake; what a power of money they do swaller up!'—Then she got hold of the gilt pictur'-frame I had minister's likeness in.—'Dear, dear,' said she, 'how grand! Now, is that all solid gold and no bam? why it would buy Deacon Hiram Grumble's overshot sawmill at little big Snipe Swamp; it would, I vow, timber-ranges and all. Why it would be a forten to a poor gall like me. I'd gin all I have in the world for that, or ever shall have; but, then, all I have is a featherbed, a side-saddle, a yearlin' colt, and a rifle. Now declare solemn, that's a good soul, Sam, is that all solid, clear gold, without cheatin', or only pinchback, like the earrings that stingy beast Pardon Brag gave sister Ambrosia when he was snuffin' ashes with her afore they was married?'—'Why, you foolish crittur, no,' said I, 'it ain't. Who ever heerd tell of a gold frame.'—'Ay, ay, my young coon,' said she, 'or a silver spoon either. I'll take my davy it's only pewter, and good enough too. I guess yau only said so to appear grand.'—She knowed no better, poor crittur, for she was raised to the swamps to the west among the owls and catamounts, and warn't much more nor half-baked at no time nother. We couldn't make nothin' of her, her independence was so great, and her ways so countrified. When she come, she had but one frock, and when she washed it at night, she laid a-bed all day for it to dry; she did, upon my soul.

One time we had a tea-squall to our house, and Susan handed about the tea. Well, she got thro' this well enough; but what does she do arterwards but goes round among the company with the sugar-bowl in one hand, and the cream-jug in the other, sayin',—'How are yau off, yau

stranger with the factory-coat, for sugar? and old woman with the yaller petticoat, shall I milk yau,' and so on? When she came to me I couldn't hold in no longer, and I bust out a-larfin.—'Kiss my foot, will you,' said she, 'Mr. Sam, and mind what I tell yau, if yau go for to cut any of yaur high shines with me, I'll fetch yau a kick that will give yau the dry gripes for a week, dod drot my old shoes if I don't, for yau are a bigger fool than I took yau to be.' She felt equal to any of the company, and so she was, *po*litically speaking, and nothin' darnted her. It tante more nor half convenient always, but it's the effect of our glorious institutions. She felt conscious she might be the mother of a president of our great nation, and it infused a spirit in her above her grade. In fact, no one, male or female, can forget that fact, that their child mought be an Albert Gotha for eight years. As for me,' he said, 'I never was abashed before any man since I was knee high to a goose; I hope I may be skinned if I was. I do actilly believe, if your Queen was to ax me to dine with her, I should feel no more taken aback nor if it was Phœbe Hopewell. The fixin's of the table mought be a little grain different from what I had ever heern on, seein' that she is so much richer than I be; and havin' lords to wait behind cheers at dinner would seem, at first, strange, I do suppose, but I should jist cut my eye round like wink, and see how others did, like a well-bred man, and then right and left and down the middle, as they did, as onconsarned as if I had been used to it all my life. Afore you go, I'll pint out to you some smart men in the same grade as myself, travelling clock vendors, or in the tin line, who are men of great refinement in dress, and considerable taste in hoss flesh, and parfect gentlemen, who pride themselves on having the handsomest gall, the best trottin' beast, and the dearest coats in the city, and wouldn't let any man say boo to them for nothin'. Let a British duke ax one o' them to a party without fust callin' and gettin' introduced, as one of them did to another citizen of ourn not long ago, and see if he wouldn't make him a caution to behold. I'd trouble an old gouty lord to go a-hobblin' up-stairs afore 'em, a purpose to keep 'em back, and mortify 'em, 'cause they were Americans. I guess they'd give him a lift with the tip eend of their toe that would help him to mend his pace, that's all. What your idea of a gentleman is, I don't know, but I suppose nothin' onder an airl is one in your eyes; but my idea of a gentleman is jist this, one who is rich enough, willin' enough, and knowin' enough, when the thing has to be done in first-rate style, to go the full figur', and to do the thing ginteel. That's what I call a gentleman.'

CHAPTER XVII.

LOOKING UP.

THE Clockmaker had an extensive and accurate knowledge of human nature. The wandering life he had led, and the nature of his business, which sent him into every man's house, afforded him a favourable opportunity of studying character, a knowledge of which was the foundation of his success in life. Like most clever men, however, he prided himself less upon what he did, than what he did not, know, and was more ambitious of being considered a

man of fashionable manners, than a skilful mechanic, an expert salesman, or a shrewd, intelligent man. It was one of his weak points, and the more remarkable in him, for it was natural to suppose that his quick perception of the ridiculous, and his power of humour, would have enabled him to see the absurdity of such a pretension quicker than most men. Admitting the truth of his assertion, that all men, women, and children, are open to the influence of his universal and infallible soft-sawder, I have no doubt that a dose of it skilfully applied to him on this point, would have proved the accuracy of the remark, by showing that he was no more exempt from its operation that the thousands of dupes whose caution he had disarmed and whose favour he had won by it himself.

'Yes, Squire,' he continued, 'it's a great advantage we possess in manners. It enables us to visit the log-huts of the down east settler, and the palace of the nobles on free and easy tarms, to peddle in the one, and to be first chop in the other. I rather pride myself on my manners, for I have seed more of the world than most men. That, you see, has provided me with small-talk for the women, and you might as well be without small change in tradin' as small-talk in courtin' the gals. There is nothin' a'most pleases womenkind like hearin' men talk glib to them, unless it be to hear the sound of their own tongues. Then, I larnt psalmody to singin' school, and havin' naturally a good voice, can do base to the nines, and sing complete. Beautiful tunes some o' them meetin'-house ones are too. There is old Russia; now that's one you never get tired of; and Washington's march is another, and so is Jim Crow Zionized. Lookin' on the same music book with the ladies brings heads together, and if you don't put your hand on their shoulder or their waists you can't see straight, or stand steady to read. Many a match has been made afore now in the night singin' schools. There is where I got my first lesson in manners, tho' father was always a-preachin' up of manners to me too. Father, you know, was one of the heroes of Bunker's Hill. He was a sargeant at that glorious battle, and arterwards rose in Slickville to be a kurnel in the militia. He had quite a military air about him had the old man, and was as straight as a poker at seventy, and carried his head as erect as the cap of a gate post. He always used to say, march,—halt,—right wheel,—left wheel,—quick step, and so on, to his hosses, to the last. He used to say you could always tell a military man by his walk, his talk, and his manners. In his walk he was stately, for it looked hero like; in his talk, he swore a few, for it was the way of the camp; and in his manners, he was humble servant to the ladies, and haughty to the men, because one you fought for, and the other you fought with. Poor old man, he was always a-dingin' this lesson into my ears. *Always look up, Sam; look up in manners, and look up in politics.* In manners, said he, a man that looks down ain't safe at all. It's a sure sign of roguery and treachery. Such a crittur will either lie, cheat, or steal, or do some bad thing or another, you may depend, Never trust a man that don't hold up and look you in the face; such a crittur knows his heart is bad,

and is afeerd you should see into it thro' them are winders, his eyes. Have nothin' to do with him on no account. Look at Lawyer Slyware: well, he is the most pious lawyer and the most extortionate man in all Slickville. You'd think butter wouldn't melt in that feller's mouth, and yet, when he is onder the protection of the court, there ain't anything too bad for him to lay his tongue to in abusin' folks, and where money is consarned, he is mean and onreasonable. Some folks say his piety is jist a cloak, and nothin' more, to hide his claws; how that is, I won't say; but this I know, he looks down, and looks sideways, or any way but right up like a man at you full in the face, and such corn-crackers as that, let them be who they may, ain't over safe in the dark, or in the woods, I know. You recollect old Southey Crowe, don't you? Well, I'll tell you a story about him. He was one of those down-lookin' skunks I was a-speakin' of, and a more endless villain, p'raps, there ain't this blessed day atween the poles than he was; but you musn't let on to any one about it that I said so, for he has left some children behind him that are well to do in the world, and different guess chaps from him altogether, and it would be a sin and a shame to hurt their feelin's by a revival; but it's true as gospel for all that.

'When minister was first located here, to Slickville, he thought his hoss was the most everlastin' eater he ever seed, for he used to eat more nor any two hosses in all the town, and, says he, to me, one day, '*kuyr*nal,' says he, 'what's good for a hoss that has an onnatteral appetite, do you know?' says he, 'for my hoss eats near a ton of hay a month.'—'It's worms,' says I; 'nothin' will make a hoss eat like the botts.'—'Well, what's good for botts,' said he?—'Well,' says I, 'chopped hoss-hair in their oats ain't a bad thing, nor a little tobacco, nother; but I'll look at him and see what it is, for I never heerd tell of a hoss eatin' at that rate, at no time.' Well, the next mornin' I goes out to the stable along with the minister, to see the hoss, and there had fallen a little chance of snow in the night, and there was the tracks of a man quite plain, where he had carried off the hay, and the seed and dust of the clover was scattered all about after him. 'Minister,' says I, 'there's the botts sure enough; they have carried off the hay by wholesale, but they've took it afore the hoss got it tho', and no mistake: look at them are tracks.'—'Dear, dear,' said he, 'only to think of the wickedness of this world; who on airth could that be that was so vile?'—'Southey Crowe,' said I; 'I'll put my head ag'in a cent it's him, for in a gineral way, I suspect them rascals *that look down always*. These are dark nights now, I guess, for it's in the old of the moon, and jist the time for rogues to be up and doin'. I'll keep watch for you to-night, and see who he is. I'll catch him, the villain, see if I don't,'—'Well, don't use your sword, nor your pistols nother, *kuyr*nal,' said he; 'don't apprehend him, nor slay him, or hurt him, but jist admonish, for I'd rather lose hay, hoss, and all, than not forgive the poor sinner, and reclaim him. Oh, how my heart rejoices over a repentin' sinner!'—'Minister,' says I, for I felt my pride touched at his talkin' that way of an officer's

sword, as if it was nothin' but a constable's thief sticker, and had half a mind to let the hay go old Scratch, for all me ;—'Minister,' said I, in a dignified manner to him, 'my sword, sir, has been draw'd in my country's cause, and it shall not be disgraced by a meaner one. It is consecrated to everlastin' fame, and not to be defiled by the crop and gizzard of a scoundrel.'—Well, at night, I takes my lantern, the same I had to dress by in the wars, and goes and off shoes, and hides away in a vacant hoss-stall near the door, and I had hardly got all snugged away in the hoss litter, and done swearin' at the parfume of it, (for it ain't pretty to sleep in,) when, who should come in but Southey Crowe. Well, he ups into the loft in little less than half no time, and pitches down a considerable of a lock of hay, and then ties it up in a bundle fit for carriage, and slips it over his shoulder like a knapsack, so as to have his hands free to balance with in runnin', and to help him climb the fences. Well, as soon as he was ready he goes to the door, and opens it; but his bundle was a little grain too wide, and stuck a bit, and jist then, I outs candle, and sets fire to his load in several places. As soon as he sees the light, he gives a jerk, forces the bundle thro' the doorway, and runs like old Nick himself, as fast as he could cut dirt, for dear life, and fancyin' there was some one a-pursuin' of him ; he never stopt to look behind him, but jist streaked it off like a greased thunderbolt. At last, the poor crittur was singed in airnest, and 'most suffocated, and he yelled and screamed most awful ; he was a caution to hear ; and the faster he ran, the faster the flame burned, till at last the chord give way, and down fell the burnin' bundle. A few days arterwards he came to minister, and confessed that he was the man, and said Heaven had sent down fire to burn the hay on him as a warnin' to him of the punishment to come for robbin' a minister. Well, what does minister do, the old goose, but ups and tells him human means was used, as it was my lantern. He said he didn't want to encourage superstition by pious frauds, and I don't know what all. It made me hoppin' mad to see him act so like an old fool. Well, what was the consequence of all this nonsense? Why, Southey got over his fright, seein' the Devil had no hand in it, and went right at stealin' ag'in. He was one of them fellers *that always look down, was* Southey. Cuss 'em, there is no trustin' any of them.

