

and down in your dealins, and do things above board, handsum—at least so I've hearn tell. That's what I like; I love to deal with such folks. Now 'spose you make me an offer? You'll find me not very difficult to trade with, and I don't know but I might put off more than half the books myself, tu. I'll tell you how I'd work it. I'd say, 'Here's a book they've namesaked arter me, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, but it tante mine, and I can't altogether jist say rightly whose it is. Some say it's the Ginerals and some say it's the Bishop's, and some says 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. It's 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