

WISE S A W S ;

OR,

SAM SLICK IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

CHAT WITH THE PRESIDENT.

BFFORE leaving the States for the lower provinces, I went up to Washin' ton, to meet some old friends assembled there, that I had known to England, as well as to see the President, who wanted me to accept the office of a commissioner, and to report privately to him on the fisheries on the shores of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. I dined quietly with him one day, a discussing the latter subject, and its importance to our coasting and interior trade, when he pressed the office on me in rael earnest.

"We don't work for nothin' you know, Mr. Slick," sais he, "things aint fixed up right, when you only find paper, quills, and tape, there must be somethin' to keep the pen agoïn, besides fingers and ink. You will be paid liberally, as it becomes our great nation, for your services; and what do you say to my placin' a naval schooner at your disposal to make your tour in, and to protect our fishermen? Wouldn't that more comport with dignity, and be goïn' the whole figure, and doïn' the thing genteel?"

"Thank you, Sir," sais I, "a national vessel would spile all, it would make folks scary about talkin' to me; and as our citizens are breakin' the treaty all the time, we mustn't sanction it like, openly and officially, but just wink at it, and pass on, as if we didn't see it or know it. None are so blind as those that won't see, and nothin' is so easy as to hood-wink them that's too inquisitive. Oh, dear! how often, President, I have larfed ready to die, at the way I made a custom-house officer at Bangor wink. I smuggled — no, I won't