

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 jist exactly what you are fit for—I've got it—I've got it now; you shall be ambassador to our court to Washinton. The knowledge I have given you of America, American politics, American character, and American feelin', has jist 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 Mountsheer G—d 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 hand, rat you, and stir your stumps, and mind the title, do you hear,—Mr. Secretary Slick. I have the honour to wish your Excellency, said he, with the only bow I ever saw him perpetrate, and a very hearty shake of the hands—I have the honour to wish your Excellency good night and good bye.

THE END.