'Then he used to say, always *look up in politics, Sam.* Now we have two kinds of politicians, the *Federalists* and the *Democrats.* The *Federalists look up,* and are for a vigorous executive, for republican institutions such as Washington left us, for the state-tax for religion, and for enforcin' law and order—what you may call consarvitives, p'raps ; and *they* appeal to men of sense and judgment, and property, to the humane, liberal, and enlightened upper classes, and they want to see the reins of Government in the hands of such folks, because then we have some security things will be well administered. Then we have *the Democrats,* fellers that *look down :* who try to set the poor ag'in the rich, who talk of our best men with contempt, and hold 'em up as enemies to their country ; who say the Federalists are aristocrats, tyrants, and despots, and appeal to the

prejudices and passions of the ignorant, and try to inflame them; who use the word *Reform* as a catchword to weaken the hands of the Government, to make everything elective, and to take all power of good from the venerable senate (whose voice they call an aristocratic whisper), under pretence of restraining their power for evil. These are mob politicians. They first incite and discontent the mob, and then say the people must have a change of officers; and when they get into office, they sacrifice everybody and everything to keep in. This comes o' *looking down*.

'These party leaders call the mob their tail, and they know the use of a tail too as well as neighbour Dearborne's rats did. Neighbour Dearborne used to wonder how it was all his casks of molasses had jist five inches draw'd off, exactly, and no more, out of each cask. His store was well locked, and well barred, and fastened up all tight and snug every day, and he was fairly stumpt to know how the thieves got in, and why they stole no more than jist five inches out of each; so what does he do but goes and gets up on the roof of the store, and watches thro' the skylight. Well, he watched and watched for ever so long, all to no purpose, and he was jist about givin' it up as a bad job, when he thought he seed somethin' a-movin', and he looked, and what do you think he did see? Why, a few great, big, overgrown rats some crawlin' along the tops of the casks, and they just dipt their tails thro' the bungs into the 'lasses, and then turned to and licked 'em off clean. They did, upon my soul!

'This is jist the way in politics. Democrat or liberal leaders make the same use of their followers, *their* tail. *They make use of them to get a dip into the good things, but they lick all up so clean themselves nothin' was ever seen to stick to the tail.* See, too, what a condition religion is got into among these *down-lookin' gentry*. The Bible has got turned out of the common schools all thro' Slickville, because it offends the *scruples of them who never read it, and don't know what it contains*. To be religious is out of fashion now, it ain't liberal. It ain't enough with these demagogues to let every man worship his own way, but you must lock up the Bible from schools for fear it will teach little children to be bigots. Now, Sam, minister would say, see here; these same critturs, all over the world, belie their own politics in their own conduct. Let one of our democratic-movement men go to England, or any place where there are birds of the same feather, and ask credit for goods, and take a certificate of character from the patriots, demagogues, and devils to home, and see what his reception will be. Sorry, sir, but have more orders than we can execute; don't know these people that have sartified your character; may be very good men, but don't know them. Busy, sir—good mornin'. But let a man *look up*, and take a recommendation from the first pot-hooks on the crane; from the Governor and select men, and the judges, and minister, and me, the honourable Colonel Slick, commander-in-chief of the militia forces (a name well known in military circles), and see what they'll say.—Ah! this Yankee, (they *will* swear a few, for they are as cross as a bear with a sore head since the lickin' we gave

them last war,) *he* comes well sartified, most respectable testimo-nies, all upper-crust folks. High characters all. We can trust *him*, he'll do: t'other feller's papers were *rather* suspicious; this one's will pass muster. —And yet, Sam, our democrat liberals, tell the poor ignorant voters that these men whose *sartificates will pass all the world over, all the same as if they was onder oath, ain't to be trusted in politics at home.* Fie on them, they know better, and I wish with all my heart they was shipt clean out o' the State down to Nova Scotia, or some such outlandish place.

'I fixed one feller's flint that came a-canvassin' the other day for a democrat candidate, most properly. Says he, '*Kuy*rnel,' says he, 'did you hear the news, that infarnal scoundrel Coke, the mayor, is nominated for governor; he is a cussed Federalist that, he is *no friend to his country:* I wouldn't vote for him for a hogreave.'

''Upright magistrate, warn't he?' says I.—'Why, yes, to give the devil his due, I must say he was.'

''Brings his family up well, don't he?'—'Well enough.'

''Good neighbour, ain't he?' —'Why, yes; but what's that to do with it? he ain't *no friend to his country.*'

''Not a bad landlord, is he? I never heerd of his distressin' his tenants, did you?'—'Why, no, I can't say I did; but what's all that when its fried?'

''A good deal of money passed thro' his hands, did you ever hear of any complaints?'—'I made no inquiries. I dare say if there was, he hushed them up.'

''A great friend to intarnal improvements, ain't he — railroads and them sort of things?'—'And well he may be, he owns a good deal of land in the state and it will benefit it. The devil thank him!'

''Sees a good deal of company to his house: was you ever there?' —'Why no,' says he, 'your Federalists are too proud for that; but I wouldn't go if he was to ask me; I despise him, for he is *no friend to his country.*'

''Ah!' says I, 'the cat's out of the bag now. This is mahogony patriotism; but who is your candidate?'—'Well, he is no aristocrat, no federalist, no tyrant, but a rael right down reformer and democrat. He *is a friend to to his country*, and no mistake. It's Gabriel Hedgehog.'

''Him,' said I, 'that there was so much talk about cheatin' folks in his weights?'—'That was never proved,' said he; 'let them prove that.'

''Exactly,' says I, 'your objection to Coke is, that you never got so far as his front door yet; and mine to Gabriel Hedgehog, that I wouldn't trust him inside of mine at no rate. The Federalist, it appears, is an upright, honourable, kind, and benevolent man, discharging all his public and private duties like a good man and a good member of society. You say he is a friend to intarnal improvement because he owns much land; for the same reason, if for no higher or better one, he will be a friend to his country. *He has got somethin' to fight for, that chap, besides his pay as a member and his share of the plunder.* I always *look up in politics.* Them are the sort of men to govern us. Your man's honesty is rather doubtful, to say the least of it, and you and him want to level the mayor, and all others above

you, down to your own level, do you? Now, I don't want to cut no one down, but to raise up (we had cuttin' down enough, gracious knows, at Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, in cuttin' down the British). Now, I know, it's easier to cut others down than to raise yourselves, but it tante so honourable. Do you and Hedgehog turn to earn the same reputation the mayor has, and as soon as you have, and are so much respected and beloved as he is, I'll vote for either or both of you, for my maxim always is *to look up in politics.*

'"Now," says I, 'friend,—attention—eyes right—left shoulders forward—march!' and I walked him out of the house in double quick time; I did, by gum! Yes, Sam, always look up,—*Look up in manners, and look up in politics.*'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OLD MINISTER.

As we approached Slickville, the native town of the Clockmaker, he began to manifest great impatience and an extraordinary degree of excitement. He urged on old Clay to the top of his speed, who, notwithstanding all the care bestowed upon him, and the occasional aid of a steam-boat whenever there was one running in the direction of our route, looked much thinner for this prodigious journey than when we left Halifax. 'Come, old Teetotal,' said he, 'you are a-goin' home now, and no mistake. Hold up your old oatmill, and see if you can snuff the stable at minister's, if the smell of these inion fields don't pyson your nose. Show the folks you ain't forgot how to go. The weather, Squire, you see, has been considerably juicy here lately, and to judge by the mud some smart grists of rain has fell, which has made the roads soapy and violent slippery; but if he can't trot he can slide, you'll find, and if he can't slide he can skate, and if he breaks thro' he can swim, but he can go somehow or another, or somehow else. He is all sorts of a hoss, and the best live one that ever cut dirt this side of the big pond, or t'other side other; and if any man will show me a hoss that can keep it up as he has done in the wild wicked trot clean away from Kent's Lodge, in Nova Scotia, to Slickville, Conne'ticut, and eend it with such a pace as that are, I'll give him old Clay for nothin' as a span for him. Go it, you old coon you—go it! and make tracks like dry dust in a thunder storm. There now, that's it, I guess! hit or miss, right or wrong, tit or no tit, that's the tatur! O Squire! he *is* a hoss, is old Clay, every inch of him! Start him ag'in for five hundred miles, and you'll find he is jist the boy that can do it. He'd make as short work of it as a whole battalion does of a pint of whisky at gineral trainin'. If you want to see another beast like him in this world, put your spectacles on, and look as sharp as you darn please, for I reckon he is too far off to see with the naked eye, at least I could never see him yet.'

'But old Clay was not permitted to retain this furious rate long, for recognition now became so frequent between Mr. Slick and his old friends, the people of Slickville, that the last mile, as he said, 'tho' the shortest one of the whole bilin', took the longest to do it in by a jug full.' The reception he met with on his return to his native land was a

pleasing evidence of the estimation in which he was held by those who best knew him. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was greeted by his countrymen. An invitation to a public dinner, presented by a deputation of the select men, as a token of their approbation of his 'Sayings and Doings,' was, however, so unexpected an honour on his part that his feelings nearly overpowered him. Perhaps it was fortunate that it had that effect, for it enabled him to make a suitable reply, which, under any other circumstances, his exuberant spirits and extravagant phraseology would have disqualified him from doing. He said he was aware he owed this honour more to their personal regard for him than his own merits; but tho' he could not flatter himself he was entitled to so gratifying a distinction, it should certainly stimulate him to endeavour to render himself so. In our subsequent travels he often referred to this voluntary tribute of regard and respect of his countrymen in terms of great satisfaction and pride. He said there were but three days in his life that he could call rael tip-top ones: one was when he was elected into the House of Representatives, and made sure he was to be President of the United States; the second when, after finding his mistake, he ceased to be a member, and escaped out of the menagerie; and the third, when he found himself thus publicly honoured in his native land.

The reception he everywhere met with was most kind and flattering; but Mr. Hopewell, the ex-minister of the parish, embraced him with all the warmth and affection of a father. He pressed him most cordially and affectionately to his bosom, called him his good friend, his kind-hearted boy, his dear and dutiful son. They were both affected to tears. He thanked him for having brought me to his house, to which he welcomed me in the most hospitable manner, and did me the favour to say, that he had looked forward with much pleasure to this opportunity of making my acquaintance.

