

theirself-sufficiency, their stronghold of slavery—the factories, their overfed clergy, overpaid officials and antiquated institutions, their defenceless condition, half-manned navy, and radical army, their proud and dissolute aristocracy, their turbulent and factious commons, and brutally ignored peasantry. I estimate when they hear of your appointment, they will feel considerable streaked, for they must know you won't spare them.

“While you are visitin’ among the gentry and nobility, you might keep a journal on the sly, and send it out by the steamers to some leadin’ papers, which would be killin’ two birds with one stone, livin’ free of cost and makin’ money out of them at the same time. Where you can, give the real names in full: where it ain’t safe, for fear of a scuffle, say Duke A—, Lord B—, Lady C—, and occasionally the Q— told me. It sounds well this, and shows your standin’ is high and is peak-aunt. Anecdotes of high life sell well if they are racy. Then collect them together into a book onder some takein’ onpretending title, as ‘Mems of a mum,’ or scrawlin’s afore bed-time, or some such name. The proceeds will enable you to cut a better dash to court; only don’t tell ‘em you are a-do-in’ of it to England. No man entertains a spy if he can help it. ‘A word to the wise— will always suffice—.’ This will pave the way well for your progress to the presidential chair. While on this subject, it might not be amiss to hint a change of party might occasion a change of office-holders; and that tho’ too strong to require any aid for ourselves, we hope for your family ticket in Slickville and its vicinity to en-

able us to keep you in your present honourable position. Without this berth, you would find the first circles as stiff as an ungreaased mast; this appointment will ile that beautiful, and make you slide as easy as on well-slushed ways. Avail it. Sustain the honour of the nation, and paint the name of Sam Slick indelibly on the dial-plate of Fame, that the finger of Time may point it out to admirin’ posterity, to all eternity.

“Yours to command,

“SALTER FISHER.

“P.S.—I will give you a wrinkle on your horn that’s worth havin’. Should our great gun be absent and you left in London, recollect we do as the British do, give no instructions we can help; write what must be wrote so it will *read any way*, and leave subordinates to incur all responsibility of actin’ and readin’. Meet ‘em in their own way by referrin’ all home, and puttin’ the saddle on the right horse in spite of him. Let the shafter do his own work. Do you take?—S. F.”

As soon as the Clockmaker had read this epistle, he observed in a half soliloquizing, half conversational “An Attaché.” Well, it’s a station of great dignity too, ain’t it? It makes me feel kinder nervous 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 the 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