

consait to think so, is sayin' a good deal. So I won't put it down, or folks might think I was makin' out my own appraisement. 'Well, well,' sais I to myself, 'there's all sorts of ways of soft sawderin', too, aint there? He is a politician, and if he don't know how to lay it on, it's a pity. He intends his whitewash shall stick, for he has mixed a little refined sugar and glue with it.'

"'But you are mistaken,' sais he, 'about my having my time at my command. *High stations have high duties. Much is required of them, to whom much is given. Lordly castles are besieged or betrayed, while the wooden latch of poverty secures the lowly cottage. The sleepless, anxious pillow is stuffed with down, while the straw pallet is blessed with sound sleep.* My hours of toil are more, and my labours harder, than those of my hinds. It is the price we pay for wealth, and the tax levied on rank.'"

"Slick," sais the President, "them's noble sentiments; I approve and concur them with all my heart. Was they all bunkum, or genuine, do you suppose?"

"The real genuine article," sais I; "if they hadn't a been, I wouldn't a taken the trouble to listen to him."

"Well," sais he, "they are elevated sentiments them, but they are just also. I feel myself Providence has reposed in me a high and responsible trust, in guidin', governin', advancin', restrainin', and happyfyin' this great nation."

Pooh! sais I to myself, don't be silly, for he was agoin' to make me blush for him, and a blush is a thing that has not improved my looks for years.

"Yes," sais I, "it makes one tremble to think of it," and I went right on.

"'Yes,' said Lord Horton, 'the public have a claim upon me for my services.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I heard you settle one of the claims on you last night to the House, and I rather guess,' sais I, 'that somebody that you was a dressin' of, that shall be nameless, feels like a boy that's histed on another lad's back, and that's a gittin' the cow-hide hot and heavy. It was a capital speech that, a real fust chop article.' Thinks I, you patted me on the back jist now about my looks, and I'll rub you down with the grain a little about your speech. But he didn't seem to mind it; either he was used to praise, and kinder tired of it, or else he knew it was all true as well as me, or wanted to talk of something not so parsonal. I saw it was no go, for I can read a man as plain as a book. Tradin' about as I have been all my life, has made me study faces, the eye, the smile, the corner of the mouth, the little swelling out of the nostril, and the expressions that pass over the countenance, like lights and shades, when scatterin' clouds are flyin' over in a bright sunny sky. It's a fine study, and I must say I delight in it.