The appearance of this venerable old man was most striking. In stature he exceeded the ordinary standard, and though not corpulent, he was sufficiently stout to prevent an air of awkwardness attaching to his height. Notwithstanding his very great age, his voice was firm, and his gait erect. His hair was of the most snowy whiteness, and his countenance, though furrowed with age and care, gave evidence of great intelligence and extraordinary benevolence. His manner, though somewhat formal, like that of a gentleman of the old school, was remarkably kind and prepossessing, and the general effect of his bearing was well calculated to command respect and conciliate affection. Those persons who have described the Yankees as a cold, designing, unimpassioned people, know but little of them or their domestic circles. To form a correct opinion of a people, it is necessary to see them at home, to witness their family reunions, the social intercourse of friends, and, to use Mr. Slick's favourite phrase, 'to be behind the scenes.' Whoever has been so favoured as to be admitted on these intimate terms in New England, has always come away most favourably impressed with what he has seen, and has learned, that in the thousand happy homes that are there, there are many, very many, thousands

of kind, and good, and affectionate hearts in them to make them so. The temperature of Mr. Slick's mind was warm, and his spirits buoyant, and, therefore, though overcome for a time by various emotions, on the present occasion his natural gaiety soon returned, and the appearance of Mr. Hopewell's sister, a maiden lady 'of a certain age,' who resided with him, and superintended his household, afforded him an opportunity of indemnifying himself.

'Is that aunt Hetty, sir?' said he, addressing himself to 'the minister' with much gravity.—'Why yes, Sam, to be sure it is. Is she so much altered that you do not know her? Ah, me! we are both altered—both older than we were, and sadder too, Sam, since you left us.'—'Altered! I guess she is,' said Mr. Slick; 'I wouldn't a-know'd her nowhere. Why, aunt Hetty, how do you do? What on airth have you done with yourself to look so young? Why, you look ten years younger?'—'Well, if that don't pass! Well, you ain't altered then, Sam,' said she, shaking him heartily by the hand, 'not one mite or morsel; you are jist as full of nonsense as ever; do behave, now, that's a good feller.'—'Ah!' he continued, 'I wish I could alter as you do, and that are rose-bush of yourn onder the parlour winder; both on you bloom afresh every month. Lord, if I could only manage as you do, grow younger every year, I should be as smart as a two-year-old soon;' then, lowering his voice, he said, 'Brought you a beau, aunty,—that's the Squire, there,—ain't he a beauty without paint, that? The sarvant maid stole his stays last night, but when he has 'em on, he ain't a bad figure, I tell you. The only thing against your taking such a fat figure, is, that you'd have to lace them stays every mornin' for him, and that's no joke, is it?'—'Now, *Sam*,' said she, (colouring at the very idea of a gentleman's toilet,) 'do behave, that's a dear! The intire stranger will hear you, I am sure he will, and it will make me feel kinder foolish to have you runnin' on that way: ha' done, now, that's a dear!'—'Sit your cap for him, aunty,' he said, without heeding her; 'he is a Blue-nose to be sure, but rub a silver-skinned inion on it, and it will draw out the colour, and make him look like a Christian. He is as soft as dough, that chap, and your eyes are so keen they will cut right into him, like a carvin'-knife into a punkin' pie. Lord, he'll never know he has lost his heart, till he puts his ear to it like a watch, and finds it's done tickin'.'—'Do get along,' said Miss Hetty, extricating, at last, her hand from his, and effecting her escape to her brother. 'What a plague you be!'

It was a happy meeting, and at dinner, Mr. Slick's sallies awakened many a long-forgotten smile on the face of his old friend, the minister.

After the cloth was removed, the conversation accidentally took a more serious turn.—'So you are going to England, Sam, are you?' said Mr. Hopewell.—'Yes, minister,' replied the Clockmaker, 'I am agoin' with the Squire, here. 'Spose you go with us. You are a gentleman at large now you got nothin' to do, and it will do you good; it will give you a new lease of life, I am a-thinkin'.' The allusion to his having nothing to do was, to say the least of it, thoughtless and ill-timed.—'Yes, Sam,' said

he, evidently much distressed, 'you say truly, I *have* nothin' to do; but whose fault is that? Is it mine, or my parishioners'? When my flock all turned Unitarians, and put another man in my pulpit, and told me they hadn't no further occasion for me or my sarvices, was it the flock that wandered, or the shepherd that slept? It is an awful question, that, Sam, and one that must be answered some day or another as sure as you are born. I try to make myself believe it is my fault, and I pray that it may be so considered, and that I may be accepted as a sacrifice for them; for willingly would I lay down my life for them, the poor deluded critturs. Then, sometimes I try to think it warn't the fault of either me or my flock, but the fault of them are good-for-nothin' philosophers, Jefferson, Franklin, and them new-school people, that fixed our constitution, and forgot to make Christianity the corner-stone. O, what an awful affliction it is for a country, when its rulers are not attached to the Church of God! If poor dear old Gineral Washington had a-had his way, it would have been different, and he told me so with tears in his eyes. 'Joshua,' says he, for him and me was very intimate: 'Joshua,' says he, 'the people ascribe all the praise of our glorious revolution to their own valour and to me, because I am one of themselves, and are a-going to build a great city for a capital, and call it after me, Washington; but for *Him*, Joshua,' said he, a-pintin' up to the skies with one hand, and devoutly oncoverin' his head with the other, 'but for Him who upheld us in the hour of battle and in the day of trouble—for Him, to whom all honour, and praise, and glory is due, what have we done? why, carefully excluded the power to endow Christianity from every constitution of every state in the Union. Our language is at once impious and blasphemous. We say the Lord is better able to take charge of his clergy than we are, and we have no doubt he will. Let him see to them, and we will see to ourselves. Them that want religion can pay for it. The state wants none, for it is an incorporeal affair, without a body to be punished or a soul to be saved. Now, Joshua,' said he, 'you will live to see it, but I won't—for I feel as if they was a-goin' to make an idol of *me*, to worship, and it kills me—you will see the nateral consequence of all this in a few years. We shall run away from the practice of religion into theory. We shall have more sects than the vanity of man ever yet invented, and more enthusiasm and less piety, and more pretension and less morals, than any civilized nation on the face of the airth. Instead of the well-regulated, even pulsation, that shows a healthy state of religion, it will be a feverish excitement or helpless debility. The body will sometimes appear dead, as when in a trance; a glass over the lips will hardly detect respiration; it will seem as if the vital spark was extinct. Then it will have fits of idiotcy, stupid, vacant, and drivelling; then excitement will inspire zeal, genius, and eloquence, and while you stand lost in admiration of its powers, its beauty, and sublimity, you will be startled by its wildness, its eccentric flashes, its incoherences; and before you can make up your mind that it has lost its balance, you will be shocked by its insanity, its horrible frantic raving madness.

'"Joshua," said he, "we ought to have established *a* Church, fixed upon some *one*, and called it a *national* one. Not having done so, nothing short of a direct interposition of Providence, which we do not deserve and therefore cannot hope for, can save this great country from becoming a dependency of Rome. Popery, that is now only a speck in these States no bigger than a man's hand, will speedily spread into a great cloud, and cover this land so no ray of light can penetrate it: nay, it is a giant, and it will enter into a divided house and expel the unworthy occupants. We tolerate Papists, because we believe they will inherit heaven equally with us; but when their turn comes, will they tolerate us whom they hold to be heretics? O, that we had held fast to the Church that we had!—the Church of our forefathers—the Church of England. It is a pure, noble, apostolic structure, the holiest and the best since the days of the Apostles; but we have not, and the consequence is too melancholy and too awful to contemplate. Was it for this, said he, I drew my sword in my country's cause? and he pulled the blade half out. Had I known what I now know,—and he drove it back with such force, I fairly thought it would have come out of t'other end,—it should have rusted in its scabbard first, it should, indeed, Hopewell. Now, Joshua," said he,—and he oncovered his head ag'in, for he was a religious man was Washington, and never took the Lord's name in vain,—"recollect these words: "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of *them that love me*.' May the promise be ours; but, oh! far, far be the denunciation from us and our posterity! Franklin, Joshua, has a great deal to answer for. Success has made him flippant and self-sufficient, and, like all self-taught men, he thinks he knows more than he does, and more than anybody else. If he had more religion and less philosophy, as he calls scepticism, it would be better for him and us too. He is always a-sayin' to me, '*leave religion alone*, Gineral: leave it to *the voluntary principle*: the *supply* will always keep pace with the *demand*.' It is the *maxim of a pedlar*, Joshua, and onworthy of a statesman or a Christian; for in religion, unlike other things, the demand seldom or *never precedes*, but almost *invariably follows* and increases with the supply. 'An ignorant man knoweth not this, neither doth a fool understand it.' I wish he could see with his own eyes the effects of his liberality, Joshua, it would sober his exultation, and teach him a sad and humiliating lesson. Let him come with me into Virginia and see the ruins of that great and good establishment that ministered to us in our youth as our nursing mother,—let him examine the ninety-five parishes of the State, and he will find twenty-three extinct, and thirty-four destitute, the pastors expelled by want, or violence, or death.

"His philosophy will be gratified too, I suppose, by seeing the numerous proselytes he has made to his enlightened opinions. In breaking up the Church, these *rational* religionists have adopted his maxims of frugality, and abstained from destroying that which *might be useful*. The baptismal fonts have been pre-

served as convenient for watering horses, and the sacred cup has been retained as a relic of the olden time, to grace the convivial board. There is no bigotry here, Joshua, no narrow prejudice, for reformers are always men of enlarged minds. They have done their work like men. They have applied the property of the Church to secular purposes, and *covered their iniquity under the cant of educating the poor*, forgetting the while that a *knowledge of God is the foundation of all wisdom*. They have extinguished the cry of the Church being in danger by extinguishing the Church itself. *When reformers talk of religious freedom as a popular topic, depend upon it they mean to dispense with religion altogether*. What the end will be I know not, for the issues are with Him from whom all good things do come; but I do still indulge the hope all is not yet lost. Though the tree be cut down, the roots are left; and the sun by day and the dew by night may nurture them, and new shoots may spring up, and grow luxuriantly, and afford shelter in due season to them that are weary and heavy-laden: and even if the roots should be killed, the venerable parent-stock on the other side of the water, from which ours is an offset, is still in full vigour: and new layers may yet be laid by pious hands, which, under the blessing of Heaven, shall replace our loss. Yes, even I, though lately in arms against the English, may say, long may the maternal Church live and flourish! and may the axe of the spoiler never be laid upon it by sacrilegious hands: for I warred with their King, and not against their God, who is my God also.'

'Washington was right, Sam,' continued Mr. Hopewell. 'We ought to have an establishment and national temples for worship; for He has said, who is truth itself, 'where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee.' Somehow, I fear his name is not legibly recorded here; but whose fault was this desertion of my flock, mine or them philosophers that made the constitution?'

