

happy to——.'—'You shall be called then this blessed afternoon,' said he, 'so stay dine, son Slick.'—Well, to make a long story short, the thing turned out better than I expected, and we were spliced in little better than half no time. That was the first and last kiss I ever had afore we was married, Polly was so everlastin' coy; but afterwards she nev——.'—'Not one word more,' says mother, 'to your peril, not one word more,' and she got up and shook her knittin' at him quite spunky. 'Most o' that are story was an invention of your own, jist a mere brag, and I won't hear no more. I don't mind a joke when we are alone, but I won't hear nothin' said afore that are boy that lessens his respect for his mother the leastest grain, so there now.'—'Well, well,' says father, 'have it your own way, Polly, dear; I have had my say, and I wouldn't ryle you for the world, for this I will say, a'most an excellent wife, dependable friend, and whiskin' housekeeper you have made to me, that's sartain. No man don't want no better, that's a fact. She hadn't no *ear for musick*, Sam, but she had a capital *eye for dirt*, and for poor folks that's much better. No one never seed as much dirt in my house as a fly couldn't brush off with his wings. Boston galls may boast of their spinnetts, and their *gytars*, and their eyetalian airs, and their *ears for musick*; but give me the gall, I say, that *has an eye for dirt*, for she is the gall for my money. But to eventuate my story—when the weddin' was over, Mr. Styles, that was your grandfather that is, come up to me, and tappin' me on the shoulder, says he, 'Slick,' says he, 'everybody knew you was a hero in the field,

but I actilly did not think you was such a devil among the galls. Nine of them in the trenches at one time, in arms, a-strugglin' for their liberty, and so on. You must give over them pranks now you are married.' This is all very well as a joke,' says father; 'but Sam, my son,' says he, 'them that have seed sarvice, and I flatter myself I have seed as much as most men, at Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, et sarterar, as the Boston marchants say;—veterans I mean,—will tell you, that to face an inimy is nothin', but it is better to face the devil than to *face—a woman*.''

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTACHE.

THIS being the last day at my disposal at New York, I went on board of the Great Western and secured a passage for myself and Mr. Slick; and, as there were still several vacant berths, had the gratification to find there was room for my worthy friend Mr. Hopewell, if he should incline to accompany us, and arrive in time to embark. I then sauntered up through the Broadway to a coachstand, and drove to the several residences of my kind and agreeable friends to bid them adieu. New York is decidedly the first city of the western world, and is alike distinguished for the beauty of its situation and the hospitality of its inhabitants. I left it not without great regret, and shall always retain the most pleasing recollection of it. In this respect, I understand, I am by no means singular, as no stranger, bringing proper introductions, is ever permitted to feel he is alone here in a foreign land. Soon after I returned to the hotel Mr. Slick entered, with a face

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