

the palace round and round so fast in a waltz, no livin' soul can see me a-kissin' of them. I've done it to Phœbe Hopewell afore her father's face, and he neyer knowed 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 boastin' 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 every thing, and then do jist like other folks. Yes, that's the plan; for liquor that's well corked is always the best up. An "Attache" 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 real go, and up to the notch; but the button I'll get now, for it 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 Attache!" 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 a gentleman in his manners, and the likeliest man in the States, and now I swear by him. Yes, locofoco 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 onions all on one string, and stick to our man like burrs to sheep's wool. And now, squire, said he, jumping up, and taking me by the hand; and now, my friend, shake flippers along with me, and congratulate me. When I return from the tailor's I shall be a new man. You will then meet the Honourable Samuel Slick, an "Attache" to our Legation to the Court of Saint Jimses, Victoria's Gotha. And him you will have as a feller passenger. You had sense enough not to be ashamed of me when I was a hoein' my way as a tradin' man, and I won't go for to cut you now, tho' you are nothin' but a down East Provincial. All I ask of you is, keep dark about the clocks; we'll sink them, if you please; for by gum, you've seen the last of Sam Slick the Clockmaker. And now, squire, I am your humble servant to command,

*The Attache.*

THE END.