

some home, she'll make a man of him for ever, for the sake of her royal father, who lived so long among the blue-nooners, who can't forget him very soon. Don't threaten him; for I've often observed, if you go for to threaten John Bull, he gits squares off to fight without sayin' of a word; but give him a hint. Says you, I had a peacock, and a dreadful pretty kind he was, and a most a beautiful splendid long tail he had too; well, whenever I took the pan o' crumbs out into the poultry-yard to feed the fowls, the nesty stingy critter never would let any of 'em have a crumb till he sarved himself and his sweetheart first. Our old Muscovy drake, he didn't think this a fair deal at all, and he used to go walkin' round and round the pan ever so often, alongin' to get a dip into it; but peacock he always flew at him and drove him off. Well, what does drake do, (for he thought he wouldn't threaten him, for fear of gettin' a thrashin'.) but he goes round and seizes him by the tail, and pulls him head over heels, and drags him all over the yand, till he pulls every one of his great, long, beautiful feathers out, and made a most proper lookin' fool of him—that's a fact. It made peacock as civil as you please for ever after. Now, says you, Mr. Slick and I talk of goin' to England next year, and writin' a book about the British: if I ain't allowed to get at the pan of crumbs, along with some o' them big birds with the long tails, and get my share of 'em, some folks had better look out for squalls: if Clockmaker gets hold of 'em by the tail, if he don't make the feathers fly, it's a pity. A joke is a joke, but I guess they'll find that no joke. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; so come down handsom', minister, or look to your tails, I tell you, for there's a keel-hauling in store for some of you that shall be nameless, as sure as you are born.

Now, squire, do that, and see if they don't send you out governor of some colony or other; and if they do, gist make me your deputy secretary,—that's a good man,—and we'll write books till we write ourselves up to the very tip-top of the ladder—we will, indeed! Ah, my friend, said I, writing a book is no great rarity in England as it is in America, I assure you; and colonies would soon be wanting, if every author were to be made a governor. It's a rarity in the colonies, though, said he; and I should like to know how many governors there have been who could write the two Clockmakers. Why, they never had one that could do it to