

hotel Mr. Slick entered, with a face filled with importance,—Squire, said he, I have jist received a letter that will astonish you, and if you was to guess from July to etarnity you wouldn't hit on what it's about. I must say I am pleased, and that's a fact; but what puzzles me is, who sot it a-goin'. Now, tell me candid, have you been writin' to the British ambassador about me since you came?—No, I replied, I have not the honour of his acquaintance. I never saw him, and never had any communication with him on any subject whatever.—Well, it passes then, said he, that's sartain: I havn't axed no one nother, and yet folks don't often get things crammed down their throats that way without sayin' by your leave, stranger. I hante got no interest; I am like the poor crittur at the pool, I hante got no one to put me in, and another feller always steps in afore me. If Martin Van has done this hisself he must have had some mo-tive, for he hante got these things to throw away; he wants all the offices he has got as sops to his voters. Patriotism is infarnal hungry, and as savage as old Scratch if it tante fed. If you want to tame it, you must treat it as Van Amburg does his lions, keep its belly full. I wonder whether he is arter the vote of Slickville, or whether he is only doin' the patron to have sunthin' to brag on. I'd like to know this, for I am not in the habit of barkin' up the wrong tree if I can find the right one. Well, well, it don't matter much, arter all, what he meant, so as he does what's right and pretty. The berth is jist the dandy, that's a fact. It will jist suit me to a T. I have had my own misgivin's about goin' with you, squire, I tell, for the British are so infarnal proud that clockmakin' sounds everlastin' nosey to them, and I don't calculate in a ginerall way to let any man look scorney to me, much less talk so; now this fixes the thing jist about right, and gives it the finishin' touch. It's grand! I've got an appointment, and I must say, I feel kinder proud of it, as I never axed for it. It's about the most honorable thing Martin Van ever did since he became public. Tit or no tit, that's the tatur! and I'll maintain it too. I'll jist read you a letter from Salter Fisher, an envoy or sunthin' or another of that kind in the Secretary of State's office. I believe he is the gentleman that carries their notes and messages.

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