

To Ebenezer Sneak Esqr d.c. d.c. d.c.

Dear Mr Ebenezer Sneak.

I've had your letter just a week:

And I have read, and oft re-read it:

Giving you Sir, all sorts of credit.

That Burkhart's dead, I firmly b'lieve.

And for his fate, with you, I grieve;

But in his death, I cannot see

Excuse, for his not answering me.

Posthumous works, you've often seen.

And what Sir, does "Posthumous" mean?

Clearly, from all that I have read,

Works written by the man, when dead!

If so, I'd ask then, why the D—b,

Our friend, though dead, should not be civil?

Why forfeit thus, before his betters,

His title, as "a man of letters"?

Burkhart had sense enough, to see,

That death was no apology.

But, did he think to quiz? poor elf!

Sneak — you'd succeed, as well, yourself.

Now, for his death — I do in sooth,

Believe you've hit upon the truth.

For many a breath has quit the mouth,

Through this same "Spirit of the South."

And

To Ebenezer Sneak Esqr d.c. d.c. d.c.

To