

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 yard 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 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 handsum', minister, or look to your tails, I tell you, for there's a keel-haulin' 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 another; and if they do, jist make me your deputy secretary, that's a good man, and we'll write books till we write ourselves to the very tip-top of the ladder; we will, by gum! Ah! my friend, said I, writing a book is no such 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 are who could write the two Clockmakers. Why they never had one that could do it to save his soul alive. Come, come, Mr. Slick, said I, no *soft sawder* if you please, to me. I have no objections to record your jokes upon others, but I do not desire to be made the subject of one myself. I am not quite such a simpleton as not to know that a man may write a book, and yet not be fit for a governor. Some books, said he, such as I could name; but this I will say and maintain to my dyin' day, that a man that knows all that's set down in the Clockmaker's, (and it ain't probable he emptied the whole bag out—there must be considerable sifins left in it yet,) is fit for governor of any place in the univarsal world. I doubt if even Mr. Van Buren himself (the prettiest penman atween the poles) could do it. Let 'em jist take you up by the heels and shake you, and see if as much more don't come out.