

England that could do that, and I'll give him leave to brag, that's all. Oh dear, I'll whirl them maids of honour to the palace round and round so fast in a waltz, no livin' soul can see me a-kissing of them. I've done it to Phœbe Hopewell afore her father's face and he never know'd it, tho, he was lookin' on the whole blessed time—I hope I may be shot if I hante. She actilly did love them waltzes, the wickedest I ever did see. Lick! there is some fun in that are, ain't they? It ain't often they get a smack from rael right-down good genuwine Yankee lips, sweet fed on corn and molasses, I know. If they only like them half as well as dear little Phœbe did, I'm a made man, that's all. The only thing in dancin', like boatin', is to keep a straight keel. That's the rael secret. P'raps the best way arter all is, I believe, at first to play mum, say little and hear everything, and then do jist like other folks. Yes, that's the plan; for liquor that's well corked is always the best up. "*An Attaché!*" well that sounds dreadful pretty, too, don't it? Then, as for dress, I guess I'll wait till I reach London, that my coat may be the rael go, and up to the notch; but the button I'll get now for't would look shockin' hansum, and more like the rael thing. Yes, I'll jist step into the chamber and slick up my hair with a taller candle, and put my bettermost coat into a silk pocket handkerchief, and take it down to Hellgo and Funk the tailors, (I knowed 'em to Boston,) and get the legation button put on, for it will command respect on board the Great Western. I larned that from brother Josiah; he always travels with several trunks; he says it brings the best rooms and best attendance at inns always, for they think you must be somebody to have so much luggage. He told me as a fact, they paid carriage very well. "*An Attaché!!*"

Well, it's funny, too, ain't it? It sounds rael jam that. I must say I feel kinder obleeged to Mr. Van Burin for this good turn he has done me. I always thought he was very much of the gentleman in his manners, and the likeliest man in the States, and now I swear by him. Yes, loco-foco as he is, I go the whole figur' for Martin Van, that's a fact. Hit or miss, rough or tumble, claw or mudscraper, I'm his man; I'll go in for him up to the handle, and so will all us Slickville folks, for in elections we pull like inions all on one string, and stick to our man like burrs to sheep's wool. And now, squire, said he, jumping up,

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