I availed myself here of a slight pause in the conversation to give it another turn, for the excitement was too much for a man of his great years and sensibility. So I said that I perfectly agreed with General Washington, of whom I entertained as exalted an opinion as he did; but that the circumstances of the times were such, and the prejudices against everything English so strong, it would have been utterly impossible for the framers of the constitution to have done otherwise than they did; 'but,' said I, 'with reference to your visiting England, since steam navigation has been introduced, the voyage has been stripped of all its discomforts, and half its duration; and I am confident the trip would be as beneficial to your health as your company would be instructive and agreeable to us. Have you ever been there?'—'Often,' said he: 'oh, yes! I know, or rather knew dear Old England well—very well; and I had a great many friends and correspondents there, among the bishops many dear, very dear and learned friends; but, alas! they are gone now,'—and he took his spectacles off and wiped them with his handkerchief, for a tear had dimmed the glasses,—'gone to receive the reward they have earned as good and faithful stewards. Let me see,' said he,

'when was I there last? Oh! my memory fails me. I'll jist step into my study and get my journal;' but I fear it was to give vent to feelings that were overpowering him. When he had gone, Mr. Slick said,—'Ain't he a'most a-beautiful talker, that, Squire, even when he is a little wanderin' in his mind, as he is now? There is nothin' he don't know. He is jist a walkin' dictionary. He not only knows how to spell every word, but he knows its meanin', and its root as he calls it, and what nation made it first. He knows Hebrew better nor any Jew you ever see, for he knows it so well he can read it backward. He say it's the right way; but that's only his modesty, for I've tried English backward and I can't make no hand of it. Oh! he'd wear a slate out in no time, he writes so much on things he thinks on. He is a peg too low now. I'll jist give him a dose of soft-sawder, for old or young, men or women, high or low, every palate likes that. I'll put him up if I can another note or so; but he is so crotchied, and flies off the handle so, you hardly know where to touch him. The most curious thing about him is the way he acts about the stars. He has gin 'em all names, and talks of 'em as if they were humans; he does, upon my soul. There is his Mars, and Venus, and Saturn, and Big Bear, and Little Bear, and the Lord knows what all. I mind once I put him into a'most an allfired passion when he was talkin' about 'em. I never seed him in such a rage before or since, for he didn't speak for the matter of three minutes. When he is mad, he jist walks up and down the room and counts a hundred to himself, and that cools him, for he says it's better to have nothin' to say than sunthin' to repent of. Well, this time, I guess, he counted two hundred, for it was longer than common afore he had added it all up and sumtotalised 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, and the rock on which they are constantly making shipwreck. They are like our friend Samuel, who changes his abode so often that removal has become necessary to his very existence. A desire for political change, like a fondness for travel, grows with the indulgence. What *you want in the colonies is tranquillity, not change.—Quod petis hic est.* You may change constitutions for ever, but you cannot change man. He is still unaltered under every vicissitude, the same restless, discontented, dissatisfied animal. Even in this pure unmixed democracy of ours he is as loud in his complaints as under the strictest despotism, nay, louder, for the more he is indulged the more intractable he becomes. The object of statesmen, therefore, should be, not to study what changes should be conceded, but the causes that lead men to desire change. The restlessness in the colonies proceeds not from grievances, for, with the exception of a total absence of patronage, they do not exist. But the colonists, when comparing their situation with that of their more fortunate brethren in England, find all honour monopolized at home, and employment, preferments, and titles liberally bestowed on men frequently inferior in intellect and ability to themselves, and this invidious distinction sinks deeper into the heart than they are willing to acknowledge themselves. Men seldom avow the real motives of their actions. A littleness of feeling is often in reality the source of conduct that claims to spring from a virtue. A slight, an insult, or a disappointment, jealousy, envy, or personal dislike, often find a convenient shelter in agitation, and a more respectable name in patriotism. A man who quits his church in temper would have you believe he has scruples of conscience, which he requires you to respect; and he who rebels in the hope of amending his fortune ascribes his conduct to an ardent love of country, and a devotion to the cause of freedom. Grievances are convenient masks under which to hide our real objects. The great question then is, what induces men in the provinces to resort to them as pretexts? The cause now, as in 1777, is the absence of all patronage, the impossibility there is for talent to rise—want of room—of that employment that is required for ability of a certain description; at least, this is the case with those who have the power to influence,—to lead—to direct public opinion. I allude only to these men, for the leaders are the workmen and the multitude their tools. It is difficult to make an Englishman comprehend this. Our successful rebellion, one would have supposed, would

not easily have been forgotten; but, unfortunately, it was a lesson not at all understood.'

This was so novel a view of the subject, and the assertion that all the recent complaints were fictitious, was so different from what I had apprehended to be the case, that I could not resist asking him if there were no real grievances in 1777, when his countrymen took up arms against us?

'No, sir,' said he, 'none; none of any magnitude except the attempt to tax for the purpose of revenue, which was wrong, very wrong, indeed; *but if that which was put forth as the main one, had been the real cause, when it ceased the rebellion would have ceased also.* But there was another, a secret and unavowed, the more powerful cause, *the want of patronage.* I will explain this to you. Statesmen have always been prone to consider the colonies as a field reserved for the support of their dependants, and they are, unfortunately, so distant from the parent state that the rays of royal favour do not easily penetrate so far. Noisy applicants, mercenary voters, and importunate suitors at home, engross the attention and monopolize the favour of those in power, and provincial merit is left to languish for want of encouragement. The provincials hear of coronation honours, of flattering distinctions, and of marks of royal favour; but, alas! they participate not in them. A few of the petty local officers, which they pay themselves out of their little revenue, have long since been held their due, and, within these few years, I hear the reformers have generously promised not to deprive them of this valuable patronage in any case where it is not required for others. Beyond this honourable parish rank no man can rise, and we look in vain for the name of a colonist, whatever his loyalty, his talent, or his services may be, out of the limits of his own country. The colonial clergy are excluded from the dignities of the Church of England, the lawyers from the preferments of the bar, and the medical men from practising out of their own country, while the professions in the colonies are open to all who migrate thither. The avenues to the army and navy, and all the departments of the imperial service, are *practically* closed to them. Notwithstanding the intimate knowledge they possess on colonial subjects, who of their leading men are ever selected to govern other provinces? A captain in the navy, a colonel in the army, a London merchant, or an unprovided natural son, any person, in short, from whose previous education constitutional law has been wholly excluded, is thought better qualified, or more eligible, for these important duties than a colonist, while that department that manages and directs all these dependencies, seldom contains one individual that has ever been out of Great Britain. A peerage generally awaits a Governor-General, but indifference or neglect rewards those through whose intelligence and ability he is alone enabled to discharge his duties. The same remedy for this contemptuous neglect occurs to all men, in all ages. When the delegate from the Gabii consulted Tarquin, he took him into his garden, and drawing his sword cut off the heads of the tallest poppies. The hint was not lost, and the patricians soon severally disappeared. When our agent in France mentioned the difficulties that subsisted between

us and Britain, the king significantly pointed to a piece of ordnance, and observed it was an able negotiator, and the meaning was too obvious to be disregarded.

'The consequence of this oversight or neglect, as our revolution and the late disturbances in Canada but too plainly evince, is, that ambition, disappointed of its legitimate exercise, is apt, in its despair, to attempt the enlargement of its sphere by the use of the sword. Washington, it is well known, felt the chilling influence of this policy. Having attained early in life to great influence by the favour of his countrymen, not only without the aid but against the neglect of the Commander-in-chief, he saw a regular, and sometimes not a very judicious advancement, in the military operations of America, of every man who had the good fortune not to be a colonist. He felt that his country was converted into one of the great stages at which these favoured travellers rested for a time to reap the reward of their exile, and resume their journey up the ascent of life, while all those who permanently resided here were doomed to be stationary spectators of this mortifying spectacle. Conscious of his own powers, he smarted under this treatment, and he who became too powerful for a subject, might, under a wiser and kinder policy, have been transferred to a higher and more honourable position in another colony. Progressive advancement, to which his talents, and at one time his services, gave him a far better claim than most governors can exhibit, would have deprived him of the motive, the means, and the temptation to seek in patriotism what was denied to merit and loyalty. History affords us some recent instances, in which the administration in the parent state have relieved themselves of 'an inconvenient friend,' by giving him an appointment abroad. Ambitious men who attain to this inconvenient eminence in the colonies, might, with equal advantage to the country and themselves, be transferred to a more extended and safer sphere of action in other parts of the empire. No man now pretends to deny, that it was the want of some such safety-valve that caused the explosion in these old colonies, that now form the United States. Patriotism then, as in all ages, covered a multitude of sins, and he who preferred, like a Washington, a Jefferson, or an Adams, the command of armies, the presidential chair of a great nation, and the patronage and other attributes of royalty, to the rank of a retired planter, a practising provincial barrister, or an humble representative in a local legislature, easily became a convert to the doctrine that a stamp act was illegal, and a tax on tea an intolerable oppression. When loyalty, like chastity, is considered, as it now is, to be its own great reward, and agitation is decorated with so many brilliant prizes, it is not to be wondered at if men constantly endeavour to persuade themselves that every refusal of a request is both an arbitrary and unjust exercise of power, that denial justifies resistance, and that resistance is a virtue. Instead of conceding to popular clamour changes that are dangerous, it is safer and wiser to give ambition a new direction, and to show that the government has the disposition to patronize, as well as the power to punish. It is unjust to the Queen, and un-

kind to the Colonists, to exhibit the image of their Sovereign in no other attitude than that of an avenging despot exacting obedience, and enforcing dependence. Royalty has other qualities that appeal to the hearts of subjects, but parliamentary influence is too selfish and too busy to permit statesmen to regard colonists in any other light than the humble tenantry of the distant possessions of the empire. Grievances (except the unavowed one I have just mentioned, which is the prolific parent of all that bear the name of patriots,) fortunately do not exist; but ambitious men like hypochondriacs, when real evils are wanting, often supply their place with imaginary ones. Provincialism and nationality are different degrees of the same thing, and both take their rise in the same feeling, love of country, while no other colony is so poor or so small as not to engender it. The public or distinguished men of a province are public property, and the people feel an interest in them in an inverse ratio, perhaps, to their own individual want of importance. To those who have the distribution of this patronage, it must be gratifying to know, that when this is the case, *an act of justice* will always appear *an act of grace*.'

'Here we is ag'in,' said Mr. Slick, who now entered the room. 'How am you was, Squire, how is you been, as Tousand Tevyils said to the Dutch Governor. Well, minister, did you find the date? When was it you was to England last?' Nothing could be more provoking than this interruption, for the subject we were talking upon was one of great interest to a colonist, and no opportunity occurred of reverting to it afterwards. The change of topic, however, was not more sudden than the change of Mr. Hopewell's manner and style of speaking, for he adopted at once the familiar and idiomatic language to which Mr. Slick was more accustomed, as one better suited to the level of his understanding.—'It was in '85,' said Mr. Hopewell; 'I haven't been to England since, and that's fifty-five years ago. It is a long time that, isn't it? How many changes have taken place since! I don't suppose I should know it ag'in now.'—'Why, minister,' said Mr. Slick, 'you put me in mind of the Prophet.'—'Yes, yes, Sam,' said he, 'I dare say I do, for you are always a-thinkin' on profit and loss. Natur' jist fitted you for a trader. Dollars and cents is always uppermost on your mind.'—'O, dear!' he replied, 'I didn't mean that at all, I mean him that got on Pisgah. You have attained such a height as it mought be in years, you can see a great way behind, and ever so far ahead. You have told us what's afore us in our great republic, now tell us what's afore England.'—'First of all,' said he, 'I'll tell you what's afore you, my son, and that is, if you talk in that are loose way to Britain, about sacred things and persons, you won't be admitted into no decent man's house at all, and I wouldn't admit you into mine if I didn't know your tongue was the worstest part of you, and that it neither spoke for the head or the heart, but jist for itself. As for the English empire, Sam, it's the greatest the world ever seed. The sun never sets on it. The banner of England floats on every breeze and on every sea. So many parts and pieces require good management and great skill to bind to-

gether, for it tante a whole of itself, like a single stick-mast, but a spliced one, composed of numerous pieces and joints. Now, the most beautiful thing of the kind, not political, but mechanical, is a barrel. I defy any one but a raal cooper to make one so as to hold water, indeed, it tante every cooper can do it, for there are bunglin' coopers as well as bunglin' statesmen. Now, see how many staves there are in a barrel,'—('do you mean a barrel organ?' said the Clockmaker, 'for some o' them grind some very tidy staves, of times, I tell you.'—'Pooh!' said Mr. Hopewell)—'how well they all fit, how tight they all come together, how firm and secure the hoops keep them in their places. Well, when it's right done, it don't leak one drop, and you can stand it up on eend, or lay it down on its side, or roll it over and over, and still it seems as if it was all solid wood. Not only that, but put it into a vessel and clap a thousand of them right a-top of one another, and they won't squash in, but bear any weight you choose to put on them. But,' he continued, 'but, sir, cut the hoops and where is your barrel?'—('where is the liquor? you should say,' said Mr. Slick, 'for that is always worth a great deal more than the barrel by a long chalk, and while you are a-talkin' about cooperin', I will jist go and tap that are cask of prime old East Ingy Madeira Captain Ned Sparm gave you.'—'Do,' said Mr. Hopewell; 'I am sorry I didn't think of it afore; but don't shake it, Sam, or you'll ryle it.') 'Well, sir, where is your barrel? why, a heap of old iron hoops and wooden staves. Now, in time, the heat of the sun, and rollin' about, and what not, shrinks a cask, as a matter of course, and the hoops all loosen, and you must drive them up occasionally, to keep all tight and snug. A little attention this way, and it will last for ever a'most. Now, somehow or another, the British appear to me of late years to revarse this rule, and instead of tightening the hoops of their great body politic, as they had ought to do, they loosen them, and if they continue to do so much longer, that great empire will tumble to pieces as sure as we are a-talkin' here.

