

As soon as the Clockmaker had read this epistle, he observed in a half soliloquising, half conversational tone, "**An Attaché.**" Well, it's a station of great dignity too, ain't it? It makes me feel kinder narvous and whimble-cropt, for I have got to sustain a new character, and act a new part in the play of life. To dine at the palace with kings, queens, and princes; what a pretty how-d'ye-do that is, ain't it? Won't it be tall feedin' at Queen's table, that's all; and I am a rael whale at ducks and green peas. Lord, I am afeerd I shall feel plaguy awkward too, with a court dress on. I once seed a colony chap rigged out in a suit he hired of a Jew, for levee day, and I am teetotally extinctified if he didn't look for all the world like the baboon that rides the pony to the circus. He was small potatoes and few in a hill, that feller, I tell you. He looked as mean as a crittur with one eye knocked out and t'other a-squint. He seemed scared at himself, as the bull did when he got opposite the lookin' glass. Heavens and airth! if the dogs had only seed him, they'd a-gin' him a chase for it, I know; the way they'd a-foxed him and a-larned him fleas ain't lobsters, would have been a caution to monkeys to hold up their tails afore they shut-to the door arter them. A crittur with a good nose would put up some tarnal queer birds in the long stubble at St. Jimses, that's a fact. Yes, I am afeerd I shall feel monstrous unconvenient, and as if I warn't jist made to measure. Carryin' a sword so as to keep it from stickin' atween your legs and throwin' you down, ain't no easy matter nother, but practice makes perfect, I do suppose. Well, I vow, our noble institutions do open avenues to ambition and merit to the humblest citizens too, don't they? Now, tell me candid, squire, don't it make your mouth water? How would you like Mr. Melburne to take you by the seat of your trowsers with one hand, and the scruff of your neck with the other, and give you a chuck up stairs that way, for nothin', for he is jist the boy that can do it? but catch him at it, that's all; no, indeed, 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 dispisable 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

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