



Fragments of Sam Slick


He marched up and down afore the street-door like a peacock, as large as life and twice as nateral.




Old proverbs are distilled facts steamed down to an essence.



"Squire," says Sam Slick, "ain't this been a hot day? I do wish I could jist slip off my flesh and sit in my bones for a space, to cool myself, for I ain't seen such thawy weather this many a year."



Listeners are everywhere more scarce than talkers, and are valued accordingly.



The road to the head lies through the heart.