

he, and he repeated them so fast they sounded like one everlastin' word.

" 'Give them to me in pencil, please, Sir,' said I, 'for I couldn't repeat them an hour hence. *It aint that Latin is so heavy to carry, but you have such a slipperly hold of it.*' " *

Here the President broke in agin with one of his confounded interruptions. "Slick," sais he, "it's a pity your father hadn't sent you to College, as mine did me; you would have been a great man, if he had, and perhaps filled my shoes." And he looked good all over, and twisted his whiskers with his fingers with as much pleasure as a feller does when he thinks he looks rather killin'. Thinks I to myself, a man may be a president, and no great shakes either, for after all he is only the lead horse of a team. He has got the go in him, and that's all; but he can't hold back, which is a great matter, both in statesmen and horses. For if he slacks up, he is rid over by those behind him, and gets his neck broke—he must go or die. I didn't say it tho', for it don't do in a general way to blart out all you think. But I observed, "President," sais I, "that's a question I have often thought of, and on the whole, I think it is more better than as it is. If I had been a scholar, like Ambassador, I should have consorted with scholars—for like loves like in this world—and been above the level. Bein' under it, as all the masses are, I've mixed with them, and have a wider rim to my wheel. If I don't make so deep a mark on the road, I move easier, and do less mischief. While others stick in the mud, I move on. Poor dear old Minister, Mr. Hopewell, was always at father to send me to College; but father used to say tho' ministers knew the way to heaven, it was the only one they did; but they knew no more about the cross-roads of this world than children. So what does he do but go to Boston, under pretence of selling a horse, and walk into the office of old lawyer Leonard Pie. 'Lawyer,' sais he, 'I want your advice.'

"Well, old Pie, who was a pretty crusty fellow, and a knowin' old coon too, put his big grey eyes on him, and held out his hand, without speakin' a word, as much as to say, if you want me to talk, drop a fee in, if you please. *Lawyers aint like coachmen, they take their tip before they start, t'others wait till the journey is over.* But father warnt born yesterday, he'd cut his eye-teeth as well as Pie,

* I have looked out the passage referred to. It occurs in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (Vol. III. p. 271, 3rd edition). It is given as a quotation from Janus Vitalis, and is as follows:

"Immota labescunt
Et quæ perpetuo sunt, agitata manent."

The only difference between the ambassador's copy and the extract, appears to be an emendation of his own, for he has written it *Labascunt*.