

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 eternity 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 ago’in’. 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 you, for the British are so

infarnal proud that clockmakin’ sounds everlastin’ nosey to them, and I don’t calculate in a gineral 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 honourable 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.

“PRIVATE.”

“MY DEAR SLICK,

“Herewith I have the honour to enclose you your commission as an *attache* to our legation to the Court of Saint Jimses, Buckin’ham, with an official letter announcin’ the President’s nomination and Senate’s vote of concurrence. Martin ordered these to be put into the mail, but I have taken the chance to slip this into the paper-cover. It is the policy of our Government to encourage *native* authors and reward merit; and it makes me feel good to find your productions have made the name of this great and growing republic better known among Europeans, and we expect a considerable some, that this appointment will enable you to exalt it still further, and that the name of Slick will be associated with that of our sages and heroes in after ages. This commission will place you on a footin’ with the princes and nobles of England, give you a free ticket of admission to the palace, and enable you to study human natur’ under