

called, and lets you put the bridle on easy; and the other, the moment it is loose, jumps the fence, races over the country, gets into your neighbour's field, and when, arter a thunderin long chase, you pen it up in a corner, it turns tail to you, lays down its ears, and kicks like all possessed, so that it is as much as your life is worth to get up to it, and, when you do, it holds its head so high you can't reach up to put the bridle on, or won't loosen its jaws to take the bit, or, if it does open its mouth, bites like a pair of blacksmith's pincers—what do you do? Why, just send it to vandue, or swop it away for a better one, for it don't convene to keep it always tied up in its stall.

'Well, it's more difficult to choose a human mate than a hoss match by a long chalk. A hoss don't pretend to be better than it is; it is no hypocrite—once a devil, always a devil. They never try to look amiable; but a woman ain't so easy judged of, I can tell you. She can look like an angel, be as gentle as a lamb, and talk as sweet as honey; her face can be as sunny as the heavens on a summer's day, and if you ain't up to tropical skies, you wouldn't believe it could ever cloud right up, be as black as ink in a minute, and thunder and lightenin come out of it, hard and sharp enough to stun and blind you. Well, you put to sea with this confidence, the storm comes, she won't answer her helm, and you are stranded in no time; there ain't no insurance office to make up the matrimonial loss to you, and what are you to do? Are you to repair damage, launch the wreck again, and be drove ashore a second time: or, are you to abandon the ship, leave it there, and have nothin more to do with it?'

'Then, do you mean to say,' asked the Senator, 'that it is always the fault of the female?'

'No, I don't,' said Peabody. 'It's oftener the fault of the man, in my opinion than of a woman. It ain't the lady that proposes, but the gentleman. "Caveat emptor," as my brother Gad, the lawyer, said, in a suit I had with a feller, about the soundness of a hoss I sold. (Father called him Gad, because, like Jacob, he