

obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was.

"At Bunker Hill, if they had only jist gone round the line of level to the right, instead of chargin' up that steep pitch, they 'd a-killed every devil of us, as slick as a whistle. We know'd that at the time; and Dr. Warren, that commanded us, sais, 'Bcys,' sais he, 'don't throw up entrenchments there, 'cause that's where they ought to come; but jist take the last place in the world they ought to attack, and there you'll be sure to find 'em, for that's English all over.' Faith! he was right; they came jist to the identical spot we wanted 'em to come to, and they got a taste of our breed that day, that didn't sharpen their appetite much, I guess. Cold lead is a supper that ain't easy digested, that's a fact.

"Well, at New Orleans, by all accounts, they did jist the same identical thing. They couldn't do anything right, if they was to try. Give me old Slickville yet, I hante seed its ditto here nowhere.

"And then as for Constitution, what sort of one is that, where O'Connell snaps his finger in their face, and tells 'em, he don't care a cent for 'em. It's all bunkum, Minister, nothin' but bunkum, Squire," said he, turning to me; "I won't say I ain't sorry to part with you, 'cause I am. For a colonist, I must say you're a very decent man, but I kinder guess it would have been most as well for Sam if he and you had never met. I don't mean no offence, but he has been idle now a considerable long time, and spent a shockin' sight o' money. I only hope you hante sot him agin work, and made him above his business, that's all. It's great cry and little wool, bein' an Attachy, as they call it. It ain't a very profitable business, that's a fact, nor no other trade that costs more nor it comes to. Here's your good health, Sir; here's hopin' you may one day dress yourself as an Indgin as I did, go in the night to——"

"Bed," said Mr. Hopewell, rising, and squeezing me kindly by the hand, and with some difficulty giving utterance to his usual valediction, "Farewell, my son." Mr. Slick accompanied me to the door of my room, and as we parted, said: "Squire, put this little cigar case into your pocket. It is made out of the black birch log you and I sot down upon when we baited our hosses arter we fust sot eyes on each other, on the Cumberland road in Nova Scotia. When you smoke, use that case, please: it will remind you of the fust time you saw 'Sam Slick the Clockmaker,' and the last day you ever spent with 'The Attaché.'"