

having accidentally been at Bunker Hill, has had his head turned, as being an Attaché has affected Sam's, only the latter's good sense has enabled him to recover from his folly sooner. I have never been able to make the least impression on that old man. Whenever I speak seriously to him, he swears at me, and says he'll not talk through his nose for me or any Preacher that ever trod shoe-leather. He is very profane, and imagines, foolish old man as he is, that it gives him a military air. That he has ever had any compunctuous visitations, I never knew before to-day, and am glad he has given me that advantage. I think the bloody hand will assist me in reclaiming him yet. He has never known a day's confinement in his life, and has never been humbled by sickness. He is, of course, quite impenetrable. I shall not forget the *bloody hand*—it may, with the blessing of God, be sanctified to his use yet. That is an awful story of the pirate, is it not? What can better exemplify the necessity of an Established Church than the entrance of such wicked men into the Temple of the Lord? Alas! my friend, religion in our country, bereft of the care and protection of the state, and left to the charge of uneducated and often unprincipled men, is, I fear, fast descending into little more than what the poor old Colonel would call, in his thoughtless way, '*Experimental Philosophy*.'

CHAPTER LXV.

PARTING SCENE.

HAVING accompanied Mr. Slick on board of the 'Great Western,' and seen every preparation made for the reception and comfort of Mr. Hopewell, we returned to the "Liner's Hotel," and ordered an early dinner. It was a sad and melancholy meal. It was not only the last I should partake of with my American party in England, but in all human probability the last at which we should ever be assembled. After dinner Mr. Slick said: "Squire, you have often given me a good deal of advice, free gratis. Did ever I flare up when you was walkin' i into me? Did you ever see me get mad now, when you spoke to me?"

"Never," I said.

"Guess not," he replied. "I reckon I've seed too much of the world for that. Now don't you go for to git your back up,