

that way now and add Latin to them! But, my friend, as I have said, you have waked up the wrong passenger, if you think I am an ecclesiastical Bradshaw. I know my own track. It is a broad gauge, and a straight line, and I never travel by another, for fear of being put on a wrong one. Do you take? But here is the boat alongside;" and I shook him by the hand, and obtained his promise at parting that he and Jessie would visit me at Slickville in the autumn.

And now, Squire, I must write finis to the cruise of the "Black Hawk," and close my remarks on "Nature and Human Nature," or, "Men and Things," for I have brought it to a termination, though it is a hard thing to do, I assure you, for I seem as if I couldn't say Farewell. It is a word that don't come handy, no how I can fix it. It's like Sam's hat-band which goes nineteen times round, and won't tie at last. I don't like to bid good-bye to my Journal, and I don't like to bid good-bye to you, for one is like a child and the other a brother. The first I shall see again, when Hurst has a launch in the spring, but shall you and I ever meet again, Squire? that is the question, for it is dark to me. If it ever does come to pass, there must be a considerable slip of time first. Well, what can't be cured must be endured. So here goes. Here is the last fatal word, I shut my eyes when I write it, for I can't bear to see it. Here it is—

*Ampersand.*

THE END.