'Now, one of the great bonds of society is religion—a national establishment of religion,—one that provides, at the expense of the State, for the religious education of the poor,—one that inculcates good morals with sound doctrines,—one that teaches folks to honour the King, at the same time that it commands them to fear God,—one that preaches humility to the rich, deference to the poor, and exacts from both an obedience to the laws,—one that seeks the light it disperses to others from that sacred source, the Bible; and so far from being ashamed of it, from excluding it from schools, says to all, 'Search the Scriptures,'—one, in short, that makes people at once good men, good Christians, and good subjects. They have got this to England, and they are happy enough to have it in the Colonies. It's interwoven into the State so beautiful, and yet so skilful, that while the *Church is not political*, the *State is religious*. There is nothin' like their Liturgy in any language, nor never will be ag'in; and all good men may be made better for their Book of Prayer,—a book every Protestant ought to revere,—for them that compiled

it laid down their lives for it. *It was written in the blood of the Martyrs*, and not like some others I could tell you of, *in the blood of its miserable victims.* Now, when I see ten protestant bishops cut off at one fell swoop from Ireland, where they are so much needed, I say *you are loosenin' the hoops.* When I see aid withdrawn from the Colonial Church, their temporalities interfered with, and an attempt made to take away the charter from its college to Windsor, Nova Scotia—when I hear that the loyal colonists say (I hope the report ain't true) that they are discouraged, agitators boast they are patronized, and rebels runnin' about with pardons in their hands,—when I hear there ain't difference enough made between truly good conservative subjects and factious demagogues, *I say you are loosenin' the hoops:*' 'and when I hear all talk and no cider, as the sayin' is,' said Mr. Slick, who just then returned with some of the old wine from the cellar, 'I say it's dry work; so here's to you, minister, and let me advise you to moisten them are staves, your ribs, or *your* hoops will fall off, I tell you. Put a pint of that are good old stuff under your waistcoat every day, and see how beautiful your skin will fit at the eend of a month. You might beat a tattoo on it like a drum.'—'You give your tongue a little too much licence, Sam,' said Mr. Hopewell; 'but, Squire, he is a sort of privileged man here, and I don't mind him. Help yourself, if you please, sir; here is a pleasant voyage to you, sir. As I was a-sayin', when I hear it said to the bench of bishops 'put your house in order, for your days are numbered,' I say you are more than loosenin' the hoops, you are *stavin' in the cask.* There are some things I don't onderstand, and some things I hear I don't believe, I am no politician; but I should like to go to England, if I warn't too old, to see into the actual state of things. How is it there is *hoop loose* to Newfoundland, another to the West Ingies, and half-a-dozen to Canada, another to the East, and one in almost every colony? How is it there is chartism and socialism in England, secret associations in Ireland, rebellion in your provinces, and agitation everywhere? *The hoops want tightenin'.* The leaders of all these teams are runnin' wild because the reins are held too loose, and because they think the state-coachmen are afeerd on 'em. I hear they now talk of *responsible government* in the Colonies; is that true, sir?' —I replied it had some advocates, and it was natural it should. All men like power; and, as it would place the gover*nors* in subjection to the gover*ned*, it was too agreeable a privilege not to be desired by popular leaders.—'That,' said he, ('and few men livin' know more nor I do about colonies, for I was born in one, and saw it grow and ripen into an independent state,) *that* is the last bond of union between Great Britain and her colonies. Let her sever that bond, and she will find she resembles—*the barrel without hoops.*'

CHAPTER XX.

FACING A WOMAN.

THIS was the day fixed for our departure, and I must say I never felt so much regret at leaving any family I had known for so short a time as I experienced on the present occasion. Mr. Slick,

I am inclined to think, was aware of my feelings, and to prevent the formality of bidding adieu, commenced a rhodomontade conversation with Aunt Hetty. As soon as we rose from the breakfast-table, he led her to one of the windows and said, with a solemnity that was quite ludicrous, —'He is very ill, very ill indeed; he looks as sick as death in the primer: I guess it's gone goose with him.'

'Who is ill?' said Aunt Hetty, in great alarm.—'He is up a tree; his flint is fixed, you may depend.'—'Who, Sam? tell me, dear, who it is.'—'And he so far from home; ain't it horrid? and pysoned, too, and that in minister's house.'—'Lord, Sam, how you frighten a body! who is pysoned?'—'The Squire, aunty; don't you see how pale he looks.' —'Pysoned, O for ever! Well, I want to know! Lawful heart alive, how could he be pysoned? O Sam! I'll tell you; I've got it now. How stupid it was of me not to ask him if he could eat them; it's them presarved strawberries,—yes, yes, it's the strawberries. They do pyson some folks. There was sister Woodbridge's son's wife's youngest darter that she had by the first marriage, Prudence. Well, Prudence never could eat them: they always brought on——.'—'Oh! it's worse nor that, aunty; it ain't strawberries, tho' I know they ain't good eatin' for them that don't like them. It's——.' —'And a mustard emetic was the onliest thing in natur' to relieve her. It made her——.' —'Oh! it tante them, it's love: you've killed him.'—'Me, Sam! why how you talk! what on airth do you mean?'—'You've killed him as dead as a herring. I told you your eyes would cut right into him, for he was as soft as a pig fed on beech-nuts and raw potatoes; but you wouldn't believe me. Oh! you've done the job for him: he told me so hisself. Says he, 'Mr. Slick,' (for he always calls me Mr., he is so formal,) says he, 'Mr. Slick, you may talk of lovely women, but I know a gall that is a heavenly splice. What eyes she has, and what feet.' '—'Why, Sam, the man is mad: he has taken leave of his senses.'—'Mad! I guess he is—ravin', distracted. Your eyes have pysoned him. He says of all the affectionate sisters and charmin' women he ever seed, you do beat all.'—'Oh! he means what I once was, Sam, for I was considered a likely gall in my day, that's a fact; but, dear o' me, only to think times is altered.'—'Yes; but you ain't altered; for, says he,—'for a woman of her great age, Aunt Hetty is——.' '—'Well, he hadn't much to do, then, to talk of my advanced age, for I am not so old as all that comes to nother. He is no gentleman to talk that way, and you may tell him so.'—'No, I am wrong, he didn't say great age, he said 'great beauty: she is very unaffected.' '—'Well, I thought he wouldn't be so rude as to remark on a lady's age.'— 'Says he, 'her grey hairs suit her complexion.' '—'Well, I don't thank him for his impedence, nor you nother for repeatin' it.'—'No, I mean grey eyes. He said he admired the eyes: grey was his colour.'—'Well, I thought he wouldn't be so vulgar, for he is a very pretty man, and a very polite man too; and I don't see the blue nose you spoke of, nother.'—' 'And,' says he, 'if I could muster courage, I would propose——.' '—'But, Sam, it's so sudden. Oh, dear!

I am in such a fluster, I shall faint.'—'I shall propose for her to——.'—'Oh! I never could on such short notice. I have nothing but black made up; and there is poor Joshua——.'—'I should propose for her to accompany her brother——.'—'Well, if Joshua would consent to go with us,—but, poor soul! he couldn't travel, I don't think.'—'To accompany her brother as far as New York, for his infirmities require a kind nurse.'—'Oh, dear! is that all? How mighty narvous he is. I guess the critturis pysoned sure enough, but then it's with affectation.'—'Come, aunty, a kiss at partin'. We are off, good-bye; but that was an awful big hole you made in his heart too. You broke the pane clean out and only left the sash. He's a caution to behold. Good-by'e!' And away we went from Slickville.

During our morning's drive the probability of a war with England was talked of, and in the course of conversation Mr. Slick said, with a grave face,—'Squire, you say we Yankees boast too much; and it ain't improbable we do, seein' that we have whipped the Ingians, the French, the British, the Spaniards, the Algerines, the Malays, and every created crittur a'most that dared to stand afore us, and try his hand at it. So much success is e'en a'most enough to turn folks' heads, and make 'em a little consaited, ain't it? Now give me your candid opinion, I won't be the leastest morsel offended, if you do give it ag'in us; but speak onresarved, Who do you think is the bravest people, the Yankees or the British? I should like to hear your mind upon it.'—'They are the same people,' I said, 'differing as little, perhaps, from each other as the inhabitants of any two counties in England, and it is deeply to be deplored that two such gallant nations, having a common origin and a common language, and so intimately connected by the ties of consanguinity and mutual interest, should ever imbrue their hands in each other's blood. A war between people thus peculiarly related is an unnatural spectacle, that no rational man can contemplate without horror. In the event of any future contest the issue will be as heretofore, sometimes in favour of one and sometimes of the other. Superior discipline will decide some engagements and numbers others, while accidental circumstances will turn the scale in many a well fought field. If you ask me, therefore, which I conceive to be the braver people of the two, I should unquestionably say neither can claim pre-eminence. All people of the same stock, living in a similar climate, and having nearly the same diet and habits, must, as a matter of course, possess animal courage as nearly as possible in the same degree. I say habits, because we know that in individuals habits have a great deal to do with it. For instance, a soldier will exhibit great fear if ordered to reef a topsail, and a sailor if mounted on the——'—'Well, well,' said he, 'p'raps you are right; but boastin' does some good too. Only get people to think they can do a thing and they can do it. The British boasted that one Englishman could whip three Frenchmen, and it warn't without its effect in the wars, as Buonaparte know'd to his cost. Now, our folks boast, that one Yankee can walk into three Englishmen; and, some how or another, I kinder guess

