

save his soul alive. Come, come, Mr. Slick, said I, no *ayt squader*, if you please, to me. I have no objection to record your jokes upon others, but I do not desire to be made the subject of one myself. I am not quite such a simpleton as not to know that a man may write a book, and yet not be fit for a governor. Some books, said he, such as I could name; but this I will say, and maintain to my dyin' day, that a man that knows all that's set down in the Clockmakers (and it ain't probable he emptied the whole bag out—there must be considerable siftn's left in it yet) is fit for governor of any place in the univarsal world. I doubt if even Mr. Van Buron himself (the prettiest penman atween the poles) could do it. Let 'em gist take you up by the heels and shake you, and see if as much more don't come out.

If you really are in earnest, I said, all I can say is, that you very much over-rate it. You think favourably of the work, because you are kind enough to think favourably of the author. All this is very well as a joke; but I assure you they would not even condescend to answer such a communication at the Colonial Office; they would set such a letter down as the ravings of insanity—as one of the innumerable instances that are constantly occurring of the vanity and folly of authors. Don't you believe it, said he; and if you don't send it, I hope I may be shot if I don't. I'll send it through our minister at the Court of St. James's. He'll do it with pleasure; he'll feel proud of it as an American production—as a rival to *Pickwick Papers*, as the *American Boz*; he will, I vow. That's gist exactly what you are fit for—I've got it—I've got it now; you shall be ambassador to our court to Washington. The knowledge I have given you of America, American politics, American character, and American feelin', has gist fitted you for it. It's a grand birth that, and private secretary will suit me to a notch. I can do your writin', and plenty o' time to spare to spekilate in cotton, niggers, and tobacco too. That's it—that's the dandy! And he jumped up, snapped his fingers, and skipped about the floor in a most extraordinary manner. Here, waiter, d—n your eyes! (for I must larn to swear—the English all swear like troopers; the French call 'em Mountshear — d—ns.) here, waiter, tell his Excellency the British minister to the court of the American people, (that's you, squire, said he, and he made a scrape of his leg,) that Mr. Secretary Slick is waitin'. Come, bear a