

Indies; for the devil is among you, a-roamin' about, seekin' whom he may devour. As for Eunice, she can take care of herself: galls that romp like her, know how to fend off better than gentler ones like you, Lucy. And, besides, there are two things Phinny don't know—one is, that all natur' has its instincts for self-preservation, and *wolves can't allure, they only scare their prey*; and another is an old farm saw we used to have to Slickville, *It aint the noisiest cart that's the easiest upshot always*. If he goes to handle Eunice rough, she'll clapper-claw his false beard off in no time; for she is as springy as a catamount. The country galls are all vartuous, and their arts are only what's common to the sex in general. *Innocence is always unsuspicious, and is apt to be a little grain too free and easy*. If Phinny mistakes that for boldness, the Dutch boys will make La Haive too hot for him, I know."

I saw Cutler was gittin' impatient, and I was afraid he would lose his temper with the feller. He didn't know what I do—that there is *an hypocrisy in vice as well as religion*. It's the pride of some folks—like Jaamin—to make you think they surpass all in their line, as it is among others, to make you believe they are saints. The one tries to frighten you into the road he wants you to travel, and the other to seduce you into confidence. Both masks are furnished by the devil.

"I had no notion, Mr. Phinny," said I, "that that was a false beard you wore! What is your object in wearing it?"

"Object!" said he, "why to advertise myself, to be sure. 'Who is that man with the beard?' 'The man that takes daugertypes.' Folks won't stop to read your *hand-bills*, but they must look at your *chin-bill*. They can't help it nohow they can fix it. And then there is another object: it aint always pleasant to be known, especially if the police are after you; and a disguise may save you a sore throat some day. I'll tell you how I got it. Last year I was to New Orleans, a sarvin' of my master as faithful as ever any man did—"

"Your master," said I.

"Yes," said he, "my master, the devil. Well, one night I got in a'most an all-fired row. I never could keep out of them to save my life; they seem kinder nateral to me. I guess there must have been a row in the house when I was born, for I can't recollect the first I was in, I began so airly. Well, one night I heered an awful noise in a gamblin'-house there. Everybody was talkin' at onct, swearin' at onct, and hittin' at onct. It sounded so beautiful and enticin' I couldn't go by, and I just up stairs, and dashed right into it like wink. They had been playin' for one of the most angeliforous slave-galls I ever seed. She was all but white, a plaguey sight more near white than any Spanish, or Portuguese, or Eytalien gall you ever laid eyes on; in fact, there was nothin' black about her but her hair. A Frenchman owned her, and now claimed her back