

deed, not he, for breeches ain't petticoats, nor never was, except in Turkey and Egypt, and when kissin' goes by favour, who would look at a dis-pisable colonist. Well, Martin Van has done that to me, and he is a gentleman every inch of him, and eats his bread buttered on both sides.

Only to think, now, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, should be a member of our legation to the greatest nation in the world next to us. Lord, how it would make poor dear old mother stare, if she could only lift herself up out of the grave, and open her eyes. It would make her scratch her head and snicker, *I* know; for only thinkin' of it kinder gives me the peadoddles myself. What on airth do they talk about, I wonder, when they get together to the palace, them great folks and big bugs. Clocks, I do suppose, must be sunk, and hosses and tradin' in the small way too; it wouldn't convene with dignity that sort o' gab. One good thing, I've seed a considerable of the world in my time, and don't feel overly daunted by no man. Politics I do know in a ginerall way as well as most men; colonies and colony chaps, too, I know better than any crittur I'd meet, and no mistake. Pictur' likeness is a thing I won't turn my back on to no one, nor bronzin', nor gildin, nother, for that's part of the clock bisness. Agriculture I was brought up to, and gunnin' and trappin' I was used to since I was a boy. Poetry is the worst; if the galls to the palace begin in