they will—try to do it at any rate. For my part, I am pretty much like father, and he used to say, he never was afeerd of any thing on the face of the airth but a woman. Did I ever tell you the story of father's courtship?'—'No,' I replied, 'never; your stock of anecdotes is inexhaustible, and your memory so good you never fall into the common error of great talkers, of telling your stories a second time. I should like to hear it.'—'Well,' said he, 'it ain't an easy story to tell, for father always told it with variations, accordin' to what he had on board at the time, for it was only on the anniversary of his weddin' he used to tell it, and as there was considerable brag about father, he used to introduce new flourishes every time, what our singin' master in sacred melody, Doldrum Dykins, used to call grace notes. 'Sam,' he'd say, 'I have been married this day,—let me see, how many years is it? Do you recollect, Polly dear?'—'Why,' says mother, 'I can't say rightly, for I never kept a tally, but it's a considerable some tho', I estimate.' (She never would answer that question, poor dear old soul! for women don't like to count arter that if they can help it, that's a fact.)—'Well,' says father, 'it's either eight or nine-and-twenty years ago, I forget which.'—'It's no such thing,' says mother, quite snappishly; 'Sam is only twenty-one last Thanksgiving-day, and he was born jist nine months and one day arter we was married, so there now.' (Father gives me a wink, as much as to say, 'That's woman now, Sam, all over, ain't it?')—'Well, your mother was eighteen when we was married, and twenty-one years and nine months and one day added to that makes her near hand to fort——.'—'Never mind what it makes,' says mother, 'but go on with your story, whatever it is, and sumtotalize it. You are like Doldrum Dykins, he sings the words of each varse over three times.'—'Well,' said he, 'this *I will* say, a younger-lookin' bloominer woman of that age there ain't this day in all Slickville, no, nor in Conne'ticutnother.'—'Why, Mr. Slick,' says mother, layin' down her knittin' and fixin' her cap—'how you talk!'—'Fact, upon my soul, Polly!' said he; 'but, Sam,' said he, 'if you'd a-seed her when I first know'd her, she was a most super-superior gall and worth lookin' at, I tell you. She was a whole team and a horse to spare, a rael screamer, that's a fact. She was a'most a beautiful piece of woman-flesh, fine corn-fed, and showed her keep. Light on the foot as a fox, cheeks as fair as a peach and hard as an apple, lips like cherries—Lick! you wouldn't see such a gall if you was to sarch all the factories to Lowell, for she looked as if she could e'en a'most jump over her own shadow, she was so tarnel wirey. Heavins! how springy she was to a wrastle, when we was first married. She always throw'd me three or four times at first hand runnin'; in course I was stronger, and it ginerally eended in my throwin' her at last; but then that was nateral, seein' she was the weakest. Oh! she was a rael doll! she was the dandy, that's a fact.'—'Well, I want to know,' said mother, 'did you ever?' a-tryin' to look cross, but as pleased as anything, and her eyes fairly twinklin' ag'in to hear the old man's soft-sawder: 'Why the man is tipsy to talk that way afore the boy; do, for

gracious sake! behave, or I'll go right out;' and then turnin' to me and fillin' my glass, 'do drink dear,' says she, 'you seem kinder dull.'—'Well, she was the only created crittur,' says he, 'I ever seed I was darnted afore.'—'You got bravely over it anyhow,' says mother.—'Courtin',' says he, 'Sam, is about the hardest work I know on; fightin' is nothin' to it. Facin' ball, grape, or bullet, or baganut, as we did at Bunker's Hill, is easy when a man is used to it, but face-in' a woman is—it's the devil, that's a fact. When I first seed her she filled my eye chock full; her pints were all good; short back, good rate to the shoulder, neat pastern, full about the——.'—'There you go ag'in,' says mother; 'I don't thank you one bit for talkin' of me as if I was a filly, and I won't stay to hear it, so there now: I believe, in my soul, you are onfakilized.'—'Well, I reconnoitred and reconnoitred for ever so long, a-considerin' how I was to lay siege to her,—stormin' a battery or escaladin' a redoubt is nothin' to it, I have done it fifty times.'—'Fifty times!' says mother, lookin' arch at him, for she was kinder sorted wrathy at bein' talked of as a horse.—'Well,' says father, 'forty times at any rate.'—'Forty times!' says mother; 'that's a powerful number.'—'Well, twenty times then, and more too.'—'Twenty times!' said she; 'did our folks storm twenty batteries all together?'—'Why, tarnation!' says father, 'I suppose at last you'll say I warn't at Bunker's Hill at all, or Mud Creek, or the battle atween the outposts at Peach Orchard——?'—'Or chargin' Elder Solomon Longstaff's sheep,' says mother.—'Well, by the tarnal!' says father, who hopped with rage like a ravin' distracted parched pea; 'if that bean't pitikilar I am a punkin, and the pigs may do their prettiest with me. Didn't I tell you, Sam, nothin' could come up to a woman?'—'Except a filly,' says mother; 'now don't compare me to a hoss, and talk of pints that ain't to be thought of, much less talked of, and I won't jibe you about your campaigns, for one thing is sartain, no man ever doubted your courage, and Gineral Gates told me so himself. 'Polly,' says the Gineral, 'if you take Sargeant Slick, you take a hero.'—'Well,' says father, quite mollified by that are title of hero, 'Gates was a good judge, and a good feller too. Fill your glass, Sam, for I always calculate to be merry on this night; and, Polly dear, you must take a drop too: if we do get warm sometimes, makin' up seems all the sweeter for it.

''Well, as I was a-sayin', I studied every sort of way how I should begin; so at last, thinks I, a faint heart never won a fair lady; so one Sabbath-day I brushed up my regimentals and hung old Bunker by my side, and ironed out my hat anew, and washed the feather in milk till it looked as well as one jist boughten, and off I goes to meetin'. Well, I won't say I heerd much of the sarmon, because I didn't; but I know it was a little the longest I ever sot out; and when we was dismissed, I was e'en a'most sorry it was over, I was so discomboborated, and I breathed as short as if I had a-been chashin' of the British all day; but at last I moved out with the crowd, and movin' sot me all to rights ag'in. So I marches up to Polly Styles,—that was your

mother that is,—'mornin',' says I, 'Miss Styles,' and I gave her a salute.'—'Why, Slick,' says she, 'how you talk! you never did no such a thing; jist as if I would let you salute me before all the folks that way.'—'I did tho', upon my soul,' says father. —'I'll take my Bible-oath,' says mother, 'there is not a word of truth in.'—'Why, Polly,' says father, 'how can you say so? I brought both feet to the first position this way' (and he got upon the floor and indicated), 'then I came to attention this way' (and he stood up as stiff as a poker, he held his arms down by his side quite straight, and his head as erect as a flagstaff), 'then I brought up my right arm with a graceful sweep, and without bendin' the body or movin' the head the least mite or morsel in the world, I brought the back of my hand against the front of my regimental hat' (and he indicated again). — 'Oh!' says mother, 'that salute, indeed! I detract, I recollect you did.'—'*That* salute!' says father: 'why what salute did *you* mean?'—'Why,' says mother, colourin' up, 'I thought you meant that—that—that—never mind what I meant.' —'Oh, ho!' says father, 'I take, I take; talk of a salute, and a woman can't think of anything else but a kiss. It's the first thing they think of in the mornin' and the last at night.'—'Go on with your story, and cut it short, if you please,' says mother, 'for it's gettin' rather tedious.' ''Mornin',' says I, 'Miss Styles, how do you do?'—'Reasonable well, I give you thanks,' says she, 'how be you?'—'Considerable,' says I. When that was done, the froth was gone, and the beer flat; I couldn't think of another word to say for mindin' of her, and how beautiful she was, and I walked on as silent as if I was at the head of my guard.—At last, says your mother,—'Is that splendid regimental you have on, Mr. Slick, the same you wore at Bunker's Hill?'—Oh, dear! what a load that word took off my heart; it gave me somethin' to say, tho' none of the clearest.—'Yes, Miss,' says I, 'it is; and it was a glorious day for this great republic,—it was the cradle of our liberty.' —'Well done, Slick!' says her father, as he rode by jist at that moment; 'you are gettin' on bravely, talkin' of cradles already.'—Well, that knocked me all up of a heap, and sot your mother a-colourin' as red as anything. I hardly know what I said arter that, and used one word for another like a fool. 'We had twenty thousand as fine gallant young galls there,' says I, 'that day as ever I laid eyes on.'—'Twenty thousand!' said Polly, 'do tell! Why, what on airth was they a-doin' of there?'—'In arms,' says I, 'a-strugglin' for their liberty.'—'And did they get away?' said she, a-laughin'. —'Poor things!' said I, 'many of them, whose bosoms beat high with ardour, were levelled there that day, I guess.'—'Why, Mr. Slick,' said she, 'how you talk!' —'Yes,' says I, 'nine of them from Charlestown accompanied me there, and we spent the night afore the ingagement in the trenches without a blanket to cover us.'—'They had little to do to be there at such hours with you,' said Polly.—'Little to do!' said I; 'you wouldn't have said so, Miss, if you had a-been there. You'd a-found that lyin' exposed——.'—'I don't want to hear no more about it,' said she; 'let's join mother, and I'll axe her

about it.'—'Do,' said I, 'and she'll tell you they fell on a bed of glory.'—'Mother,' says Polly, 'Sargeant Slick says there were twenty thousand galls at Bunker's Hill; did you ever heer tell of it afore?'—'Men,' says I.—'No, galls,' said she.—'No, men,' says I.—'Twenty thousand galls,' they all repeated; and then they laughed ready to kill themselves, and said, what onder the sun could put such a crotchet as that are into your head?—'Miss,' says I, 'if I did say so——.'—'Oh! you did,' said she, 'and you know it.'—'If I did say so, it was a mistake; but *that* put it into my head that put everything else out.'—'And what was that?' said she.—'Why, as pretty a gall,' said I, 'as——.'—'Oh! then,' said she, 'they was all galls in the trenches, after all? I won't hear no more about them at no rate. Good-by'e!'—Well, there I stood lookin' like a fool, and feelin' a proper sight bigger fool than I looked.'—'Dear heart!' says mother, gittin' up and goin' behind him, and pattin' him on the cheek,—'did she make a fool of him then?'—and she put her arm round his neck and kissed him, and then filling up his tumbler, said—'go on, dear.'—'Well, it was some time,' said father, 'afore I recovered that misstep; and whenever I looked at her arterwards she larfed, and that confused me more: so that I began to think at last it would be jist about as well for me to give it up as a bad bargain, when one Sabbath-day I observed all the Styles's a-comin' to meetin' except Polly, who staid to home; so I waits till they all goes in, and then cuts off hot foot for the river, and knocks at the door of the house, tho' I actilly believe my heart beat the hardest of the two. Well, when I goes in, there sot Polly Styles that was, your mother that is, by the fire a-readin' of a book. 'Goin' to meetin'?' says I.—'I guess not,' said she; 'are you?'—'I guess not,' said I. Then there was a pause. We both looked into the fire. I don't know what she was a-thinkin' on; but I know what I was, and that was what to say next. 'Polly,' said I.—'Did you speak?' said she.—'I—I—I'—it stuck in my throat.—'Oh!' said she, 'I thought you spoke.'—Then we sot and looked into the coals ag'in. At last she said,—'What couple was that was called last Lord's day?'—'I don't mind,' said I; 'but I know who I wish it was.'—'Who?' said she.—'Why me and somebody else.'—'Then why don't you and somebody else get called then?' said she.—'I—I—I'—it stuck again in my throat. If I hadn't a-been so bothered advisin' of myself, I could have got it out, I do suppose; but jist as I was a-goin' to speak, I couldn't think of any words; but now's your time, it's a grand chance. Arter a while, says she,—'Father will be to home soon, I am a-thinkin'; meetin' must be near out now.'—'Likes as not,' says I. Presently up jumps Polly, and says, 'Entertainin' this, ain't it? s'posen' you read me a sarmon, it will give us somethin' to talk about.'—And afore I could say a word ag'in it, she put a book into my hand, and said,—'Begin,' and threw herself down on the settle.—Well, I hadn't read a page hardly afore she was asleep, and then I laid down the book, and says I to myself, says I, 'what shall I do next?' and I had jist got a speech ready for her, when she woke up, and rub-

