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CHAPTER XVII.

DEAR READER, this is the last Chapter of my first Book, and ere now your fiat hath gone forth whether it should be my last Book or not. I started (and I told you so) careless of criticism, and with the sole purpose of amusing myself. I, now, begin to have a feeling of regret that I have not more studied the amusement of others, than my own pastime. Why? Well, everyone has a right to seek for information, so I will answer—Because, as I glance over these pages, I feel convinced that I could have made so much more ("The saints forbid!" you say—Well I forgive you), so much more, of all I heard, and saw, in the land I am about to quit, than I have done, and regret that those whom I do wish to amuse and please, may, when they come to "Finis" (if they ever do), smilelessly chuck the book upon the table, or whatever is nearest them, and say, "I thought he would have done better."

I had not many friends in New York I cared about saying "Goodbye" to. There were some, however, and until the time came for speaking the word (the absence of which from our vocabulary would have played the deuce with ballad-writers and sentimental "walking gentlemen") Farewell, I did not imagine the amount of regret I should feel-yes, real, unfeigned regret. There were those Yankees, who had discovered almost against their wishes that I was "not so 'tarnation proud, after all!" Those "Knickerbockers," who loved to tell, when they found I cared to listen to, their tales of "How their Dutch forefathers came over in the year ONE, afore any of them darned Britishers got shovin' their noses where they didn't have no manner of ought," and "egg nogg" * ed me into a semi-belief that I agreed with them. "exiled sons of Erin," for ever hunting up their "last quarter" to stand drinks for the crowd, as far as it would go (Eh! Thomas F?); and, lastly, those Englishmen, few, indeed, who loving the land of their birth, welcomed and warned the new-comer. To many of these, I felt

[•] A drink must be drank (not drunk) to be understood,—M.P.