

me, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, but it tante mine, and can't altogether jist say rightly whose it is. Some say it's the General's, and some say it's the Bishop's, and some say it's Howe himself; but I aint availed who it is. It's a wise child that knows its own father. It wipes up the blue-noses considerable hard, and don't let off the Yankees so very easy neither, but it's generally allowed to be about the prettiest book ever writ in this country; and although it aint altogether jist gospel what's in it, there's some pretty home truths in it, that's a fact. Whoever wrote it must be a funny feller, too, that's sartin; for there are some queer stories in it that no soul could help larfin at, that's a fact. It's about the wittiest book I ever see'd. Its nearly all sold off, but jist a few copies I've kept for my old customers. The price is just 5s. 6d., but I'll let you have it for 5s., because you'll not get another chance to have one.' Always ax a sixpence more than the price, and then bate it, and when blue-nose hears that, he thinks he's got a bargain, and bites directly. I never see one on 'em yet that didn't fall right into the trap.

Yes, make me an offer, and you and I will trade, I think. But fair play's a jewel, and I must say I feel ryled and kinder sore. I han't been used handsum atween you two, and it don't seem to me that I had ought to be made a fool on in that book, arter that fasinion, for folks to laugh at, and then be sheered out of the spec. If I am, somebody had better look out for squalls, I tell you. I'm as easy as an old glove, but a glove aint an old shoe to be trod on, and I think a certain person will find that out afore he is six months older, or else I'm mistakened, that's all. Hopin to hear from you soon, I remain yours to command,

SAMUEL SLICK,

*Pugnose's Inn, River Philip, Dec. 25, 1836.*

P.S. I see in the last page it is writ, that the Squire is to take another journey round the Shore, and back to Halifax with me next Spring. Well, I did agree with him, to drive him round the coast, but don't you mind—we'll understand each other, I guess, afore we start. I concait he'll rise considerably airy in the mornin, afore he catches me asleep agin. I'll be wide awake for him next hitch, that's a fact, I'd a ginn a thousand dollars if he had only used Campbell's name instead of mine; for he was a most an almighty villain, and cheated a proper raft of folks and then shipped himself off to Botany Bay, for fear folks would transport him there; you couldn't rub out Slick, and put in Campbell, could you? that's a good feller; if you would i'd make it worth your while, you may depend.