bin' her eyes, said,—'I am 'most afeerd I gave you a chance of forfeit by nappin' arter that fashion; but, as luck would have it, you was too busy reading. I'll take care not to do so ag'in. Go on, if you please, sir.'—Well, I began to read a second time, and hadn't gone on above a few minutes afore a little wee snore showed me she was asleep ag'in. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'arter such an invitation as she gin me about the gloves, I am darned if I don't try for the forfeit while she is asleep.'"—'I didn't give no such invitation at all about the gloves,' says mother: 'don't believe one word of it; it's jist an invention of his own. Men like to boast, and your father is the greatest bragger livin' out of the twenty thousand galls that was at Bunker's Hill.'—'Polly,' says father, 'it's nateral to deny it, but it's true for all that.—'Well,' says I to myself, says I, 'suppose it was the devil or a Britisher that was there, Sergeant Slick, 'what would you do? Why,' says I to myself, for answer, says I, 'I would jist shut my eyes and rush right at it;' and with that I plucked up courage and run right at the settee full split. Oh, dear! the settee warn't strong enough.'—'Lawful heart!' says mother, 'what a fib! did you ever? well, I never did hear the beat of that; it's all made out of whole cloth, I declare.'—'The settee warn't strong enough,' said father. 'It broke down with an awful smash, your mother, Polly Styles that was, kickin' and screamin' till all was blue ag'in. Her comb broke and out came her hair, and she looked as wild as a hawk.'—'Gloves!' says I.—'You sha'n't,' says she.—'I will,' says I.—'In arms a-strugglin' for their liberty,' says her father, who jist then come in from meetin'.—Polly squeeled like a rat in a trap, and cut and run out of the room full chisel.'—'Dear, dear,' said mother, 'what will he say next, I wonder.'—'And then the old man and me stood facein' one another, like two strange cats in a garret.

"'An accident,' says I.—'So I perceeve,' says he.—'Nothin' but lookin' for a pair of gloves,' says I.—'As you and the nine galls did at the trenches, at Bunker's Hill,' said he, 'for the blankit.'—'Now friend Styles,' said I.—'Now friend Slick,' said he.—'It warn't my fault,' says I.—'Certainly not,' says he; 'a pretty gall at home, family out; used to twenty thousand galls in war, it's nateral to make love in peace: do you take?'—'Well,' says I, 'it does look awkward, I confess.'—'Very,' says he. 'Well, Slick,' says he, 'the long and short of the matter is, you must either marry or fight.'—Says I, 'Friend Styles, as for fightin', Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard are enough for any one man, in all conscience; but I'll marry as soon as you please, and the sooner the better.'—'So I should think,' said he.—'No, no, neighbour Styles,' said I, 'you don't do me justice, you don't indeed; I never had the courage to put the question yet.'"—'Well, if that don't cap all!' says mother; 'that beats the bugs; it does fairly take the rag off.'—"'A man,' says Mr. Styles, 'that has nine ladies in the trenches with him all night, in arms a-strugglin' for liberty, without a blankit to cover them, to talk of not havin' courage to put the question, is rather too good. Will you marry?'—'I will,' says I, 'and only jist too

happy to——.'—'You shall be called then this blessed arternoon,' said he, 'so stay dine, son Slick.'—Well, to make a long story short, the thing turned out better than I expected, and we were spliced in little better than half no time. That was the first and last kiss I ever had afore we was married, Polly was so everlastin' coy; but arterwards she nev——.'—'Not one word more,' says mother, 'to your peril, not one word more,' and she got up and shook her knittin' at him quite spunky. 'Most o' that are story was an invention of your own, jist a mere brag, and I won't hear no more. I don't mind a joke when we are alone, but I won't hear nothin' said afore that are boy that lessens his respect for his mother the leastest grain, so there now.'—'Well, well,' says father, 'have it your own way, Polly, dear; I have had my say, and I wouldn't ryle you for the world, for this I will say, a'most an excellent wife, dependable friend, and whiskin' housekeeper you have made to me, that's sartain. No man don't want no better, that's a fact. She hadn't no *ear for musick*, Sam, but she had a capital *eye for dirt*, and for poor folks that's much better. No one never seed as much dirt in my house as a fly couldn't brush off with his wings. Boston galls may boast of their spinnetts, and their *gy*tars, and their eyetalian airs, and their *ears for musick;* but give me the gall, I say, that *has an eye for dirt*, for she is the gall for my money. But to eventuate my story—when the weddin' was over, Mr. Styles, that was your grandfather that is, come up to me, and tappin' me on the shoulder, says he, 'Slick,' says he, 'everybody knew you was a hero in the field, but I actilly did not think you was such a devil among the galls. Nine of them in the trenches at one time, in arms, a-strugglin' for their liberty, and so on. You must give over them pranks now you are married.' 'This is all very well as a joke,' says father; 'but Sam, my son,' says he, 'them that have seed sarvice, and I flatter myself I have seed as much as most men, at Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, et sarterar, as the Boston marchants say;—veterans I mean,—will tell you, that to face an inimy is nothin', but it is better to face the devil than to *face—a woman.*'

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTACHE.

This being the last day at my disposal at New York, I went on board of the Great Western and secured a passage for myself and Mr. Slick; and, as there were still several vacant berths, had the gratification to find there was room for my worthy friend Mr. Hopewell, if he should incline to accompany us, and arrive in time to embark. I then sauntered up through the Broadway to a coach-stand, and drove to the several residences of my kind and agreeable friends to bid them adieu. New York is decidedly the first city of the western world, and is alike distinguished for the beauty of its situation and the hospitality of its inhabitants. I left it not without great regret, and shall always retain the most pleasing recollection of it. In this respect, I understand, I am by no means singular, as no stranger, bringing proper introductions, is ever permitted to feel he is alone here in a foreign land. Soon after I returned to the hotel Mr. Slick entered, with a face

filled with importance,—'Squire,' said he, 'I have jist received a letter that will astonish you, and if you was to guess from July to etarnity you wouldn't hit on what it's about. I must say I am pleased, and that's a fact; but what puzzles me is, who sot it a-goin'. Now, tell me candid, have you been writin' to the British embassador about me since you came?'—'No,' I replied, 'I have not the honour of his acquaintance. I never saw him, and never had any communication with him on any subject whatever.'—'Well, it passes then,' said he, 'that's sartain: I havn't axed no one nother, and yet folks don't often get things crammed down their throats that way without sayin' by your leave, stranger. I hante got no interest; I am like the poor crittur at the pool, I hante got no one to put me in, and another feller always steps in afore me. If Martin Van has done this hisself he must have had some mo-*tive*, for he hante got these things to throw away, he wants all the offices he has got as sops to his voters. Patriotism is infarnal hungry, and as savage as old Scratch if it tante fed. If you want to tame it, you must treat it as Van Amburg does his lions, keep its belly full. I wonder whether he is arter the vote of Slickville, or whether he is only doin' the patron to have sunthin' to brag on. I'd like to know this, for I am not in the habit of barkin' up the wrong tree if I can find the right one. Well, well, it don't matter much, arter all, what he meant, so as he does what's right and pretty. The berth is jist the dandy, that's a fact. It will jist suit me to a T. I have had my own misgivin's about goin' with you, Squire, I tell you, for the British are so infarnal proud that clockmakin' sounds everlastin' nosey to them, and I don't calculate in a gineral way to let any man look scorney to me, much less talk so; now this fixes the thing jist about right, and gives it the finishin' touch. It's grand! I've got an appointment, and, I must say, I feel kinder proud of it, as I never axed for it. It's about the most honourable thing Martin Van ever did since he became public. Tit or no tit, that's the tatur! and I'll maintain it too. I'll jist read you a letter from Salter Fisher, an envoy or sunthin' or another of that kind in the Secretary of State's office. I believe he is the gentleman that carries their notes and messages.

"PRIVATE.

"MY DEAR SLICK,

"Herewith I have the honour to enclose you your commission as an *attache* to our legation to the Court of Saint Jimses, Buckin'ham, with an official letter announcin' the President's nomination and Senate's vote of concurrence. Martin ordered these to be put into the mail, but I have taken the chance to slip this into the paper-cover. It is the policy of our Government to encourage na*tive* authors and reward merit; and it makes me feel good to find your productions have made the name of this great and growing republic better known among Europeans, and we expect a considerable some, that this appointment will enable you to exalt it still further, and that the name of Slick will be associated with that of our sages and heroes in after ages. This commission will place you on a footin' with the princes and nobles of England, give you a free ticket of admission to the palace, and enable you to study human natur' under

new phases, associations, and developments; that is, if there is any natur' left in such critturs. With such opportunities, the President expects you will not fail to sustain the honour of the nation on all occasions, demanding and enforcing your true place in society, at the top of the pot, and our exalted rank at foreign courts as the greatest, freest, and most onlightened nation now existin'. It would be advisable, if a favourable opportunity offers, to draw the attention of the Queen to the subject of her authors and travellers,—carelessly like, as if it weren't done a purpose, for it don't comport with dignity to appear too sens*itive*, but jist merely to regret the prac-*tice* of hirein' authors to abuse us in order to damp the admiration of Europeans of our glorious institutions.

"We have every reason to believe that Captain Hall received five thousand pounds for this purpose, and Mrs. Trollope the same sum; that Miss Martineau is promised a royal garter, (it's a pity she warn't hanged with it,) and Captain Marryatt to be made a Knight of the Royal Baths. This conduct is onworthy a great people like the English, and unjust and insultin' to us; and you might suggest to her Royal Highness that this mean, low-lived, dirty conduct will defeat itself, and that nothin' short of kickin' out her ministry will be accepted as an apology by the American people. You might say to her ladyship, that the city articles in the Times newspaper are very offensive to us, and that tho' individually we despise such low blackguardisms, yet collectively the honour of the nation demands satisfaction. That her Government pays for their insartion there can be no doubt; and the paltry trick of Mr. Melburne bribin' opposition papers to let 'em in, is an artifice that may cover the rascality to ignorant British, but can't draw the wool over our eyes. If you have no opportunity to say this to her, tell her bridegroom to tell her plainly, if she don't look sharp, we'll retaliate and *hunt red foxes for her* in Canada, as we did two winters ago.

"Caution is necessary in conversation, in speakin' of our army, navy, and resources of war, for the ministers will pump you if they can. Boastin' without crackin' is the true course. For instance, if war is talked of, regret the smallness of our navy; for, if they had to contend with France and England at the same time, the issue would be extremely doubtful. That is a clear intimation we could lick either, and ain't afraid of both, and yet don't say so. So, in speakin' of the army, deprecate a war, and say marchin' one hundred and fifty thousand men into Canada would interfere with intarnal improvements by raising the price of labour. It is this species of delicate brag that best becomes a high functionary.

