

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