

fair sex; he admits the faith, patience, courage and gratitude of women, and he is particularly fond of their society.

Constantly urging people to work and make money, he yet sees that sudden riches often beget false pretentiousness and conceit: "A cabbage," he says, "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." When he becomes rich himself, he avoids ostentation and often uses his money in doing kindly acts. Indeed he is generally amiable, except to fops, drones, braggarts, hypocrites, and detractors of his country. He helps and cheers (Wise Saws, c. 13) a man who had given up the battle of life, complaining that it was vain to swim forever against the current. "Try an eddy," he advised, in one of the happiest of his many happy metaphors: "you ought to know enough of the stream of life to find one, and then you would work up river as if it was flood-tide. At the end of the eddy is still water."

To believe that any human being, much less one who starts life under considerable disadvantages, could know all that Mr. Slick *says* he knows, would tax one's credulity overmuch. So various indeed are his accomplishments "that he seems to be not one but all mankind's epitome." He is equally at home in the politics of England, Canada and the United States. He paints, he plays the piano and the bugle, he dances, he is skilled in wood-craft and angling, he rows and paddles neatly, he shoots like Leather Stocking or Dr. Carver. He