

him up with much tact and some success. But the old man commits himself sometimes, notwithstanding, as when the hero of Bunker Hill sought an interview with the hero of Waterloo, and advised the great duke to sleep with his son Sam, as the latter was a wonderfully cute man and wise counsellor.

Sam Slick is hardly the typical Yankee of his time when he pours contempt and ridicule on the mock modesty and suggestive squeamishness of so many of his countrymen. "Fastidiousness," he says in "*Nature and Human Nature*," "is the envelope of indelicacy. To see harm in ordinary words betrays a knowledge and not an ignorance of evil." Once, at least, his antipathy to false refinement carried Slick too far—when he makes an ultra-proper spinster wax playful and familiar by suggesting, in purposely misleading terms, that she has made a conquest. This in my opinion is the most unworthy action recorded of Mr. Slick, and I am glad to say he had the grace to be ashamed of it.

In religion Slick detests cant, and distrusts those who use it. He likes to expose sanctimonious humbugs. Hypocrisy, he thinks, "has enlisted more folks for Old Scratch than any recruitin' serjeant he has" (*Attaché*, c. 36). "When the fox turns preacher," he observes in "*Wise Saws*," "the geese had better not go to night meetin's." He considers ascetic morality impracticable, and to preach it injurious, for the masses. "Puritans," he says in "*Nature and Human Nature*," "whether in or out of church make more sinners than they save by a long chalk. They aint content with real sin * * *) Their eyes are like the great magnifier