"It is not to be doubted you will return as you go, a republican at heart, and that future honours await you. Your name is now well and favourably known, and, what is better, is popular, as you may infer, when I tell you that the very pen with which this is wrote is a 'Sam Slick pen.' The highest gift in the hands of man, the presidential chair, should now and henceforth be the object of your ambition. We look forward with much gratification to your delineation of English character, their exclusiveness,

their self-sufficiency, their stronghold of slavery—the factories, their overfed clergy, overpaid officials and antiquated institutions, their defenceless condition, half-manned navy, and radical army, their proud and dissolute aristocracy, their turbulent and factious commons, and brutally ignored peasantry. I estimate when they hear of your appointment, they will feel considerable streaked, for they must know you won't spare them.

"While you are visitin' among the gentry and nobility, you might keep a journal on the sly, and send it out by the steamers to some leadin' papers, which would be killin' two birds with one stone, livin' free of cost and makin' money out of them at the same time. Where you can, give the real names in full: where it ain't safe, for fear of a scuffle, say Duke A——, Lord B——, Lady C——, and occasionally the Q—— told me. It sounds well this, and shows your standin' is high and is peak-aunt. Anecdotes of high life sell well if they are racy. Then collect them together into a book onder some takein' onpretending title, as 'Mems of a mum,' or scrawlin's afore bed-time, or some such name. The proceeds will enable you to cut a better dash to court; only don't tell 'em you are a-doin' of it to England. No man entertains a spy if he can help it. 'A word to the wise—— will always suffice——.' This will pave the way well for your progress to the presidential chair. While on this subject, it might not be amiss to hint a change of party might occasion a change of office-holders; and that tho' too strong to require any aid for ourselves, we hope for your family ticket in Slickville and its vicinity to enable us to keep you in your present honourable position. Without this berth, you would find the first circles as stiff as an ungreased mast; this appointment will ile that beautiful, and make you slide as easy as on well-slushed ways. Avail it. Sustain the honour of the nation, and paint the name of Sam Slick indelibly on the dial-plate of Fame, that the finger of Time may point it out to admirin' posterity, to all eternity.

"Yours to command,

"Salter Fisher.

"P.S.—I will give you a wrinkle on your horn that's worth havin'. Should our great gun be absent and you left in London, recollect we do as the British do, give no instructions we can help; write what must be wrote so it will *read any way*, and leave subordinates to incur all responsibility of actin' and readin'. Meet 'em in their own way by referrin' all home, and puttin' the saddle on the right horse in spite of him. Let the shafter do his own work. Do you take?—S. F."

As soon as the Clockmaker had read this epistle, he observed in a half soliloquizing, half conversational "An Attaché.' Well, it's a station of great dignity too, ain't it? It makes me feel kinder nervous and whimble-cropt, for I have got to sustain a new character, and act a new part in the play of life. To dine at the palace with kings, queens, and princes: what a pretty how-d'ye-do that is, ain't it? Won't it be tall feedin' at the Queen's table, that's all; and I am a rael whale at ducks and green peas. Lord, I am afeerd I shall feel plaguy awkward too, with a court dress

on. I once seed a colony chap rigged out in a suit he hired of a Jew, for levee day, and I am teetotally extinctified if he didn't look for all the world like the baboon that rides the pony to the circus. He was small potatoes and few in a hill, that feller, I tell you. He looked as mean as a crittur with one eye knocked out and t'other a-squint. He seemed scared at himself, as the bull did when he got opposite the lookin' glass. Heavens and airth! if the dogs had only seed him, they'd a-gin' him a chase for it, I know; the way they'd a-foxed him and a-larned him fleas ain't lobsters, would have been a caution to monkeys to hold up their tails afore they shut to the door arter them. A crittur with a good nose would put up some tarnal queer birds in the long stubble at St. Jimses, that's a fact. Yes, I am afeerd I shall feel monstrous onconvenient, and as if I warn't jist made to measure. Carryin' a sword so as to keep it from stickin' atween your legs and throwin' you down, ain't no easy matter nother, but practice makes parfect, I do suppose. Well, I vow our noble institutions do open avenues to ambition and merit to the humblest citizens too, don't they? Now, tell me candid, Squire, don't it make your mouth water? How would you like Mr. Melburne to take you by the seat of your trowsers with one hand, and the scruff of your neck with the other, and give you a chuck up-stairs that way, for nothin', for he is jist the boy that can do it? but catch him at it, that's all; no, indeed, not he, for breeches ain't petticoats, nor never was, except in Turkey and Egypt, and when kissin' goes by favour, who would look at a dispisable colonist. Well, Martin Van has done that to me, and he *is* a gentleman every inch of him, and eats his bread buttered on both sides.

'Only to think, now, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, should be a member of our legation to the greatest nation in the world next to us. Lord, how it would make poor dear old mother stare, if she could only lift herself up out of the grave, and open her eyes. It would make her scratch her head and snicker, *I* know; for only thinkin' of it kinder gives me the peadoddles myself. What on airth do they talk about, I wonder, when they get together in the palace, them great folks and big bugs? Clocks, I do suppose, must be sunk, and hosses and tradin' in the small way too: it wouldn't convene with dignity that sort o' gab. One good thing, I've seed a considerable of the world in my time, and don't feel overly daunted by no man. Politics I do know in a gineral way as well as most men; colonies and colony chaps, too, I know better than any crittur I'd meet, and no mistake. Pictur' likeness is a thing I won't turn my back on to no one, nor bronzin', nor gildin', nother, for that's part of the clock business. Agriculture I was brought up to, and gunnin' and trappin' I was used to since I was a boy. Poetry is the worst; if the galls to the palace begin in that line I'm throwd out as sure as a gun, for I shall hang fire, or only burn primin', for I hante even got two fingers of a charge in me, and that's damaged powder too: I never could bear it. I never see a poet yet that warn't as poor as Job's turkey, or a church mouse; or a she poet that her shoes didn't go down to heel, and her stockin's look as if they wanted darnin', for it's all cry

and little wool with poets, as the devil said when he sheered his hogs. History I do know a little of, for I larned Woodbridge's Epitome to school, and the Bible, and the history of our revolution I know by heart, from Paradise to Lexin'ton, and from Bunker's Hill to Independence. But I do suppose I must rub up a little on the passage. Music, I don't fear much, for I rather pride myself on my ear and my voice; and psalmody I larned to singin' schools; so operas and theatres will soon set me right on that. But dancin' is what I can take the shine off most folks in. I was reckoned the supplest boy in all Slickville. Many's the time when I have danced 'Possum up a gum tree' at a quiltin' frolic or huskin' party, with a tumbler full of cider on my head, and never spilt a drop;—I have upon my soul.' He then got up and executed several evolutions on the floor which would have puzzled an opera-dancer to imitate, and then said with an air of great self-satisfaction,—'Show me any Lord to England that could do that, and I'll give him leave to brag, that's all. Oh dear, I'll whirl them maids of honour to the palace round and round so fast in a waltz, no livin' soul can see me a-kissin' of them. I've done it to Phœbe Hopewell afore her father's face and he never know'd it, tho' he was lookin' on the whole blessed time—I hope I may be shot if I hante. She actilly did love them waltzes, the wickedest I ever did see. Lick! there is some fun in that, ain't they? It ain't often they get a smack from rael right-down good genuwine Yankee lips, sweet fed on corn and molasses, I know. If they only like them half as well as dear little Phœbe did, I'm a made man, that's all. The only thing in dancin', like boatin', is to keep a straight keel. That's the rael secret. P'r'aps the best way arter all is, I believe, at first to play mum, say little and hear everything, and then do jist like other folks. Yes, that's the plan; for liquor that's well corked is always the best up. '*An Attaché!*' well, that sounds dreadful pretty, too, don't it? Then, as for dress, I guess I'll wait till I reach London, that my coat may be the rael go, and up to the notch; but the button I'll get now for't would look shockin' hansum, and more like the rael thing. Yes, I'll jist step into the chamber and slick up my hair with a taller candle, and put my bettermost coat into a silk pocket-handkerchief, and take it down to Hellgo and Funk the tailors, (I know 'em to Boston,) and get the legation button put on, for it will command respect on board the 'Great Western.' I larned that from brother Josiah; he always travels with several trunks; he says it brings the best rooms and best attendance at inns always, for they think that you must be somebody to have so much luggage. He told me, as a fact, they paid carriage very well. '*An Attaché!*'

'Well, it's funny, too, ain't it? It sounds rael jam that. I must say I feel kinder obleeged to Mr. Van Burin for this good turn he has done me. I always thought he was very much of the gentleman in his manners, and the likeliest man in the States, and now I swear by him. Yes, loco-foco as he is, I go the whole figur' for Martin Van, that's a fact. Hit or miss, rough or tumble, claw or mudscraper, I'm his man; I'll go in for him up to the handle, and so will all us Slick-

ville folks, for in elections we pull like inions all on one string, and stick to our man like burrs to sheep's-wool. And now, Squire,' said he, jumping up, and taking me by the hand; 'and now, my friend, shake flippers along with me, and congratulate me. When I return from the tailor's I shall be a new man. You then will meet the Honourable Samuel Slick, an '*Attaché*' to our Legation to the Court of Saint Jimses. And him you will have as a feller-passenger. You had sense enough not to be ashamed of me when I was a-hoein' my way as a tradin' man, and I won't go for to cut *you* now, tho' you are nothin' but a down East Provincial. All I ask of you is, keep dark about the clocks; we'll sink them, if you please; for by gum you've *seen the last of Sam Slick the Clockmaker*. And now, Squire, I am your humble servant to command,

'THE ATTACHE.'

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Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.

NEARLY every phase of London life will be found depicted in the ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Dickens had a special object in view when he wrote this valuable novel:—that of showing to the country the indignities and cruelties then practised in the existing boarding-schools. DOTHEBOYS-HALL, that well-described Yorkshire boarding-school, where old Squeers starved and ill-treated his unfortunate pupils, and where Nicholas meets with poor Smike, shows what was the true state of the school system in those days—days before the authorities exercised the functions of the law to watch over and protect the helpless children who were sent to the various schools in the country. Since that time, and chiefly owing to this volume showing to the public the gross enormities practised by unprincipled people in those retreats, an inquiry has been made into the system upon which schools and seminaries are conducted, and the result has been that every follower of that arch old pedagogue, Squeers, has been brought to justice, and had to pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY is the high-souled hero of this capital story. In all his poverty and struggles for justice and freedom, he maintains the character of a kind, affectionate son, and a benevolent and worthy gentleman; he never swerves from his sense of duty, whatever consideration is represented to him, but always does that which he thinks is right to every person with whom he comes in contact. Smike is the poor unfortunate lad, upon whom Squeers, the schoolmaster, practices very great cruelties; whose various adventures in his struggles to gain a livelihood, along with Nicholas, are both very amusing and instructive. The great affection of these two, Nicholas and Smike, is full of profitable lessons. Old Squeers is quite a character for meanness, tyranny, and oppression, in DOTHEBOYS-HALL, which once had many representatives, but now are very rare indeed. Miss Squeers is the would-be fine young lady, who would find a lover in Nicholas, and a husband too, but for his insight into human character, which prompts him to fight shy of an engagement with her. Lord Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawk, and Messrs. Pyke and Pluck, have many hale fellows of the same type to this day, in London. John Browdie, the Yorkshireman, is a good representative of the brusque, broad-spoken, honest young men who are to be found in that county. To add to the beauties of this volume by a further enumeration of the characters would be a vain attempt; for, to be thoroughly understood and appreciated, it must be carefully perused, and then the reader will acknowledge that the writer was one of the first geniuses of which our country can boast. This volume is the cheapest that has been issued from the press, and is complete and perfect in every respect.