

so formal,) says he, Mr. Slick, you may talk of lovely women, but I know a gall that is a heavenly splice. What eyes she has, and what feet, and what a neck, and what a——. —Why, Sam, the man is mad: he has taken leave of his senses.—Mad! I guess he is—ravin', distracted. Your eyes have pysoned him. he says of all the affectionate sisters and charming women he ever seed, you do beat all.—Oh! he means what I once was, Sam, for I was considered a likely gall in my day, that's a fact; but, dear o' me, only to think times is altered.—Yes; but you ain't altered; for, says he,—for a woman of her great age, aunt Hetty is ——.—Well, he hadn't much to do, then, to talk of my advanced age, for I am not so old as all that comes to nother. He is no gentleman to talk that way, and you may tell him so.—No, I am wrong, he didn't say great age, he said great beauty: she is very unaffected.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so rude as to remark on a lady's age.—Says he, her grey hairs suit her complexion.—Well, I don't thank him for his impudence, nor you nother for repeatin' it.—No, I mean grey eyes. He said he admired the eyes: grey was his colour.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so vulgar, for he is a very pretty man, and a very polite man too; and I don't see the blue nose you spoke of, nother.—And says he, if I could muster courage, I would propose——.—But, Sam, it's so sudden. Oh, dear! I am in such a fluster, I shall faint.—I shall propose for her to——.—Oh! I never could on such short notice. I have nothing but black made up; and there is poor Joshua——.—I should propose for her to accompany her brother——.—Well, if Joshua would consent to go with us,—but, poor soul! he couldn't travel, I don't think.—To accompany her brother as far as New York, for his infirmities require a kind nurse.—Oh, dear! is that all? How mighty narvous he is. I guess the crittur is pysoned sure enough, but then it's with affectation.—Come, aunty, a kiss at partin'. We are off, good-by'e; but that was an awful big hole you made in his heart too. You broke the pane clean out and only left the sash. He's a caution to behold. Good-by'e! And away we went from Slickville.

During our morning's drive the probability of a war with England was talked of, and in the course of conversation Mr. Slick said, with a grave face,—Squire, you say we Yankees

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