

Windsor, and he is jist the boy that *can* do it. Hold up your head, mi old *gi-raffe*, said he, and make the folks a bow; it's the last time you will ever see them in all *your* born days : and now off with you as if you was in *rael* wide-awake airnest, and turn out your toes pretty. Never stop for them idle critturs that stand starin' in the road there, as if they never seed a horse afore, but go right over them like wink, my old snort, for you 'll be to Conne'ticut afore they can wake up the crowner and summon a jury, I know. There's no occasion to hurry tho' at that rate, or you 'll set my axle a-fire. There, that will do now, jist fourteen miles an hour. I don't calculate to drive faster on a journey, squire, for it sweats him, and then you have to dry him arterwards afore you water him, so there is nothing gained by it. Ain't he a horrid handsome horse, a most endurin' quickster, a *rael* salt, that's all? He is the prettiest piece of flesh and bone ever bound up in horse hide. What an eye he has!—you might hang your hat on it. And then his nostrils! Lord, they open like the mouth of a speakin' trumpet. He can pick up miles on *his* feet, and throw 'em behind him faster than a steam doctor a-racin' off with another man's wife.

There now, squire, ain't that magnificent? you can hear him, but can't see him; he goes like a bullet out of a ritle, when its dander is up. Ain't he a whole team that, and a horse to spare? Absquotilate it in style, you old skunk, from a squerrel's jump to the eend of the chapter, and show the gentlemen what you *can* do. Anybody could see he ain't a blue-nose, can't they? for, cuss 'em, they don't know how to begin to go. Trot, walk, or gallop is all the same to him, like talkin', drinkin', or fightin' to a human. Lord, I have a great mind to take him to England, jist for the fun of the thing, for I don't know myself what he *can* do. When he has done his best, there is always a mile an hour more in him to spare : there is, upon my soul. But it takes a man to mount *him*. Only lookin' at him goin' makes your head turn round like grindin' coffec :—what would ridin'